

haps all others, which relates to the objects of sense, and the excitement of the passions. There are many who willingly corrupt their minds with thoughts, which they would dread that any eye should witness—excepting that of God! They will summon up images of pollution, will excite and quicken wishes of guilty indulgence, and riot in imagination amid scenes of wanton licentiousness. These thoughts we ought with the utmost vigilance and resolution to expel from the mind. We should fly from them to occupation or society as from the paths of death, and whenever they arise in solitude, turn away our minds to contemplations of solemnity and awfulness. We should remember and feel that we are in the immediate presence of God, and that his eye searches our inmost hearts. We should direct our imaginations to that world of purity which nothing that defileth can enter, and where angels and perfected spirits dwell; we should look forward to that day of final judgment, when our most secret thoughts shall be revealed, and remember that none but the pure in heart will at last see God in peace.

If these views of the omnipresence of God, and of our final account be made familiar to our minds, and we accustom ourselves to watch with care over our first thoughts habits will soon be acquired, and with it the control of our passions, appetites, and tempers; and it will not then be difficult to form that habitually contemplative and devotional frame of spirit, which is one of the best securities amid the temptations of this world and the preparation and earnest of a better world to come.

Christian Register.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

One who has formed his ideas of the oriental myrtles from the weak and unhealthy plants which spring from the gardens and hothouses of the north, must have a faint conception of their real beauty. Even in Italy they are much superior to ours; and I remember to have seen one at Florence whose stem was at least nine inches in diameter. But in Greece, and in the Levant, they are really magnificent. In the Morea, I have travelled for hours through an uncultivated tract, while the groves of myrtle formed an almost continuous arbour over our heads, covered here and there with its delicate white flowers, and exhaling at every moment the most delicious perfume, while the dark polished leaves combined coolness with beauty.

It is such a scene as this that explains the phrase of Zechariah: "I saw by night, and behold a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle trees that were in the bottom," Zech. 1, 8.—And they are trees of the dimensions such as I refer to, that preserve the consistency of the phrase of Isaiah: "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the myrtle, and the oil tree. I will set in the desert the fir tree, the pine and the box tree together."

Emerson's Letters from the *Ægean*.

AXIOMS.

Eight things should a Christian peculiarly labour after, viz. to be humble and thankful, watchful and cheerful, to be lively without being light, serious without being sad; patient without being insensible; and steady without being stiff.

Good men are strangers here, and 'tis no wonder if dogs bark at strangers.

If good men are sad, it is not because they are good, but because they are not better.

ANECDOTES.

ROWLAND HILL.

When Rowland Hill, was in Ireland, in the year 1798, the papists resolved to murder him the next time he should preach out of doors. He was apprised of it, and his friends wished him to decline preaching. It was all to no purpose; come life or death he declared he would preach. At the appointed time, thousands were assembled vowing his destruction as soon as he should begin. They waited—no preacher appeared—their patience was almost exhausted. At last a man in a large coachman's coat mixed with the crowd inquiring what they were waiting for,—told them he was sorry they should be disappointed—would try if he could preach; but perhaps they would kill him? They applauded him—assured him of protection—and he began—It was Rowland Hill himself! And it is believed that many at that time were brought to the knowledge of the truth. Thus the devil was outdone.

THE PLAGIARIST CONFOUNDED.

A reverend doctor in the metropolis was what is usually denominated a popular preacher. His reputation, however, had not been acquired by his drawing largely on his own stores of knowledge and eloquence, but by the skill with which he appropriated the thoughts and language of the great divines who had gone before him. Those who compose a fashionable audience are not deeply read in pulpit lore; and, accordingly, with such hearers, he passed for a wonder of erudition and pathos. It did nevertheless happen, that the doctor was once detected in his larcenies. One Sunday, as he was beginning to delight the belles in his part of the metropolis, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence, before the old gentleman muttered loud enough to be heard by those near, "That's Sherlock!" The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much farther, when his tormenting interrupter broke out with, "That's Tillotson!" The doctor bit his lips and paused, but again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of "That's Blair!" was, however, too much, and completely deprived him of his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out." Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and looking the doctor in the face, retorted, "That's his own!"

The Visitor.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Particularly avoid three sorts of persons, viz. apostates, angry men, and those who are given to change. Wine and strong drink have drowned more than the sea; and the teeth of Intemperance slay more than the sword.

He that accustoms himself to buy superfluities, must ere long sell his necessities.

The prodigal robs his heir, the sordid miser robs himself; the middle way between both, is justice both to ourselves and others.

Many have lost for God; but none ever lost by him. An intemperate patient makes a cruel doctor.

If we mind nothing but the body, we lose body and soul too; if we mind nothing but earth, we lose earth and heaven too.

A fault once denied is twice committed.

POETRY.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

There is no human love so pure,
So constant and so kind;
There is no passion doth endure
Like this within the mind.

Lightly a soft cheek presses hers,
The first and fond caress;
And thro' her thrilling bosom stirs,
The mother's tenderness.

Now pile your gold as Andes high,
Unveil Golconda's mine;
But not for wealth that thrones might buy,
Would she her child resign.

And in his dearer life she lives,
His smiles her cares beguile;—
Ah! earth but few such pleasures gives
As the first conscious smile.

How still she sits beside his bed,
And watches o'er his rest!
And oft his little helpless head
She pillows on her breast.

Hark! comes the sound of danger nigh,
She shrieks for him alone—
To pierce his heart the steel gleams high—
She sheathes it in her own!

In weal or woe, life, death, the same,
Borne in her arms or far away;
She guards his cradle or his fame,
Her kiss will ne'er betray:

For with her kisses mingle prayers—
A mother's heart must pray!
None but God can know her cares,
And none but him repay.

To a Lady who loved Dancing.

[Written by the late Judge Burnet.]

May I presume, in humble lays,
My dancing fair, thy steps to praise?
While this grand maxim I advance,
That all the world is but a dance.
That human kind both man and woman,
Do dance is evident and common:
David himself, that godlike king,
We know could dance as well as sing:
Folks who at court would keep their ground,
Must dance the year attendance round:
Whole nations dance, gay frisking France
Has led the nation many a dance;
And some believe both France and Spain
Resolve to take us out again.
All nature is one ball, we find:
The water dances to the wind,
The sea itself, at night and noon,
Rises and capers to the moon.
The moon around the earth does tread
A Cheshire round in buxom red;
The earth and planets round the sun
Dance; nor will their dance be done
Till nature in one mass is blended;
Then we may say—the ball is ended.

Lord Littleton's Epitaph.

Gayly I lived, as ease and nature taught,
And spent my little life without a thought;
And am amaz'd that death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who ne'er thought of him.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B's Poetical favour is received, and lines by Galk. mae, on the death of a pious young Lady—both to appear in our next.