

POETRY.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

" Now along the morning gale
Tolls the church bell soft and slowly,
And o'er mountain, wood, and vale,
Sleeps the Sabbath silence holy.
Not a human voice is heard,
Voice of labour or of pleasure,
Mingling with the tuneful bird,
As it trills its holy measure.

Now, from every mountain glen,
Scenes of unpolled nature,
Come the lonely shepherd men,
Peace in every heart and feature.
Now along the village way,
Clad in meet and homely dresses,
Matrons staid, and maidens gay,
Join the crowd that churchward presses.

Now the youthful and the old,
Now the cheerful and the weeping,
Tread along the flowery mould,
Where their kindred dust is sleeping.
Now the pious spirit glows,
Now the holy psalm is singing,
Bringing thoughts of long repose,
Thoughts of endless glory bringing."

THE BIBLE.

Sir William Jones, who was the most learned man of any age, being familiar with ancient and modern writings in twenty-eight tongues, speaks thus of the Bible :

" I have carefully and regularly perused the scriptures, and am of opinion, that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains, both of poetry and of eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass, from all other books which were ever composed, in any age or in any idiom.

Rousseau could not but say : " The majesty of the scriptures strikes me with astonishment. Never was the most profound wisdom expressed with so much energy or simplicity."

Fenelon observes, in comparing it with those standards of excellence, the classic authors : " The scripture surpasses the most ancient Greek authors vastly, in naked simplicity, loveliness and grandeur. Homer himself never reached the sublimity of Moses' songs, or equalled Isaiah in describing the majesty of God. Never did any ode, either Greek or Latin, come up to the loftiness of the psalms. In all its diversified compositions, every part bears the peculiar character that becomes it." The history, the particular detail of laws, the descriptions, the vehement and pathetic passages, the miracles and prophecies, the moral discourses—in all these appears a natural and beautiful variety. In short, there is as great a difference between the heathen poets and the prophets, as there is between a false enthusiasm and the true.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Richard Baxter, the English Demosthenes, though at one period likely to prove only a grief to his parents, at last reached the eminence on which he now stands. Fortunately for him, his father directed his attention to the historical parts of the Bible, which much interested him, and inspired him with a desire to peruse the whole. In consequence of this desire, the perusal of other books, and the conversation of his father, his mind was enlightened ; for these were, to say the least, among the means employed for his cordial reception of divine truth. And though this extraordinary character often lamented that, with him, " childhood and youth had too much vanity," he never forgot how greatly he had been indebted to the restraining power of parental instruction and example. Hence, even in old age he published the sense he still entertained of his obligation to these divinely appointed guardians of his infancy. Among his homely " poetical fragments " we find him referring to his father and mother in the following lines :

" My parents here, thy skillful hand did plant,
Free from the snare of riches and of want.
Their tender care was used for me alone,
Because thy Providence gave to them but one ;
Their early precepts so possessed my heart,
That taking root, they did not thence depart.
Thy wisdom so contrived my education
As might expose me to the least temptation.
Much of that guilt thy mercy did prevent,
In which my spring-time I should else have spent."

CURIOUS OCULAR ILLUSION.

Sir David Brewster mentions a very curious ocular illusion which occurred to himself, while engaged in writing one of his works. He was seated at a table, with two candles before him, when upon directing his eyes to them, he was much surprised to observe, apparently among his hair, and nearly straight above his head, but far without the range of vision, (unless he could be supposed to see through the top of his head,) a distinct image of one of the candles.—The image was as perfect as if it had been formed by reflection from a piece of mirror glass ; but where the reflecting substance was, he could not, at first, discover. He examined his eye-brows and eye-lashes, but in vain. At length, his lady tried her skill ; and after a minute search she perceived, between two eye lashes, a very minute speck, which, on being removed, turned out to be a chip of red wax, highly polished, which was the real mirror on the occasion, and which was probably started into his eye when breaking the seal of the letter, a short time before he observed the phenomenon. An unphilosophical person might have gone mad, or have sent for his physician in an agony of terror under such circumstances.

Curious Circumstance.—A few days ago a young man aged 25, who had been brought up as the son of peasant, in the environs of Antwerp, went to a widow lady in that city,

and presented himself to her as her son, declaring that his foster mother had confessed to the priest of her parish, on her death bed, that having been engaged by the lady as wet nurse, to her second son, she, when the child was weaned and sent for home, substituted her own boy for him. The pretender to new maternal claims, was at first repelled as an impostor ; but the testimony of the priest, and the striking resemblance between the eldest son of the lady, connected with other circumstances, led to a conviction of the truth of this statement, and induced her to receive the claimant as a third son ; for the changling by his good conduct had got too strong a hold upon the affections of his supposed mother, to be cast off as an alien.—*London paper.*

NINETY YEARS.

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years, alas, how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years! What are they? " A tale that is told " a dream ; an empty sound that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age ; like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead?—Will all the new blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love, hope, and joy pass away in ninety years, and be forgotten?—" Ninety years!" says Death, " do you think I shall wait ninety years! Behold, to-day and to-morrow is mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled, with the dust, and be remembered not."

To take the Impression of Plants.—Take a sheet of fine wove paper, and cover the surface with sweet oil ; after it has stood a minute or two, rub off the superficial oil, and hang the paper in the air ; when sufficiently dry, move the paper slowly over the flame of a candle or lamp until it is perfectly black ; lay the plant thereon, place a piece of clean paper over, and rub equally with the finger about half a minute ; take up the plant and place it on the paper or scrap book where it is desired to have the impression, cover it with a piece of blotting paper, and on repeating the rubbing a representation of the plant will appear, almost equal to the finest engraving.—The same piece of black paper will serve for a great number of impressions.—*The Analyst.*

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