

from this spot, or we shall be clapt up again with these psalm singers, to growl lullubs or whine like Bedlamites till our heads are turned. Whither shall we direct our course?"

Mr. C. proposed that they should go and hear Dr. Chalmers preach.

"Chalmers! Chalmers!" said Mr. A. "the crazy man, whom the *mobile outgus* run after? Why he is a mad fanatic, seeking for the little mouthed popularity of weak minds. Poh! go and hear a religious fool, a knave, or perhaps both. No, no, let us go to the Green, and get a stroll, and a laugh at the high dressed weaver girls who will be there on a sabbath morning. Let me tell you, my hearties!—added this youth, "the sound of the classic Clyde is worth all the preachments of a bushel of Dr. Chalmers! And its beautiful banks have something so romantic, I never go but I immediately wish to write poetry. Come, chums, let us on."

"But Mr. A.," said C. "have you ever heard Dr. Chalmers?" "Never," was the reply; "but so much is said about him, I believe he is mad. They tell such ridiculous things about him, I would laugh all the time, if I were hearing him, by thinking of their fanaticism! Come, let us to the green, or to the country, or any where else, provided only it be away from those superstitious groatings," this he spoke mimicking the nasal sectarian twang.

"We may find as much amusement in hearing him, nevertheless," rejoined C. "as in going into the country. Besides, my friend, let us condemn no man unheard. And be it known to you, my comrades, that Dr. Chalmers stands as high as a scholar as he does a preacher. He is reported to be a profound mathematician; versed in all science, and withal really eloquent. Let us to hear him ourselves—and then for a laugh, a cry, or a jest. *ad libitum.*"

The party ultimately agreed to go and hear Dr. Chalmers preach. On arriving at his church, they found it crowded within, and a great multitude standing without. Our students, however, elbowed on, and just got within the door when they heard Dr. Chalmers announce this text, with peculiar emphasis—"I am not mad, most noble Festus!" This passage, so unexpected, and tendered so striking to their minds by their former conversation, arrested their attention.

They heard the conduct of Jesus Christ, and his most zealous Apostles powerfully delineated: the opposition, contempt, and sneers, of the ungodly and profane which they had to suffer, when labouring and striving to promote the holy cause of God; and the salvation of the souls of perishing sinners. The appeals which were afterwards made by the preacher to the consciences of his hearers, were irresistible. Amidst the weeping concourse, the hearts of our students were completely melted down. Their conduct appeared to each of their hearts, *black and hell-deserving.*

Stung with remorse, they withdrew at the close of public worship—and retired to pray. They hastened again to church in the afternoon, to unite in public worship. They became penitent. They were converted; and became members of the visible church of God, hoping and preparing for a better inheritance in the church triumphant.

Mr. Editor—The above is no fiction. The circumstances were well known, and commonly reported, when I was at Glasgow College a few years ago—This is at your service. J. K.

Trumbull, Con. July 29, 1827.

The versatility of Franklin's genius is best indicated in the variety of uses to which his head is put in every community. As a printer, his head adorns the printing press,—as a philosopher, the studio,—as a moralist, the hall of the theologian,—as a politician, the desk of a statesman,—as an industrious man, the shopboard of every good tradesman who minds his business. We have seen his head, made to adore these several offices and vocations, and one of the northern papers under our hand, employs it to recommend the spectacles of a shopkeeper, because the old patriot invariably wore them.

Charleston paper.

## THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

### ON LAUDABLE AMBITION.

Every body has ambition of some kind or other, and is vexed when that ambition is disappointed. The difference is, that the ambition of silly people is a silly and mistaken ambition; and the ambition of people of sense is a right and commendable one. For instance; the ambition of a silly boy, would be to have fine clothes and money to throw away in idle follies; which, you plainly see, would be no proofs of merit in him, but only of folly in his parents, in dressing him out like a jackanapes, and giving him the money to play the fool with. Whereas a boy of good sense places his ambition in excelling other boys of his own age, and even older, in virtue and knowledge. His glory is in being known always to speak the truth, in showing good nature and compassion, in learning quicker, and applying himself more than other boys. These are real proofs of merit in him, and consequently proper objects of ambition, and will acquire him a solid reputation and character. This holds true in men as well as in boys, the ambition of a silly fellow will be to have fine equipage, a fine house, and fine clothes; things, which any body, that has as much money, may have as well as he; for they are all to be bought. But the ambition of a man of sense and honour is, to be distinguished by character and reputation of knowledge, truth, and virtue; things that are not to be bought, and that can only be acquired by a good head and good heart. Such was the ambition of the Lacedaemonians and the ambition of the Romans, when they made the greatest figure; and such, I hope, yours will be.

## ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF RICHARD BAXTER.—During Mr. Baxter's residence in Coventry, he, in company with several of the ejected ministers who resided there commenced preaching in a house by the side of a common, not many miles from the city. The time of service being rather early in the morning, Mr. Baxter set out for the place the preceding evening. The night being dark, he misred his way, and after wandering about for a considerable time, espied a light on a rising ground at some distance; to which he immediately bent his steps. On his arrival, he found that it emanated from the window of a gentleman's house. He called, and begged to be allowed to remain until the morning; at the same time stating that he had lost his way. The servant informed his master, that a person of very respectable appearance was at the door; and wished to be accommodated for the night. The gentleman ordered the servant to invite him in. The invitation was cordially accepted; and Mr. Baxter met with the greatest hospitality. At supper, the gentleman inquired what was the profession or employment of his guest. He from several things spoken by his host, saw it necessary to be upon his guard, and replied: "I am a *man-catcher*, sir." "A man-catcher (said the gentleman,) are you? You are the very person I want. I am a justice of the peace in this district, and am determined to seize on Dick Baxter, who is expected to preach at a neighbouring cottage to-morrow morning, and you shall go with me, and I doubt not we shall easily apprehend the rogue." Mr. Baxter no longer remained ignorant of the quality of his host, and consented to accompany him. After breakfast next morning, they accordingly set out in the magistrate's carriage for the place. When they arrived, the people were beginning to assemble outside of the house; but no Dick Baxter made his appearance to preach. The justice seemed to be considerably disappointed; and said to his companion, he supposed that Baxter had been apprised of his design, and would not fulfil his engagement. After waiting for some time in ardent expectation of the approach of the Nonconformist, but without effect, Mr. B. told the magistrate that it was a pity for so many people to be collected together, and on the Sabbath morning, too, without something being said to them respecting religion; and hoped he would deliver a short address to them on that subject. He replied, that as all religious services should begin with prayer, he could not perform that part of the duty, not having his prayer book in his pocket. "However," said the gentleman, "I am persuaded that a person of your

appearance and respect ability, would be able to pray with them as well as to talk to them. I beg, therefore, that you will be so good as to begin with prayer. After a few modest refusals, Mr. Baxter commenced the service with a prayer at once solemn and fervid for which he was so remarkable. The magistrate was soon melted into tears. The man of God then delivered a most impressive sermon; after which, the magistrate stopped up to him and said, he felt truly thankful that Baxter had not come, for he had never heard any thing which so much affected him in the whole course of his life. Baxter turning round to him, with pathos not to be imitated, said: "Sir, I am the very Dick Baxter of whom you are in pursuit,—I am entirely at your disposal." But the justice having felt so much, during the service, he entirely laid aside all enmity and ever afterwards became one of the most decided friends of Nonconformity, and died, it is believed, a decided Christian.

The Rev. Mark Wilkes, is, I believe, still alive. He was and still is, well known in London. He is an eminent divine, a pious, and almost worthy man; and a considerable wit, with all God had placed him in very easy circumstances; and had also given him a warm and charitable heart. No deserving poor man went away sorrowfully from Mark Wilke's door. One day a poor man,—belonging to his Church who had something of Mark Wilke's manner, as to the matter of wit,—and who certainly was a very worthy and pious man, came to Mark's door, and told his minister, that "his poor wife had just been confined,—and that she had brought him another fine child. But, then, it is"—added he, "God has not given us, this day a morsel of food in the house.—" Ah! said Mark Wilkes, affecting great indifference "John! I have always understood, that when God sends a child into this world, he also sends bread with it." "Most true! your Reverence," cried John, "God's goodness always does a. But, then, *he has sent the child to me,—and bread to you.* And therefore it is, that I have come for some of it." "Come in John," cried Mark Wilkes, as a tear coursed down his cheek.—"Come in, and take as much as you want."

AXIOM.  
There is a time when we may say *nothing*; and a time when we may say *something*; but there never was a time when we should say *all things*.

## POETRY.

### Jesus appears to the Disciples.

The evening of that day which saw the Lord Rise from the chambers of the dead, was come. His faithful followers, assembled, sang A hymn, low breathed—a hymn of sorrow, blent With hope: when, in the midst, sudden he stood. The awe-struck circle backward shrunk: he looks Around with a benignant smile of love, And says, *peace be unto you!* faith and joy Spread o'er each face, amazed as when the moon, Pavilioned in dark clouds, mildly comes forth, Silencing a circlet in the fleecy ranks. Graham.

### Behold my mother and my Brethren.

Who is my mother, or my brethren? Heapake, and look'd on them who sat around, With a meek smile of pity blent with love, More melting than e'er gleamed from human face; As when a sun-beam through a summer shower, Shines mildly on a little hill-side flock; And with a look of love he said, Behold My mother and my brethren: for I say, That whoe'er shall do the will of God, He is my brother, sister, mother, all Thid.