

it. He was firmly attached to the established church; was a firm believer in the truths of revelation; and, amidst the great variety of books he had before him, that which he studied most was his Bible." Was such a man, or was he not capable of judging correctly of its truth?

CHANGE OF THE SEASONS.

The hottest and the coldest regions of the earth have only two seasons which materially differ from each other. The coldest have a summer of about four months, during which the heat is intense, on account of the great length of the days; and a winter of eight months. Their spring and autumn are imperceptible, for in the space of a few days extreme heat is succeeded by extreme cold, and intense cold by heat equally intense. The hottest countries have a dry and scorching season for seven or eight months, and a temperate season, with abundant rains, during the remainder of the year; this being the only distinction between their summer and winter.

This change of the seasons is one of those that deserve our admiration. It is impossible to ascribe them to chance, for in fortuitous circumstances there can be neither order nor regularity. But in all the regions of the globe, the seasons succeed each other as regularly as day and night, and change the face of nature at the appointed time. We see the earth successively clothed with verdure and foliage, crowned with flowers, and decorated with fruits. It is then stripped of all its beauties till spring returns to rouse it, as from the sleep of death. Spring, summer, and autumn nourish the animal creation by the fruits which they furnish in abundance. And though in winter Nature appears inanimate, yet this season is not without benefit to the earth, which it waters, fertilizes, and prepares for the reproduction of fruits, plants, and vegetables of every kind.

SIMPLICITY OF MANNERS.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity—and the more we come down to our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, (and what we call) good breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

ANECDOTES.

AFRICAN HONOUR.

A remarkable instance of honour is recorded of a poor African negro, in captain Snelgrave's account of his voyage to Guinea. A New England sloop, trading there in 1752, left a second mate, William Murray, sick, on shore and sailed without him. Murray was at the house of a black man, named Cudjoe, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance during their trade. He recovered, and the sloop being gone, he continued with his black friend, till some other opportunity should offer of his getting home. In the mean time, a Dutch ship came into the road and some of the blacks coming on board of her, were treacherously seized, and carried off as slaves. The relations and friends, transported with aud-

den rage, ran unto the house of Cudjoe, to take revenge by killing Murray. Cudjoe stopped them at the door, and demanded what they wanted. "The white men," said they, "have carried away our brothers and sons; and we will kill all white men. Give us the white man you have in your house, for we will kill him." "Nay," said Cudjoe, "the white men that carried away our relations are bad men; kill them when you can take them; but this white man is a good man, and you must not kill him." "But he is a white man," they cried, "and the white men are all bad men; we will kill them all." "Nay," replied he, "you must not kill a man that has done no harm, only for being white. This man is my friend; my house is his post; I am his soldier and must fight for him: you must kill me before you can kill him. What good man will ever come again under my roof, if I let my floor be stained with a good man's blood?" The negroes seeing his resolution, and being convinced, by his discourse, that they were wrong, went away ashamed. In a few days, Murray ventured abroad again with his friend Cudjoe, when several of them took him by the hand, and told him, they were glad they had not killed him; for as he was a good man, their god would have been very angry, and would have spoiled their fishing.

Mr. Elliot, the Indian Missionary, was greatly and justly loved by his people. Being unable to preach, from old age, he proposed to relinquish his salary. To their honour, they replied, that they thought his presence among them amply worth the money. Who would not rather be such a man than a conqueror?

Alasco, a Polish nobleman, was one of the most distinguished preachers among the reformed in the time of Luther. No candid man was his enemy. So extensive were his learning, benevolence, and liberality, and so amiable was his piety, that Erasmus, with whom he lived some time, remarked, "I would have thought myself sufficiently happy in his single friendship."

SELECT SENTENCES.

Nothing can be more inglorious, than a gentleman only by name, whose soul is ignorant, and life immoral.

Wisdom is better without an inheritance, than an inheritance without wisdom.

He that gets an estate, will keep it better than he that finds it.

Riches cannot purchase worthy endowments; they make us neither wiser nor healthier. None but intellectual possessions are what we can properly call our own.

Some people are nothing else but money, pride, and pleasure. These three things ingross their thoughts, and take up their whole soul.

There is more money idly spent to be laughed at, than for any one thing in the world, though the purchasers do not think so.

To keep a full table, is a way to extend one's acquaintance, but not sure to procure friends. Feasting makes no friendship.

To spend time in trifles, is like Nero's shoeing horses with gold.

Give away thy purse rather than thy time; of all prodigality that of time is the worst.

We need no pastime to consume that day,
Which without pastime flies too fast away.

POETRY.

THE FLOWERS OF THE DESERT.

By Mrs Hemans.

Why art thou in thy beauty cast,
O lonely, loneliest flower?
Where the sound or song hath never passed,
From human hearth or bower!

I pity thee, for thy heart,
For thy glowing heart, that fain
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove
In vain, lost thine! in vain!

I pity thee for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory's fleeting hour,
For the desert place, thy living tomb—
O lonely, loneliest flower.

I said—but a low voice made reply;
"Lament not for the flower!
Though its blossoms all unmark'd must die,
They have had a glorious dower.

"Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's way,
And the paths where lovers tread,
Yet strength and hope; like an inborn day,
By its odours have been shed.

"Yes, dew more sweet than ever fell
O'er Islands of the blest,
Were shaken forth from its perfum'd bell,
On a suffering human breast.

"A wanderer came as a stricken deer,
O'er the waste of burning sand,
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,
He fled from a ruthless band.

"And dreams of home in a troubled tide,
Sweet o'er his darkening eye,
As he lay down by the fountain side,
In mute despair to die.

"But his glance was caught by the desert's flower—
The precious boon of heaven,
And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,
To his fainting heart was given.

"For the bright flower spoke of one above;
Of the presence felt to brood
With a spirit of pervading love,
O'er the wildest solitude.

"Oh! the seed was thrown these wastes among,
In a blest and gracious hour!
For the lorn one rose, in heart made strong
By the lonely, loneliest flower.

FROM "TRUTH."

"Yon Cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
Content, though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light:
She for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no pleasure: but though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much:
Just knows, and knows no more, her BRUX tree,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, her's the rich reward:
He prais'd perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home:
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers."

Dialogue between a Nobleman, in a dream,
which he fancied himself dead, and a dead
gar, buried by the side of him.

I dreamt that buried in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay;
And, as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride,
Thus (like a corpse of quality) I cried:
"Away! thou scoundrel! henceforth teach me
"More manners learn, and at a distance rot."
"Thou scoundrel!" in a louder tone cri'd he,
"Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words and thee."
"We're equal now—I'll not as inch resign,
"This is my dunghill, as the next is thine."

W. came too late for insertion this week. Liza Eliza are received.