

POETRY.

PROVIDENCE.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet, though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Dr. Brewster has lately written the life of the great Newton, for the English Family Library. Newton is stated to have been a posthumous child—his father dying at the age of 96. The helpless infant thus ushered into the world, was of such an extremely diminutive size, and seemed of so perishable a frame, that two women who were sent to Lady Pakeniam's, at North Witham, to bring some medicine to

strengthen him, did not expect to find him alive on their return. Sir Isaac Newton told Mr. Conduit, that he had often heard his mother say, that when he was born he was so little that they might have put him into a quart mug. So weak and so diminutive was the being, whose fame was afterwards destined to fill the world—the *foremost man of all the earth*. He was very inattentive to his studies and stood very low in the school: but a single spark of honest pride fired the genius which was destined to illuminate the world. The boy who was above him having one day given him a severe kick upon his stomach, from which he suffered great pain, Isaac laboured incessantly till he got above him in the school, and from that time he continued to rise till he was the head boy. From the habits of application which this incident led him to form, the peculiar character of his mind was speedily displayed. During the hours of play, when the other boys were occupied with their amusements, his mind was engrossed with mechanical contrivances, either in imitation of something which he had seen, or in execution of some original conception of his own. For this purpose he provided himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and all sorts of tools, which he acquired the art of using with singular dexterity. The principal pieces of mechanism which he thus constructed were a windmill, and a carriage put in motion by the person who sat in it. Such was the birth, and such was the first dawning, of the greatest man that has ever lived in the tide of times.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

BY

J. E. I. MILLER,

At the low price of TWOPENCE a number, payable on delivery; or 1s. 8d. per quarter, in advance. To Country Subscribers, 2s. 4d. per quarter, (including postage) also in advance.

We shall feel obliged to those who may be disposed to favour us with original articles on any of the subjects enumerated in the prospectus. Please address to the publisher, Herald Office.