

great acquirements. Dr. Adam Clarke was taught the alphabet with great difficulty. He was often chastised for his dulness, and it was seriously feared by his parents that he never would learn. He was eight years old before he could spell words of three letters. He was distinguished for nothing but rolling a large stone. At the age of eight he was placed under a new teacher, who by the kindness of his manner, and by suitable encouragement, aroused the slumbering energies of his mind, and elicited a desire for improvement.

Isaac Barrow, D.D., for two or three years after he commenced going to school, was distinguished only for quarrelling and rude sports. His father considered his prospects so dark, that he often said that if either child died, he hoped it would be Isaac. But this lad afterward became the pride of his father, and the honor of his country. He was appointed Master of Trinity College, the king saying, "he had given the office to the best scholar in England."

The Rev. Thomas Haliburton, formerly Professor of Divinity at St. Andrew's Hall, had until twelve years of age a great aversion to learning.

ARE YOU MAD AGAINST GOD.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

A LADY, who was one of the City Tract Society visitors, (New York,) was cautioned against venturing into a certain apartment, because the woman that occupied it was notoriously abusive, and on some occasions had violently thrust persons from her door. Notwithstanding this, the visitor entered the room and introduced herself in a kind and gentle manner that disarmed hostility. Finding that the poor woman could not read, she sat down and read a tract to her. This act of Christian courtesy was gratefully received; the tract was interesting, and from that time the lady was always a welcome visitor. The interviews thus afforded the visitor frequent opportunities for speaking of the great salvation, and the woman felt the subject to be increasingly interesting; yet a considerable time elapsed before she could be persuaded to become a regular attendant at the house of God; and when her unwillingness was overcome, she was much opposed by her irreligious husband. But truth had then impressed her mind; her convictions of sin increased in depth and power; her anxiety for salvation became so intense that she could no longer absent herself from the sanctuary, and the persecution she endured drove her more frequently to the throne of grace and closer to the cross of Christ. There she found peace in believing, and the change that grace had effected in her conversation and deportment became evident to all around. Her husband saw it, but he became more enraged; and when on one occasion he found her praying, with her children kneeling around her, he struck her a violent blow on her face; yet still she continued praying, and prayed more earnestly, until, while she was yet speaking, the Lord answered. The husband was overcome, his rebellion subsided, and falling on his knees, he exclaimed, "Do pray for me! do pray for me!" He saw his infulness, and in an agony of mind trembled exceedingly, while he himself cried to the Lord for mercy. Oh what a season of prayer was that! To him it was the beginning of good days, and the Lord hearkened and heard, and had compassion, and in due time comforted the mourner.

A change so great in both father and mother could not pass unnoticed by their children, and an incident occurred a few days ago which shows that they have been keen observers. The mother being particularly busy, delayed praying with her children something beyond the usual time. "Mother, do you not want to go to heaven?" inquired the youngest. "Yes," was the reply; but the child was not satisfied, and asked another question, suggested probably by the recollection of what the parents had till lately been; "Mother, are you mad against God? You have not spoken to him to-day." "I cannot read," said the mother, as she related this occurrence to the visitor, "and I often forget much that the minister says, but this I can never forget, for it is impressed upon my heart."

Reader, have you spoken to the Lord to-day; and did your little children hear you? Are you mad against him, or reconciled to him?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIRTUE AND GENIUS.

Extract from the Noctes Ambrosianae of Blackwood.

"North.—Well, then, mark my drift, James. We idolize Genius to the neglect of the worship of Virtue. To our thoughts, Genius is all in all. Virtue is absolutely nothing. Human nature seems to be glorified in Shakspeare, because his intellect was various and vast, and because it comprehended a knowledge of all the workings, perhaps, of human being. But if there be truth in that faith to which the Christian world is bound, how dare we, on that ground, to look on Shakspeare as almost greater and better than man? Why, to criticise one of his works poorly, or badly, or insolently, is it held to be blasphemy? Why? Is Genius so sacred, so holy a thing, *per se*, and apart from Virtue? Folly all! One truly good action performed is worth all that ever Shakspeare wrote. Who is the swan of Avon in comparison to the humblest being that ever purified his spirit in the waters of eternal life?"

"Shepherd.—Speak awa! I'll no interrupt you—but whether I agree wi' you or no's anither question."

"North.—Only listen, James, to our eulogies on Genius. How Virtue must veil her radiant forehead before that idol! How the whole world speaks out ceaseless sympathy with the woes of Genius! How silent as frost when Virtue pines! Let a young poet poison himself in wrathful despair—and all the muses weep over his unhallowed bier. Let a young Christian die under the visitation of God, who weeps? No eye but his mother's. We know that such deaths are every day—every hour—but the thought affects us not—we have no thought—and heap after heap is added, unbewailed, to city or country churchyard. But let a poet, forsooth, die in youth—pay the debt of nature early—and nature herself, throughout her elements, must in turn pay tribute to his shade."

"Shepherd.—Dinna mak me unhappy, sir,—dinna mak me sae very unhappy, sir, I beseech you—try and explain awa what you hae said, to the satisfaction o' our hearts and understandings."

"North.—Impossible. We are base idolaters. 'Tis infatuation—not religion. Is it Genius, or is it Virtue, that shall send a soul to heaven?"

"Shepherd.—Virtue; there's nae denying that; Virtue, sir, Virtue."

"North.—Let us then feel, think, speak and act as if we so believed. Is poetry necessary to our salvation? Is Paradise Lost better than the New Testament?"

"Shepherd.—Oh! dinna mak me unhappy. Say again that poetry is religion."

"North.—Religion has in it the finest, truest spirit of poetry, and the finest and truest spirit of poetry has in it the spirit of religion. But—"

"Shepherd.—Sae nae mair, sae nae mair. I'm satisfied wi' that."

"North.—Oh! James, it makes my very soul sick within me to hear the purry whinnings poured by philosophical sentimentalists over the failings, the errors, the vices of Genius! There has been, I fear, too much of that traitorous dereliction of the only true faith, even in some eloquent eulogies on the dead, which I have been the means of giving to the world."

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

AN Englishman taking the grand tour towards the middle of the last century, when travellers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin, sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from parade, and taking a position to see it pass, a young captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water-courses with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and, in trying to save himself, lost his hat. The spectators laughed, and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, and promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its confused owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company. There was a murmur of applause, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with

admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling, for a proof of that true charity which "never faileth."

On the regiment being dismissed, the captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his colonel. The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, he found an *aid-de-camp* waiting to request his company to dinner at head quarters. In the evening he was taken to court, at that time the most brilliant court in Europe, and was received with particular attention. Of course during his stay in Turin he was invited every where; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different states of Italy. Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society as well as for the charms it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstances of birth and fortune, even the most splendid.

FIRST VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.—[From Miss Robert's Overland Journey to Bombay.]—During our progress up the river, I had been schooling myself and endeavouring to keep up my expectations, lest I should be disappointed at the sight of the Pyramids. We were told that we should see them at the distance of five-and-thirty miles, and when informed that they were in view, my heart beat suddenly as I threw open the cabin door, and beheld them gleaming in the sun, pure and bright as the silvery clouds above them. Far from being disappointed, the vastness of their dimensions struck me at once, as they rose in lonely majesty on the bare plain, with nothing to detract from their grandeur, or to afford, by its littleness, a point of comparison. We were never tired gazing upon these noble monuments of an age shrouded in impenetrable mystery.—They were afterwards seen at less advantage, in consequence of the intervention of some rising ground; but from all points they created the strongest degree of interest.

FEAST OF LANGUAGES AT ROME.—The *Constitutionnel* publishes a letter from Rome, which states that, at the feast of languages celebrated at the college of the Propaganda, the festival commenced by a prologue in Latin, delivered by an Illyrian. A young man from New York then recited a poem in Hebrew. Two Chaldeans a dialogue in the idiom of the Rabbis. Abd-Allah-Assemani, a native of Lebanon, declaimed in Syrian verse; and a young man from Bethlehem delivered a discourse in Samaritan. A Persian spoke in Chaldean. Two Turks, one from Aleppo, another from Constantinople, declaimed in Turkish poetry. Two young Indians of Pegu spoke in Burman. Some Armenians read a Latin elegy, a discourse in ancient Greek. A Kurd read verses in that language, remarkable for the hardness of the sound. An American of New Scotland, an idyl in Celtic. Afterwards followed Illyrian, Bulgarian, Polish, German, Dutch, English, and French. A negro from Godscalford spoke in Ammarien. An inhabitant of California sung a song in the barbarian dialect of his nation, accompanying himself with castagnets. Joachim Kusof, from the province of Ho-nan, spoke the language of his country, composed entirely of monosyllables; a second speaking the Chinese of Canton. In fine, two other Chinese of Scian presented themselves in their national costume, and read verses in the idiom of their province, terminating those academic exercises by a most harmonious Chinese song. The greater part of the auditors understood but one word, "alleuia," which occurred frequently.

CHATEAUBRIAND—HOW HE BECAME A CHRISTIAN.—"My mother having been thrown into a dungeon at the age of seventy-two, expired on a truckle-bed, to which she had been reduced by her misfortunes. The thought of my apostasy filled her last moments with anguish, and, dying, she charged my sister with the duty of bringing me back to the religion in which I had been reared. When the letter reached me from beyond the seas, she herself was no longer in existence; she had died from the effects of her imprisonment. These two voices called to me from the tomb;—this death, which served as an interpreter to death, deeply affected me. I became a Christian. I did not yield, I confess, to any great supernatural lights—my conviction sprang from the heart. I wept and believed."