

within three leagues round it is not cultivated, but is white, and mingled with salt and ashes. In short, we must think that there is a heavy curse of God upon that place, seeing it was once so pleasant a country. O Lord, mercifully keep the reader from the miseries of the infernal lake of fire and brimstone, Rev. xx. 10; where the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever, Rev. xiv. 11.

### THEOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

It will do you no good to be of the right religion, if you be not zealous in the exercise of the duties of that religion.—*Barter.*

Faith is a burning glass, which receives the beams of God's love, and inflames the heart with love to him again; till, mounting up in fervent prayers, love reaches its original, and rests forever in love.—*Id.*

No man is past hopes of salvation until he is past all possibility of Repentance, until he be absolutely hardened against all gospel corrections.—*Owen.*

Prosperity best discovers Vice; but Adversity best discovers virtue.—*Lord Bacon.*

The corruption of human nature is poison so subtle, that it pierces into all the powers of the soul; so contagious, that it infects all the actions; so obstinate, that only Omnipotent grace can heal it.

*Anonymous.*

### ANECDOTES.

A violent Welsh squire having taken offence at a poor curate who employed his leisure hours in mending clocks and watches, applied to the Bishop of St. Asaph, with a formal complaint against him for impiously carrying on a trade, contrary to the statute.—His lordship having heard the complaint, told the squire he might depend upon it that the strictest justice should be done in the case: accordingly the mechanic divine was sent for a few days after, when the Bishop asked him "How he dared to disgrace his diocese by becoming a mender of clocks and watches?" The other, with all humility, answered, "To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children."—"That won't do with me," rejoined the Prelate. "I'll inflict such a punishment upon you as shall make you leave off your pitiful trade, I promise you;" and immediately, calling in his secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation for the astonished curate to a living of at least one hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

Of Mr. John Henderson it is observed, that the oldest of his friends never beheld him otherwise than calm and collected: it was a state of mind he retained under all circumstances. During his residence at Oxford, a student of a neighbouring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson; some mutual friends introduced him, and, having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candour and moderation; but Henderson's antagonist, perceiving his confusion inevitable (forgetting the character of a gentleman, and with a resentment engendered by his former arrogance,) threw a full glass of wine in his face. Henderson, without altering his features, or changing his opinion, gently wiped his face, and then coolly replied, "This, Sir, is a digression: now for the argument."

### SCENE AT NIAGARA.

The vehement dashing of the rapids, the sublime falls, the various hues of the waters, the snowy whiteness and the deep bright green, the billowy spray that veils in deep obscurity the depths below; the verdant island that interposes between the two falls veiled in a misty mantle, and placed there, it would seem, that the eye and the spirit may repose on it; the little island on the brink of the American fall, that looks, amidst the commotion of the waters, like the sylvan vessel of a woodland nymph gayly sailing onward—or as if the wish of the Persian girl were realized, and the "little isle had wings,"—a thing of life and motion and the spirit of the waters had inspired.

The profound caverns, with their overhanging rocks, the quiet habitation along the margin of the river,—peaceful amid all the uproar,—as if a voice of the Creator had been heard, saying, "It is I; be not afraid," the green hill, with its graceful projections, that skirts and overlooks Table Rock; the deep

and bright verdure of the foliage—every spear of grass that penetrates the crevices of the rock, gemed by the humid atmosphere, the sparkling in the sunbeams; the rainbow that rests on the mighty torrent—a symbol of the smile of God upon his wondrous work.

"What is it, mother?" asked Edward, as he stood with his friends on Table Rock, where they had remained gazing on the magnificent scene for fifteen minutes without uttering a syllable, "what is it, mother, that makes us all so silent?"

"It is the spirit of God moving on the face of the waters—it is this new revelation to our senses of his power and majesty, which shers us, as it were, into his visible presence, and exalts our affections above language. What, my dear children, should we be, without the religious sentiment that is to us as a second sight, by which we see, in all this beauty, the hand of the Creator; by which we are permitted to join in this hymn of nature, by which I may say, we are permitted to enter into the joy of our Lord? Without it, we should be like these sheep who are at this time grazing on the verge of this sublime precipice, alike unconscious of all these wonders, and of their Divine Original. This religious sentiment is, in truth, Edward, that Promethean fire, that kindless nature with a living spirit, infuses life and expression into inert matter, and invests the mortal with immortality." Mrs. Suckville's eye was upraised, and her countenance illuminated with a glow of devotion that harmonized with the scene. "It is, my dear children," she continued, "this religious sentiment, enlightened and directed by reason, that allies you to external nature, that should govern your affections, direct your pursuits, exalts and purify your pleasures, and make you feel, by its celestial influence, that the kingdom is within you; but," she added, smiling, after a momentary pause, "this temple does not need a preacher."

*Sedgwick.*

### EXTRAORDINARY TRANCE.

The subjoined extract from a paper read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society, details some extraordinary particulars respecting a case of trance, which occurred to a girl in the neighbourhood of Cambridge:

Sarah Carter, aged 17, the daughter of a farmer at Stapleford, has been afflicted with enlargement of the viscera of the abdomen for two years, the consequence of typhus fever, which attacked her whilst nursing her father, who died of that complaint. The swelling of the body does not give the fluctuating sensation produced by water but its hardness is that of enlargement of the internal organs. During the whole of her illness she complained very little, owing perhaps to her constitutional indolence of body and mind; as even in the earlier period of the disease she seldom spoke except when questioned; and she is now without feeling or power of utterance, lying in a state of perfect insensibility, in which she has remained since the first week in October. During the first fortnight of this insensible state, her head was constantly rolling from side to side upon her pillow, and this action continued night and day without a moment's intermission. In May last, she eat the last solid food, which was a piece of cheese, and for the four following months she took nothing but fruit, which she merely sucked, and water, which she swallowed in minute quantities. Since the first week in October, it appears that nothing whatever has passed her throat, and her mouth is so firmly locked by the spasmodic contraction of the muscles, that all attempts to open it have failed. It seems that every voluntary muscle of her frame is in the same state of spasmodic action, for when, with much force, her arms are raised from her chest, on which they are crossed, they can only be elevated a few inches, and recoil instantly to their former position; and so inflexible is her whole person, that when removed from her bed, she is carried like a statue. Nothing has passed her bowels for thirteen weeks, nor has there been any excretions of urine for the same time; every power of the abdominal viscera seeming suspended. The heart, the circulating system, and the organs of breathing, seem unaffected; the pulse, indeed, varies in frequency and strength, and she experiences, occasionally, an increase of fever.—The pulse does not get weaker, and the colour of the cheeks changes so often, that her mother thinks she is conscious of what is passing in the room. She lies upon her back, a little inclin-

ed to the right side.—The application of leeches to her temples, some time since, was followed by copious discharge of blood, and a few days after her nose bled freely. She had taken no medicine whatever for some months; but on the 10th of November, two drops of Croton oil were put on her tongue by means of a feather, but with no effect; the following day four drops, from a different bottle, were applied in the same way, and, in the course of a few hours, it occasioned a heaving of the stomach, and an ounce of cheese, in a semi-masticated state, and retaining its odour, was thrown up. For several days the salivary glands secreted copiously, but the mother would not allow a repetition of the application of galvanism, or, in fact, any electrical means whatever. The great peculiarity of the case is, that in so long a state of inactivity, the body has suffered no waste in appearance nor in weight, and that, though the nerves seem torpid, those subservient to muscular motion appear to have their vigour increased; for how otherwise can be explained the power with which they resist those efforts to which in a natural state they must have yielded.—*Cambridge paper.*

The following is said to be the most extraordinary fact on record:—

In the appendix of the Rev. John Campbell's Travels in South Africa, is recorded one of the strangest occurrences in the moral annals of mankind. It will be recollected, that some years ago the Grosvenor, East Indiaman, was wrecked off the coast of Caffraria, (a district divided from the country of the Hottentots by the Great Fish River,) and that nearly the whole of the passengers perished on the occasion. It was however discovered, that two young ladies had survived the miseries of this dreadful event, and were resident in the interior of a country uninhabited by Europeans. Mr. Campbell does not relate this occurrence from personal evidence, but we cannot doubt the extraordinary fact.

The Landdrost of Graaf Ragel had been deputed by the British Government to pay a visit to the King of Caffraria, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any survivors from the wreck of the Grosvenor. Finding that there were two females, he succeeded in procuring an introduction to them. He saw them habited like Caffre women; their bodies were painted after the fashion of the native inhabitants; and their manners and appearance were altogether Anti-European. The Landdrost, however, sought to obtain their confidence by a liberal offer of his best services to restore them to their country and friends. But they were unmoved by his solicitations. They stated that they had fallen into the hands of the natives after they had been cast ashore from the wreck; that their companions had been murdered, and that they had been compelled to give themselves in marriage: that having affectionate husbands, children, and grand-children, their attachments were bounded by their actual enjoyments. Upon being repeatedly urged to depart with the Landdrost, they replied, that probably at their return to England they might find themselves without connections or friends, and that their acquired habits ill fitted them to mingle with polished society; in short, that they would not quit Caffraria.

Such then, is the powerful influence of habit! Two young ladies, highly educated, and in all probability lovely in their persons, are taught by habit to forget those scenes of gaiety they were so well calculated to ornament, and the anticipated enjoyments of high matrimonial connections; to forget their parents, their relations, the accomplished companions of their youth, and all the refinements of life! Among a savage people, they acquire congenial feelings, and their vitiated nature ceases to repine: they love the untutored husbands given to them by fate; they rear their children in the stupidity of Hottentot faith; they designate their wretched hovel with the sacred name of Home; they expel memory from their occupations; and regret no longer mingles with their routine of barbarous pleasures. Is this, in reality, a picture of the human mind, with all its boasted attributes, its delicacies, its refinements, its civilized superiority? Yes! for custom is a second nature.

*Platt's Book of Curiosities.*