

the discovery of some books of antiquity, may throw light upon it, and enable us to perceive beauties which were before concealed, and which would have remained in darkness had the translator taken the liberty which translators of other books are permitted to take with impunity.

Making then due allowance for these several circumstances, which hinder us from perceiving many of the excellencies of Scripture, are we not still constrained to acknowledge that there is no book that can stand a comparison with the Bible—none, which labours under such great disadvantages to the development of its peculiar beauties of composition, and which yet rises far above them all, exhibiting those specimens in every style of writing and of thinking, which are above all imitation and all praise.

THE JEW.

A YOUNG JEW, named Nathan, some short time ago, travelling in Germany on the public road leading to the seaport town of P—, sat down to refresh himself by the side of a wood through which it passes, and fell fast asleep. A young man, the son of an inn-keeper in the neighbourhood of the village of M—, had that morning cruelly murdered and robbed an old Jew in his father's inn. He fled in this direction from justice, and happened to pass while this traveller was asleep. Desirous of throwing suspicion on another, the more easily to effect his own escape, and not considering, or not caring what the consequences might be to the innocent individual, he halted, cautiously approaching, he