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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.

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### BIOGRAPHY.

Mrs. HANNAH HOUSMAN.

This amiable woman was a native of Kiddermister. Brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, she appears from her diary, to have been under religious impressions at *thirteen years* of age, and for *twenty-four years* she walked humbly and closely with God. We advise our juvenile readers especially to notice the following account of her last illness and death, which was drawn up by a person who witnessed her sufferings and her comforts,—accompanied with earnest prayer to God, that like her you may be enabled to devote the flower of your age to him, and that the same patience in tribulation, and the same triumphant faith, and hope, and joy, which she possessed, in her dying moments, may be exemplified by you.

"From the time of her first seizure she was exercised with very violent pains, without any intermission till her death; such as, she would oftensay, she thought she could not have borne: 'But,' said she 'God is very good; verily he is good to me: Through life I have found him a good and gracious God.'

"When recovering from extreme pain she said, 'God is good; I have found him so; and though he slay me, yet I will trust in him. These pains made me love my Lord Jesus the better. O they put me in mind of what he suffered, to purchase salvation for my poor soul! Why for me, Lord! why for me, the greatest of sinners? Why for me, who so long refused the rich offers of thy grace, and the kind invitations of the gospel? How many helps and means have I enjoyed more than many others; yea, above most!—I had a religious father and mother, and I had access to a valuable minister, to whom I could often and freely open my mind. I have lived in a golden age. I have lived in peaceable times, and have enjoyed great advantages and helps for communion with God, and the peace of my own mind; for which I owe my gracious God and Father more praises than words can express. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all, or any of his benefits!'"

"When any were weeping and mourning over her, she would say, 'Weep not for me: it is the will of God; therefore be content. If it may be for his honour and glory, he will spare me a little longer; if not, I am wholly resigned to the will of God. I am content to stay here, as long as he has any thing for me to do, or to suffer; and I am willing to go, if it be my Father's good pleasure. Therefore, be content and say 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good.'"

"To a person who came to see her, she said, 'Cousin, I think I shall die: and now, what a comfort it is, that I am not afraid of death! The blood of Christ cleanses me from all sin. But mistake me not; there must be a life and conversation agreeable to the Gospel, or else our faith in Christ is a dead faith. Secure Christ for your friend; set not your heart on things below; riches and honours, and what the world calls pleasures, are all fading, perishable things.' She then threw out her hand, and said; 'O, if I had thousands and ten thousands of gold and silver lying by me, what could they do for me, now I am dying? Take the advice of a departing friend who wishes you well. Do not set your affections on riches, or on any thing here below. Remember, death will come in a little while, whether you are ready or unready, willing or unwilling: I commend you to God. I hope, in a short time, we shall meet again, in heaven, that place of perfect rest, peace, and happiness.'

"The whole time of her sickness, she was in a cheerful, thankful frame of mind. When she was cold, and had something given her, she often said: 'Blessed be God for all his mercies; and for this comfort in my affliction.' On her attendant's warming a piece of flannel, and putting it round her cold hands, she thanked her for it, and said; 'O, how

many mercies I have! I want for nothing. Here is every thing I can wish for. I can say, I never wanted any good thing. I wish only for a tranquil passage to glory. It was free Grace that plucked me from the very brink of hell; and it is the power of divine Grace, that has supported me through the whole of my life. Hitherto I can say, the Lord is gracious. He has been very merciful to me, in sustaining me under all my trials. The Lord brings affliction, but it is not because he delights to afflict his children: it is at all times for our profit. I can say, it has been good for me to be afflicted; it has been good for me to be afflicted; it has enabled me to discern things, which, when I was in health, I could not perceive. It has made me see more of the vanity and emptiness of this world, and all its delusive pleasures; for, at best, they are but vanity. I can say, from my own experience, I have found them to be so many a time."

"To her husband, the day before she died, she said; 'My dear, I think I am going apace; and I hope you will be satisfied, because it is the will of God. You have at all times been very loving and good to me; and I thank you for it kindly; and now I desire you freely to resign me to God. If God sees it best to prolong my stay here upon earth, I am willing to stay; or if he sees it best to take me to himself, I am willing to go. I am willing to be and bear what may be most for his glory.'"

"The evening before she died, she found death stealing upon her; and, feeling her own pulchritude, said, 'Well, it will be but a little while before my work in this world will be finished. Then I shall have done with prayer. My whole employment in heaven will be praise and love. Here, I love God but faintly, yet, I hope, sincerely; but there, it will be perfectly. I shall behold his face in righteousness; for I am thy servant, Lord! bought with blood, with precious blood. Christ died to purchase the life of my soul. A little while, and then I shall be singing that sweet song,—'Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever.'"

"With smiles in her face, and transports of joy, she often said, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Why tarry the wheels of thy chariot? O blessed convoy! come and fetch my soul, to dwell with God, and Christ, and perfect spirits for ever and ever. When I join that blessed society above, my pleasures will never end. O the glory, the glory that shall be set on the head of faith and love!'"

"A few minutes before her departure, finding herself going, she desired to be lifted up. When this was done, she cheerfully said, 'Farewell sin! farewell pains!—and so finished her course with joy.'"

### CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM.

From Dr. A. Clarke's Notes, on the 25th Chapter of Genesis.

The death of Abraham, recorded in this chapter, naturally calls to mind the virtues and excellencies of this extraordinary man. His *obedience* to the call of God, and *faith* in his promises, stand supereminent. No wonders, signs, or miraculous displays of the great and terrible God, as Isarel required in Egypt, were used, or were necessary to cause Abraham to believe and obey. He left his own land, not knowing where he was going, or for what purpose God had called him to remove. Exposed to various hardships, in danger of losing his life, and even of witnessing the violation of his wife, he still obeyed and went on. Courageous, humane, and disinterested, he cheerfully risked his life for the welfare of others; and contented with having rescued the captives and avenged the oppressed, he refused to accept even the spoils he had taken from the enemy, whom his skill and valour had vanquished. At the time, he considered the excellency of the power to be of God; and acknowledged this by giving to him the tenth of those spoils, of which, he would reserve nothing for his private use. His *obedience* to God in offering up his son Isaac, we have already seen and

admired; together with the *generosity* of his temper, and that *respectful delicacy* of conduct towards superiors and inferiors, for which he was so peculiarly remarkable; see on chap. xxiii. Without disputing with his Maker, or doubting in his heart, he credited every thing that God had spoken: hence he always walked in a plain way. The authority of God was at all times sufficient for Abraham, he did not weary himself to find reasons for any line of conduct which he knew God had prescribed; it was his duty to obey; the success and the event he left with God. His obedience was as *prompt* as it was *complete*—As soon as he heard the voice of God, he guided himself to his work! *Not a moment is lost!* How rare is such conduct! But should not we do likewise? The present moment and its duties are ours; every past moment was once present; every future one will be present; and, while we are thinking on the subject, the present is *past*, for life is made up of the *past* and the *present*. Are our past moments the cause of deep regret and humiliation! then let us use the present so as *not* to increase this lamentable cause of our distresses. In other words, let us now *believe—love—obey*. Regardless of all consequences let us, like Abraham, follow the *directions* of God's word, and the *openings* of his *providence*, and leave all events to Him who *doth all things well*.

See to what a state of moral excellence the grace of God can exalt a character, when there is simple implicit faith, and prompt obedience! Abraham walked before God, and Abraham was perfect. Perhaps no human being ever exhibited a fairer, fuller portrait of the *perfect man*, than Abraham. The more I consider the character of this most amiable Patriarch, the more I think the saying of Calmet justifiable. "In the life of Abraham," says he, "we find an Epitome of the whole *Law of Nature*, of the *Written Law*, and of the *Gospel of Christ*. He has manifested in his own person those virtues, for which reason and philosophy could scarcely find out names, when striving to sketch the character of their *sophist*, wise, or perfect man. St. Ambrose very properly observes, that 'Philosophy itself, could not equal in its descriptions and wishes, what was exemplified by this great man, in the whole of his conduct.' *Magnus plane vir, quem volis suis philosophia non potuit æquare; denique minus est quod illa finit, quam quod ille gessit.* The Law which God gave to Moses, and in which he has proposed the great duties of the law of nature, seems to be a copy of the life of Abraham. This Patriarch, without being under the law, has performed the most essential duties it requires; and as to the GOSPEL, its grand object was that on which he had fixed his eye; that Jesus whose day he rejoiced to see; and as to its *spirit* and *design*, they were wondrously exemplified in that faith which was imputed to him for righteousness; receiving that grace which conformed his whole heart and life to the will of his Maker, and enabled him to persevere unto death. 'Abraham,' says the writer of Ecclesiasticks, xlv. 20, &c. 'was a great father of many people: in glory was there none like unto him; who kept the Law of the Most High, and was in covenant with him: he established the covenant in his flesh, and when he was tried he was found faithful.'—See Calmet.

As a son, as a husband, as a father, as a neighbour, as a sovereign, and, above all, as a man of God, he stands unrivalled; so that under the most exalted and perfect of all dispensations, the gospel of Jesus Christ, he is proposed and recommended as the *rule* and *pattern*, according to which, the faith, obedience, and perseverance of the followers of the Messiah are to be formed. Reader, while you admire the man, do not forget the God that made him so great, so good, and so useful—even Abraham had nothing but what he had received: from the free and unmerited mercy of God proceeded all his excellencies; but he was a *work-together with God* and therefore *did not receive the grace of God in vain*. Go thou, believe, love, obey, and persevere in like manner.

## DIVINITY.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

Thus terminates the Book of GENESIS, the most ancient record in the world; including the History of two grand subjects, CREATION, and PROVIDENCE; of each of which it gives a summary, but astonishingly minute, and detailed account. From this Book, almost all the ancient philosophers, astronomers, chronologists, and historians have taken their respective data: and all the modern improvements and accurate discoveries in different arts and sciences, have only served to confirm the facts detailed by Moses, and to show, that all the ancient writers on these subjects, have approached to, or receded from TRUTH and the phenomena of nature, in the exact proportion as they have followed the Mosaic history.

In this Book the CREATIVE POWER and ENERGY of God are first introduced to the Reader's notice; and the mind is overwhelmed with those grand creative acts by which the universe was brought into being. When this account is completed, and the introduction of SIN, and its awful consequences in the destruction of the earth by a flood, noticed, then, the Almighty Creator is next introduced as the RESTORER and PRESERVER of the World; and thus the history of Providence commences—a history, in which the mind of man is alternately delighted and confounded, with the infinitely varied plans of wisdom and mercy, in preserving the human species, counteracting the evil propensities of men and devils, by means of gracious influences conveyed through religious institutions, planting and watering the seeds of truth and righteousness, which himself had sowed in the hearts of men; and leading forward and maturing the grand purposes of his grace and goodness, in the final salvation of the human race.

After giving a minutely detailed account, and yet in a very short compass, of the peopling the earth, ascertaining and settling the bounds of the different nations of mankind, the Sacred writer proceeds with the history of one family only; but he chuses that one, through which, as from an ever during fountain, the streams of justice, grace, goodness, wisdom, and truth emanate. Here we see a pure well of living water, springing up unto eternal life, restrained it is true, in its particular influence to one people, till in the fulness of time, the fountain should be opened in the house of David, for sin and uncleanness in general, and the earth filled with the knowledge and salvation of God: thus by means of one family, as extensive a view of the œconomy of providence and grace is afforded, as it is possible for the human mind to comprehend.

In this epitome, how wonderful do the workings of Providence appear! An astonishing concatenated train of stupendous and minute events is laid before us; and every transaction is so distinctly marked, as every where to exhibit the finger, the hand, or the arm of God! But did God lavish his providential cares and attention on this one family, exclusive of the rest of his intelligent offspring? No: For the same superintendance, providential direction and influence, would be equally seen in all the concerns of human life, in the preservation of individuals, the rise and fall of kingdoms and states, and in all the mighty revolutions, natural, moral, and political, in the universe, were God, as in the preceding instances, to give us the detailed history; but what was done in the family of Abraham, was done in behalf of the whole human race. This specimen is intended to show us, that God does work, and that against him, and the operations of his hand, no might, no counsel, no cunning of men or devils can prevail—that he who walks uprightly, walks securely; and that all things work together for good to them who love God. That none is so ignorant, low, or lost, that God cannot instruct, raise up and save. In a word, he shews himself by this history, to be the invariable friend of mankind,—that he embraces every opportunity to do them good,—and, speaking after the manner of men,—that he rejoices in the frequent recurrence of such opportunities: that every man considering the subject, may be led to exclaim in behalf of all his fellows, BEHOLD HOW HE LOVETH THEM!—It.

From the Christian Observer.

## AN EVANGELICAL MINISTER.

It is deeply to be lamented that the Church of Christ should ever be divided by mere party names,

or that its true members should on any occasion be more ready to show their controversial badge, "I am of Paul, and I am of Apollos," than the common uniform of their holy profession—"and I of Christ." The terms "orthodox" and "evangelical" seem at present to marshal the two leading divisions of opinion in our church. But are not the terms convertible? Can a man be an orthodox churchman without being evangelical; or an evangelical churchman without being orthodox? To bring the point to the test of experiment, I subjoin the following character of "an evangelical minister," which was sent to a lady who had desired a definition of that term; and I would humbly request to know what it contains that is contrary to orthodoxy. Why any truly orthodox churchman should shrink from the unmorbid approach which the expression "evangelical" is often intended to convey. Change the word evangelical for orthodox, in its proper sense, and the description would be appropriate.

## VIOL.

The expression an evangelical minister, when justly applied to a Clergyman of the Church of England, means, or should mean, one who, believing the doctrines contained in the sacred Scriptures, as expounded in the Liturgy and the Thirty-nine Articles—to the belief and maintenance of which he has pledged himself at his ordination,—preaches in conformity with them; enforcing the doctrines of the fall of man, and the corruption of human nature; the incapacity of mankind, in their natural state, to discern spiritual things, or to do works acceptable to God; and the necessity of a holy change of heart, as the principle of a moral change in conduct. He maintains that salvation is wholly of God's grace, through faith in Christ Jesus; and not of man's works or deservings. He shews the necessity of an atoning sacrifice to put away sin, and exhibits the office of the Holy Spirit in the renewal of the soul and the reformation of the character. He holds the necessity of good works, not as the precursors of faith, or the procuring cause of salvation, but as the necessary result and evidence of faith implanted and salvation bestowed. An evangelical minister is himself the subject and the example of the truths he preaches. Religion is with him a matter, not of hearsay, but of personal experience. Being moved by the Holy Spirit, to take upon him the sacred office, he depends on that Divine Agent for the success of his commission, and the reception of the doctrines which he delivers. He is described in Scripture as "a fellow-labourer together with God," and his business is "to gather into the fold of Christ the wandering sheep of his flock out of this naughty world." He knows, that since the Fall, "the whole world lieth in wickedness," in the sleep and death of sin, under the bondage of satan, and yet unconscious of their state; and that "the carnal mind is enmity to God, and opposed to all his gracious dispensations;" and, therefore, he willingly submits to be misunderstood and reproached, like his Divine Master, in his efforts to bring men to the knowledge of the truth, and to turn them from the power of satan unto God. He preaches the duties of the Christian as distinctly and minutely as his privileges; not shrinking from the constant declaration, that they who have believed should be zealous to maintain good works, and that Christ died expressly to purify to himself a people zealous of them. I will only add, that he practises what he preaches; that "he renounces the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; that he believes all the articles of the Christian faith; and that he strives to keep God's holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of his life."

## ADDRESS TO A MINISTER ON LEAVING HIS FLOCK.

Dear! Beloved in the Lord.—The weeping Church bids you a long and sad adieu; and prays that the Angel of the everlasting covenant may go up before you and be a light to your path, as to Israel of old, 'till you arrive at Mount Zion, the City of the living God!—And wheresoever you may stop on your journey, may the Angels of God, [especially those that preside over Churches] be ascending and descending on that place; till all shall be compelled to cry out, 'how dreadful is this place!—

this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!' And when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord, remember your poor afflicted Church, that is cast down, but not forsaken—wrestle mightily with the Lord in prayer for us; for Z. O.'s sake hold not thy peace, and for Jerusalem's sake be not at rest till the salvation thereof go forth as a Lamp that burneth. We, again, bid you a tender farewell! we may not meet again till the heavens be no more! On that glorious morn, may you be enabled to say,—'here am I Lord, and the people, that thou hast given me,' and may your appearance be bright and glorious! for "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."—May many Jewels be given you for a crown of rejoicing in that day, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Finally, beloved in the Lord, farewell! We will remember Thee in the great congregation.—We will remember Thee at the evening and morning sacrifice!—And, we will be remembered by thee, and our prayers will ascend up to heaven jointly, and be offered upon the golden altar, [with the prayers of all saints,] which is before the throne of God. And as we look at the House of God, we will remember thy work of patience and labour of love—we will not complain—our grief shall be silent as the dews of night, because your tender heart will be too much affected.

We pray that you may go forth in the strength of the mighty God of Jacob, that you may be clothed with salvation,—that "holiness to the Lord," may be placed upon your forehead, that you may take unto you the whole amour of God, that you may be a Boanerges to the wicked, but a "son of consolation" to the trembling seeking soul. And may you be the means of doing much good in the name of the child Jesus—and that God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, may sanctify you wholly throughout soul, body, and spirit,—is the prayer of your affectionate Church.

## LITERATURE.

## ON THE DIFFUSE STYLE.

A diffuse writer unfolds his thought fully. He places it in a variety of lights, and gives the reader every possible assistance for understanding it completely. He is not very careful to express it at first in its full strength, because he is to repeat the impression; and what he wants in strength, he proposes to supply by copiousness. Writers of this character generally love magnificence and amplification. Their periods naturally run out into some length, and having room for ornament of every kind, they admit it freely.

Each of these manners has its peculiar advantages; and each becomes faulty when carried to the extreme. The extreme of conciseness becomes abrupt and obscure: it is apt also to lead into a style too pointed, and bordering on the epigrammatic. The extreme of diffuseness becomes weak and languid, and tires the reader. However, to one or other of these two manners a writer may learn, according as his genius prompts him: and under the general character of a concise, or of a more open and Diffuse Style, may possess much beauty in his composition.

For illustrations of these general characters, I can only refer to the writers who are examples of them. It is not so much from detached passages, such as I went formerly to quote for instances, as from the current of an author's Style, that we are to collect the idea of a formed manner of writing. The two most remarkable examples that I know, of conciseness carried as far as propriety will allow, perhaps in some cases farther, are Tacitus the Historian, and the President Montesquien in "L'Esprit de Loix." Aristotle too holds an eminent rank among didactic writers for his brevity. Perhaps no writer in the world was ever so frugal of his words as Aristotle; but this frugality of expression frequently darkens his meaning. Of a beautiful and magnificent diffuseness, Cicero is, beyond doubt, the most illustrious instance that can be given. Addison also, and Sir William Temple, come in some degree under this class.—Blair.

## ON HARSHNESS OF STYLE.

As every good quality in Style has an extreme, when pursued to which it becomes faulty, this holds

of the Nervous Style as well as others. Too great a study of length, to the neglect of the other qualities of Style, is found to betray writers into a harsh manner. Harshness arises from unusual words, from forced inversions in the construction of a sentence, and too much neglect of smoothness and ease. This is reckoned the fault of some of our earliest classics in the English language; such as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Bacon, Hooker, Chillingworth, Milton in his prose works, Harrington, Cudworth, and other writers of considerable note in the days of Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. These writers had nerves and strength in a high degree, and are to this day eminent for that quality in Style. But the language in their hands was exceedingly different from what it is now, and was indeed entirely formed upon the idiom and construction of the Latin, in the arrangement of sentences. Hooker, for instance, begins the Preface to his celebrated work of Ecclesiastical Polity with the following sentences: "Though for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity may know we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in a dream, there shall be, for men's information, extant, this much, concerning the present state of the church of God established amongst us, and their careful endeavours which would have upheld the same." Such a sentence now sounds harsh in our ears. Yet some advantages certainly attended this sort of Style; and whether we have gained, or lost, upon the whole, by departing from it, may bear a question. By the freedom of arrangement, which it permitted, it rendered the language susceptible of more strength, of more variety of collocation, and more harmony of period. But however this be, such a Style is now obsolete; and no modern writer could adopt it without the censure of harshness and affectation. The present form which the Language has assumed, has, in some measure, sacrificed the study of strength to that of perspicuity and ease. Our arrangement of words has become less forcible, perhaps, but more plain and natural; and this is now understood to be the genius of our Language.—*Blair*.

#### ON THE NERVOUS AND THE FEEBLE STYLE.

The Nervous and the Feeble, are generally held to be characters of Style, of the same import with the Concise and the Diffuse. They do indeed very often coincide. Diffuse writers have, for the most part, some degree of feebleness; and nervous writers will generally be inclined to a concise expression. This, however, does not always hold; and there are instances of writers, who, in the midst of a full and ample Style, have maintained a great degree of strength. Livy is an example; and in the English language, Dr. Barrow. Barrow's Style has many faults. It is unequal, incorrect, and redundant; but without, for force and expressiveness uncommonly distinguished. On every subject, he multiplies words with an overflowing copiousness; but it is always a torrent of strong ideas and significant expressions which he pours forth. Indeed, the foundations of a Nervous or a weak Style are laid in an author's manner of thinking. If he conceives an object strongly, he will express it with energy; but if he has only an indistinct view of his subject; if his genius be such, or at the time of his writing so carelessly exerted, that he has no firm hold of the conception which he would communicate to us; the marks of all this will clearly appear in his Style. Several unmeaning words and loose epithets will be found; his expressions will be vague and general; his arrangement indistinct and feeble; we shall conceive somewhat of his meaning, but our conception will be faint. Whereas a nervous writer, whether he employs an extended or a concise Style, gives us always a strong impression of his meaning, his mind is full of his subject, and his words are all expressive; every phrase and every figure which he uses, tends to render the picture, which he would set before us, more lively and complete.—*Id.*

#### ON THE DRY STYLE.

The dry manner excludes all ornament of every kind. Content with being understood, it has not the least aim to please either the fancy or the ear. This is tolerable only in pure didactic writing; and even there, to make us bear it, great weight and

solidity of matter is requisite; and entire perspicuity of language. Aristotle is the complete example of a Dry Style. Never, perhaps, was there any author who adhered so rigidly to the strictness of a didactic manner, throughout all his writings, and conveyed so much instruction, without the least apology to ornament. With the most profound genius, and extensive views, he writes like a pure intelligencer, who addresses himself solely to the understanding, without making any use of the channel of the imagination. But this is a manner which deserves not to be imitated. For, although the goodness of the matter may compensate the dryness or harshness of the Style, yet is that dryness a considerable defect; as it fatigues attention, and conveys our sentiments, with disadvantage, to the reader or hearer.—*Id.*

#### ON THE PLAIN STYLE.

A Plain Style rises one degree above a Dry one. A writer of this character employs very little ornament of any kind, and rests almost entirely upon his sense. But, if he is at no pains to engage us by the employment of figures, musical arrangement, or any other art of writing, he studies, however, to avoid disgusting us, like a dry and a harsh writer. Besides Perspicuity, he pursues Propriety, Purity and Precision, in his language: which form one degree, and no inconsiderable one, of beauty. Liveliness too, and force, may be consistent with a very Plain Style; and, therefore, such an author, if his sentiments be good, may be abundantly agreeable. The difference between a dry and plain writer, is, that the former is incapable of ornament, and seems not to know what it is; the latter seeks not after it. He gives us his meaning, in good language, distinct and pure; any further ornament he gives himself no trouble about; either, because he thinks it unnecessary to his subject; or, because his genius does not lead him to delight in it; or, because it leads him to despise it.

This last was the case with Dean Swift, who may be placed at the head of those that have employed the plain Style. Few writers have discovered more capacity. He treats every subject which he handles, whether serious or ludicrous, in a masterly manner. He knew, almost beyond any man, the Purity, the Extent, the Precision of the English Language; and therefore to such as wish to attain a pure and correct Style, he is one of the most useful models. But we must not look for much ornament and grace in his language. His haughty and morose genius made him despise any embellishment of this kind, as beneath his dignity. He delivers his sentiments in a plain, downright, positive manner, like one who is sure he is in the right; and is very indifferent whether you be pleased or not. His sentences are commonly negligently arranged; distinctly enough as to the sense, but without any regard to smoothness of sound; often without much regard to compactness or elegance. If a metaphor, or any other figure, chanced to render his satire more poignant, he would, perhaps, vouchsafe to adopt it, when it came in his way, but if it tended only to embellish and illustrate, he would rather throw it aside. Hence, in his serious pieces, his style often borders upon the dry and unpleasing; in his humorous ones, the plainness of his manner sets off his wit to the highest advantage. There is no froth nor affectation in it; it seems native and unstudied; and while he hardly appears to smile himself, he makes his reader laugh heartily. To a writer of such a genius as Dean Swift, the Plain Style was most admirably fitted. Among our philosophical writers, Mr. Locke comes under this class; perspicuous and pure, but almost without any ornament whatever. In works which admit, or require, over so much ornament, there are parts where the plain manner ought to predominate. But we must remember, that when this is the character which a writer affects throughout his whole composition, great weight of matter, and great force of sentiment, are required, in order to keep up the reader's attention, and prevent him from becoming tired of the author.—*Blair*.

#### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

##### PROTESTANT BIBLE SOCIETY OF FRANCE.

Within a few days past we have received the report of the General Protestant Bible Society of

Paris. It is indeed a most interesting document.—It begins with stating that the Society met on the 28th of April at noon.—The Marquis de Lacour, a peer of France, presided. A detail is given of the officers of the Society, and of the distinguished strangers who were present. The meeting as usual, was opened with prayer. The prayer was truly excellent; and we were rejoiced to observe that it was concluded with a distinct ascription of praise to the adorable Trinity, thus—"Hear, O God, our prayer, through Jesus Christ thy Son; to whom, as to thee, Heavenly Father, and to the Holy Spirit, our only God eternally blessed, be honor, praise and glory forever and ever—Amen." After this the President made an Address to the Society. The Report of the Committee was then read by the "Baron Pelet de la Lazere." We have not room to give even an epitome of this report. It states that during the past year, there has been issued from the various depositories of the Society, four thousand and fifty Bibles, and eight thousand three hundred and four New Testaments; and that the whole number issued by the Society, since its establishment, was eighteen thousand six hundred and six Bibles, and twenty-three thousand five hundred and twenty-three New Testaments. It states, there are two hundred thousand Protestant families in France; and justly observes that all their issues, as yet, will afford but a very scanty supply of the word of life to this extensive population.—It should be recollected, that the Bible had almost vanished from France during the revolution.—*Christian Advocate*.

#### APPEAL OF MR. RICHARD RATHBONE ON RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Mr. Richard Rathbone, of this town, has published an able and fine-spirited appeal to his fellow members of the Society of Friends, to exert themselves in favour of the establishment of universal and unrestricted religious liberty in this country. He commences his appeal in the following manner:—"Dear Friends,—After much and serious affliction, in I hope, humility of feeling, and under, I am sure, a strong conviction of duty, I have decided to address you upon a subject which appears to me to deserve the attention of the Society in a greater degree than it has yet been given. I allude to the unjust restrictions and disabilities which still attach to the Society of Friends, and to many other of our fellow-countrymen, including the Jews, the Roman Catholics, and the various denominations of Protestant Dissenters. I have long thought that we were unwisely and unkindly listless respecting these things, both as it regards ourselves and others; and at the present moment, are we not particularly called upon to rouse ourselves from our lethargy and to be up and doing in the cause of suffering humanity?"—Mr. Rathbone afterwards more fully explains his object, as follows:—"There is, perhaps, no part of our duty in which we may more simply comply with the dictates of our hearts and the demands of our consciences, and at the same time keep ourselves unspotted from the world, than in urging, by respectful petitions from every Meeting of the Society in Great Britain and Ireland, the claims of all classes of our fellow-citizens to an equal participation in the inherent rights of all."—He then reminds the Friends of their successful exertions for the abolition of the Slave Trade, and urges them to make similar exertions to obtain the removal of all civil disqualifications on the ground of religious opinions. He adds:—"In almost every passage of the New Testament, we shall find motives innumerable, arguments unanswerable, appeals the most touching, and commands the most sacred and solemn, to demand our best exertions in promoting the universal reign of civil and religious liberty, because it is the only solid basis of universal peace on earth and goodwill to men." Mr. Rathbone then cites several of the passages to which he alludes, and reasons upon them in favour of impartial justice, benevolence, and liberality. He concludes as follows:—"Believing that the forcible appeal of the numerous meetings of which our body is composed, in the quiet and peaceable spirit which communicates conviction, would have great weight in the scale of public opinion; believing that it is our duty to add that weight, when experience gives us reason to hope that it will be serviceable in the cause of truth and justice; believing that we may thereby assist in preventing the occurrence of events which would be attended with the most

fightful consequences, and in bringing about the better state of things, in which mankind shall be convinced that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there (and there alone) is liberty,"—believing all this with strong conviction, I could not do less than I have done; and leaving the result in the hands of Him who alone can give us that peace, which as the world cannot give, so neither can it take away."

Liverpool Times.

### SACRED GEOGRAPHY.

#### BABYLON.

The following account of this city, in its greatest splendour, is borrowed principally from Herodotus, who had been on the spot, and is the oldest author who has treated on the subject.

The city of Babylon was square, being a hundred and twenty furlongs, that is, fifteen miles, or five leagues, every way; and the whole circuit of it was four hundred and eighty furlongs, or twenty leagues. The walls were built with large bricks, cemented with bitumen, a thick glutinous fluid, which rises out of the earth in the neighbouring country, and which binds stronger than mortar, and becomes harder than brick itself. These walls were eighty-seven feet thick, and three hundred and fifty feet high. Those who mention them as only fifty cubits high, refer to their condition after Darius, son of Hystaspes, had commanded them to be reduced to that height, to punish a rebellion of the Babylonians.

The city was encompassed with a vast ditch, which was filled with water, and the sides of which were built up with brick work. The earth which was dug out, was used in making bricks for the walls of the city; so that the depth and width of the ditch may be estimated by the extreme height and thickness of the walls. There were a hundred gates to the city, twenty-five on each of the four sides. These gates, with their posts, &c. were all of brass. Between every two gates were three towers, raised ten feet above the walls, where necessary; for the city being encompassed in several places with walls, which defended the approach to it, those parts stood in no need of towers.

A street corresponded with each gate; so that there were fifty streets, which cut one another at right angles, and each of which was fifteen miles in length, and one hundred and fifty-one feet in width. Four other streets, which had houses on one side, and the ramparts on the other, encompassed the whole city, and were each of them two hundred feet wide. By the crossing each other, the whole city was divided into six hundred and seventy-six squares, each of which was four furlongs and a half on every side, and two miles and a quarter in circuit. The houses of these squares were three or four stories high, and their fronts were embellished, and the inner space was lined with courts and gardens.

The city was divided into two parts by the Euphrates, which ran from North to south. A bridge of admirable structure, about a furlong in length, and sixty feet in width, formed the communication across the river; and at the two extremities of this bridge were two palaces on the east, and the new palace on the west side of the river. The Temple of Belus, which stood near the old palace, occupied one entire square. The city was situated in a vast plain, the soil of which was extremely fat and fruitful.

To people this immense city, Nebuchadnezzar transplanted thither an infinite number of captives, from the many nations he subdued. It would appear, however, that the whole of it was never inhabited.

The famous Hanging Gardens, which adorned the palace in Babylon, were ranked among the wonders of the world. They contained four hundred feet square, and were composed of several large terraces; and the platform of the highest terrace was equal in height to the walls of Babylon, that is, three hundred and fifty feet. The ascent from terrace to terrace was by steps ten feet wide. The whole mass was supported by large vaults, built one upon each other, and strengthened by a wall twenty-two feet thick. The tops of these arches were covered with stones, rushes and bitumen, and plates of lead to prevent leakage. The depth of earth was so great, that in it the largest trees

might take root. Here was every thing that could please the sight, as, large trees, flowers, plants, and shrubs. Upon the highest terrace was a reservoir, supplied with water from the river.

The predictions of the prophets against Babylon, gradually, received their accomplishment. Herodotus relates, that Cyrus, having taken this city, demolished its walls, and the inhabitants should revolt. Parius, son of Hystaspes, destroyed the gates, &c. Alexander the Great intended to rebuild it, but was prevented by death of accomplishing his design. Seleucus Nicator built Seleucia on the Tigris, and this city insensibly deprived Babylon of its inhabitants. Strabo assures us, that under Augustus, Babylon was almost forsaken, and that it was no longer any thing more than a great desert. St. Jerome relates, on the testimony of a monk who dwelt at Jerusalem, that in his time, Babylon and its precincts were converted into a great park, in which the kings of Persia were accustomed to hunt.

A German traveller, named Rauwolf, who in 1374 passed through the place where Babylon formerly stood, speaks of its ruins as follows:—"The village of Elugo now stands where Babylon of Chaldaea was formerly situated. The harbour is distant from it a quarter of a league, and people go on shore to proceed by land to the celebrated city of Bagdad, which is distant a journey of a day and a half eastward, on the Tigris. The soil is so dry and barren, that they cannot till it; and so naked, that I could scarcely believe, that this powerful city, once the most stately and renowned in all the world, and situated in the most fruitful country of Shinar, could ever have stood in this place. My doubts, however, on this point, were removed, by the situation, and by many antiquities of great beauty, which are still to be seen, and particularly by the old bridge over the Euphrates, of which some piles and arches of brick remain, so strong as to excite admiration. The whole front of the village of Elugo is the hill upon which the castle stood; and the ruins of its fortifications, though demolished and uninhabited, are still visible. Behind, and at a small distance beyond, was the tower of Babylon, which is still to be seen, and is half a league in diameter. It is, however, so ruinous, so low, and so full of venomous creatures, which lodge in holes made by them in the rubbish, that no one dares approach nearer to it than within half a league, except during two months in winter, when these animals never leave their holes. In particular, one sort, which the inhabitants of the country call eglo, possess a very active poison, and is larger than our lizard."

### MISCELLANY.

#### Danger of Sailing i. High Northern Latitudes.

One serene evening, in the middle of August, 1775, Captain Warrens, the master of a Greenland whale ship, found himself becalmed among a vast number of icebergs, in about 77 deg. north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel these were of immense height and closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-covered peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Capt. Warrens did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation, but there being no wind, he could not move either one way or another, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the surrounding icebergs continued in their respective places:

About mid-night, the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grinding and crashing noises gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment, for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated and Capt. Warrens found, to his great joy, that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise that the accumulated icebergs, which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and

disarranged by the wind, and that in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern. It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blow from the North. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Capt. Warrens from distinctly seeing any thing but her masts, but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Captain Warrens curiosity was so much excited, that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching he observed that her hull was miserably weather beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth.—He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on a small table before him, but the feebleness of the light made every thing very indistinct. The party, therefore, went upon the deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended into the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warrens viewed through the port hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse: and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead and veiled his open eye balls. He held a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus:—"11th Nov. 1762—We have now been enclosed in the ice seventy days.—The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief."

Capt. Warrens and his seaman hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin, the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention.—Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs alone, shewed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him.

In the fore part of the vessel, several sailors were found lying dead in their births, and the body of a dog was crouched at the bottom of the gang-way stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered any where, but Capt. Warrens was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seaman, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book already mentioned, and returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed, of the danger of navigating the Polar Seas, in high northern latitudes.

On returning to England, he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the results of these with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and of her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen up seventeen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.



TEMPER.—Ladies, especially married ladies, ought to know that men are what elderly maidens are apt to denominate "strange creatures,"—and here, by the way, we do not mean "strange" because they refuse to marry when they can, but "strange" because they become disaffected and dissatisfied and indifferent after they are married. Now in order to prevent or remove this mental indisposition, every lady should be careful to exhibit only her most endearing properties. If at times (and we must suppose it to be occasionally only that such an event could happen,) she finds herself out of temper, she should withdraw from the family circle, and in some secret retreat await the

settling of the turbid waters. Nothing among the common occurrences of domestic life, will sooner exasperate a husband, than a wife's ill temper. Next to ill temper comes what is termed an irritable and fretful temperament. This is by some considered as the least infirmity of the two,—but we say, Wo to the man who has the latter to contend with; better can he endure the periodical blows of a woman's weapon, (a broomstick,) than the pitiless pelting of a continued storm.—*Conn. Mirror.*

**QUESTION.**—How came the Continent of America and the Islands adjoining, to be inhabited at first; for surely had the people been derived from any nation of the then known world, they could never have lost knowledge, learning, and discipline, to such a degree: for it is said, they had not the use of letters?

**ANSWER.**—Noah and his family, having been accustomed to the ark, would doubtless from thence build some sort of vessels, at least for coasting along shores; and when they were increased, and spread over the Northern parts of Europe, might very probably be transported by contrary winds, or tempests, from Denmark or Scotland, to the Northern parts of America, it being no great distance. This will appear still more probable if we consider that earthquakes, tempests, &c. have caused those strange alterations in the face of Nature, that many countries are now covered with water that were formerly land, and many that are now land were covered with water; that some are separated by the sea, as England and France, which formerly lay together—of which we meet with many examples in consulting the most ancient geography. Then the question will not any longer be involved with that difficulty. As for their ignorance, it is no argument for or against their being or not being the sons of Noah. The greatest part of Africa, and especially Southward, are altogether as illiterate as those in America, and generally more savage.

#### LUXURY.—AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

"After the siege of Bahama, which belonged to Persia, when all the fields and vineyards were laid waste and abandoned, an ox that had been left alive found his way into them; and he gleated over the rich and fertile of the soil, and he consumed, and ate up and devoured, of all the good and pleasant things, until he was so encumbered with his own fatness that he found it impossible to make his escape; and his soul sickened within him even to loathing, so that he yearned for the liberty of the forest, to browse again on its leaves and dry herbage. But to the forest he could not win, for he was involved in labyrinths of luxury, and the smallest fence could be not surmount, even though but a few feet in height, so that there was he condemned to wallow on in luxury and discontent.

"And the ox observed that every day a wild goat came from the forest which skirted the desert; and the goat was lean and haggard in his appearance, and he skipped lightly over the fences, and browsed greedily on such herbs as he liked for a short space of time; and he would gambol among the flowers, and but down the young vines and olives as with disdain. and then, bounding over the fences, escape again into the forest.

"And the ox languished exceedingly, and greatly did he envy the goat, whom before he had beheld in derision; and he watched his approach, and waylaid him: and tried to bring him into conversation, which he at last effected; for the goat fled not from this overgrown victim of luxury.

"And the ox said, 'Why liest thou not still in these rich pastures, and among the vineyards to feed on all the delicacies of the earth? Why shouldst thou remain so lean, when the fat of the land is before thee?' The goat returned him no answer, but fell a skipping and dancing round the ox in all the madness of frolic; and he leaped upon the highest walls; vanished beyond them; so that the ox thought the madcap had gone off to the forest, then would he appear again, running up on the walls, and bounding over every impediment, until the ox became greatly chagrined; but yet he wished in his heart to change places with that bearded mountebank. Then he called unto him again, and said, 'Tell me, I pray thee, why thou wilt not remain amongst these luxuries?' And the goat said, 'Because it suits not with

my nature and delight to feed myself fat, so as to be coveted for a prey by man, and likewise render myself incapable of escaping from his hand.'

"And the ox groaned in spirit, for he perceived that the hint applied to him; and he said, 'Lo, I will exchange places with thee, some time here, and eat and drink, and repose; and conduct me hence, that I may go into the desert in thy stead.' But the wild goat refused, and said, 'It lists me not to do so with thee; for were I to remain here I should surely die, and wert thou banished to the desert, after thy feasting and luxury, thou would pine away and die also, even by a death the most tedious and dolorable. Therefore, since thou hast not been able to discern this truth, that a moderate portion of the good things of this life is better than unrestrained and unlimited fulness, in that labyrinth of sloth and sensual gratification must thou remain until thou perish.' And while he yet spoke, a band of foragers appeared, and they said one to another, 'Behold, what a prey!' And they bent their bows and took their javelins in their hands, and rushed upon the twain; but the wild goat skipped over the wall, and ere they let fly their arrows he had bounded away into the forest. But the unwieldy ox became their victim, and fell dead, uttering many grievous and repentant groans and pierced with a thousand wounds."

#### ANECDOTE.

A poor little African Negro, only ten years of age, went to hear the preaching of one of the Missionaries, and became, through his instrumentality, a convert to the Christian religion. His master (an enemy to missions) hearing of it, commanded him never to go again, and declared he would have him whipped to death, if he did. The poor little boy, in consequence of this command, was very miserable. He could scarcely refrain from going, yet knew that his death would be inevitable, if he did. In this critical situation, he sought direction and assistance at the throne of grace, and after having done this, he felt convinced that it was his duty still to attend, but to be careful that this should never interfere with his master's business, and, for the rest, to leave himself in the hands of God. He therefore went, and, on his return, was summoned to his master's presence, and, after much violent language, he received five-and-twenty lashes, and then, in a sarcastic tone of blasphemous ridicule, his master exclaimed, "What can Jesus Christ do for you now?" "He enables me to bear it patiently," said the poor child. "Give him five-and-twenty more," cried the inhuman wretch. He was obeyed. "And what can Jesus Christ do for you now?" asked the unfeeling monster. "He helps me to look forward for a future reward," replied the little sufferer. "Give him five-and-twenty lashes more," cried the inhuman tyrant, in a transport of rage. They complied; and while he listened with savage delight to the extorted groans of his dying victim, he again demanded: "What can Jesus Christ do for you now?" The youthful martyr, with the last effort of expiring nature, meekly answered: "He enables me to pray for you, Massa," and instantly breathed his last!!!

Who can read this anecdote without admiring the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and earnestly desiring its extension to the lands that lie in darkness? Wherever such a desire exists, it will be manifested by some zealous efforts in the cause. It matters not what our situations be in life: though poor, though obscure, though insignificant, though young, we shall feel it an honour to do any thing for God and our fellow creatures.

**QUESTION.**—Whether a man does not sin as much in spending his money foolishly, as in being covetous?

**ANSWER.**—Upon some accounts, we think more; for a prodigal man, in our judgment, is a worse member of the commonwealth than the covetous; because a man may be covetous, without injuring any body but himself, and some or other will at least get something by his death, but the prodigal man not only ruins his own family, but very frequently all besides that have any thing to do with him; when he dies, cheats all besides the worms. And so fare thee well, Bristol.

Nobility of birth does not always insure a corresponding nobility of mind; if it did, it would always

act as a stimulus to noble actions; but it sometimes acts as a clog, rather than a spur. For the favour and consideration of our fellow-men, is perhaps the strongest incentive to intellectual exertion; but rank and title, unfortunately for the possessors of them, insure that favour and consideration, even without exertion, that others hardly can obtain, by means of it. Therefore men high in rank, are sometimes low in acquirement, not so much from want of ability, as from want of application; for it is the nature of man, not to expend labour on those things that he can have without it, nor to sink a well, if he happen to be born on the banks of a river. But we might as well expect the elastic muscularity of a Gladiator, without training, as the vigorous intellect of a Newton, without toil.

#### A JEW'S GRATITUDE.

Many years ago, Mr. B. then a young man, having just entered into business for himself as a watchmaker, in Cripplegate (upon a borrowed Capital of thirty pounds) was applied to by a young Jew to supply him on credit with a few watches. The Jew's father who had a very bad opinion of his son, hearing of the circumstance, wanted on Mr. B., told him not to trust his son, for he was a very bad young man, had cheated his own father, and would not fail to cheat him too, if he had any dealing with him. Notwithstanding this admonition, Mr. B. was induced to credit the young Jew with six watches, value fifteen pounds, being the exact half of his whole stock, and was soon after informed that his customer was in gaol, and could not pay his creditors one farthing. The old Jew, upon this, waited upon Mr. B. upbraided him for not taking his advice, and told him he never could get sixpence of his money, as his son had spent every penny, and had even pledged his clothes to support him in gaol; and that he, (the father,) had no money to purchase him a coat and breeches, although his creditors had agreed to let him out of prison. Mr. B. though greatly affected at the loss of half his capital, still felt for the miserable situation of his debtor; and to the surprise of the old man, immediately brought him an old suit of clothes which he desired him to carry to his son, that he might be able to appear in the world, and again try to get his bread. The old man could not say a word, but departed with tears in his eyes, carrying Mr. B.'s unreserved bounty to his worthless son. The young man being afterwards released from prison, went into the country with a few lemons, and never after was seen by Mr. B. The trade of the latter, however, soon began to increase. In less than a week after this transaction, he received an order from a person in Worcester for three watches, which were to be sent to a person in Bishopsgate street, where he would receive the money on the delivery of the goods; in a few days more he received another order from Gloucester to be sent and paid for in the same manner. In fact, scarcely a week passed in which Mr. B. did not hear of some new customer to such an amount, that his trade soon became very extensive, without his knowing by what means he had been so successful; till at length, curiosity induced him to ask the gentleman in Bishopsgate street who was the general agent for all his customers. The gentleman demanded of Mr. B. if he recollected that about two years ago, a Jew, had taken him in for £15, and that afterwards, when the man was in gaol, he had generously sent him a suit of old clothes? Mr. B. said he did recollect it, but he had never seen the rascal since. "Well," continued the gentleman, "he is still very poor, and going about the country selling lemons and other trifles, but in gratitude to Mr. B. in every town he went, his first inquiry among his brethren was, 'Vero do you buy your watches? when he was answered from such and such persons, 'Mino livo' vat, you do not know de best and sheepest maker in de world! It is Mr. B. of Cripplegate.'" From this circumstance, Mr. B.'s business increased to such an extent, as shortly to enable him to retire, with a handsome fortune, and he frequently related the story of the Jew with much pleasantry.

A talkative man applying for instruction to the famous Isocrates, he asked him double his usual price, because said he, I must not only teach him to speak, but also to hold his tongue.

## AN ATHEIST CONVERTED BY ONE WORD.

In a work entitled, "Religion considered as the only basis of happiness and true philosophy," is mentioned the following incident—

"Others, after having doubted all their lives, change in a moment their sentiments and dispositions. I know a man of great sense and very high character, whose conversion was brought about by a single word. He was yet in the age of the passions; he had never possessed the least principle of religion; and he prided himself upon being an atheist. One day in the presence of an ecclesiastic, equally distinguished by his eminent virtues and talents, he effected to brave all decorum, which ought at that instant to have constrained him to hold his tongue at least; and after having given him a detail of his sentiments and opinions, he ironically added, that according to every appearance he should never be converted. Ah, exclaimed the ecclesiastic, who till then, had been silent, if you could then but *hope!* He said no more—he got up and went out. But these words made a deep impression upon the heart of the atheist. He had no difficulty to comprehend their energetic meaning. He felt himself moved and affected. A crowd of new reflections presented themselves to his mind—he longed to see and converse with the man who had produced in him so strange a revolution. The next day he went in search of him;—he opened to him his heart, asked his advice, hearkened to him with attention, with eagerness; and from that moment renounced forever the vain sophisms of false philosophy. Such is the power of grace, it can produce in a moment the most surprising metamorphosis, and its effects ever confound the incredulous observer, who shall be acquainted with the human heart."

New-York Observer.

## ARTIFICIAL HANDS.

Perhaps the following relation may be interesting to the curious, and at the same time be the means of directing some unfortunate being to an ingenious mechanic who can actually make artificial hands and feet, which are a valuable substitute for amputated limbs. When we recollect that the Taliacottian operation, of manufacturing new noses out of the integuments of the forehead, has been successfully practiced in the United States, and that palates to the mouth, and even glass eyes can be fitted into the sockets so completely, as to deceive a critical observer, we can scarcely doubt the possibility of making other appendages, equally useful.

A laboring man by the name of Reed, who had both arms blown off just below the elbow, and who had also suffered the loss of an eye, in blasting a rock at the bottom of a well, made application a few weeks since to Mr. Doyle, of the Columbian Museum, in Boston, who carved a pair of hands and matched them to the stumps, so ingeniously, that they would be mistaken at the first view, for natural hands.—Although there are several springs exerting a power on the palm and on the wrist, the contrivance is very simple, and there is but little danger of its getting out of order. He is now enabled to take off his hat as genteely as his friends, cut his food, feed himself as readily as any person, and what is still more wonderful, write his name with correctness and facility. His clothing is now kept together by small hooks instead of buttons, which he manages with so much adroitness as to dress and undress himself without any kind of assistance. His acquaintances have now the strongest hopes that he will maintain himself by his own industry. What adds greatly to the interest of Mr. Reed's case, and reflects honor on the benevolent artist who has thus restored to the pleasures of manual industry, is, that he was made welcome to the services of Mr. Doyle, and left him with a thankful heart and money in his pocket.—*Boston Medical Intelligencer.*

Among the awful phenomena of nature, none have excited more terror than lightning and thunder. Some of the profligate Roman emperors, of whom history records that they procured themselves to be deified, confessed, by their trembling and hiding themselves, when they heard the thunder, that there was a divine power greater than their own—*Caesars tremantem Jovem.* The greatest security against the terrors of a thunder-storm, although no

certain one against its effects, is that life of piety and virtue, which is the best guardian of every earthly blessing. The good man, who knows that every event is under the direction of an over-ruling Providence, and that this life is only a part of his existence, introductory to the blissful scenes of immortality, will behold the terrors of the storm with unshaken resolution: grateful to the Supreme Being, if permitted to escape from the danger; and, renouncing in the Divine Will, if thus to be conveyed, by an easy and instantaneous passage, to that heaven where his conversation had long been, and to that God with whom he delighted to walk.

These sentiments are beautifully expressed in the following lines, written in a midnight thunder-storm, by the celebrated Mrs. Carter, and addressed to a lady;—

Let coward guilt with pallid fear  
To shell-ring caverns fly,  
And justly dread the vengeful fate  
That thunders through the sky:

Protected by that hand, whose law  
The threat'ning storms obey,  
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,  
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,  
The lightning's lurid glare,  
It views the same All-gracious Pow'r,  
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' nature's ever-varying scene,  
By different ways pursu'd,  
The one eternal end of Heav'n  
Is universal good.

The same unchanging mercy rules  
When flaming ether glows,  
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,  
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears  
That vulgar minds molest,  
Let no fantastic terrors break  
My dear Narcissus's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care  
Of Providence defend,  
And delegated angels round  
Their guardian wings extend.

When thro' creation's vast expanse  
The last dread thunders roll,  
Untune the concord of the spheres,  
And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm  
Of jarring worlds survey,  
That ushers in the glad serene  
Of everlasting day.

The following lines on the same subject were written by Mrs. Chapone:—

In gloomy pomp, whilst awful midnight reigns,  
And wide o'er earth her mournful mantle spreads;  
Whilst deep-voiced thunders threaten guilty heads,  
And rushing torrents drown the frighted plains;  
And quick-glanc'd lightnings, to my dazzled sight,  
Betray the double horrors of the night:

A solemn stillness creeps upon my soul,  
And all its powers in deep attention die;  
My heart forgets to beat; my steadfast eye  
Catches the flying gleam; the distant roll,  
Advancing gradual, swells upon my ear  
With louder peals, more dreadful as more near.

Awake my soul, from thy forgetful trance!  
The storm calls loud, and meditation wakes:  
How at the sound pale superstition shakes,  
Whilst all her train of frantic fears advance!  
Children of darkness, hence! fly far from me!  
And dwell with guilt and infidelity!

But come, with look composed and sober pace,  
Balm Contemplation, come! and hither lead  
Devotion, that on earth disdains to tread;  
Her inward flame illumines her glowing face,  
Her upcast eye, and spreading wings, prepare  
Her flight for heaven, to find her treasure there.

She sees, enraptur'd through the thickest gloom,  
Celestial beauty beam, and 'midst the howl  
Of warbling winds, sweet music charms her soul;  
She sees, while rifted oaks in flames consume,  
A FATHER God, that o'er the storm presides,  
Threatens to save,—and loves when most he chides.

## REMARKABLE PRESERVATION.

At the time of the conflagration of the Boyne, a marine was seated in his birth with his wife and child, a boy about twenty months old. Finding all hopes of escaping ineffectual, the man took a sheep from the pens, and lashing the boy on its back, dropped them into the sea, saying, "There, turn to the land, and God be with you." The wife leaped into the sea; the man followed, and supported her till they were both picked up by a boat; whilst the sheep made for the shore with its charge, who was rescued by some of the spectators, who rushed forward to meet him, and restored him safe to his parents.

## Curious and Interesting Facts concerning Respiration, or the Act of Breathing

Anatomists have, not unaptly, compared the lungs to a sponge; containing, like it, a great number of small cavities, and being also capable of considerable compression and expansion. The air cells of the lungs open into the windpipe, by which they communicate with the external atmosphere: the whole internal structure of the lungs is lined by a transparent membrane, estimated by Haller at only the thousandth part of an inch in thickness; but whose surface, from its various convolutions, measures fifteen square feet, which is equal to the external surface of the body. On this extensive and thin membrane innumerable branches of veins and arteries are distributed, some of them finer than hairs; and through these vessels all the blood in the system is successively propelled, by an extremely curious and beautiful mechanism, which will be described in some future article.

The capacity of the lungs varies considerably in different individuals.\* On a general average, they may be said to contain about 220 cubic inches, or nearly five quarts of air. By each inspiration about forty cubic inches of air are received into the lungs, and at each expiration the same quantity is discharged. If, therefore, we calculate that twenty respirations take place in a minute, and forty cubic inches be the amount of each inspiration, it follows, that in one minute, we inhale 800 cubic inches; in an hour, the quantity of air inspired will be 48,000 cubic inches; and in the twenty-four hours, it will amount to 1,152,000 cubic inches. This quantity of air will almost fill 78 wine hogheads, and would weigh nearly 53 pounds. From this admirable provision of nature, by which the blood is made to pass in review, as it were, of this immense quantity of air, and over so extensive a surface, it seems obvious, that these two fluids are destined to exert some very important influence on each other; and it has been proved, by a very decisive experiment of Dr. Priestley's, that the extremely thin membrane, which is alone interposed, does not prevent the exercise of the chemical affinity which prevails between the air which is received in the lungs, and the blood which is incessantly circulating through them. It must surely, therefore, be of the first importance to health, that the fluid of which we hourly inhale, at least, three hogheads, should not be contaminated by the suspension of noxious effluvia.

The purity of the atmosphere may be impaired either by the operation of what some denominate natural causes, or by the influence of circumstances resulting from our social condition. Its chemical constitution is changed by respiration; the vital principle is destroyed, and its place supplied by a highly poisonous gas.

The emanations from the surface of our bodies contribute, in a still greater degree, to vitiate the atmosphere, and to render it less fit for the healthful support of life. Many of the organs which compose our wonderfully complicated frame, are engaged in discharging the constituent parts of our bodies, which, by the exercise of the various animal functions, are become useless, and, if retained, would become noxious. Physiologists have instituted a variety of experiments, to ascertain the amount of the exhalations from the surface of the body. Sanctorius, an eminent Italian physician, from a series of experiments performed during a

\* An instrument, called a Pulmometer, has been invented, which enables us to measure the capacity of the lungs and which may communicate information to the physician, of some importance, in diseases of this organ.

period of thirty years, estimates it as greater than the aggregate of all our other discharges. From his calculations it would appear, that if we take of liquid and solid food eight pounds in the twenty-four hours, that five pounds are discharged by perspiration alone, within the period; and of this, the greater part is what has been denominated insensible perspiration, from its not being cognizable to the senses. We may estimate the discharge from the surface of the body, by sensible and insensible perspiration, as from half an ounce to four ounces per hour.

The exhalations from the lungs and the skin are, to a certain extent, offensive even in the most healthy individuals, but when proceeding from those labouring under disease, they are in a state very little removed from putrefaction.

Animal miasmata, like all other poison, become more active in proportion to the quantity we imbibe. When, therefore, the air is stagnant, and when many individuals contribute their respective supplies of effluvia to vitiate it, the atmosphere necessarily becomes saturated with poison; and when inhaled, conveys it in a more virulent and concentrated state to the extensive and delicate surface of the lungs.

The collection of animal effluvia in confined places, is the source of the generation and diffusion of febrile infection: but when the miasmata are respired, in a diluted state, the ill effects which they produce, though slower in their operation, are equally certain. They, to a certain extent, pollute the fountain of life, and ultimately break down the vigour of the most robust frame; impairing the action of the digestive organs, engendering the whole train of nervous disorders, and rendering the body more susceptible of disease.

The lungs and the skin may equally become the means of introducing poisonous or infectious matter into the constitution. The venom of a poisonous animal, the matter of small-pox, and many other contagions, produce their influence through the medium of the skin. Infectious diseases are communicated by the reception of air in our lungs, impregnated with contagious matter. The influence of the constant respiration of air in any degree impure, is fully evinced in the pallid countenances and languid frames of those who live in confined and ill-ventilated places; and the health of all classes of Society suffers precisely in proportion to the susceptibility of their constitutions, and according to the greater or less impurities of the air which they habitually respire.

Of the offensive nature of animal effluvia, the senses of every one who enters a crowded assembly, must immediately convince him. When, therefore, we reflect on the state of the air which we breathe in churches, theatres, schools, and all crowded assemblies; and when we consider the amount of the exhalations emitted by each individual, and the very offensive nature of those emitted by many; and when, on the other hand, we take into consideration the importance of air to life, and the great quantity of this fluid which we daily respire, we must be naturally led to the adoption of such measures as would secure in our private dwellings, as well as in our public buildings, a full and unintermitting supply of fresh atmospheric air.

It is curious to observe the influence of habit, in reconciling us to many practices which would otherwise be considered in the highest degree offensive. Thus, while, with a fastidious delicacy, we avoid drinking from a cup which has been already pressed to the lips of our friends, we feel no hesitation in receiving into our lungs an atmosphere contaminated by the breath and exhalations of every promiscuous assembly.

Were once the energy of air deny'd,  
The heart would cease to pour its purple tide  
The purple tide forget its wonted play,  
Nor back again pursue its curious way."

#### SABBATH SCHOOL ANECDOTE.

Little Mary was a lovely girl. She was very attentive to her studies in the Sabbath School, and always endeavoured to please her teachers who loved her with the warmest love. She was kind to her playmates and companions, dutiful and affectionate to her parents, and desirous of doing to all. Her teacher wishing to reward her for her goodness, and to give her something that would be useful to her,

made her a present of a handsome Bible. "How Mary," said she, "take this Bible—read it, pray over it—do what it tells you—and the Lord will bless you." She took the Bible home, and showed it to her father, who was a pious man. "Father," said she, "my teacher gave me this." "Indeed! my child," said her father, "I am glad for you, and what did your teacher tell you to do with it?" "She told me to read it, and pray over it." "And do you intend to pray over it, my dear?" "Yes, father," said she, and immediately knelt down by his side, with the Bible in her hands, and prayed, "that God would make that Bible tell her, how to be good, and be prepared for heaven." "O," said the mother, "it was an interesting sight," and soon her prayer was answered. By attentively reading this precious book, the Saviour was pleased to draw her soul to himself, and little Mary is now numbered with his most faithful followers.—S. S. *visitant*.

#### "O HUSBAND, DO LET US GO HOME."

Thus said a lady in the theatre as the curtain rose and exhibited a female almost in nudity, reclining in a most indecent attitude. This lady had not been sufficiently seasoned in the fashionable world, to gaze calmly on such an exhibition; therefore she turned herself from the disgusting subject, and begged her husband to leave the house. But he, more used to such displays of female delicacy and modesty, begged his blushing bride "to look once more before she retired." O how many have been ruined by looking once more at vice and impurity.

At a time when so much is said by statesmen and philanthropists on the importance of supporting our civil and religious institutions, cannot the Ladies do something towards strengthening the pillars of our Republic? Let none be alarmed at the suggestion. Under God, what is to sustain our republican form of government? Is it not the virtue and morality of the people? And have the ladies no influence in elevating or depressing the tone of morals through a community? Were female restraint wholly taken off from society, would not the effect be like a smothered flame bursting out amidst a world of combustibles; and where would it be checked? Regard to character or fear of law, would be but puny engines to arrest its devouring progress.

Can any person, acquainted with the history of kingdoms and nations, doubt the influence of female purity and chastity on society? Said a Roman Emperor, pointing to his son three years old, THAT BOY GOVERNS ROME—he governs his mother—she governs me—and I govern Rome. The necessity of female influence on the side of virtue is beautifully acknowledged by a late writer when pleading in behalf of TEMPERANCE. "It is not enough that our mechanics, our labourers, our strong men, our gifted men and our youths are engaged in the great work. OUR WOMEN MUST BE WITH US, OR WE CANNOT HOPE TO PREVAIL—our mothers, our wives, and our daughters—the other half, and in such matters, by far the most influential half of our whole population." He adds, "The women of our country, they who surround us with living sunshine, with life and virtue like an atmosphere—even they are chargeable, with perhaps a chief part of our present degradation, guilt and sorrow."

Have not the ladies here, then, power to close the doors of every theatre in the city, and stop one deadly current that is hurrying our youth to destruction? Should the ladies unanimously resolve not to enter the theatre, would the houses be filled? and were their no ladies would there be many gentlemen? Is any father so enchanted with the modesty and purity of actresses, as to wish his daughters to copy them, then let him permit her to frequent the theatre, and with her lower gaze on exhibitions, which, should she imitate at home might be punished by disinheritance; though most unjustly, because the parent by introducing her to the theatre has done much towards forming her taste, and surely he ought not to frown in private, on what he sanctions in public. Every parent is entrusted with the education of his children, and will certainly be careful to introduce them to such models as will be safe for them to imitate. It is in vain to say "evil to him that thinketh evil;" objects which meet eyes as well as sounds that enter the ear, have an influence on the mind and morals. Time was, when a known libertine was an object of abhorrence and detestation, and a young lady felt herself almost contaminated if but his shadow crossed her path; but in these days of refinement how chang-

ed are things. Now she invites him to her parties, and by politeness and attention distinguishes him as a favorite. How will such a man estimate female virtue?

Does any father soberly think, that a courtesan will make the best companion, the most tender and faithful mother? That she will train up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and fit them to fill important stations in our halls of legislation, or to adorn the more humble walks of life? What do we find to be the fact? Let us look into the families of the rich and fashionable; are their children distinguished for their virtue and morality, and do their sons promise to become pillars in our happy republic, and their daughters polished corner stones of our churches? There may be exceptions, but surely it is good policy to train children up in the way in which they should go. If there be any father so vile as to prefer that his sons should be debauchees and his daughters courtesans, then let him teach them, that all modesty is a cobweb, all restraint tyranny, and all religion superstition. Let too his sentiments prevail in our country, and we shall soon learn what tyranny is, and what religion is not.—*Boston Recorder*.

DISINTERESTED FEMALE AFFECTION.—M. Huber nephew of the friend of Voltaire, has been blind since the age of seventeen. At that period he fell in love with a rich young lady, who returned his affections, but their parents opposed their union, and they were separated. A few months afterwards he was afflicted with *gutta serena*, which deprived him entirely of his sight; this he regretted the more because he was unable to see the object of his affection. He was sent to Paris, with a hope that a cure might be effected, but he obtained no relief, and returned in despair to Geneva. Mademoiselle Lulling having been made acquainted with his misfortune, declared to her parents, that although she would submit to their will, if the man of her choice could have done without her, yet, as he now required a person to be always with him, nothing should prevent her being united to him. Her parents became more obstinate than ever in withholding their consent; but when she became of age, she, after having refused several brilliant offers, married the person for whom she had formed a disinterested affection, and their mutual conduct soon obtained for them pardon for their disobedience. This excellent woman discovered a thousand means of assuaging the sad position of her husband. During the war she composed whole armies with pins of various sizes, and thus enabled him to distinguish the position of the different corps. She invented for him a plan, by which he was enabled to write, and also formed plans *en relief* of their residence; in a word, she had but one occupation, that of making her husband happy. To such a point did this amiable woman carry her attention, that M. Huber asserted, that a restoration of sight was no longer desirable. "I should not know," said he, "to what extent a person could be beloved; besides, to me my wife is always young, fresh, and pretty." M. Huber had a great taste for natural history. He had read to him a great number of works on this subject, and particularly relative to bees, of which he was very fond. He discovered that all the works which treated on that subject were very imperfect. He requested Madame Huber to provide herself with a glass, and to examine carefully the formation and habits of a bee. With her assistance he made several discoveries, which he published, under the title of *Recherches sur les Abeilles*, a work which is very highly spoken of.—*Memoires sur Josephine*.

In some countries of Africa, where they are at times infested with both, they dread locusts more than lions. A swarm of light, vain, and evil thoughts, often does more mischief than the most violent temptations.

Learn daily the needful lessons of contentment. As your sins have forfeited every blessing, you may be thankful for ANY thing that divine goodness shall bestow.

Be not so weak or vain as to expect admiration for your dress or appearance. When Croesus asked Solon what he thought of his riches and royal splendour, Solon replied, I have never thought highly of human grandeur since I saw a pheasant. If you are proud of finery, you may see all your gay colours surpassed in a peacock or a beetle.



## POETRY.

*From the Liverpool Chronicle.*

## FIRST FLOWERS.

First flowers of the spring-time,  
Bright gems of the year,  
All lovely and blooming,  
How fresh ye appear!  
Springing up in the garden,  
The hedge-row and vale,  
Enrich'd by showers,  
And fann'd by the gale.  
Your beauty is transient,  
But, oh! it is sweet  
As the deep-felt emotion,  
When absent friends meet:  
After dangers surmounted,  
And miseries flown,  
Their lips and looks telling  
Of days—that are gone!  
Your herald—the tempest;  
Your bed—the cold earth;  
Unshelter'd and sunless,  
The place of your birth:  
The snow-drift is sweeping,  
And dimly the morn,  
From the eastward is stealing  
To hail your return.  
I have lov'd your young blossoms,  
They over brought joy,  
By regret unembittered,  
Unchecked by a sigh!  
But now, whilst I gaze on  
Your pale, tender flowers,  
Each leaf tells the tale  
Of happier hours!  
Of friends smiling round me,  
Now laid in the tomb!  
Of friendships—all withered;  
Hearts—stript of their bloom;  
Lov'd eyes, whose expression  
Time never can steal,  
Whilst your blossoms the coming  
Of Spring-time reveal!!  
Still, still, ye are welcome!  
In sorrow or bliss,  
Remorse never mingles  
With feeling like this—  
As first love to the bosom,  
So you, to the year,  
In your innocent beauty  
And freshness appear!  
The Summer may bring us  
Its sunshine and flowers,  
Perfuming the valleys,  
Entwining the bowers;  
O'er beds of sweet roses  
The zephyrs may fly,  
And breathe on each flow'ret  
The same balmy sigh.  
In loneliness bending,  
Beneath the rough blast,  
Your gentle forms 'rising,  
When danger is past,  
Shining on! shining on!  
Like Hope, ye appear,  
First flowers of the Spring-time,  
Bright gems of the year.

*From the Liverpool Albion.*

## ODE TO MAY.

Loveliest Season of the year!  
Welcome with thy buds and flowers!  
How beautiful does thy morn appear  
While sun beams deck the golden hours!  
Thy presence human care beguiles—  
At thy approach all nature smiles.

Hail, sweet delightful child of Spring!  
Amid the beauties of the grove,  
To thee the woodland minstrels bring  
Their songs of harmony and love.  
Clothed in the gifts thy treasures yield,  
Creation springs in every field.

O breathe thy fragrance on the gales,  
Imprint thy footsteps on the plain—  
And every hill and every vale  
Shall prove the influence of thy reign.  
Touch'd by thy hand and flower  
Confess thy life-imparting power.

Celestial visitant! to thee  
Mysterious attributes are giv'n.  
Thou set'st imprison'd Nature free,  
As in the morning light of Heav'n!  
O welcome with thy garlands gay,  
Enchanting, joy-inspiring May!

## LIFE.

There are who think this scene of life  
A frightful gladiatorial strife,  
A struggle for existence,  
Where class contends with class, and each  
Must plunder all within his reach,  
To earn his own subsistence.

Shock'd at the internecine air  
Of this Arena, they forswear  
Its passions and its quarrels;  
They will not sacrifice, to live,  
All that to life its charms can give  
Nor sell for bread their morals.—

Enthusiasts! check your reveries,  
Ye cannot always pluck at ease  
From Pleasure's Cornucopia;  
Ye cannot alter Nature's plan,  
Change to a perfect being Man,  
Nor England to Utopia.

Plunge in the busy current—stem  
The tide of errors ye condemn,  
And fill life's active uses;  
Begin, reform yourselves, and live  
To prove that Honesty may thrive,  
Unaided by abuses.

## THE GATHERER.

RELIGION.—True religion gives an agreeable delicacy to our manners which education or nature may mimic but can never attain to. A sense of our infirmities and insufficiency makes us modest: a sense of divine presence makes us decent and sincere; a sense of divine goodness and mercy makes us obliging and compassionate: a sense of immortality makes us cheerful and happy. True religion is a principle of heavenly peace and light within us, which expands itself over the human frame and conduct, and sheds light and beauty on all around us. At ease within ourselves, we cannot give others trouble; when the master is God, the servant is Godlike; and if our conversation be on heaven, the graces of heaven will dwell on our lips, and shine forth in our actions. Religion, where it is sincerely embraced, gives contentment and patience to the sick, joy to the penitent, strength to the weak, sight to the blind, and life in death itself.

QUESTION.—Pray prescribe rules to please a passionate father, and to break myself of being passionate; which is not easy, because I take my blood from him?

ANSWER.—Never cross him when he is angry; never do any thing that looks like a slight upon him;—be ready to obey his commands, and remember he is your father. For yourself, it is sure enough that the inclinations we receive from our parents are to be conquered by industry and reason, though example teaches more forcibly than either. Do but observe then how your father looks when he is passionate, how he exposes himself, and what weak things he speaks and does; and always reflect upon these, three minutes and three quarters, precisely, by your watch, whenever you feel yourself inclined to passion; and this alone, we should think, as it is a very proper, so would prove an efficacious remedy.

## MAXIMS.

The ancients painted time in the form of an old man with a large tuft of hair upon his forehead, but bald behind, to teach us, that if we catch him not as he comes, it will be impossible after he has pass'd.

The world resembles a number of people in a fever, who relish nothing, are always restless, and try, by incessant change of place or posture to escape from their uneasy sensations; but all their efforts are vain. Does not this single consideration prove that godliness is the health of the soul, and that without it there can be no abiding contentment?

How calm and happy must have been the mind of Dr. Watts, when he could say, "I bless God I can lie down with comfort at night, unsollicitous whether I awake in this world or another."

Be earnest and unweary'd in the pursuit of knowledge and the practice of piety. When tempters or triflers would call you aside, say as Nehemiah did to Sanballat, "I am doing a great or necessary work, I cannot come."

Let not adversity tear off the wings of hope; neither let prosperity obscure the light of prudence.

Knowledge, and all other gifts (which we call the gifts of fortune) have power to puff up earth; afflictions only level these mole-hills of pride, plough the heart and make it fit for wisdom to sow her seed, and grace to bring forth her increase. Happy is that man, therefore, both in regard of heavenly and earthly wisdom, who is thus wounded to be cured; thus broken to be made straight; thus made acquainted with his own imperfections that he may be perfected. LOND BACON.

## Collect for the Fourth Sunday after Easter.

O Almighty God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; Grant unto thy people that they may love the thing which thou commandest, and desire that which thou dost promise; that so among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

On Wednesday morning last, the Rev. Messrs. Williams, Busby, Strong, Desbrisay, Pickles, Smithson, M'Nutt, and Bent, Wesleyan Missionaries, took their departure from this City, by land, for Saint Stephen's, for the purpose of holding their Annual District Meeting.

## MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Burns, Mr. JOSEPH BEARDEN, to Miss ABIGAIL CROCKER, both of this City.

On Tuesday morning last by the same, Mr. CARSON FLETCHER, to Miss MARGARET MARSH.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. B. G. GRAY, Mr. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, to Miss JANE, eldest daughter of Mr. GEORGE WHITTEKIN, all of this City.

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