

his limbs and enervate his faculties. An early obesity overloaded him with flesh. His cheeks, formerly streaked with muscles, and hollowed by the working of genius, were broad, full, and hanging like those of Otho in the Roman medals of the empire. An excess of bile mingling in the blood, gave a yellow tint to the skin, which, at a distance, looked like a varnish of pure gold on his countenance. His lips still preserved their Grecian outline, and steady grace, passing easily from a smile to a menace. His solid bony chin formed an appropriate base for his features. His nose was but a line, thin and transparent. The paleness of his cheeks gave greater brilliancy to the blue of his eyes. His look was searching, unsteady as wavering flame—an emblem of inquietude. His forehead seemed to have widened, from the scantiness of his thin black hair, which was falling from the moisture of continual thought. It might be said that his head, naturally small, had increased in size to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery and combinations of a mind every thought of which was an empire.

The map of the world seemed to have been engraved on the orb of that reflective head. But it was beginning to yield, and he inclined it often on his breast, while crossing his arms like Frederick II.—an attitude and gesture which he appeared to affect. Unable any longer to seduce his courtiers and his soldiers by the charm of youth, it was evident he wished to fascinate them by the rough, penive, and disdainful character of himself,—of his model in his latter days. He moulded himself as it were, into the statue of reflection before his troops, who gave him the nickname of *Father Thoughtful*. He assumed the *pose of duty*—Something rough, rude, and savage in his movements, revealed his southern and insular origin. The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature, too great and too powerful for the part he had to play, overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an off-spring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle-field—out of his element, even in his own palace, and a stranger, even in his own empire. Such was at this period, the profile, the bust, and the external physiognomy of Napoleon.

IMPROPER SPEECHES AMONG CHILDREN.

The proper culture of children looks to the elevation of their intelligence and moral character, and, subsidiary to this, a good conscience, high self respect, and an example worthy of imitation, are appliances not to be overlooked. If once the moral sense of a child becomes corrupted, or his feelings of self-respect destroyed, there is no protection against at least secret indulgence in crime, which like the pent up fires, may at last break forth in the most destructive conflagration; and if he sees not a proper example of purity, veracity, and veneration for the Supreme God, in his natural guide, it can hardly be imagined that he will respect these virtues in himself. To say nothing of that constitutional feature in youthful minds, to imitate the words and acts of those around him, especially of parents, nothing sooner produces an insensibility to right and wrong, than a use of indelicate and impure speech in their presence, as nothing sooner discourages every attempt in them to do right, than ill-natured and opprobrious censures, characterizing them as mean, vulgar, fool, liars, villains, and the like. If they are clearly and manifestly guilty of such improprieties, some such modes of punishment as shall prevent a repetition of the deed in future should be immediately adopted; if they are not, it is decidedly unjust and wrong to charge it upon them. It should be sedulously remembered, that words are both suggestive and modifying; that crimes never before conceived are often suggested by a word; and that the mind moulded and fashioned by ideas received, easily adopts any course to which its ideas look. This is especially true, where, by a false representation of character, every motive is taken away to do right. A child represented generally bad and wicked, or charged with specific crimes, as prevarication, profanity, cruelty, revelling, etc., early comes to feel that he has nothing to gain or lose by his conduct in such cases; that if he refrains from such acts, he is none the better; or if he does them he is none the worse; and with little hesitancy, therefore, surrenders himself to any impulse that may prompt his future conduct. These are facts in the philosophy of mind, and they forcibly illustrate the strictness which should be observed in promising, threatening, censuring, judging or condemning the acts of children.

THE BEST BOOK.

The Book, we thus are justified in proclaiming to be superior to all other books that have been, or are, or shall ever be, on earth. And this, not that it forestalls coming books, or includes all their essential truth within it; nor that, in polish, art, or instant effect, it can be exalted above the written master-pieces of human genius;—what comparison in elaboration, any more than what comparison in girth and greatness, between the cabinet and the oak; but it is this, that the Bible, while bearing on its summit the hues of a higher heaven, over-topping with ease all human structures and aspirations—in earth, but not of it—communicating with the omniscience, and recording the acts of the omnipotence of God—is at the same time the Bible for the poor and lowly, the crutch of the aged, the pillow of the widow, the eye of the blind, the boy's own book, the solace of the sick, the light of the dying, the grand hope of simple, sincere and sorrowing spirits;—it is this

which at once proclaims its unearthly origin, and so clasps it to the great common heart of humanity, that the extinction of the sun were not more mourned than the extinction of the Bible, or than even its receding from its present pride of place. For, while other books are planets shining with reflected radiance, this book, like the sun, shines with ancient and unborrowed ray. Other books have, to their loftiest altitudes, sprung from earth: this book looks down from heaven high. Other books appeal to the understanding or fancy, this book to the conscience and faith. Other books seek our attention, this book demands it—it speaks with authority and not as the Scribes. Other books guide gracefully along the earth, or onwards to the mountains of the ideal; this, and this alone, conducts up the awful abyss which leads to heaven.—Other books, after shining their little season, may perish in flames fiercer than those which destroyed the Alexandrian Library; this must, in essence, remain, pure as gold, but unconsumable as asbestos, in the general conflagration. Other books may be forgotten in a universe where suns go down and disappear, like bubbles in the stream; the memory of this book shall shine as the brightness of that eternal firmament, and as those higher stars, which are for ever and ever.—*Bards of the Bible.*

AN EXAMPLE FROM THE HEATHENS.—There was once a little negro boy in one of the West India islands, who went to hear the Missionaries preach, and was in consequence converted to Christ. He was a fine little fellow of only ten years of age, and missed no service to which he possibly could get. His master was a most cruel and ungodly man, and when he heard of the little negro going so often to church, he determined to prevent him, and threatened him, that if he went, he should be severely whipped. The poor boy thought much about the matter, and after many prayers to God to direct him right, thought he must obey God rather than man, and went again. His master found him out, and at once ordered him to receive five-and-twenty lashes. The little lad bore it most meekly, though it took the skin from off his back, and covered him with blood; "And now," said the master in derision, "what can Jesus Christ do for you?" "He makes me to bear patiently," replied the lad. "Give him five-and-twenty more," said the tyrant, and then again demanded, "What can Jesus do for you now?" "He helps me to look forward to heaven," said the boy. "Give him five-and-twenty more," was again the order. It was done. The poor boy sunk to the ground when it was over, in painful agony; "And what," asked again the master, "can Jesus Christ do for you now?" The boy raised himself to answer, and exhausted as he was, he faintly, but sweetly said: "He makes me to pray for you, my massa," and instantly expired.

May you, dear reader, learn from this beautiful little incident these three things:

1. To fear God rather than man.
2. To count it highest honour to suffer for his sake; and
3. To pray for your persecutors, even with your latest breath.

To all this you would follow the example of the little negro, but what is better, you would follow the example of Christ.

THE GODLY IN ETERNITY.—So much as moments are exceeded by eternity, and the sighing of a man by the joys of an angel, and a salutary frown by the light of God's countenance, a few frowns by the infinite and eternal hallelujah, so much are the sorrows of the godly to be undervalued in respect of what is deposited for them in the treasures of eternity. Their sorrow soon die; but so cannot their joys. And if the blessed martyrs and confessors were asked concerning their past suffering and present rest, and the joys of their certain expectation, you would hear them glory in nothing but in the mercies of God, and in the cross of the Lord Jesus. Every chain is a ray of light, and every prison is a palace, and every loss is the purchase of a kingdom, and every affront in the cause of God is an eternal honour, and every day of sorrow is a thousand years of comfort, multiplied with a never-ceasing enumeration—days without night, joys without sorrow, sanctity without sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, society without envying, communication of joys without lessening; and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy never entered, and whence a friend never went away.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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