

The Philanthropist.

The following article, from the pen of one of the pupils in the Burlington Academy, was suggested by a visit from the Rev. Thaddeus Osgood to that Institution, and appeared in the *Montreal Witness*, in August last.

WHAT character so noble, so elevated, so worthy of the admiration of men and angels, as the philanthropist? Who that gazed upon the venerable form, that, last evening, stood before us, vindicating the cause of virtue and piety, but must have been struck with the moral beauty and sublimity of that heaven-implanted principle, which first induced that aged man of God to forego the pleasures of earth,—to renounce the prospective aggrandisements of wealth and station,—and to banish forever the hope of domestic quietude and happiness, that he might wander a stranger through this vale of tears—gathering in the outcast, reclaiming the vicious, and bringing again the prodigal to his father's house! Here is a heroism worthy of the name; more to be admired than all the boasted bravery of chivalry's brightest house. His laurels, though brighter than monarchs ever claimed, are not bathed in Orphan's tears. His victories call not forth the widow's sighs. The banner that floats over his head, the hands of angels wave. The music that stimulates his zeal, comes sweetly through the portals of the sky.—Like his divine master, the philanthropist goes forth, dispensing blessings to all around. No contracted spirit of partyism finds a lodgment in his expansive breast.—No undue preference of country or sect prohibits the distressed from sharing in the benefits he confers. Through the trackless forests of his native land, this benefactor of his country first pursued his weary journey, administering to the early settler and weary emigrant the promises of a Saviour's love. Now the sudden burst of war stays, for a time, his wandering feet. But does he wait, in silent inactivity, the stilling of the tempest? No! you rapidly ascending fabric proclaims, that, though restricted to a narrower sphere, the philanthropist's labours are not yet to cease. Collected within these walls, the destitute find sustenance, the orphan a protector, and the stranger a friend and guide. Again peace is restored; and tearing himself away from the endearments of his newly formed community, he resumes his benevolent journeyings;—the tempestuous ocean is crossed; and now, in other climes, he recognises the object of his mission. Britannia hails him as a messenger of peace, and Ireland welcomes him to her afflicted shores. His voice now breaks the silence of the prisoner's cell, and points the condemned criminal to Calvary's rugged hill. His gentle hand softens the asperities of poverty's accumulated woes, and smooths the pillow of the dying saint. His benignant smile illumines the peasant's cheerless hut, and gladdens many a disconsolate heart. Thus he wanders from shore to shore, "Forever blessing and forever blest."

But let us contemplate him, as he now draws near his eternal reward. Multitudes who, through his instrumentality, were reclaimed from the dominion of satan, have already ascended the heavenly hill. As ministering spirits they have hovered over him, while pursuing his labours of love; and now they wait as in mid air, on poised wings, to escort him to their glorious King. Now the courts of heaven resound with thrilling anthems. The mandate has gone forth. The aged veteran may now lay down his armour; the mansion is prepared; the crown is ready; angelic hosts are sent to conduct him through the valley, and to stay him in the last stern conflict:—he hears his master's well known voice, welcoming him home; his work is done;—the world, which he had worn as a loose garment, is thrown aside, and eternal glory bursts upon his view. At the precincts of the celestial city, he meets the little band led thither by his pious, well directed zeal.

"I" exclaims the foremost, "was that condemned criminal, who, in that gloomy cell, you pointed to the bleeding lamb, and conducting to the scaffold; committed to the mercy of a forgiving God." Another reminds him of the dying couch he once attended, regardless of the hospital's pestilential breath, and of contagion's fatal fang. A third points him to the Irish peasant's hut, where once he left a little tract, which proved the means of rescuing an immortal spirit from the errors of Popish superstition, and conducting it to the seat among the blessed. Thus, are his ravished ears delighted with the sound of grateful voices, until the toils of earth are forgotten amidst the incipient glories of his

long sought home. But now another form approaches—in glowing accents, she reminds him of his visit to the Burlington Academy. "I," says she, "was that thoughtless girl, who, attracted by your mysterious missions, entered the room with my companions, and listened, while you enforced the necessity of early piety. Prior to that evening, the admonitions of pious ministers had been unheeded; the counsels of teachers disregarded; and even a mother's prayers had seemed to ascend in vain; but then the spirit, whose kindly influences I had so often resisted, applied so powerfully the truth to my mind, that I was led to seek, with all my heart, redemption in the Saviour's blood—thus my youthful spirit then received a heaven-directed impulse, which has at length brought me to this happy place."

What language can convey even a faint impression of "the weight of glory" that must fill and ravish all the powers of the heaven-ascended philanthropist, as thus escorted, he walks the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and, approaching the throne, hears his Saviour say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." MARY.

Knowledge and Wisdom.

For the Calliopean.

If to know the only true God, be the perfection of true wisdom—why should I seek a wisdom that knoweth not God? If the wisdom of this world be foolishness, it were a folly in me to strive after it. If, then, I be unlearned, I will endeavor to learn to do well—if I be wise, what will it profit me, if it be not unto salvation?

Knowledge may exalt me, and get me a name amongst men; but I must be humbled by wisdom, ere my name be written in heaven. I had rather shine as a star for ever, than blaze like a meteor for a moment. Æ.

HOME.

"O! how sacred is that home where every word is kindness, and every look affection! Where the ills and sorrows of life are borne by mutual effort, and its pleasures are equally divided; and where each esteems the other the more worthy. Where a holy emulation abounds to excel in offices of kindness, and affectionate regard. Where the live-long day, the week, the month, the year, is a scene of cheerful and unwearied effort to swell the tide of domestic comfort, and overflow the heart with home-born enjoyments. That home may be the humblest hovel on earth; there heart meets heart in all the fondness of a full affection. And wherever that spot is found, there is an exemplification of all that is lovely and of good report among men. It is heaven begun below."

Give no Pain.

BREATHE not a sentiment—say not a word—give not an expression of the countenance that can offend another, or send a thrill of pain through his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word, a look even, might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinions and expressions of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by word or sign, cast a shadow on the happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that love to linger on a pleasant countenance.

THE constant habit of perusing devout books, is so indispensable, that it has been termed, with great propriety, the oil of the lamp of prayer. Too much reading, however, and too little meditation, may produce the effect of a lamp inverted; which is extinguished by the very excess of that aliment whose property is to feed it.

THE virtue of mankind, and the knowledge which invigorates that virtue and renders it more surely useful, are the great objects which benevolence can have in view.—Dr. Brown.

If children are useful in after life, it will be because they obtained the power to be so while young.