

way to the cottage of a shepherd which he sought, and easily wormed himself to his very door, and gave the signal that saved his life. His friend opened to him and built a fire, and warmed him into recollection and recovery.

MORAL.—But if that man had not persevered after he had frozen his feet, and even after he could no longer travel on his lower limbs, but had to woun his way on his elbows, he must have died. Although he was near the shepherd's cot, yet as he did not know his position, if his resolution had failed for a moment, and exertion had ceased, he must have died. He agonized to live, and his agonizing saved him. And if we will only thus agonize to live for ever we shall live for ever.

There is not an enterprize we undertake that requires so much exertion as to reach heaven. Those who conclude that they know enough of the subject already, and that heaven will come as a thing of course, and fold their arms and slumber on, will die in their sins, and never see the King in his beauty. The few years of their probation will slip by before they are aware, and they will just begin to feel the importance of doing something, when they shall find themselves upon a dying bed; the harvest past, the summer ended, and they unsanctified.—*Rev. D. A. Clark.*

IS HE RICH?

MANY a sigh is heaved, many a heart broken, many a life is rendered miserable, by the terrible infatuation which parents often manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other on every point as virtue is to vice! And yet how often is wealth considered a better recommendation to a young man than virtue. How often is the first question that is asked respecting the squire of a daughter, this, "Is he rich? is he rich?" Yes! he abounds in wealth; but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband? Is he rich? Yes! "his clothing is purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day;" but can you infer from this that he is virtuous? Is he rich? Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not "riches sometimes make themselves wings and fly away," and will you consent that your daughter should marry a man that has his nothing to recommend him but his wealth. Ah, beware! the gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not, then, is he rich—but is he virtuous? Ask not if he has wealth, but if he has honour; and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money. Do not choose for your daughter's husband a swine because he has a golden trough. Let Virtue's form be indelibly stamped on the forehead of him who asks your daughter's hand in marriage; and if it is not, do not fear to let him hear, and that too, with emphasis—the little monosyllable No! even though he should be as rich as Croesus; and depend upon it your firmness will be rewarded by an amount of happiness greater by far than ever flowed from wealth when unaccompanied by virtue.

DILIGENCE INSURES SUCCESS.

THERE are many persons in this world of ours, who think, because they cannot at once perform some great act which will render their names distinguished, that therefore, they are of no importance; and make no endeavours to rise above their present station, because they cannot at once launch forth beneath the broad glare of the noon-day sun; they will remain forever in darkness, nor seek to remove the veil which is cast before them.

I have known many a young girl, who might have won for herself a place among the most gifted, refuse to cultivate those powers of mind which God has given her, because she could not, at one step, gain the summit of the hill of science.

We are apt to forget, while listening to those strains of eloquence which flow from the lips of the orator and the scholar, that many long years were spent ere they were enabled to charm and enlighten the world.—Could we have witnessed their first efforts in struggling to free themselves from the chains of ignorance, we should probably none of us be discouraged. It is only step by step that we can make any advances on the road to science; and they will make the greater progress who labour most assiduously to cultivate the

powers they possess. Let no one then think, because the offering she bestows upon the altar of literature is small, it is of no value. The great ocean is made up of drops, and if the mite we add be but a drop, it will help to fill up the boundless ocean of knowledge.—*Lowell Offering.*

NO REFORMATION BY DEGREES.

DR. JOHNSON, in his Parliamentary Debates, has put the following anecdote into the mouth of Lord Bathurst, as illustrative of the only way by which effectual reformation from intemperance can be accomplished. It refers to a celebrated pedestrian of the last century, named Webb. This man was remarkable for vigour both of mind and body, and lived wholly on water for his drink, and chiefly on vegetables for his other sustenance. He was one day recommending his regimen to one of his friends accustomed to the use of wine and spirits, and urged him, with great earnestness, to quit a course of luxury, by which his health and his intellect would be equally destroyed. The gentleman appeared convinced, and told him that he would conform to his counsel; he thought, however, that he could not change his course of life at once, but would leave off strong liquors by degrees. "By degrees!" exclaimed Webb, with indignation, "if you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servants not to pull you out but by degrees?" Webb was right; this "reformation by degrees" has precipitated many an unhappy being into everlasting perdition.

TWO STRINGS TO THE BOW.

"Well, Hodge," said a smart looking Londoner to a plain Cottager, who was on his way home from church, "so you are trudging home, after taking the benefit of the fine balmy breeze in the country this morning?" "Sir," said the man, "I have not been strolling about this sacred morning, wasting my time in idleness, and neglect of religion; but I have been to the house of God, to worship him, and to hear his preached word." "Ah! what then, you are one of those simpletons, that, in these country places, are weak enough to believe the Bible! Believe me, my man, that book is nothing but a pack of nonsense, and none but the weak and ignorant now think it true." "Well, but, Mr. stranger, do you know, weak and ignorant as we country people are, we like to have two strings to our bow?" "Two strings to your bow: what do you mean by that?" "Why, Sir, I mean, that to believe the Bible, and act up to it, is like having two strings to one's bow; for, if it is not true, I shall be the better man for living according to it, and so it will be for my good in this life—that is one string; and if it should be true, it will be better for me in the next life—that is another string, and a pretty strong one it is. But, Sir, if you disbelieve the Bible, and on that account do not live as it requires, you have not even one string to your bow. And O, if its tremendous threats prove true, O think what then, Sir, will become of you." This plain appeal silenced the coxcomb, and made him feel, it is hoped, that he was not quite so wise as he had supposed.

HINTS ON HEALTH.—As the sun moves to the south, invalids should snatch every gleam of its rays, to exercise their bodies and minds abroad, though for very short periods. The use of ardent spirits, and sitting at home, secluded from every furtive blast, are among the many mistaken notions with which we Britons are unblest. The first is but a temporary and insidious aid, the other saps the strongest for mental exertion, as sayeth the maxim, *Mens sanis in corpore sano*, (a healthy mind in a healthy body.) Even the "night air," though fiercely deprecated, is not so frightful an advent as represented by nervously anxious people, provided it bring not fog or sleet, and we keep our cloaked backs to the blast, sit not in the way of concentrated drafts, nor get benumbed limbs, or chilled bodies.

A CONVERTED COMEDIAN.—Mr. Palmer, (formerly of Nottingham, the converted comedian,) on Sunday week, preached a most eloquent and highly interesting sermon, in the Independent chapel, Mansfield, to a numerous and attentive audience.

NESTORIAN CHRISTIANS.—In the second Massacre of the Nestorian Christians, it is supposed hundreds of women and children were burnt to death, and a thousand men perished by the sword.

CIVIL INTELLIGENCE.

OREGON NEGOTIATION.—The following is given, in some of the United States papers, as the offers upon which the parties differed in former negotiations. The present occupation is joint, according to treaty, and it may expire at the option of either party on a year's notice, which has been moved in the United States Congress, and given rise to warm debates, without any decision:—"The mouth of the Columbia river is in or about the forty-sixth degree, and all the good harbours of the territory are North of this river. In 1824, soon after the conclusion of the Russian treaty, which acknowledged our title, Mr. J. Q. Adams, Secretary of State, proposed to Mr. Rush, our Minister at London, to surrender to the British all above latitude fifty-one, and if that were refused, all above forty-nine! This is only three degrees above the mouth of the Columbia! The British Government refused both offers, but offered to run the line on the forty-ninth degree from the Rocky Mountains to the head waters of the Columbia, and thence down that river to its mouth at the forty-sixth, and it offered this as a proposition from which it could not be expected to depart. This was the view of Great Britain at that time, but circumstances may have induced her to change her position, and accept the proposition of Mr. Clay, in 1826, offering to run the line on the forty-ninth degree, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific."—*Quebec Gazette.*

THE GIPSIES.—The anniversary gipsy festivals are held during the first week after Christmas, at the house and grounds of the Rev. Mr. Crabbe, near Southampton, and numbers of the swarthy tribe come from very distant parts of the country to this reunion of their race. The grounds at Spring-hill House have a very picturesque appearance on these occasions. Gipsy cats, shaggy ponies, and the roughest of donkeys, are on the outskirts of the grounds; gipsies of all grades are lounging about, the faces of the greater part unequivocally showing their identity—the English climate for centuries not having bleached the brown complexions and raven hair of the Gitanas. The majority are tidily dressed, having put on their best, to please "The Gipsies' Friend," as they affectionately call Mr. Crabbe; a few of the women are tawdrily attired in red stuff gowns, with black bonnets and showy ribands—these are principally denizens of the New Forest; a few are in wretched plight,—one woman had ten children living out of twelve, all without shoes and nearly naked. These are visitors and under the special care of the institution. There are several young persons who have been apprenticed, and now follow trades, or are domestic servants, through the agency of the institution. There used to be a goodly number of aged reformed gipsies who were pensioners on the institution; a great portion of them have died—they will be found referred to in the report. The number of children present is always very great in proportion to the adults. An aged dame, named Carter, has 56 grandchildren, most of whom met her on this occasion. These anniversaries have generally been well attended by the principal inhabitants of the neighbourhood; at the anniversary on Wednesday last, the number of visitors was much less than usual, owing to the state of the roads, which were in a frightful condition, and the heaviness of the atmosphere, which betokened rain. There was, nevertheless, a good attendance, and on this occasion the Marquis of Conyngham and family were present.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

DEATH OF MAJOR POTTINGER.—The India papers announce the death of Major Eldred Pottinger, C. B., on the 5th of November. The *Friend of China* justly remarks:—"It is needless to pass an eulogy upon the merits of the hero; his name will be enrolled by posterity amongst those who, by their bravery, have served their country in emergencies which had appalled less noble minds."

The late Sir Charles Nugent's twin brother, Sir George Nugent, Bart., survives the admiral. There is a singular coincidence connected with the history of this *por rodile fratrum*. Sir Charles was the senior Admiral of the navy, whilst his twin brother was the senior general in the army. In the Army and Navy Lists for the present month the names of these two distinguished officers will be found the first on the lists of their respective professions. The circumstance of twin brothers simultaneously attaining the highest rank in the sister services is without a parallel in the annals of the naval and military professions.