

The second century had commenced, and a change of pursuits was determined upon—Me thought the cultivation of my intellectual nature would create a new source of pleasure, and prove more congenial to my immortal condition. I became addicted to study, and felt relief from the pains of the satiated sensualist, I sought the richly stored library, and chose it for my home and temple. My assiduity was unbounded, and I thought that to acquire knowledge, was to be happy. I mastered all languages—I treasured up all the stores of philosophy—I became acquainted with the history of men and events, from the earliest periods of time—I deeply studied the principles of sciences, and became an adept in all the arts. Nothing escaped my search—whole libraries were devoured, and the undiminished vigour of my immortal state sustained me under the most prodigious efforts. But before my second century was completed, I found the doom of disappointment tracking me in these my chosen pursuits. I discovered that the extent of what was known was not to be gauged by the multiplicity of books, and that a vast proportion of them were but repetitions of what had preceded them—new structures formed from old and borrowed materials. I found, too, that the capacity of the human mind in its present connection with a material body, had its limit, and that when filled, it could contain no more. The goal was in sight, beyond which I could not pass—and I was grieved. Besides, the ten thousand conflicting theories—the innumerable contradictory and irreconcilable statements—the truth and falsehood which I had imbibed in my unbounded reading, and which memory tenaciously retained, kept the mind in a perpetual ferment unfriendly to enjoyment. I was learned, it is true, beyond a parallel,—deeply and profoundly learned; but this exposed me to the envenomed shafts of jealousy, and my superiority, instead of veneration, awakened envy.

But a severe grief remains to be told. I had assiduously expended a century in acquiring knowledge, which placed me beyond the contact of congenial souls. When ignorant, I could choose from the multitude, many as ignorant as myself—when learned according to the common estimate, I could still select congenial associates; but when I had far surpassed the ordinary bound of knowledge, I had virtually excluded myself from the sympathies of the world. I sought the most celebrated for their learning; but I seldom found them skilled in more than one favourite science, whilst ignorant of the rest. The linguist was a mere linguist; the mathematician, a mere mathematician; and neither perfect in their chosen studies. If such was the case with the learned, how did the mass of society appear? Alas! I found I was living among children, and I was sorely disgusted with those, who scarcely able to babble the alphabet of the sciences, nevertheless plumed themselves upon their superior knowledge; superior truly, but superior only to the gross ignorance of the countless herd of mankind. I felt a sense of painful solitude amidst a bustling world, and found that in much knowledge there was much sorrow. I had made many singular discoveries in the sciences and arts, and with these at length I determined to astonish the world. They were prepared with the nicest accuracy, set off with all the arts of eloquence

and published for the information of mankind. Bitter was my disappointment. They were too far in advance of human knowledge—they were not comprehended or cared for, by the multitude, and were ridiculed as visionary, by the learned! I cursed my learning and wished that death would release me from a world so deeply immersed in ignorance.

I had already advanced into my third century and resolved to attempt the search of happiness in new pursuits. I accumulated wealth—I built a splendid mansion—I indulged in all the splendours of princely state—I sought and obtained political distinction, but these gratified only for a brief season, and as the charm of novelty disappeared, they were found to be but empty baubles. To be Concluded next week.

YONG SEAMAN.

A youth about 17 or 18 years of age called upon a young man to purchase a tract. He was asked if he had been at any of the services on board a ship? He said, "Yes, the last evening only. Yesterday I landed from my voyage; and this afternoon I am bound to Scotland to see my friends. My visit to the Bethel chapel has been the means of great comfort to my mind." "I am glad you found it so," observed the Secretary. "Were you unhappy?" "I will relate, Sir, (said he,) what took place during my late voyage. I sailed from London in a Scotch vessel for the West Indies, as second mate; the most wicked wretch that ever sailed on salt water; chiefly for swearing. Our captain, though a good seaman, and kind to his ship's company, cared not either for his own soul, or for the souls of his ship's crew. We had been at sea sixteen days: it came on night: it was my watch on deck: the night was dark and lowering, and but little wind at the time: we had most of our lower sails set; I was walking fore and aft on the leeward side of the ship, when a sudden puff of wind caused the vessel to give a heavy lurch. Not prepared to meet it I was capsized, and came right against one of the stanchions. Feeling much hurt, I gave vent to my anger by a dreadful oath; cursing the wind, the ship, the sea, and (awful to mention) the Being that made them. Scarcely had this horrid oath escaped my lips, when it seemed to roll back on my mind with so frightful an image, that for a moment or two I thought I saw the sea parting, and the vessel going down. I took the helm from the man who was at it, and put the ship's head close to the wind. All that night my awful oath was passing before my eyes, like a spectre; and its consequences appeared to be my certain damnation. For many days I was miserable. Ashamed to own the cause, I asked one of the men, if he had any book to lend me to read. He offered me a French novel by Rousseau. I asked if he had a Testament or Bible? He answered by asking if I were going to die? for his part, he said, he never troubled his head about Bible or Prayer book; he left all these matters to the Priest, to whom he left part of his pay, to pray for him; if I had done so, I should not have been so squeamish. The captain, I knew, had a Bible, but I was unwilling to ask the loan of it.

* "The Bethel" is a large ship fitted up for divine worship amongst the sailors; or, a church built for their special use.

Seven days thus passed in the greatest torment, this dreadful oath was always before me. I could not pray: indeed I thought it of no use. On the fifth day, I was turning over some trifle in my chest, when I found some trifles I had purchased for sea stock, wrapped up in paper: putting his hand at the same time into his jacket pocket, and from a small red case pulling the paper, which was a leaf of the Bible, containing nearly the whole of the first chapter of Isaiah. "Oh! how my heart throbbed, when I found it a piece of the Bible." At that moment, tears fell from his eyes, and he pressed the leaf to his bosom. "But, Sir," continued he, "conceive what I felt when I read these words: 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'" Here he paused to wipe the tears away. "O! Sir," he added, like a drowning man I clung to the life-buoy. I then prayed, and the Lord graciously pleased to remove, in some measure, the great guilt of my conscience, though continued mournful and bowed down, until evening on board the May-flower, I set away with the Bethel Company. I felt much comforted with the service. It deeply affected me, and I now trust that the Lord has forgiven my great sin."

Reader, consider this instance of the value of a single leaf of the sacred Scriptures; and I beg you to read the chapter which was great a blessing to the young man. And let the spirit of God so stamp it on your mind, that it may lead you to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.—Professor Hayne, of Tingen used to relate that the first impressions of mind were made by the tears of his mother lamenting that she was not able to find bread for her children.

SELECT SENTENCES.

God loves the poorest saint on earth, incomparably better than any angel in heaven loves God.

In conversation, aim more at God's honour than thine own; the one is the character of a devil; the other of a saint.

Turn a deaf ear to the backbiter; if thou receive not his words, they fly back and wound the reporter. If thou dost receive them, they fly forward, and wound the receiver.

An ungrateful mind is the devil's lodging-house, supported with five pillars, viz. ignorance, pride, content, covetousness, and envy.

POETRY.

THE RETROSPECT.

Oh it is wise at times to stand,
And view the backward scene of life,
To gaze o'er all the trodden land,
And mark each pyramid of strife;
Since he who brought us hitherto,
Will guide us all our journey through.

What though fresh changes may await,
And mark our pilgrimage below?
Past recollections should abate,
And guard us from surprising woe;
Since he who brought us hitherto,
Will guide us all our journey through.

Then let our souls fresh courage take,
And press toward the heavenly prize,
Implore new strength, for Jesus' sake,
And urge our passage to the skies;
So he who brought us hitherto,
Will guide us all our journey through.