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NEW-BRUNSWICK

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth peace, good will toward men."

VOLUME I.

SAINT JOHN, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1829.

NO. 10.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE VENERABLE BEDE.

This venerable man, the ornament of his age and country, was born in 673. As the close of his "Ecclesiastical History" he gives the following simple, unaffected narrative of his life:—"Born in the territory of the same monastery," (of Weremouth, in the kingdom of Northumberland) "I was, by my relations, committed, at seven years of age, to the care of the reverend Abbot Benedict, in order to be educated, and afterwards to Colfrid. From that period I have resided constantly in that monastery, and have applied myself wholly to the study of the Holy Scriptures; and in the intervals of the observance of regular discipline, and the daily care of singing in the church, have always found it sweet to be either learning, or teaching, or writing. In the 19th year of my life, I received the order of deacon, and in my thirtieth, that of priest, both by the ministry of the most reverend Bishop John," (of Beverley, Bishop of Hexham), "and the command of Abbot Colfrid. From the time of my receiving the office of priest to the fifty-ninth year of my age, I have been engaged in either briefly noting from the works of the venerable fathers, for the necessities of me and mine, these things on the Scriptures, or in adding some new comment to their sense and interpretation."

It has been justly remarked, that "he never knew what it was to do nothing." He wrote on all the branches of knowledge then cultivated in Europe. In Greek and Hebrew he had a skill very uncommon in that barbarous age, and by his instructions and example he raised up many scholars. His letter to Egbert, archbishop of York, will show the high views which he entertained of the qualifications of a Christian minister; and his life of St. Cuthbert, the high opinion he had of such a man.

Bede died in the year 735, and the circumstances of his death are thus described by his pupil Cuthbert, afterwards of Abbot of Jarson:—

"About two weeks before Easter he began to be much troubled with shortness of breath, yet without pain; and thus continued, cheerful and rejoicing, giving thanks to Almighty God day and night, nay, even every hour, till the day of our Lord's Ascension. He daily read lessons to us, his scholars: the rest of the day he spent in singing psalms. The nights he passed without sleep, yet rejoicing and giving thanks, unless when a little slumber intervened. When he awoke he resumed his accustomed devotions, and with expanded hands never ceased returning thanks to God. Indeed, I never saw with my eyes, nor heard with my ears, any one so diligent in his grateful devotions. O truly blessed man! He sang that sentence of St. Paul, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God,' and many other things from the Scriptures, in which he admonished us to arouse ourselves from the sleep of the mind. He also recited something in our English language, for he was very learned in our songs; and putting his thoughts into English verse, he repeated it with much feeling. For this necessary journey no one can be more prudent than he ought to be, to think before his going hence what of good or evil his spirit after death will be judged worthy of. He also sang anthems, according to his and our custom: one of which is, 'O glorious King, Lord of Hosts, who triumphing this day, didst ascend above all the heavens, leave us not orphans; but send the promise of the father, the Spirit of Truth upon us. Alleluia.' When he came to the words, leave us not, he burst into tears, and wept much. By turns we read, and by turns we wept; indeed, we always read in tears. In such solemn joy we passed the fifty days. But during these days, besides the daily lessons which he gave, and the singing of psalms, he endeavoured to compose two works; the one, a translation of St. John's Gospel into English; the other, a collection out of St. Isidore's book of notes. On Tuesday before Ascension-day his breathing be-

gan to be very strongly affected, and a little swelling appeared in his feet. All that day he departed cheerfully, and sometimes said, 'Make haste, I know not how long I shall hold out; my Maker may take me away very soon.' It seemed to us he knew well he was near his end. He passed the night awake in thanksgiving. On Wednesday morning he ordered us to write speedily what we had begun. This being done, we walked till the third hour, with the relics of the saints, as the custom of the day required. Then one of us said to him, 'Most dear master, there is yet one chapter wanting. Do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?' He answered, 'It is no trouble; take your pen, and write fast;' he did so. But at the ninth hour he said to me, 'I have some valuables in my little chest. Run quickly, and bring all the priests of the monastery to me.' When they came, he distributed his small presents to them, and exhorted each of them to attend to their masses and prayers. They all wept when he told them they would see him no more; but rejoiced to hear him say, 'It is now time for me to return to him who made me. The time of my dissolution draws near. I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. Yes, my soul desires to see Christ, my king, in his beauty.' In this manner he continued to converse cheerfully till the evening, when the pupil mentioned before, said to him, 'Dear master, one sentence is still wanting.' He replied, 'Write quickly.' The young man said, 'It is finished.' He answered, 'Thou hast well said; all is now finished. Hold my head with thy hands, for I shall delight to sit on the opposite side of the room, on the holy spot at which I have been accustomed to pray, and where, whilst sitting, I can invoke my Father.' When he was placed on the pavement of his little place, he sang, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;' and expired as he uttered the last words."

Such was the happy, the glorious conclusion of life to this first of scholars! He was called the *wise Saxon*, by his contemporaries, and the *venerable Bede* by his posterity; and as long as great modesty, piety, and learning, united in one character, are the objects of veneration among mankind, the memory of Bede must be revered.—See *Cuthbert's Epist. in Bed. Hist. a Smith; Henry's Hist. of Great Britain*, iv. p. 30; *Toenley's Illust. Rib. Lit.* i. 242.

The following correspondence between the Rev. LEGN RICHMOND, (well known as the author of the *Druryman's Daughter*), and the Emperor of Russia, &c., is taken from the New-York Edition of Mr. Richmond's Memoir, published 1829. It exhibits the character, and christian spirit of the parties, in an advantageous and amiable point of view, and will, we trust, be found interesting to our readers.

During the Emperor Alexander's visit to this country, Mr. Richmond had the gratification of meeting him at Portsmouth. Mr. Richmond had ascended a lofty tower, in the dock-yard, and from its summit was viewing, through a telescope, the surrounding objects, when his Imperial Majesty and suite unexpectedly came to the spot. Mr. Richmond offered to withdraw; but the Emperor would not consent, saying—"Perhaps, sir, you are acquainted with the points of view before us?" Mr. Richmond assured him, he well knew every spot in the neighbourhood; and, drawing out his telescope, directed the eye of the Emperor to the different objects worthy of notice. After a long and interesting conversation with his Majesty, before they separated, Mr. Richmond said—"I avail myself of this opportunity to thank your Imperial Majesty, in my own name, and in that of all the friends of the Bible Society in England, for the distinguished patronage and support that your Majesty has shown to the same cause in Russia." The Emperor obligingly replied—"Sir, my thanks are rather due to your country, and to the friends of the cause: for, had it not been for your

example, we should have had no Bible Society in Russia."

Some months after this singular interview, Mr. Richmond enclosed a copy of his Tracts, with the following letter to his Imperial Majesty.

"May it please your Imperial Majesty,

"An offer has been made to me, by the Rev. Mr. Paterson, of conveying a copy of the book which accompanies this letter to your Imperial Majesty, through the kindness and condescension of His Excellency the Prince Galitzia.

"In presuming to take this liberty, I am influenced, not by the opinion which I myself entertain as to the value of the contents of the volumes, but by the firm persuasion which I hold, that the Christian sentiments which form the foundation of those simple narratives, are dear to your Majesty's heart.

"Your Majesty's public conduct and avowed principles, have tended to convince me, that neither the splendour of imperial dignity, nor the glory of military conquests, are, in your Majesty's estimation, comparable to the privileges and blessings which Christianity alone can confer on those who live under the influence of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"In the belief and hope that it is your Majesty's desire to promote the temporal and eternal interests of the people of Russia, by any instrument, however apparently small and unworthy, which God may see good to bless, I submit this little volume to your Majesty's candid acceptance.

"These short, 'Annals of the Poor' have been made very useful, through the mercy and power of God, to many in this country. England is now attached to Russia, not only by past political and friendly relations, but much more than ever, by your Majesty's dignified and condescending deportment, during your recent visit to this kingdom. May the King of kings, who is alike the Lord of Russia and of Britain, make use of even so feeble an instrument as this little volume, to convey some of the spiritual blessings which have attended its publication in Britain, to the utmost extent of your Majesty's dominions.

"When your Majesty shall be pleased to receive this book, may the author of it be permitted to remind your Majesty, that he is the same individual whom your Majesty saw at the summit of the lofty tower, in the dock-yard at Portsmouth, on Friday June 21st last; and who then had the unexpected honour of lending your Majesty the telescope with which your Majesty surveyed the surrounding prospect. The kind and condescending manner in which your Majesty was pleased to notice an English stranger on that occasion, is recollected with the sincerest satisfaction and gratitude, whilst I now present this volume to your Majesty's notice."

"Your Majesty will be pleased to allow me, as a minister of the Gospel, to conclude, by praying Almighty God, that His grace, peace, and mercy, may be abundantly poured down upon your Majesty, and upon the people of your extensive dominions, over whom He has given you the earthly sovereignty!

"May the Gospel of the blessed Jesus prosper among the subjects of all the Russias; and that it may be your Majesty's chief crown of rejoicing, in the great day of his appearance, is the supplication of

"Your Imperial Majesty's

Most obedient

and unworthyservant

"L. R."

The following reply was received by Mr. Richmond, from his Imperial Majesty, accompanied with a ring of considerable value:—

"Reverend Sir,

"The copy of your book, entitled 'Annals of the Poor', was, according to your desire, presented to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor Alexander, by

me, together with your letter; and accepted by his Majesty, with the greatest satisfaction. The object of this volume, the promotion of Christian charity and truly religious sentiments, renders it most interesting and valuable in the eyes of the Emperor, who desires nothing so much as to see the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ our Saviour, more and more universal in his dominions, and in the whole world.

"On this occasion, his Imperial Majesty recollected she having made your acquaintance in Portsmouth, under the circumstances you describe in your letter.

"In consequence of all this, his Majesty ordered me to deposit your book in the library of the Imperial Humane Society, and to send the ring which accompanies this letter, as a mark of his true esteem for you, and high approbation of your work.

"It is very agreeable to me, in thus fulfilling the order of my sovereign, to assure you of the sincere esteem with which I have the honour to be

"Your most obedient servant,

PRINCE ALEXANDER GALITZIN.

"St. Petersburg, 14th January, 1817."

Mr. Richmond also presented a copy of his 'Young Cottager,' to Princess Sophia Mettcherky, who first translated the tract of the Dairyman's Daughter into the Russian language, and he received from her Highness the following answer. This noble lady's time and influence are consecrated to the cause of religion, and many instances are recorded of her usefulness. May her distinguished example inspire a like zeal in others of the same rank; and may the time soon arrive, when the crown and the coronet shall universally be laid at the foot of the cross of the Redeemer!

"Reverend Sir,

"I have been hesitating for some days if I should stop to answer you till Mr. Pinkerton would be here, in hope that he would help me to express my gratitude for your kind letter and valuable present, in proper time; but I am afraid it will be too long, and you will perhaps suppose me indifferent and ungrateful, so I venture to send you my bad English without correction.

"Remember, dear sir, that I am but a scholar; a very new one, and quite unfit to correspond with such a man as you; though my soul is capable of loving you as a brother and friend in Christ Jesus, and of admiring you as a chosen servant of his, a vessel unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and for edification and comfort of his children. Yes, sir, I hope I am united to you in one body and soul, which is Christ Jesus the Saviour; and I say, with 'Little Jane,' that I am happy to be even the smallest and lowest of all his members.—How much I delighted in reading this narrative; how wonderful the grace of our Lord! how happy the country where children are brought up in the fear of the God, and taught so young to love and serve the Saviour! what an eminent Christian—so young a child! But this is neither to be taught nor learnt. He alone can give it, who is love itself, and who purchased us to himself, by shedding his precious blood for us. Oh, sir! you do not know, perhaps, to what an unworthy being you wrote. I have passed all my life in the ignorance of Him who died for me, without love to Him who loved me first, and sought me out, when I hastened to my ruin in a life of enmity to my God. He sought me out, and mercifully sent His servant Pinkerton to open my eyes and my ears by the power of his word, so that I plainly see now what a sinful, wicked creature I am: what a gracious merciful God to offend! and how kind, and always ready and willing to receive us, our Saviour Jesus Christ is, and always will be! How good He was to me, sending such a meek, patient loving soul, as the worthy Mr. Pinkerton proved to be during his living in my family. What a life of disgust it must have been to a man of his distinguished merit, to bear with the caprices and wickedness of a spoiled, ignorant, and proud woman:—but charity seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, beareth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things; charity never faileth: I have had an evident proof of it in my dear friend and instructor. But I must stop, and ask to be forgiven for having written so much; my heart opens at the voice of a friend, and then I speak out of the fulness of it.—Excuse me, then, sir, for intruding so much upon your time. Pray for me, that I may come in faith and grace to the day, in which I shall be enabled to

join with you in joyful hallelujahs and eternal praises of our heavenly father and divine Saviour. Oh, may his peace always be with you! Receive with indulgence, dear sir, my hearty thanks, and in the assurance of the sincere esteem and high regard with which I am

"Your much obliged and obedient,

F. SOPHIA METTCHERSKY."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

His person is rather beneath the middle size, his countenance open, and he has an elevation of forehead, and fulness and tenderness of eye, which my imagination could not but regard as an appropriate coat of that pathos of religious feeling which spreads through his poetry the most attractive and endearing quality—His manners are gentle and amiable, and his style of conversation is animated, seasoned with playful wit, and a great readiness in giving his thoughts the clothing of appropriate and perspicuous language—When I saw him, he was about 47 years of age; and had never been married.

His father was a Moravian preacher, who, as well as his mother, died in the West Indies, while on a missionary journey among the poor ignorant blacks. James was educated at a school where during ten years of his early life, he remained secluded from the world, and where he doubtless received those convictions of the truth of Christianity which have diffused over his poetic inspirations their mortal tenderness and sublimity.

DIVINITY.

BY THE BISHOP OF LITCHFIELD & COVENTRY.

Genesis, iii. 6.—And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise; she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat; and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat.

The Christian religion is a system of principles and of motives, as well of doctrines and commandments. In pleading the cause of charity, it seems necessary to lay the foundation in Christian doctrine, thence we may touch the tenderest chords of the soul, and bring men to feel as they ought. The subject which I have chosen is one which lies at the root of the whole gospel of redeeming love. It is one, too, which connects us with objects of the tenderest sympathy; even with those whom we are met to relieve. The primary sin was the eating of the forbidden fruit by the woman; the primary visitation of this sin was the sorrow entailed upon her. "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." May it please God by his Holy Spirit to bless these truths to the abundant awakening of a liberal compassion, by reminding us of our fall; and to call also to our remembrance the birth of that IMMORTAL SEED by which this guilt is taken away, these transgressions covered, and life and glory everlasting brought to our view and enjoyment!

"SHE TOOK OF THE FRUIT THEREOF, AND DID EAT." It is said that "the world by wisdom knew not God." Most reflecting men have been sensible, though they have not been disposed to own it, that all within them is not right. Hence arose the question, Whence cometh evil? It shows itself where example can scarcely be said to operate; and, in many cases, against good example. Men have racked their invention to know where to ascribe it; but they sought it not where even a child might find it. The text reveals it to us—"The woman took of the fruit, and did eat; and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat." So they sinned; and God was pleased to visit them with sorrow, labour, infirmity, and death (verses 16—19.) After this, Adam begat children, from whom we have all descended, in his own nature, and after his own image. Thus death passed upon all men by his disobedience. We inherit from our first parent, not only pain of body and mortality, but a sinful, depraved, corrupt nature—a soul averse to good, and prone to evil. We are conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity. "Every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is only evil continually." Thus we learn the origin of evil; and from no less an authority than the word of God himself.

Two objections have been made respecting the propriety of attaching sin to such an act in the first

instance, and the justice of entailing that sin on Adam's posterity.

1st. The propriety of attaching sin to the act mentioned in the text. To this I reply, that to eat of the fruit of this tree was diametrically opposite to the law which had been given, and which could not possibly have been misunderstood. It came from Him who had a right to require obedience, and to whom man ought ever to have been grateful. The consequences of disobedience, also, were plainly pointed out. The only thing opposed to this was the insinuation of the tempter (verses 4, 5.) With their eyes open then, desiring nothing but what was contrary to the law of God, and which ought also to have been contrary to their wishes, they took it, and did eat. They were created to obey the will of God, and they disobeyed it; could there be a more decided act of disobedience? They showed an entire mistrust of the goodness of God, or rather, a conviction of his unwillingness to do them the good they needed. Such was the act, and the motive was selfish. The fruit seemed "good for food, and pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise." Thus it was to their own will they sacrificed the will of God. How could this be otherwise regarded but as sin in his sight? It was a foul stain, polluting the whole man who was before pure. Hence, Paradise could no longer retain them; a harder lot must be theirs. The woman was doomed to bear children in pain and sorrow, and attend to the various duties of domestic life; the man to till the ground, and to eat bread in the sweat of his face. He could only be united to God while he was pure; and when separated from God, he must sustain the curse. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Man sinned beyond the power of relieving himself. Thus he fell, and thus he was punished—let God be true, and every man a liar.

2dly. With respect to the next objection, as to the justice of entailing the sin of Adam upon us—I reply, first, that we are all as clay in the hands of the potter; we cannot say to Him, "Why hast thou made us thus?" And as we have not the right to inquire, so neither have we the ability to judge. We see as "through a glass, darkly;" and it better becomes us to be "dumb, and not open our mouth against the evil which is 'the Lord's doing.'" Further, I observe that this case is parallel with that of parents and children in general. How often has the want of prudence and economy entailed distress on generation after generation! In the things of the world, this fact presents no stumbling-block to our minds: nor should it at the things which are spiritual. And, lastly, I observe, that we are not left in this state, except by our own will! Disobedience and continuance in sin. God has given us the hope of his mercy. Amidst the terrors occasioned by the first transgression, he gave the promise of the seed to come, in whom men should believe; and who shall bruise the serpent's head, so that men should be able to cast off his yoke, be freed from their spiritual burdens, and obtain peace through the forgiveness of their sins. The Gentiles were not left without witness; they had light of which they might have availed themselves; they might have fled to him; they might have sought and found his mercy. The Jews had clearer light; and they might have been "found in him, not having their own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ." Believers among the Jews saw Christ afar off, and rejoiced in the power of the conquering Seed—the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." And since redemption has been accomplished, He surely is not less able to deliver from Satan: He is not less able to free us, now that he has actually paid the price of our redemption. Thus, though we fell in the first Adam, we have yet the promise of the second Adam to save us from wrath and perdition, and restore us from all our spiritual diseases. "If in Adam all die—in Christ all may be made alive." If "by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation; so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men, unto justification of life." If rebellion was punished awfully in Adam; so much more clearly shines the mercy displayed in the redemption by Christ.

The question, then, Whence cometh evil? is answered; and we have vindicated it from the charges of severity and injustice. Now God can be "just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly." "Mercy and Truth have met together; Righteousness

and Peace have kissed each other." The justice and the mercy of God are both clearly pointed out: his hatred to sin, and his willingness to pardon the sinner are both clearly displayed.

Such is the general view which the Scriptures give us of our fall and remedy. It is not by this or that partial amendment, like the putting "a piece of new cloth into an old garment," that our deliverance is to be effected. There must be an entire change—a complete renewal of the whole man—all must be renewed. All is radically wrong—all must therefore be put right. The old man must be put off—the new man must be put on. We may be assured that no partial remedy will suffice to recover us to health and strength. Nor have we ability in ourselves; as our ruin is complete, so is our helplessness also. All our salvation must be by Christ. And as all is of him, so all must cast their care upon him, and rest upon him continually for what he alone can do, to restore us to the image of God, through the gift of repentance, the grant of pardon, and the hope of glory.

I conclude with a few reflections.

The sin of our first parents which corrupted our whole nature, contained in it all the distinguishing properties of all our sinful propensities—disobedience to God, and selfishness. It is so with all men. David, who had a just view of the state of human nature, said, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight!" He was at this time weeping over his adultery with Bathsheba, and his murder of Uriah; these sins were committed against his fellow-creatures, but chiefly against God; hence he uses the language we have quoted. Thus, whatever be our offence, whether in thought, in word, or in deed, we must look at it as an act of disobedience to God; this is its chief evil. We are rebellious as creatures against an all-wise Creator—as subjects against an all-gracious King—as children against a righteous and kind Father. And self-love is at the root of all this. St. Paul sets it down at the head of his marks of "evil times," that "men shall be lovers of their own selves." It is because men love themselves, and would gratify themselves, that all the long train of sensuality, pride, revenge, &c. is introduced. It is the love of self more than others—the seeking "our own, and not the things that are Christ's," that causes so many to conform to the world, and vainly aim to serve two masters. Our Lord Jesus Christ, who know what was in man, sets his mark on this as the root of all evil, the love of self—"If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Let us feel this aright—let us be sensible of our disobedience and selfishness, and then our repentance will flow from a right source. Let us in our self-examination suspect self to be at the bottom of all; let us search carefully for it; let us draw it forth from its secret lurking place, and sacrifice it before the Lord.

After all, we shall be still "unprofitable servants." Much of sin, and much of self will cleave to us and to all we say and do; "there is none righteous, no, not one." Hence there must be constant faith—firm faith in the perfect satisfaction and righteousness of Christ, the promised Seed, the restorer of our race. He knows our state. He is "such an high Priest as became us; holy, harmless, undefiled"—he has made a sufficient atonement. He studied not his own will, but the will of his heavenly Father; indeed, he took up his cross daily. He is the Lamb without blemish and without spot, through whom alone any can be presented to God. He offered himself in his own body as a sacrifice for sin; and through him every true practical believer may be eternally saved. Conscious of sin and of inability, let us approach to God, having nothing in our hands but his merits, and hoping to be saved alone through him. May he be pleased to bless this address to our mutual instruction; that we may no more have to lament our transgressions; but be justified by faith, have peace with God, be filled with love to him, and rejoice in hope—the hope that maketh not ashamed.

Natural feeling needs no stronger excitement to render assistance to an Institution like this, than to see so many poor women who need support in the hour of their greatest difficulty, and so many poor children who have been brought into existence by means of this Institution. And natural feeling needs no greater encouragement than the consideration that so many thousands have been assisted—so ma-

ny infants preserved; and that there is some reason to hope that they have been reared up to become blessings to their parents, and useful members of society. Is there a Husband or a Father present, under the influence of the closest feelings which bind us to each other? Is there a Mother here, under the influence of those feelings which are peculiar to her relation, who will not feel for those who are the objects of this Institution's care?

Such is the influence of mere natural feeling. But let us contemplate it in the aspect of the text, as a perpetual memorial of the sentence which God issued in his righteous wrath, and which we have no power to avert. Let us contemplate it as presenting us with an opportunity of proving our gratitude to that Redeemer who stepped into the gap, and whose spotless life, and whose death of martyrdom and atonement, provided an all-sufficient remedy. Contemplate it in these lights; and then—refuse if you can, the relief which is needed.

May the Holy Spirit be imparted to those who, under God, owe the preservation of their lives to this Institution. And may you, my Christian friends, ever recollect your obligations! Pay the vows you made in your distress, by a consistent walk before God in the land of the living. So shall you, indeed, receive the cup of salvation, and be brought at last to everlasting joy.



From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

"THE TONGUE CAN NO MAN TAME."—James, iii, 8.

The Apostle understood the unhallowed use to which this important and useful member of the body is put. Nor is the declaration too severe, that "It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

This member is the outlet of the most secret workings of the mind, and betrays the unholy dispositions and passions under which men groan. Thousands are convinced of this truth, while comparatively few even attempt a cure.

It is said, "No man can tame." Not that it is an incurable evil, but no man can effect this on another. The apostle saith, "Every kind of beast, &c. is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind—but the tongue can no man tame." The plain, simple meaning therefore is, the skill of man is equal to the most ferocious beast of the forest, &c. in controlling their natural dispositions, so far as to make them governable—but the tongue of his fellow man acknowledges no restraint, and will not submit to his discipline. It is a moral evil, flowing from the corrupt fountain of the carnal mind, and can only be cured by the exercise of our agency, under the influences of divine grace, in imposing on this little, busy member, proper restraint.

Let us examine this explanation of the apostle. 1. To suppose it incorrect, and maintain the impossibility of curing this evil in ourselves, is to deny that it is an evil, in direct opposition to the Apostle. God requires no impossibilities of man—but God requires man to abstain from, not only all evil, but from all appearance of evil, and James saith, "The tongue is an unruly evil,"—therefore, man can cease from the provocation of this member, and use it only as pure religion requires. 2. That which it is impossible for man to prevent in his own conduct in life, must be governed by absolute necessity, and consequently, destroy his accountability; for he can be accountable for those actions alone, over which he has, or might have had control by the exercise of his moral agency. It is therefore evident, first, That the Apostle cannot be understood as saying, that a man cannot tame, or govern his own tongue, but the tongue of another. And secondly, That every man can tame his own tongue. But to this point we have the direct testimony of the apostle himself, James i, 26, "If any man among you seemeth to be religious, and brideth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain." Having come to an understanding of the apostle's meaning, let us pursue this subject a little farther. Let us consider what is said in connexion with this passage.

It is granted that a momentary restraint may be imposed on the too free use of this member, when the power is known to exist which is necessary to inflict suitable punishment. But this is not the taming of it; nor does it in the least affect the apostle's statement, "That it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." The tongue, considered in the abstract, that is, as a simple member, unconnected

with the agency of the mind, is as harmless as any other member of the body. But as it is the principal instrument in the exhibition of the mind, in making known the thoughts and intents thereof, the appellation of evil is given to it by St. James. Therefore, it is not simply the tongue which offends, but the accountable being, man, who perverts it from its proper use.

"It is an unruly evil." The common experience of man bears testimony to this fact, and argues strongly the necessity of the strictest discipline to overcome this evil. It is "full of deadly poison." What a picture is here! Again, "The tongue is a fire" a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among the members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the whole course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell." Thus we see the baneful effects of an unbridled tongue.

But where does the great evil exist? And what is the true cause of it? In answer to the first of these interrogatives we may ask, Where does it not exist? Are we under the necessity of searching for it in uncivilized life, so called? Or in civilized nations, is it to be found among the uncultivated inhabitants of the frontiers and mountains only? No: it pollutes every rank, station, and age in life. Happy would it be for society, if this great evil were banished for ever from the religious world. But, cutting as this truth may seem, and as it really is to the true followers of Jesus Christ, and great as the triumphs of infidelity may be on account thereof, we must confess that it abounds in every church and place. Backbiting, tale bearing, slanderling, lying, evil insinuations, profane swearing, filthy communications, and such like, form a considerable part of the too fashionable employment of the day. How far beneath the true dignity of man is this? How mean the employment! Reader, fly from such degradation: demean thyself no longer.

But what is the true cause of the existence of this evil? Alas! It is but one of the many striking evidences that man is a fallen and corrupt being. And the apostle gives this as the cause. He asks, "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Can a fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? Either a vine, figs? So can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh." Therefore, wherever this evil exists, it exists in a corrupt heart and un sanctified nature, whatever may be the pretensions to morality or religion.

We have already seen, that it is not an incurable evil. But that every man may obtain a complete ascendancy over it. Yea, this must be done, or we must give up all claims to virtue and piety. Hear the Apostle again—"Who is a wise man, and endued with knowledge among you? let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom. But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth. This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish." Add to this the second verse, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body." Here we are taught first, That this great evil proceeds from an unholy source; and secondly, That it must be rooted out, or destroyed, if we would come under the appellation of truly good men.

Let us view the effects of this evil upon society in general. Here we behold the busy politician and ambitious statesman, in attempting to gain the pinnacle of worldly aggrandizement, exhausting the treasures of a corrupt heart, through an artful tongue, and leaving many, more worthy than himself, to bear the pangs of a deeply wounded reputation.

See there the greedy grasper after this world's goods losing sight of moral principle, to effect his up-righteous gain, until it is said, "Thy money perish with thee." Or turn aside, and behold the profligate wretch, whose conduct and conversation have been alike corrupt, bewailing in the agonies of death, a life devoted to wretchedness and infamy. But shall we draw a veil over the professed follower of Christ, and conceal from public view the labour of his unhallowed tongue to sow the seeds of contention in the very midst of the sanctuary of God? Rather expose the shame of his nakedness now, lest he stand exposed to a congregated world.

Finally, Let every man consider this subject well; for "by thy words thou shalt be justified or condemned" at the bar of God. No longer let thy tongue, vain man, be devoted to the worst of purposes.

But let it be employed in paying unto God that tribute of praise, which is due unto his holy name. Let thy neighbour's character be precious in thy sight, and rob him not of his good name. Thus shall you be useful in society, and acceptable in the sight of God: and through the blood of Christ obtain eternal life.

VARIETY.

THE PENNIES."

Or the Omnipotence of Littles.

It often surprises us when we reflect on the large sums that are annually raised to support the different pious and benevolent Institutions which are the glory of our age, that they are not augmented by the munificent donations of the affluent, so considerably as by the united contributions of the middling and lower classes of Society.

This principle seems to have been well understood by the founders of Methodism. How many of their most valuable and efficient Institutions have been supported for years by the small, but regular weekly subscriptions of its members. From one penny to sixpence per week, which, when looked at by itself, seems almost too insignificant to deserve notice, in reference to the support of any great undertaking. And yet these pence, when regularly collected from hundreds of thousands, prove an ample, and, I had almost said, an all-sufficient resource.

A celebrated minister, from Wales, being called upon some time since to advocate the cause of the Bible Society, at a public meeting, perceiving a number of poor Welch present, addressed a few sentences to them, in their own language, which were perceived to produce a very powerful effect upon them. This excited curiosity to know the purport of those sentences, "O," said he, "I was talking to them about the pennies. I told them that in passing over the mountains, in my way to this place, I saw the rills running down the sides of those mountains, and I said to them 'Rills, where are you going?' 'O,' said they 'we are going to the valleys to join the streams.' Then I said to the streams, 'Streams, where are you going?' 'O,' said they, 'we are going into the river.' 'Rivers,' said I, 'where are you going?' 'O,' we are going into the sea, and there we will bear your greatest ships, and toss them about like feathers.' Now I am come to this Society, and I look at the pennies, and I say, 'Pennies, where are you going?' 'O,' we are going to the branches.' 'And branches, where are you going?' 'O,' we are going to the auxiliaries.' 'And auxiliaries, where are you going?' 'O,' we are going to the pocket of the Treasurer, in London, and then he will scatter Bibles over the face of the whole earth.' 'O, my friends, TAKE CARE OF THE PENNIES.'"



CURIOSITIES OF THE HUMAN HEART: AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

—Though no shining sun, nor twinkling star
Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
Though neither vegetable, beast, nor bird,
Were extant on the surface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; though the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker:
Yet Man at home, within himself might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame
So fearfully, so wonderfully made!
See and adore his providence and power.—*Smart.*

With what admirable skill and inimitable structure is formed that muscular body, situated within the cavity of the chest, and called the human heart! Its figure is somewhat conical, and it is externally divided into two parts, the base, which is uppermost, and attached to vessels; and the apex, which is loose and pointing to the left side, against which it seems to beat. Its substance is muscular, being composed of fleshy fibres, interwoven with each other. It is divided internally into cavities, called auricles and ventricles; from which vessels proceed to convey the blood to the different parts of the body. The ventricles are situated in the substance of the heart, and are separated from each other by a thick muscular substance; they are divided into right and left, and each communicates with its adjoining article, one of which is situated on each side the base of the heart. The right auricle receives the blood

from the head and superior parts of the body, by means of a large vein; and in the same manner the blood is returned to it from the inferior parts, by all the veins emptying their stores into one, which terminates in this cavity; which, having received a sufficient portion of blood, contracts, and by this motion empties itself into the right ventricle, which also contracting, propels the blood into an artery, which immediately conveys it into the lungs, where it undergoes certain changes, and then passes through veins into the left auricle of the heart, thence into the left ventricle, by the contraction of which it is forced into an artery, through whose ramifications it is dispersed to all parts of the body, from which it is again returned to the auricle; thus keeping up a perpetual circulation, for, whilst life remains, the action of the heart never ceases. In a state of health the heart contracts about seventy times in a minute, and is supposed, at each contraction, to propel about two ounces of blood; to do which, the force it exerts is very considerable, though neither quantity of force exerted, nor of blood propelled, is accurately determined. The heart comprises within itself a world of wonders, and whilst we admire its admirable structure and properties, we are naturally led to consider the wisdom and power of Him who formed it, from whom first proceeded the circulation of the blood, and the pulsations of the heart; who commands it to be still, and the functions instantly cease to act.

This important secret of the circulation of the blood in the human body was brought to light by William Harvey, an English physician, a little before the year 1600: and when it is considered thoroughly, it will appear to be one of the most stupendous works of OMNIPOTENCE.

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The generous stream that waters every part,
And motion, vigor, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives,
—through unnumber'd tubes

Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refund'd.—*Armstrong.*

Who in the dark the vital flame flum'd,
And from th' impulsive engine caused to flow
Th' ejaculated streams through many a pipe
Arterial with meand'ring lapse, then bring
Redundent their purple tribute to their fount.
Who spun the sinews' brachy thread, and twin'd
The azure veins in spiral knots, to waft
Life's tepid waves all o'er; or, who with bones
Compacted, and with nerves the fabric strung:
Their specious form, their fitness, which results
From figure and arrangement, all declare
Th' Artificer Divine! *Bally.*

Again:—

—The nerves, with equal wisdom made.
Arising from the tender brain, pervade
And secret pass in pairs the channel'd bone,
And thence advance through paths and roads unknown.
Form'd of the finest complicated thread,
The numerous cords are through the body spread.
These subtle channels, such is every nerve,
For vital functions, sense, and motion serve;—
They help to labor and connect the food,
Refuse the chyle, and animate the blood. *Blackmore.*

ENTERTAINMENT OF STRANGERS IN THE EAST. GEN. XVIII. 8.

According to La Roque's account of the journey of Mons. D'Arvieux to the camp of the great Emir, it appears, that the Arabs are very hospitable. He says, when strangers enter a village they enquire for the Menzil, and beg to speak with the Sheikh, or head of the village: after saluting him they mention their wants, and the Sheikh kindly conducts them to Menzil. If the strangers lodge in the village, the Sheikh's servants provide accordingly, and send it to the Menzil in wooden bowls, which they place on a great round mat, which usually serves for a table, and is furnished with *keb*, fowl, eggs, butter, cheese, curds, fruit, salad, olives, &c. The Sheikh, generally, sits down with the strangers, and the most respectable of the village. They make no use of knives at table, because the meat is all cut into small pieces before it is roasted; and this, according to *Russel* and *Pococke*, is the common way of roasting meat both at Aleppo and in Egypt. Provisions cannot be preserved in the East from meal to meal as in

Europe, therefore, the Easterns never bake their bread, nor kill their cattle 'till necessity requires it. Abraham's attitude was probably the effect of his reverence for the angels.—*Harmer.*

Another rite of hospitality observed towards strangers among the ancients, was washing the feet.—
"We were not above a musket shot from Anna, when we met with a comely old man, who came up to me, and taking my horse by the bridle, 'Friend,' said he, 'come and wash thy feet, and eat bread at my house. Thou art a stranger; and since I have met thee upon the road, never refuse me the favour which I desire of thee.' We went along with him to his house where he feasted us in the best manner he could, giving us butley for our horses, and for us he killed a lamb and some hens."—*Tavernier.*

By Jovx the stranger and the poor are sent,
And what to those we give to Jovx is lent;
Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs,
Where waving shades obscure the mazy streams.
Pope.

It appears, however, from the language of Abigail to David's messengers, that this was a menial act: let thine handmaid be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my Lord.—1 SAM. XXV. 41.



DESCRIPTION OF EASTERN GATES. GEN. XIX. 1.

The gates of cities, or a void place, at the entrance of the gates, were anciently their market places and courts of judicature. That they held their markets in their gates appears from 2 Kings, vii. 1, 18, & here we read, that a measure of fine flour was to be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria. That this same place was used for a court of judicature, is manifest from Acts xvi. 19. They caught Paul and Silas, and drew them into the market place unto the rulers. In this place Lot probably sat for amusement and society, and not as a Magistrate, or they would hardly have reproached him for setting up for a judge.—v. ix.

Prior to the erection of synagogues, it appears that these places were occasionally devoted to religious purposes, see Prov. 1. 20, 21. Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets: she crieth in the chief place of concourse in the opening of the gates, &c. Here it was that the apostle Paul held frequent disputes with them that met with him. Acts xvii. 17.—*Harmer.*

Lord grant that the reader may not be ashamed when he speaks with his enemies in the gate.—*Psalm, cxxvii. 5.*



DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH. GEN. XIX. 24.

The plain of Sodom, was probably intersceted with canals, abounded with fruit, and had the richest pasturage. This delightful plain must have been extensive, for the Dead Sea, which now occupies the spot, appears to be twenty-four leagues long, and seven broad. Here we see that sin converts a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.—*Psalm, cvii. 34.*

The truth of the narrative before us is confirmed by profane historians and by modern travellers.—*Diodorus Siculus* says, that the water, which covers the country where these towns were formerly situated, is bitter and fetid to the last degree; insomuch that neither fish nor any other aquatic animals are able to live in it. *Tacitus* says, that a tradition prevailed in his days of certain cities being destroyed by thunder and lightning, and of the plain in which they were situated being burnt up; and adds, that evident traces of such a catastrophe remained, and that whatever vegetation sprung up, gradually withered away and crumbled into dust.

Strabo, after describing the nature of the lake Asphaltis, says, that the whole of its appearance gives an air of probability to the prevailing tradition, that thirteen cities, the chief of which was Sodom, were at once destroyed by earthquakes, fire, and inundation of boiling sulphurous water. *Thevenot*, says, the water of this lake is so salt that it burns like fire the man who presumes to taste it, hence it is called the Salt Sea. He adds, that when the fish of the river Jordan come down so low, they strive to return against the stream; but such as are carried into it by the current of the water immediately die. The land

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 confutation 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 a 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 source, 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 medicinal means whatever. The great peculiarity of the case is, that in so long a state of inanity, 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 home 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.

LITERATURE.

THE CAUSES OF LOOSE STYLE.

The great source of a Loose Style, in opposition to Precision, is the injudicious use of those words termed Synonymous. They are called Synonymous, because they agree in expressing one principal idea; but, for the most part, if not always, they express it with some diversity in the circumstances. They are varied by some accessory idea which every word introduces, and which forms the distinction between them. Hardly, in any Language, are there two words that convey precisely the same idea; a person thoroughly conversant in the propriety of the Language, will always be able to observe something that distinguishes them. As they are like different shades of the same colour, an accurate writer can employ them to great advantage, by using them so as to heighten and finish the picture which he gives us. He supplies by one, what was wanting in the other, to the force or to the lustre of the image which he means to exhibit. But in order to this end, he must be extremely attentive to the choice which he makes of them. For the bulk of writers are very apt to confound them with each other: and to employ them carelessly, merely for the sake of filling up a period, or of rounding and diversifying the Language, as if the signification were exactly the same, while, in truth, it is not. Hence a certain mist, and indistinctness, is unwarily thrown over Style.—BLAIR.

ON THE GENERAL CHARACTERS OF STYLE.

That different subjects require to be treated of in different sorts of Style, is a position so obvious, that I shall not stay to illustrate it. Every one sees that treatises of philosophy, for instance, ought not to be composed in the same Style with Orations. Every one sees also, that different parts of the same composition require a variation in the Style and manner. In a sermon, for instance, or any harangue, the application or peroration admits of more ornament, and requires more warmth, than the didactic part. But what I mean at present to remark is, that, amidst this variety, we still expect to find, in the compositions of any one man, some degree of uniformity or consistency with himself in manner; we expect to find some predominant character of Style impressed on all the writings, which shall be suited to, and shall mark, his particular genius, and turn of mind. The orations in Livy differ much in Style, as they ought to do, from the rest of his history. The same is the case with those in Tacitus. Yet both in Livy's orations, and in those of Tacitus, we are able clearly to trace the distinguishing manner of each historian: the magnificent fulness of the one, and the sententious conciseness of the other. The "Letters Persannes," and "L'Esprit de Loix," are the works of the same author. They required very different composition surely, and accordingly they differ widely; yet still we see the same hand. Wherever there is real and native genius, it gives a determination to one kind of Style rather than another. Where nothing of this appears; where there is no marked nor peculiar character in the compositions of any author, we are apt to infer, not without reason, that he is a vulgar and trivial author, who writes from imitation, and not from the impulse of original genius. As the most celebrated painters are known by their hand; so the best and most original writers are known and distinguished, throughout all their works, by their Style and peculiar manner. This will be found to hold almost without exception.—*Ibid.*

ON THE AUSTERE, THE FLORID, AND THE MIDDLE STYLE.

The ancient Critics attend to these general characters of Style which we are now to consider. Dionysius of Halicarnassus divides them into three kinds: and calls them the Austere, the Florid, and the Middle. By the Austere, he means a Style distinguished for strength and firmness with a neglect of smoothness and ornament: for examples of which he gives Pindar and Æschylus among the Poets, and Thucydides among the Prose writers.

By the Florid, he means, as the name indicates, a Style ornamented, flowing and sweet; resting more upon numbers and grace, than strength; he instances Hesiod, Sappho, Anacreon, Euripides, and principally Isocrates. The middle kind is the just mean between these, and comprehends the beauties of both: in which class he places Homer and Sophocles among the Poets; in Prose, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Plato, and (what seems strange) Aristotle. This must

be a very wide class indeed, which comprehends Plato and Aristotle under one article as to Style. Cicero and Quintilian make also a threefold division of Style, though with respect to different qualities of it; in which they are followed by most of the modern writers on Rhetoric; the *Simplex*, *Tenuis*, or *Suble*; the *Grave*, or *Vehement*; and the *Medium*, or *temperatum genus dicendi*. But these divisions, and the illustrations they give of them, are so loose and general, that they cannot advance us much in our ideas of Style. I shall endeavour to be a little more particular in what I have to say on this subject.—*Ibid.*

ON THE CONCISE STYLE.

One of the first and most obvious distinctions of the different kinds of Style, is what arises from an author's spreading out his thoughts more or less. This distinction forms what are called the Diffuse and the Concise Style. A concise writer compresses his thoughts into the fewest possible words; he seeks to employ none but such as are most expressive; he lops off, as redundant, every expression which does not add something material to the sense. Ornament he does not reject; he may be lively and figured; but his ornament is intended for the sake of force rather than grace. He never gives you the same thought twice. He places it in the light which appears to him the most striking; but if you do not apprehend it well in that light, you need not expect to find it in any other. His sentences are arranged with compactness and strength, rather than with cadence and harmony. The utmost precision is studied in them; and they are commonly designed to suggest more to the reader's imagination than they directly express.—*Ibid.*

MISCELLANY.

ARAB CHRISTIANS.

Buckingham, whose lectures on the East India Trade, have attracted so much attention lately in London, gives in his *Travels* a curious account of a set of Christians met within the region around the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates. Their dress, their language, and general manner, so exactly resemble the manner of the Mahomedan Arabs, among whom they dwell, and their unsocial religious tenets and the privacy in which they perform their worship, make it impossible to distinguish them by their exterior, and successive travellers might pass through the country which they inhabit, without ever dreaming of their existence. Mr. Buckingham, however, succeeded in obtaining some knowledge of their religion belief, their tradition, and their rites, and the following is his account:—

The chief seat of these Subbees is Kourna, at the conflux of the Tigris and Euphrates; and at that place their bishop and upwards of a hundred families reside. There are also some few at Shookashoah, a large Arab town higher up, and they are scattered over the plain country of Khustan, at Shooster, Dezhpool, and other places there, but their limits are very narrow, and their whole body collectively is thought to be less than a thousand families. They possess a Gospel of their own, which is written in a dialect of the Chaldaic, but with characters peculiar to themselves, of which Mr. Niebuhr has given an alphabet, though he seems to have collected no other information regarding them.

This gospel enters at large into the genealogy, birth, and education of John the Baptist, with his separate history until the time of his baptizing Jesus, when the histories and acts of both are treated of in continuation; but in what particular their version accords with, or differs from any of those received among us, I could not learn; as, in the first place, the book itself is not easily to be procured from the priests, and in the next, it would require either a knowledge of their language, or a translation of it by them into Arabic, to understand it, neither was it in my power to obtain. This gospel is attributed by them to John the Baptist himself, and it is their sole authority in all matters of faith and doctrine. They have besides, however, a book of prayers and precepts, with directions for ceremonials, which they ascribe to the learned men of their sect, who immediately succeeded their great leader. They admit the divinity of Jesus, as Christ, the Son of God, and conceive that John the Baptist is to be honored as his forerunner, and as the person selected by God to perform the most holy sacrament of

baptism on his child, but what are their notions regarding the Trinity I could not learn. They are distinguished from all other Christians by their frequent repetition of this sacrament on the same persons who, in other churches, would receive it but once. It is said, even, that every individual of their body is baptised annually on some particular occasion; but whether this is a fixed day for all, or particular festivals chosen by the individuals themselves, does not appear. This, however, is certain, that on all important changes, or undertakings, or events of their life, baptism is re-administered. The child at its birth is baptised; when named it is baptised again; on completing the age of puberty it is also baptised, and whether contracting marriage, becoming the parent of children, undertaking a journey, recovering from sickness, or any other important event, as well as after death, and before interment, baptism is re-administered with the same solemnity as at first.

The prayers used at their marriages and funerals are said to be long: the first is a ceremony performed among themselves in some degree of privacy, but the latter is conducted openly, without their being interrupted in it by any one. They have no standing church, since their places of worship must be newly erected for every new occasion. It is, therefore, usual with them, when these occasions occur, to make an enclosure of reeds, when, after a most tedious process of purification, the ground becomes consecrated, and they perform their worship therein, secluded from the eyes of strangers, after which the building is pulled down and destroyed. Their attention to the purity of their food is carried on to an extraordinary degree, and equals that of the highest caste of Bramins in India. No water that is not drawn from the river by themselves in their own vessels, and even after that suffered to subside, and be otherwise purified by their own hands, can be drunk by them. If honey or other similar articles are obtained by them in the Bazaar, it must have purified water poured on it, and remain a certain time covered, to be cleansed before it can be eaten, and even fruit, though fresh from the tree, must be similarly washed to be purged of its defilement. It is, however, singular enough, that, while they carry this attention to religious purity of food to a degree altogether unknown to any other sect of Christians, abstinence and fasts should be held in abomination by them; and that contrary to the general Christian notion of this being always acceptable to God, and tending to purge the soul, as well as the body, of impure passions and desires, the Subbees regard it as a heinous sin, as a profanation of the gifts which the Creator has so bountifully provided for his creatures.

In the moral character, they are neither esteemed more upright nor more corrupt than their neighbors. One of their most distinguished virtues is mutual confidence in each other; and a breach of trust in any way is said to be regarded by them as a more damning offence than murder, fornication, and adultery combined. It is, no doubt, this peculiar tenet, added to their notion of defilement from strangers, and the constant intermarriage of their sons and daughters with each other, which keeps them together, like the Jews, and all others unsocial castes of religion, who seek not to augment their numbers by converts, yet by the selfishness of their institutions, preserve them from being lessened by mingling with others.

The heads of the few families of Subbees here are mostly mechanics and handicrafts more particularly as smiths and workers in metals: and even in the towns enumerated, where their community is more extensive, they generally confine themselves to the exercise of these and similar trades, without attaching themselves to agriculture or the profession of arms; in which particular they resemble the Jews of Europe, where the stock-broker, or loan-raiser, the art of the goldsmith or jeweller, and the occupation of the pedlar, are those mostly followed, rather than the Jews of Asia, who confine themselves to dealing in general merchandise, and are seldom seen as mechanics or handicrafts in any way.

A SCENE IN SWITZERLAND.

It was on a sweet evening in the summer of —, that I was summoned by the dear and valued friend, who had been the favored instrument of God to her

for good, to assist him in the painfully-pleasing task of comforting Louisa's afflicted parents. Our path lay along the banks of a lake* which has been celebrated from age to age, the picturesque beauty of which was at that moment heightened by the crimson rays of the sun just sinking behind the majestic range of the Jura, and given back to the eye in the tranquil mirror of the blue waters below; while it was rendered more deeply impressive by the mournful nature, though it was not without its peculiar alleviations, of the duty we were going to fulfil.

As we approached the spot, which had only that morning been bereft of one of its greatest ornaments, our minds would necessarily be occupied with a variety of emotions. The peaceful scene around us—the site of the house, which commanded an extensive view of the lake and the surrounding mountains, and had just received the farewell salutation of the setting sun—the vines which covered the hill descending by a rapid declivity to the edge of the water, that murmured faintly on the pebbly strand, appearing already to mourn the absence of his smiles; reminding us of that other vineyard in which we had been called to labor, where all “is joy and peace while our Master lifts up the light of his countenance,” but where gloom and sorrow succeed “the hidings of his face”—above all, the reflection, that another spirit, delivered for ever from sin and its attendant trials, had winged its way to “the city of habitation,” and joined that “innumerable company,” which ceases not day or night to sing the new song, “Thou art worthy; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests”—was more than sufficient to move the most obdurate heart,

Praying, as we opened it, that it might be granted to us, “to speak a word in season,” my friend and I passed in silence the gate that conducted to “This sweet abode of piety and peace.”

Scarcely had we entered it, when we perceived that the Lord was there. No loud lamentation! No cries of agony “that would not be comforted!” No shrieks of despair! True it is, indeed, that when the inmates saw us, in the beautiful language of inspiration, “they lifted up their voices and wept;” yet theirs was a sorrow which “humbled itself under the mighty hand” that afflicted, and bowed without a murmur to the divine will—a sorrow that “had hope in death”—a sorrow, which would not surely be disowned of him who, “in the days of his flesh,” thought it not unbecoming his equality with God, to shed tears beside the grave of a departed friend.

When the first burst of grief, occasioned by our arrival, had in some degree subsided, we were shown into the chamber, whence the happy spirit of Louisa had taken its flight. Here it was, indeed, consolatory to witness the sufficiency of the grace of God. O, Sir, may we not cry, with the exultation of assured confidence, when we behold such blessed effects,

“Hail glorious Gospel! heavenly light whereby
We live with comfort, and with comfort die;
And view, beyond this gloomy scene, the tomb,
A life of endless happiness to come.”

The father and mother of the departed saint now approached the bed together, on which was stretched the pale, lovely corpse, in whose countenance there was still a something that seemed to say to us, “Weep not for me!” and drawing back the curtains gazed on it for a few moments. The former then, as if yet unwilling to believe that all hope had vanished, put his hand upon her cheek; and as he did so, the tear rolled slowly from his eye, gently exclaimed, “My dear daughter!” The mother added, without emotion, “How changed since morning!”

During this touching scene, my friend and I stood silent spectators, admiring the wonders of that grace which could thus strengthen the tenderest of parents to survey, with the calmest resignation, the remains of a beloved child. Bereaved, it is true, they had been “of the delight of their eyes” by a “stroke,” the severity of which is known, perhaps, to none but those who have been called to endure its weight; yet were they conscious that she had only preceded them in bidding adieu to “the changes and chances

of this mortal scene; that she had only a little earlier than themselves exchanged time for eternity, earth for heaven. Therefore it was that, while they mourned over an only daughter thus prematurely snatched from their embraces, they were enabled to “rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

We then bowed down together in prayer; and, while my friend offered up “supplication with thanksgiving” on behalf of a family “sorrowful yet rejoicing,” we found how true it is, that “the throne of grace” is a refuge “that the world knows not of”—a refuge which all its smiles cannot purchase, and of which all its frowns cannot deprive.

A few days after, I had the melancholy pleasure of following what was mortal of Louisa to the grave. The place where she was laid was a sweet, though lonely spot, situated on an eminence, which seemed as if formed to guard the remains of “those who had fallen asleep in Jesus,” till the voice of the Archangel break the bands of death.

“Twas not a place for grief to nourish care,
It breathed of hope and moved the heart to prayer.”

While we committed the body of our sister to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, we were comforted with the assurance that corruption would one day put on incorruption, and Louisa rise to the life immortal. And while we beheld her father kneel upon the sod that covered her, and heard him praise that gracious Lord who had sustained him under his trials, we felt that “the Gospel is” of a truth “the power of God.”

TO THE MEMORY OF LOUISA.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.—Psalm ciii. 15, 16.

Thus have I seen where two lone hills unite
Their clear, cold waters from the Jura's height,
Graceful and fair, the valley's vernal pride,
A lily, smiling on the faithless tide.

'Twas very lovely, fragile, and consign'd
Its tender sweetness to the waves and wind:
It moved my pity; for the slightest storm,
Methought, were heavy on so frail a form.
At eve I wander'd, musing, by the spot,
And sought its beauty—but, alas! 'twas not.

So bloom'd and past Louisa. Yet, while death
Chill'd the sweet current of her vital breath;
Affection, weeping o'er its tarnish'd gem,
A flower, though faded, lovely on the stem,
Wiped the warm tear that would bewail her rest,
Or stay her longer in a world unblest.

Hush! from the distance, happy in its gloom,
Didst thou not hear her call from out the tomb?
“Weep not for me! Though death's dark vale I trod,
'Twas but the spirit as it went to God:
Weep not for me! here sin and sorrow cease;
For here, dear Saviour, is thy reign of peace!
Weep not for me! life's toils and trials past,
My Lord receives me to his joy at last.”

QUESTION.—Whether Society or Solitude be most preferable, in order to the noblest ends of man?

ANSWER.—Some of the best thoughts on both sides may be met with in Mr. Cowley's Essay for Solitude, and Mr. Evelyn's against it. Honest old Aristotle has summed up almost all that can be said in a few words. “A solitary life,” says he, “is either brutal or divine, above or below a man.” Whence his other assertion is clear, a man must be a poetical, or, if you will, a social animal. We must confess, could we believe a man answered the end of his creation by an ascetic hermetical life, we do not doubt but it would give the highest pleasure he is capable of in the world, by contemplation and meditation. But we are not yet so happy, nor ought we to be so,—that being a cowardly sort of content, which is got by running away from whatever displeases. Should all good men thus take a whim of leaving the world, what would become of it? And would it not be just such a piece of justice and kindness, as for all the physicians in a nation to go and live in a wilderness, lest their patients should infect them? We do not in the least doubt but that it is much more difficult to live honestly in the midst of so many thousand temptations, which are unavoidable in this world, than to do so when retired from all things of that nature. But, though difficult, it is possible, and the more difficulty the more honor, Not but that we think the greatest trial a truly good

man will have of his virtue, while he remains on the scene of action, lies on the contrary side to that where it is generally suspected. He has more need of his patience than his temperance; and he must be better humoured than most men, if, when he once knows it well, he does not almost lose all his charity for this world.

BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

The British Constitution is the proudest political monument of the combined and progressive wisdom of man; throughout the whole civilized world its preservation ought to be prayed for, as a choice and peerless model, uniting all the beauties of proportion, with all the solidity of strength. But nothing human is perfect, and experience has shown that this proud monument of human wisdom, wants that which its earlier designers had conceived that it possessed; a self-preserving power. Those therefore are its truest friends who are most vigilant and unremitting in their efforts to keep it from corruption, and to guard it from decay; whose veneration, as it regards what it has been, and whose affection, as it relates to what it may be, is exceeded only by their fears for its safety, when they reflect upon what it is. And it is a feeling as dishonourable to those who entertain it, as unmerited by those against whom it is entertained, to suspect that those hearts and hands that are most zealous and vigilant in preserving this beautiful fabric from decay, would not be equally brave and energetic in defending it from danger.

QUESTION.—Whether Riches and Honour are really of that intrinsic value as the eager and general thirst after them would argue?

ANSWER.—It has been affirmed that opinion is the rate of things; but a truer maxim is, that reason is the true rate of things, and truth is always itself without change. When, if I take my measure in any thing according to my opinion to-day, I may change them again to-morrow, and both times miss the truth, and so make a third choice, which fully shews the etymology of an opinionist, viz. one that looks only on the surface, or appearance of things, which is a very mean character for a rational being. Riches or property are as they are used, and not as they are esteemed, unless by wise men. A man cannot be unhappy under the most depressed circumstances, if he uses his reason, not his opinion; for those ends it was sent him; and the most exalted fortunes are, if reason be not consulted, the subject of a wise man's pity. Bajazet the first, after he had lost the city of Sebastia, and therein Orthobulus his eldest son, as he marched with his great army against Tamerlane, heard a country shepherd merrily diverting himself with his homely pipe, as he sat upon the side of a mountain, feeding his poor flock. The king stood still a great while listening to him, to the great admiration of his nobility about him; at last, fetching a deep sigh, he broke forth into these words, “O happy shepherd, who hast neither Orthobulus nor Sebastia to lose!”

It is not known where he that invented the plough was born, or where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world, than the whole race of heroes and of conquerors, who have drenched it with tears, and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.

He who bears and forbears, will always be a valuable member of society, whatever may be his situation in life.

FANATICISM.—Fanaticism, whether religious or philosophic, is the child of Pride, a violent and terrible power! Reason, on the contrary, even when she deceives us, is a mild and tranquil influence, free from passion, and never inducing men to quarrel with each other.

BEASTLY INTOXICATION.—Not long since, an old cow, as if to shame men, and see how much below the common brute level she could go, ventured up to a certain still-hot door—drank herself tipsy, as most others do who frequent such places— staggered away as no brute ever staggered before, fell down, and died.—Western Intelligence.

*The Lake of Geneva.

POETRY.

The following beautiful "MISSIONARY HYMN" is from the pen of the late Bishop HARRIS. It evinces a highly poetical imagination, and at the same time, manifests his ardent zeal for the extension of Messiah's kingdom.—We do not wish to particularize, but we think the last verse is singularly beautiful, and calculated to warm the coldest heart.
EPI. JOURNAL.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain;
They call us to deliver
Their land from Error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strew'd;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Rows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The Lamp of Life deny?
Salvation! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

EXTRACT.

"I sing of Death; yet soon perchance may be
A dweller in the tomb. But twenty years
Have wither'd since my pilgrimage began,
And I look back upon my boyish days
With mournful joy; as musing wanderers do,
Upon the bright and peaceful vale below,—
Oh! let me live, until the fires that feed
My soul, have worked themselves away, and then,
Eternal Spirit, take me to thy home!
For when a child, I shaped inspiring dreams,
And nourish'd aspirations that awoke
Beautiful feelings flowing from the face
Of Nature: from a child I learn'd to reap
A harvest of sweet thoughts, for future years."

MONTGOMERY.

THE GATHERER.

EARLY RISING.

Cobbett thus accounts for his having been enabled to accomplish so much as he has achieved, he says:—

"If such young men wish to know the grand secret relative to the performance of such wondrous labour it is told to him in a few words: be abstinent, be sober, go to bed at eight o'clock, and get up at four; the two last being of still more importance than the two former. A full half of all that I have ever written has been written before ten o'clock in the day; so that I have had as much leisure as any man I ever knew any thing of. If young men will set about the thing in earnest, let them not fear of success; they will soon find, that it is disagreeable to sit up or rise late. Literary coxcombs talk of 'consuming the midnight oil.' No oil and a very small portion of candle, have I ever consumed; and I am convinced that no writing is so good as that which comes from under the light of the sun."

A frequent impediment in reading is a disinclination in the mind to settle on the subject; at other times the mind is alive to the subject, but the memory retains no impression. It is necessary to summon the mental faculties, and carefully superintend their exercise. Various are the methods adopted to read

with advantage. Dr. Young used to fold down the leaves of particular passages. Dr. Watts recommends us to mark any striking parts with a pencil, in the margin; and others have made it a point to write out pithy extracts. Whatever is well worth reading should be reviewed to fix it in the mind.

The late Sir William Jones was one of the most eminent scholars and excellent men of the age. When he was a little boy, his inquisitive disposition led him to ask a great many questions, and his good mother used to say to him, *Read and you will know.* To this maxim, impressed upon his mind by frequent repetition, he confessed he owed all the advantages gained from books.

We seek the society of the ladies with a view to be pleased, rather than to be instructed, and are more gratified by those who will talk, than by those that are silent; for if they talk well, we are doubly delighted to receive information from so pleasant a source, and if they are at times a little out in their conclusions, it is flattering to our vanity, to set them right. Therefore I would have the ladies indulge with less of reserve in the freedom of conversation, notwithstanding the remark of him who said with more of point than of politeness, that they were the very reverse of their own mirrors;—the one reflected, without talking, but the other talked without reflecting.

SWALLOWING PLUMB STONES.—In August 1826, a Mr. Robert Martin, of Blenheim, N. Y. ate a quantity of plumbs, and under the impression that they would be less liable to injure him, swallowed stones and all. He was shortly after taken ill, and has been out of health ever since, until about two weeks ago, when he took a powerful emetic, and, singular as it may seem, he vomited up rising of thirty plumb stones, which must have remained on his stomach from the period of his having eaten the plumbs in 1826, to that time, about 18 months.

SWEET POTATOES.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer says that the sweet potato may be raised in this State with as much ease as the common potato. The writer has raised them for two successive years at the rate of 220 bushels per acre with less care than is bestowed on the common potato. A light, dry soil suits them best, and they will endure several frosts after the vines of the common potato are destroyed. We have seen some, very large, and of an excellent quality, in this vicinity.

When you read moral or religious books, first lay the instructions you receive to the heart, that they may affect you; then lay them up in the memory, that they may enrich you; lastly, lay them out in your conduct that they may guide and govern you.

RESIGNATION.—I am a resigned being, and take health and sickness as I do light and darkness, or the vicissitudes of the seasons, that is, just as it pleases God to send them, and accommodate myself to the periodic returns as well as I can, only taking care, whatever befalls me in this silly world, not to lose my temper at it. This, I believe to be the truest philosophy, for this we must be indebted to ourselves, and not to our fortune.—Sterne.

A machine has been invented by an Italian, for the purpose of banishing the fog from the City of Paris. It is mounted on wheels, and to omit sulphurous fumes through tubes, and is to be called *le diable ambulant.*

REMARKABLE SAGACITY OF A DOG.—A short time back a gentleman residing in the upper part of Carnarvonshire, received an invitation from a gentleman in Middlewich, Cheshire, to spend a month with him. The gentleman accepted the invitation, and took with him a favourite greyhound. The next day after their arrival, a mastiff belonging to the inviter, attacked the greyhound, and gave him a severe drubbing. The greyhound immediately took to his heels and fled to Carnarvonshire, a distance of about 90 miles, and the family were surprised to see the dog return without his master. Next morning the greyhound, and a remarkable strong bull and mastiff dog,

belonging to the same gentleman had disappeared, and no trace could be found of either of them until a few days afterwards, when a letter was received from the Welsh gentleman, stating, his bull dog and greyhound had arrived in Cheshire, and both had attacked the mastiff belonging to his friend, and had destroyed him before they could be separated.

Rath Journal.

SOCIAL.

London Papers of the 4th ult. brought by the Barque Juno from Liverpool, state, that the CATHOLIC RELIEF BILL had gone through the second reading in the House of Lords, by a majority of 105.

CORRECTION.—In our last number, we copied from the Minutes of the Wesleyan Conference for 1803, the Regulations adopted by that Body on the subject of *Female Preaching.*

In looking over the article, we find, that in copying the second regulation some words were omitted; in consequence of which, the force of the regulation is not fully expressed. To correct this error, we now copy the regulation entire.

"2. Before they go into any other circuit to preach, they shall have a *written* invitation from the superintendent of such circuit, and a recommendatory note from the superintendent of their own circuit."

Collect for the Third Sunday after Easter.

Almighty God, who shewest to them that be in error the light of thy truth, to the intent that they may return into the way of righteousness; Grant unto all them that are admitted into the fellowship of Christ's Religion, that they may eschew those things that are contrary to their profession, and follow all such things as are agreeable to the same, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

MARRIED,

On the 2d inst., by the Rev. the Rector of the Parish, Mr. GEORGE W. PORTER, to Miss CHARLOTTE MARY WAINOT, both of this City.

On Thursday morning, in Trinity Church, by the same, Mr. THOMAS PLUMMER, Merchant, to Miss MARY, fifth daughter of the late Capt. William Melck, of this City.

AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

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