

think of being led, when he has power to walk, without help, nor of carrying his ore to another's furnace when he can melt it down in his own. To excuse our young men from painful mental labour, in a course of liberal education, would be about as wise, as to invent easier cradle springs for the conveyance of our children to school, or softer cushions for them to sit on at home, in order to promote their growth and vigorous constitutions.

#### DONT BE DISCOURAGED.

*Don't be Discouraged*, if in the outset of life things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish of the future are realized. The path of life, in the prospect, appears smooth and level enough, but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one, & whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it so, to our disappointment if we have built on any other calculation. To endure what is to be endured with as much cheerful ness as possible—and to elbow our way as easily as we can through the great crowd, hoping for little yet striving for much, is perhaps the true plan. But

*Don't be discouraged*, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbors tread over you a little; in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you—accidents happen: mis calculations will sometimes be made; things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes cloudy and sometimes clear and favorable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency, when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may be surely expected to smile again. And again,

*Don't be discouraged*, if you are deceived in the people of the world, they are very rotten at the core. From sources such as these you may be most unexpectedly deceived; and you will naturally feel sore under such deceptions; but to these you must be made used; if you fare as most people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow gray, and you will learn to trust men cautiously, and examine their characters closely, before you allow them great opportunities to injure you.

*Don't be discouraged*, under any circumstances—Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience, than the opinions of men, though the last is not to be disregarded. Be industrious; be frugal; be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse; and if you do not prosper as rapidly as any of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be as happy

#### HOW TO BE COMFORTABLE.

We live in a world which has so many sharp points and critical stations, that our own comfort, as well as that of those with whom we live, is made to turn upon mutual kindness, forbearance, accommodation, and dependence; in want of these, we are condemned to bear the lash of continual discord, and are made our own tormentors. The least consideration will inform us how easy it is to put an ill-natured construction upon a word; and what perverse turns and expressions

spring from an evil temper. Nothing can be explained to him who will not understand, nor will any thing appear right to the unreasonable, able. "Every thing in life," says one of the ancients, "has two handles;" but it must be a bad disposition indeed which will be ever seizing the wrong one. I therefore repeat it, that if you would have comfort, you must give it. It is no uncommon thing to hear the very persons who throw a family into confusion complain that there is no peace in the family; but he that would escape the calamity of fire, must be careful not to strike the sparks which enkindle it. The only remedy for all these evils is true religion.—*Oecil*

#### VIRTUE.

Virtue sheds a lustre over the mind of its possessor, which none can appreciate but those who have tasted of its sweets. The calm and contented mind generally has it for its chief aim—the Christian holds it higher than his life—the wicked may scoff and deride, but their own actions bespeak its command in their hearts. In females it always shines brighter than any other ornament: it has a command over the heart of man which is always revered through life, it bespeaks a soul above all meanness, and while it is held, cares, and other vexations of life are lost in the sweet knowledge of doing right—yet why is it that we so often see it thrown aside as if worthless; and trouble, iniquity and sorrow, taken in its place; is it because they give man happiness? the lips may answer yes, but our actions eventually say no. There is a feeling in virtue which none but those who have tasted of its sweets can describe—How lovely, after the fatigues of a day to contemplate the going down of the sun, and say to ourselves, even as thou hast revived us by thy genial rays, so am I rejoiced in the knowledge of my having spent this day well.

#### ANECDOTES.

##### THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER AND THIEVES.

The following curious circumstance occurred a few years ago at a country village near Newcastle, in Lincolnshire, England. A boy, belonging to a chimney sweeper at Louth, taking his usual rounds in the country, called at a farm house in the above village, late in the evening; but it not being convenient to employ him till the morning following, the farmer informed him that he might if he thought proper, sleep in his barn, which he very readily agreed to. He accordingly made himself a comfortable bed among the straw, and went to rest. Some time in the night, he was awakened by two men entering the barn with a lantern and candle, and each of them a sack; he immediately supposed they were not about their lawful business, lay still to watch their motions when they began to consult how they might place the light till they had filled their sacks from the corn heap. Seeing they were at a loss how to proceed, he crept softly from his couch, and with an audible voice, said, "I'll hold the candle." Turning round suddenly, they beheld the knight of the brush in his sable robes, and supposing him to be a messenger from the infernal regions, threw down their sacks and lanterns, and immediately disappeared.

#### PERSEVERANCE.

An ancient and distinguished individual used to say I owe my wealth and elevation to the neglect with which I used to be treated by the proud. It was a real benefit to me, though not so intended. It awakened a zeal which did its duty, and was crowned with success. I determined, if this neglect was owing to my want of learning, I would be studious to acquire it. I determined, if it was owing to my poverty, if extreme vigilance, industry, prudence and self-denial, would do it, (which will not always) I should certainly succeed, for I would not give up until I obtained my object. I determined, if it was owing to my manners, I would be more circumspect. I was anxious, also, to show those who had so treated me, that I was undeserving of such coldness. I was also warmed by a desire that the proud should see me on a level with, or elevated above themselves. And I was resolved, above all things, never to lose the

consolation of being conscious of not deceiving the haughty which was displayed over me.

#### THE CALIPH RECLAIMED.

During the dominion of the Moorish Caliph in Spain, Hakkam, the son and successor of Abdourahman III. waiting to enlarge his palace, proposed to purchase from a poor woman a piece of ground that lay contiguous to it; and when she could not be prevailed on to part with the inheritance of her officers, Hakkam's officers took by force what they could not otherwise obtain. The poor woman applied to Ibu Bechir, the chief magistrate of Corduba, for justice. The case was delicate and dangerous, and Bechir concluded that the ordinary legal methods of proceeding would be ineffectual if not fatal. He mounted his ass, and taking a large sack with him, rode to the palace of the caliph. The prince happened to be sitting in a pavilion that had been erected in the poor woman's garden; Bechir with his sack in his hand advanced towards him, and after prostrating himself, desired the caliph would permit him to fill his sack with earth in that garden. Hakkam showed some surprise at his appearance and request, but allowed him to fill his sack. When this was done the magistrate entreated the prince to assist him in laying the burden on his ass. This extraordinary request surprised Hakkam still more, but he only told the judge it was too heavy, he could not bear it. "Yet this sack," replied Bechir, "which you think too heavy to bear, contains but a small portion of the ground which you took by violence from the right owner. How then will you be able at the day of judgment to support the weight of the whole?" The remonstrance was effectual, and Hakkam without delay restored the ground, with the buildings upon it, to its former proprietor.

See 1 Kings, chap. xxi.

#### POETRY.

##### BEAUTY AND A FEELING HEART.

The rose on beauty's cheek is fair,  
And sweet that lip of choral sweetness;  
And yet unless there's pity there,  
In vain the eye of beauty beameth;  
A tear for others we, by far,  
Is fairer than those beauties are.

But when down beauty's cheek we see  
A tear for sorrow gently stealing;  
And when a sigh for misery,  
Proclaims a heart of tender feeling,  
We point to Heaven and declare,  
Those beauties were imprinted there.

I saw an aged son of wo,  
Whose journey here was nearly ended;  
I saw his tears of sorrow flow,  
While he his trembling hand extended—  
Feeble, and old, and lame, and blind,  
And shivering in the chilly wind.

I saw a beautiful form pass by,  
And cast on him a look of sorrow:  
I heard her say with tearful eye,  
"Take this and call on me to-morrow."  
I know her not, nor could I even  
Learn whence she came: she's known in heaven.

#### DEPART D FRIENDS.

By W. L. Alexander, Esq.

'Tis sweet to muse, as o'er the gladden'd sea  
The orient sun his youthful radiance flings,  
On those fair scenes which Hope to Fancy brings,  
And dream of joys and pleasures yet to be.  
But oh! 'tis sweeter far when Memory,  
At dewy eve, with ling'ring eye looks back  
O'er the bright spots of that familiar track,  
Which erst we trod with careless steps and feet.  
There the fond heart o'er ancient visions stays,  
And friends, once deeply loved but long since  
Meet us again; and scenes of other days  
Float o'er the mind like Music's dying tone,  
Leaving a peace that's less of earth than heaven,  
A holy calm like that to sainted spirits given.