

This principle, that God is the author of all arts and sciences, is too little regarded. "Every good gift, and every perfect gift," says St. James, "cometh from above, from the Father of Lights." Why has God consecrated every part of nature with such a profusion of economy and skill, if he intended that his skill should never be discovered by man, or that man should not attempt to examine his works in order to find them out? From the works of creation what proofs, astonishing and overwhelming proofs, both to believers and infidels have been drawn both of the nature, being, attributes, and providence of God! What demonstrations of all these have the Archbishop of Cambray, Dr. Nieuwentyt, Dr. Derham, and Mr. Charles Bonnet, given in their philosophical works! And who gave those men this wisdom? God, from whom alone mind and all its attributes proceed. While we see Count De Buffon and Swammerdam examining and tracing out all the curious relations, connexions, and laws of the animal kingdom, Tournefort, Ray, and Linnæ, those of the vegetable; Threophrastus, Werner, Klaproth, Cronstedt, Morveau, Reamur, Kirwan, and a host of other philosophical chemists, Boerhaave, Boyle, Stahl, Priestly, Lavoisier, Fourcroy, Black, and Davy, those of the mineral; the discoveries they have made, the talent and important properties of vegetables and minerals which they have developed, the powerful machines which, through their discoveries, have been constructed, by the operations of which the human slave is restored to his own place in society, the brute saved from his destructive toil in our manufactories, and inanimate, unfeeling nature caused to perform the work of all these better, more expeditiously, and to much more profit; shall we not say that the hand of God is in all this? He alone guided those eminent men, though many of them knew him not. He inspired them with wisdom and understanding. By his all-pervading and all-informing Spirit he opened to them the entrance of the paths of the depths of science, guided them in their researches, opened to them successfully more and more of his understanding treasures, crowned their persevering industry with his blessing, and made them his ministers for good to mankind. The antiquary and the medalists are also his agents; their discernment and penetration come from him alone. By them how many dark ages of the world have been brought to light, how many names of men and places, how many customs and arts, that were lost, restored! And by their means a few busts, images, stones, bricks, coins, rings, and culinary utensils, the remaining wrecks of long-past numerous centuries, have supplied the place of written documents, and cast a profusion of light on the history of man, and the history of Providence. And let me add, that the Providence which preserved these materials, and raised up men to decipher and explain them, is itself gloriously illustrated by them. Of all those men, and the noble list might be greatly swelled, we say the same that Moses said of Bezaleel and Aholiab, "God hath filled them with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, carving of timber, and in all manner of workmanship." (Exod. xxxi. 3-6.) "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." (Psalm cxi. 3.)—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**CARDS AND DICE.**—Play, in its most favourable sense, that is, when trifles only are staked, is, of all amusements, the most senseless; and never called to the relief of any, but such as are heartily tired of one another and of themselves.

Whoever, therefore, says to his company, "Let us have cards," says, in plain English, "Let some-

thing, let anything, be done to parry the extreme stupidity of our conversation." What they who complain that life is short, and yet have recourse to a practice that wastes and cuts off so great a share of it? Nay, that, an almost total inaction, exceedingly impairs the little health on which life subsists, and, for the time degrades the rational being, the lord of this world, into a machine for *shuffling and flinging paper*?

They call this *killing time*. Shocking expression! Is it possible that they can be so grossly ignorant as not to know that *he who kills his time, murders himself*? At what a stand is the economy of our families, and the infinitely more important economy of our minds; at how dead a stop the improvements of our intellectual powers, or rather, how rapidly *backward* does it run while we are at play! But as this peidling tends strongly to lead us into a habit and taste for gaming, properly so called, it is but a school of wilderness, and the bye-path of fools to vice.

In gaming, that is, playing for considerable sums, is wickedness, if there is any such thing as wickedness on earth or in hell.

*Avarice, iniquity, and atheism*, are the very principles on which it is built; avarice, because the gamester covets the property of another, and plays on that motive alone; iniquity, because he covets the property of another, without the least intention to give him the value for it; and atheism, because he puts chance, if not *villany*, in the place of Providence and honest industry: for as an opinion that the world was made by chance, is atheism in the head; so gaming, which is a wish that it were governed by chance, is the atheism of the heart. It may be naturally expected that a mind thus principled should pursue its scheme at the gaming-table by sharpening and the basest arts, and should lie perpetually exposed to the most outrageous passions,—to oaths, blasphemies, revellings, and murders!—*Skellon.*

**THE EFFECTS OF INFIDELITY.**—Extract from a Sermon preached at Lothbury Church, London, by the Rev. Alphonsus Gunn.

"I was lately," observed Mr. Gunn, "called to attend the death-bed of a young man at Hoxton. On my entering the room, I found him in the greatest horror of mind. Thinking, perhaps, it arose from that deep remorse sometimes attendant on the death-bed of a sinner, I began to point him to Jesus, the sinner's only friend, and to the glorious promises of the Gospel, when with an agonizing look of despair, he replied, 'Ah! Sir, but I have rejected the Gospel. Some years since I unhappily read Paine's Age of Reason; it suited my corrupt taste; I imbibed its principles; after this, wherever I went I did all in my power to hold up the Scriptures to contempt; by these means I led others into the fatal snare and made proselytes to infidelity. Thus I rejected God, and now he rejects me and will have no mercy on me.'"

I offered to pray for him, but he replied, "O no, it is all in vain to pray for me!" And then with a dismal groan cried out, "Paine's Age of Reason has reined my soul!" and instantly expired.

**THE TOWER OF REPENTANCE.**—Upon the top of a hill near Hoddum Castle, in Scotland, there is a square tower, over the door of which is carved the figure of a dove and a serpent, and between them the word *Repentance*, whence the building is called the "Tower of Repentance." It is said that Sir Richmond Steele, who was remarkable for his wit, as well as for his gaieties and revels; while riding near this place, saw a Shepherd-boy reading his Bible, and asked him what he learned from it. "The way to heaven," answered the boy. "And can you shew me?" said Sir Richmond in scorn.—"You must go by that Tower," said the boy, and he pointed to the "Tower of Repentance."