to business, and desired me to make a choice. I secretly wished to be a sailor, but was afraid and ashamed to say it. I told them always, when they pressed me on the point, that I did not know what to choose; at other times, I would either say nothing, or to create a laugh, I would pitch upon a bishop, or a baron, or a prince, for my trade. At length, when I was obliged to declare myself, I told them I wished to go to sea. My parents were exceedingly grieved to find me so disposed, they represented the dangers and hardships inseparably connected with a sea-faring life; but I did not believe them, attributing all they said either to ignorance or prejudice. Indeed, so insensible to natural affection was I become, that I often made jeer and sport of my father's advice when I joined my companions.

As my parents would not consent to my going to sea, because they loved me, and were interested in my welfare, I wickedly resolved to run off without their knowledge. Having prevailed upon another boy as young and foolish as myself, to enter into my plan, we determined to leave home the first week in the succeeding month of June.

When the day fixed for our departure arrived, Timothy Trick and I set off upon our adventure After four days' hard travelling on foot with poor accommodation, we arived at Greeneck, a great sea-port town on the river Clyde. Hearing of a vessel ready to sail for America, we went immediatly to the captain, and offered ourselves as cabin-boys. He so teased us with innumerable questions about our parents, &c. that our hearts, especially Timothy's, nearly failed us. However, as the captain was in great need of hands, he received us on board his ship. In a few days, when every thing was ready, and we were sailing out of the harbour, Timothy's father made his appearance in a boat in quest of his son. The moment I spied him, I ran below deck, and so completely hid myself, that notwithstanding the strictest search, I could not be found Timothy, however, was taken off. When I understood we were clear of the Clyde, I came upon deck; but how mortified was I to find the Captain almost ready to toss me overboard for the lies I had made in order to deceive him!

The day after losing sight of Ireland, the weather became extremely squally, which was succeeded by a dreadful storm. I found it, to my sad experience, vastly different to view a storm in a picture, and to be in one at sea. At midnight I was ordered to mount the mainmast to assist in reefing the topsail. I fell upon my knees, and begged the captain not to desire me go aloft, but he threatend to plunge me into the ocean, if I did not mount up in a moment; so I was obliged to comply, and before I got down, I had several times almost lost my hold and fallen into the ocean. When I got into my hammock, I wept bitterly. I was filled with most pungent grief for not hearkening to the tender, wholesome and affectionate counsel of my parents Like the prodigal in Scripture, I thought upon my father's house, and sincerely envied the condition of his meanest servant; but we were moving fast to a foreign land There was really no eye to pity me; the sailors laughed at me, and I became so sea sick, that I was good for nothing. Thus God brought me to my wit's end. A little before it came to my turn to watch on deck, the mate call'd two or three times to me to come above. Being fast asleep, I did not hear him Upon this he called to a seaman to cut down my hammock. This he did with great alacrity, expecting much sport. Having cut the strings by which my hammock was suspended, I consequently fell flat upon the floor in a moment, and my back was nearly broken by the fall. This occasioned great merriment to all on board; but, as the frogs in the fable said to the boys who were killing them for diversion, so said I, Friends, this may be sport to you, but it is death to me. [*To be continued.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EVENING'S CONVERSATION.

There are persons whose minds are so entirely engrossed with thoughts of fancy and fiction, as to have no taste for contemplating the real wonders and sublimities by which we are surrounded Their every thought and feeling is absorbed in poring over the pages of a captivating novel, but they can look upward and view all the celestial bodies without one deep emotion, without one thrill of admiring wonder. They can see the moon riding high in unobscured brightness, and only think of her as the planet, that lovers delight to gaze upon, and beneath whose mild beams, many a vow of eternal constancy has been uttered by the heroes of the enchanting romance. The stars are only secondary objects, when compared with the brilliant spangles on the dress of some countess, and shine but half as brilliantry as the sparkling eyes of the perfect heroine of the tale.

The injurious effects of indiscriminate and incessant novel reading, are perhaps in nothing so conspicuous, as in indisposing the mind for solid reading, for useful reflection, and deep contemplation on sublime and impressive realities. The brain of such a reader is too full of sighs and tears, of floating tresses and lily hands, of ideal beauty and fancied happiness, which existed only in the mind of the engaging writer, to have any room for the calm truths of real life or for the delightful study of the heavenly bodies, which show so clearly the widom and power of the mighty Founder of the Universe.

"What are you gazing at so earnestly, Edward?" said Augusta Lawrence to her brother, as he sat intently viewing from the window the bright and beaming glories of the heavens. It was a mild evening in October, and the harvest moon was shining in its full orbed majesty, while all the planets and suns of other systems, were unobscured by a single cloud. "I am looking at the moon and stars, Augusta," said Edward.—Augusta had but just now read the final page of a new novel, and had been grieving that the experted explanations were all made, the characters all disposed of, and that there was no more to enlist her sensibilities, and awaken her curiosity. A sigh had escaped her as she remembred the touching scenes which she had seemed lost in thought; till seeing her brother thus occupied, and his animated look, she had playfully inquired the cause. His answer and design were of course connected with her own thoughts. "Looking at the moon and stars, Edward? And who is that fair one that has so much of your thoughts, and has promised at this hour to look with you on yon fair orb? I fear your heart is away, for this whole vacation you have seemed changed. Why not join again with me to contemplate those beauties we have so often admired together, in the works of the inimitable Scott, or our own favorite Cooper! And you even have not uttered one word of praise for the fair novel writers of our own state You have ceased to laugh with Miriam Grey of the Peep at the Pilgrims, to fall in love with Catherine Courtland of Saratoga, and will not even weep with me over the hidden grief of Grace Osborn of the Rebels. Even little Claribel has more of your sympathies, in repeating over the dry lessons of morality learnt her from the Bible by her instructress. Yes, Edward, you must have found some one more lovely in your eyes than all their fair ones of which we ever read together."

"And is it not possible there may be some one more deserving of my love?" said he seriously.

Oh yes," said Claribel, their little sister, "there is one, chiefest among ten thousand, and *altogether* lovely."

"It is true, Augusta, I am led to think on one I love when I look on the heavens. I have abundant reason to regret the time I have spent with you, in reading works of fiction. You know how much I loved them, but you *do not* know what a hindrance they were to the pursuit of solid learning, when I entered college. But now, I had rather gaze for one half hour on a scene like this, than read all the romances in the world. And now," said he, rising and leading his sister towards the open window, "as I have often admired with you the charms of an ideal world, look with me for once on the broad circle of the heavens, and learn the wisdom of our heavenly Father. And you too, Claribel, may look and learn of that Being, whom your kind instructress would fain have you love."

"He sitteth on the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshopers," said Claribel.

"Look now dear sisters, and see all those stars, that spangle the heavens!

> 'Planets and central orbs
> Of other systems! big as the burning sun,
> That lights this nether globe.'

And, to use the words of a nervous writer, 'there, doubtless, dwell other moral and intellectual natures, passing what man calls *time*, in one untired pursuit of truth and duty; still seeking, still exploring, ever satisfying, never satiating the etherial moral and intellectual thirst; whose delightful task it is, as it should be ours, to learn the will of the Eternal Father, and finding reason to admire, to adore, and praise, Him, first, His last, Him, midst, and without end.' Say, who but an infinitely powerful Being, surpassing all human conception, could have formed the firmament, and see how all those bright orbs speak of the power and glory of our god"

"I remember," interrupted Claribel, "where it says, The heavens declare thy glory, and the firmament showeth forth thy handy work."

"There, too, may we learn humility. It is good for us to gaze upon the wonders of the heavens, for how forcibly are we reminded of the infinite distance between such an Almighty power and man, frail man."

"And was'nt it David," said Claribel, "that said 'When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?'"

"It was Clairbel; and no doubt the soul of the