

poison as the most delicious he ever enjoyed."

Man has been called the creature of habit, and perhaps our young friends have already observed the fact in the circle of their own acquaintance, or, most likely, have already become the subjects of its tyrannical influence. Of how much consequence then is it to form those which are good! To set before ourselves those examples which are worthy of imitation to form our principles on a solid basis, and to shun at once those fashions and customs which are likely to undermine those principles, and injure our constitutions, and all those practices which revelation, reason, and conscience, disallow. There is happily one individual whose example we would strongly recommend to the notice of our young friends, whose character we would extant them to study, and whose habits they cannot too early endeavour to adopt. we allude to the glorious Redeemer, especially his habits of prayer to God, and active benevolence to man.

ANECDOTES.

MODESTY.—"A Just and reasonable modesty," says Addison "sets off every great talent a man may be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it. Modesty is not only an ornament but a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it.

"I have read somewhere," says he, "in the history of Greece, that the women of the country were seized with an unaccountable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this self murder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, that, if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corpse should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most public manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common. We may see in this instance, the strength of modesty, which was able to overcome the violence of madness and despair."

Instances of modesty are to be found among the wise and learned, as well as others. The Rev. Mr. Hooker was a man so bashful and modest by natural disposition, that he was not able to outface his own pupils.

Mr. Thomas Gouge, though so great a man, never put any value upon himself, or hunted for applause from man; and this was very observable in him, that the charities which were procured chiefly by his interest and industry, where he had occasion to speak, or to give an account of them, he would rather impute it to any one that had but the least hand and part in the procuring of them, than assume any thing of it to himself. Another instance of his modesty (says Archbishop Tillotson) was, that when he had quitted his living of St. Sepulchre's, upon some dissatisfaction about the terms of conformity, he willingly forebore preaching, saying, 'there was no need of him here in London, where there were so many worthy ministers;

and that he thought he might do as much or more good in another way, which could give no offence."

THE TRAVELLER SHAMED.—A young man of good natural understanding, and heir to an affluent fortune, set out upon an early tour of the continent. At Naples he fell into company with some well-informed foreigners, who were conversing on what they had seen in England, and some little difference in opinion arising about the architecture of Windsor Castle, they naturally referred themselves to the young Englishman for decision. With much confusion and hesitation, he was compelled to confess he had never seen it. The company, with true foreign politeness, only testified their admiration with a silent smile; but the reflection instantly struck, and pained the young gentleman so much, that he returned for England within two days, rationally determined to acquire the knowledge of his own country before he pried any farther into those afar off.

NO FEAR IN THE DARK.—As a Little Boy, not more than four years old, was returning home, one winter's evening with his maid, who carried a lantern in her hand, the wind blew out the candle, and they were left in the dark.—"Don't be afraid, Betty," said he, 'the great, good Being takes care of us in the dark as well as in the light;—by night, as well as by day,'

A DEEP QUESTION.—A Gentleman in Paris, superintendent of an institution for the instruction of deaf and dumb children, was asked by a friend to allow him to put a question to one of the children, with a view to ascertain his mental improvement. The request being complied with, he was desired to write his question, and affix it to the wall. It was this:—"Does God reason?" The child instantly wrote underneath with his pencil, "God knows and sees every thing. Reasoning implies doubt and uncertainty; therefore, God does not reason."

DAWN OF GENIUS.

WILLIAM BLAKE.—A Juvenile Artist.—Mr. Wm. Blake, who attained considerable eminence as an artist, had, very early in life, the ordinary opportunities of seeing pictures in the houses of noblemen and gentlemen, and in all the king's palaces. He early improved such casual occasions of study by attending sales at Langford's, Christie's and other auction rooms. At ten years of age, he was put to a drawing school, where he soon attained the art of drawing from casts in plaster of the various antiques. His father bought for him the Gladiator; the Hercules, the Venus de Medicis, and various heads, hands, and feet. He also supplied him with money to purchase prints, when he immediately began his collection frequenting the shops of the print-dealers; and the sales of the auctioneers. Langford called him his little connoisseur, and often knocked down to him a cheap lot, with friendly precipitation. He copied Raphael and Michael Angelo, Martin Heinskerck and Albert Durer, Julio Romano, and the rest of the historic class, neglecting to buy any other prints, however celebrated. His choice was for the most part contemned by his young companions, who were accustomed to laugh at what they called his mechanical taste. At the age of fourteen, he fixed on the engraver of Stuart's Athens and West's Pylades and Orestes for his master.

In the early part of his apprenticeship with Basire, he was employed in making drawings from old buildings and monuments, and occasionally, especially in winter, in engraving from those drawings. The occupation led him to an acquaintance with those neglected works of art called Gothic monuments. There he found a treasure which he knew how to value. The

monuments in Westminster Abbey were among his first studies.

POETRY.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND THE MEDICINE OF LIFE.

In those dreams of delight which with ardour we seek,
Oft the phantom of sorrow appears;
And the roses of pleasure which bloom in your cheek,
Must be steep'd in the dew of your tears.

'Mid the fountain of bliss when it sparkles most bright,
Salt mixtures embitter the spring;
Tho' its lustre may tremble thro' bowers of delight,
In the draught disappointment will sting.

But if Heaven hath one cup of enjoyment bestowed,
Unmingled and sweet as its own;
In the stream of affection its bounty hath flow'd
And there we may taste it alone.

But the pure simple drops love would seize for his prize,
And defile them with passion's soul tide;
While the bowl he prepares, as it dazzles our eyes,
The position of anguish can hide.

Let Friendship, the stream, as it flows calm and clear,
Remain unpolluted for me;
Or if tenderness mingle a sigh or a tear,
The draught still the sweeter will be.

But let me reject the too high-flavour'd bowl,
Which deception or flattery compose;
From sincerity ever transparent, shall roll
The cordial of peace and repose.

Ah! give me the friend from whose warm faithful breast,
The sigh breathes responsive to mine;
Where my cares may obtain the soft pillow rest,
And my sorrows may love to recline.

Not the friend who my moments of pleasure would share,
But abides not the season of grief;
Who flies from the brow that is darkened by care,
And the silence that looks for relief.

Not the friend who, suspicious of change or guile,
Would shrink from a confidence free;
Nor him who with fondness complacent smile,
On the eye that looks coldly on me.

As the mirror that just to each blemish or gra,
To myself will my image reflect;
But to none but myself will that image retra,
Nor picture one present defect.

To my soul let my friend be a mirror as true,
Thus, my faults from all others conceal;
Nor absent those feelings and follies renew,
Which from Heaven and from man he shroud veil.