

scarcely to change its position, and is almost always observed in the same point of the heavens. Notwithstanding it appears to be fixed, this star revolves round the pole but its motion is so slow, and the circle which it describes so small, that its change of place is scarcely perceptible. This apparent fixity of situation renders the polar star an infallible guide, especially to mariners. In all ages, especially before the discovery of the compass, navigators had not a surer conductor than the polar star; and even now, since the invention of that instrument, so invaluable to seamen, this star sometimes proves, when the sky is serene, a guide on which they may rely more securely than on the magnetic needle, and which conducts them with unerring certainty to the most distant coast.

The advantages which we derive from the polar star naturally lead me to the consideration of the benefits conferred on us by the revealed word of God, especially of the gospel. How estimable a gift for a man tossed about on the tempestuous ocean of the world, and surrounded with the obscurity of night. Without this guide I lose my way, and am unable to find the track that leads to God and everlasting felicity. Without the word of God for my conductor, I wander to and fro, sometimes racked with fears, sometimes cheered by hope, but always in uncertainty. In the divine revelation alone I find a certain and invariable rule, by which I can pursue with courage what is set before me, and accomplish it with joy. Henceforth will I, therefore, follow this unerring guide as attentively as the pilot consults the polar star, and will keep it constantly in view, that I may never go astray.

By its assistance I shall at length arrive in safety in the desired port, where I shall enjoy everlasting repose and felicity.

PROOF OF THE EXISTANCE OF GOD.

See here, I hold a Bible in my hand and you see the cover, the leaves, the letters, the words; but you do not see the writers or the printer, the letter-founder, the ink maker, the paper maker, or the binder. You never did see them, you never will see them; and yet, there is not one of you who will think of disputing or denying the being of these men. I go farther, I affirm that you see the very souls of these men in seeing this book, and you feel yourselves obliged to allow that, by the contrivance, design, memory, fancy, reason and so on. In the same manner; if you see a picture, you judge there was a painter, if you see a house, you judge there was a builder of it; and if you see one room contrived for this purpose, and another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude that the builder was a person of skill and forecast who formed the house, with a view to the accommodation of its inhabitants. In this manner examine the world, and pity the man, who when he sees the sign of the wheat-sheaf, hath sense enough to know that there is a joiner, and somewhere a painter, but who, when he sees the wheat-sheaf, is so stupid as not to say to himself—"This had a wise and good Creator!"

ANECDOTES.

PROVIDENCE.

Did we reflect on every deliverance which we have experienced, however we should often perceive reason to be astonished at the goodness of

God, by whose agency we have escaped danger which neither our wisdom, prudence, nor strength could have prevented from issuing in our destruction. A remarkable case of this nature is related by Dr. Dwight—"The following fact was recited to me by a respectable man, as having happened at Great Barrington—I know no reason to question the truth of the recital, except what is furnished by the nature of the fact itself. A Mr Van Rensselaer, a young gentleman from Albany, came one evening into an inn kept by a Mr R., just at the eastern end of the bridge, which crosses the Housatonic in this town. The innkeeper, who knew him, asked him where he had crossed the river. He answered, 'On the bridge.' Mr. Root replied, that that was impossible, because it had been raised that very day, and that not a plank had been laid on it. Mr Van Rensselaer said, this could not be true, because his horse had come over without any difficulty or reluctance: that the night was indeed so profoundly dark, as to prevent him from seeing any thing distinctly, but that it was incredible, if his horse could see sufficiently well to keep his footing anywhere, that he should not discern the danger, and impossible for him to pass over a bridge in that condition. Each went to bed dissatisfied, neither believing the story of the other. In the morning, Mr Van Rensselaer went, at the solicitation of his host, to view the bridge; and, finding it a naked frame, gazed for a moment with astonishment, and fainted."

Several cases are on record, similar to the following one, by which the riches of divine goodness is exhibited in a striking point of view.—

When Oliver Cromwell entered upon the command of the parliament's army, against the royal forces, he ordered all his soldiers to carry a Bible in their pockets, (the same which is now called Field's Bible.) Among the rest who complied with this order there was a wild young fellow, who had ran away from his apprenticeship in London, for the sake of plunder and dissipation: yet he was obliged to be in the fashion, and seem a puritan, though he was not one. Being one day ordered out on a skirmishing party, or to attack some fortress, he returned back to his quarters, in the evening, without hurt; but, when he was going to bed, pulling the Bible out of his pocket, he observed a hole in it. His curiosity led him to trace the depth of this hole, when he found that a bullet had gone as far as the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes, ninth verse. He read the verse. It was, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that, for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." The circumstance had its effect upon his future conduct; and he used pleasantly to observe, that the Bible was the means of saving his soul and body too.

PRIDE.

It is remarkable, that the four most haughty proclamations of military commanders, in modern times, have prefaced their ruin.—Such was that of General Burgoyne, when he summoned the Americans to lay down their arms: that of the Duke of Brunswick, on entering France: that of Buonaparte, in Egypt, and that of General Le Clerc, on his arrival in St. Domingo. So true is the saying,—"Pride goeth

before destruction, and haughtiness before fall."

SELECT SENTENCES.

Truth is horn with us; and we must do violence to nature, to shake off our veracity.

An honest man is believed without an oath; for his reputation swears for him. Xenocrates was a man of that truth and fidelity, that the Athenians gave him alone this privilege, That his evidence should be lawful without swearing. And it is said of Fabricius that a man might as well attempt to turn the sun out of its course, as bring him in to do a base or a dishonest action.

Virtue scorns a lie for its cover; and truth needs no orator.

Truth and falsehood, like the iron and clay in Nebuchadnezzar's image, may cleave, but they will not incorporate.

POETRY.

BIRTH SONG.

Mr. Bulwer's Monthly for March contains some verses under the titles of the Birth Song and the Day of Death; the first of which we subjoin:

ANGEL OF WELCOME.

*Hail, new waked atom of the Eternal Whole,
Young voyager upon time's rapid river!*

*Hail to thee, Human Soul,
Hail, and forever!*

CHORUS OF CHERUBIM.

A life has just begun!

A life has just begun!

Another soul has won

The glorious spark of being!

Pilgrim of life, all hail!

He who at first called forth,

From nothingness, the earth;

Who piled the mighty hills, and dug the sea.

Who gave the stars to gem

Night like a diadem,

Young creature of the earth,

*Fair as its flowers, though brought in error
forth.*

Hail, all hail!

ANGEL OF WELCOME.

The Heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll

The solid Earth dissolve; the Sun grow pale

But thou, oh Human Soul,

Shalt be immortal. Hail!

CHORUS OF CHERUBIM.

A life has just begun!

A life has just begun!

Another soul has won

The glorious spark of being!

Oh young immortal, hail!

He before whom are dim

Seraph and Cherubim;

*Who gave the archangels strength and
jesty,*

Who sits upon Heaven's throne,

The Everlasting One,

O blessed child, made thee!

Fair creature of the earth,

Heir of immortal life, though mortal in thy birth

Hail, all hail!

M. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank Contributor for his kind offer. His contributions will be very acceptable, and we have no doubt very interesting, to our young readers.

The articles sent us by W. C. are not original.

G. D. will find in No. 27, an answer to the Enigma in No. 11.

Orion's Postical Extracts came too late for insertion this week.