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# NEW-BRUNSWICK

## RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

VOLUME I.

SAINT JOHN, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1829.

NO. 14.

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### CHARACTER OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

The following beautiful portrait of Mr. Wesley was drawn by a masterly hand. It appeared soon after his death, in a very respectable publication; and was afterwards inserted in Woodfall's Diary, June 17, 1791; from whence it is taken, with but one or two trifling alterations.

"His indefatigable zeal in the discharge of his duty has been long witnessed by the world; but as mankind are not always inclined to put a generous construction on the exertion of singular talents, his motives were imputed to the love of popularity, ambition, and lucre. It now appears that he was actuated by a disinterested regard to the immortal interest of mankind. He laboured, and studied, and preached, what he believed to be the Gospel of Christ. The intervals of these engagements were employed in governing and regulating the concerns of his numerous societies; assisting the necessities, solving the difficulties, and soothing the afflictions of his hearers. He observed so rigid a temperance, and allowed himself so little repose, that he seemed to be above the infirmities of nature, and to act independent of the earthly tenement he occupied.—The recital of the occurrences, of every day of his life would be the greatest encomium.

"Had he loved wealth, he might have accumulated without bounds. Had he been fond of power, his influence would have been worth courting by any party. I do not say he was without ambition; he had that which Christianity need not blush at. I do not mean, that which is gratified by splendour and large possessions; but that which commands the hearts and affections, the homage and gratitude of thousands. For him they felt sentiments of veneration, only inferior to those which they paid to heaven; to him they looked as their father, their benefactor, their guide to glory and immortality:—for him they fell prostrate before God, with prayers and tears, to spare his doom, and prolong his stay. Such a recompence as this, is sufficient to repay the toils of the longest life. Short of this, greatness is contemptible impotence. Before this, lofty prelates bow, and princes hush their diminished heads.

"His zeal was not a transient blaze, but a steady and constant flame. The ardour of his spirit was neither damped by difficulty nor subdued by age.—This was ascribed by himself to the power of Divine grace; by the world to enthusiasm. Be it what it will, it is what philosophers must envy, and infidels respect; it is that which gives energy to the soul, and without which there can be no greatness or heroism.

"Why should we condemn that in religion, which we applaud in every other profession or pursuit?—He had a vigour and elevation of mind, which nothing but the belief of the Divine favour and presence could inspire. This threw a lustre round his infirmities, changed his bed of sickness into a triumphal car and made his exit resemble an apotheosis rather than a dissolution.

"He was qualified to excel in every branch of literature: he was well versed in the learned tongues, in metaphysics, in oratory, in logic, in criticism, and every requisite of a christian minister. His style was nervous, clear, and manly; his preaching was pathetic and persuasive; his Journals are ardent and interesting; and his composition and compilations to promote knowledge and piety were almost innumerable.

"I do not say he was without faults, or above mistakes, but they were lost in the multitude of his excellencies and virtues.

"To gain the admiration of an ignorant and superstitious age, requires only a little artifice and address; to stand the test of these times, when all pretensions to sanctity are stigmatized as hypocrisy, is a proof of genuine piety, and real usefulness. His

great object was, to revive the obsolete doctrines, and extinguished spirit of the Church of England; and they who are its friends, cannot be his enemies. Yet for this he was treated as a fanatic and impostor, and exposed to every species of slander and persecution. Even bishops and dignitaries entered the lists against him; but he never declined the combat, and generally proved victorious. He appealed to the Homilies, the Articles, and the Scriptures, as vouchers for his doctrine; and they who could not decide upon the merits of the controversy, were witnesses of the effects of his labours; and they judged of the tree by its fruit. It is true, he did not succeed much in the higher walks of life; but that impeached his cause no more than it did the first planters of the gospel. However, if he had been capable of assuming vanity on that score, he might rank among his friends some persons of the first distinction, who would have done honour to any party. After surviving almost all his adversaries, and acquiring respect among those who were the most distant from his principles, he lived to see the plant he had reared, spreading its branches far and wide, and inviting not only these kingdoms, but the Western world, to repose under its shade. No sect, since the first ages of Christianity, could boast a founder of such extensive talents and endowments. If he had been a candidate for literary fame, he might have succeeded to his utmost wishes; but he sought not the praise of man; he regarded learning only as the instrument of usefulness. The great purpose of his life was doing good. For this he relinquished all honour and preferment; to this he dedicated all the powers of body and mind; at all times and in all places, in season and out of season, by gentleness, by terror, by argument, by persuasion, by reason, by interest, by every motive and every inducement, he strove with unwearied assiduity, to turn men from the error of their ways, and awaken them to virtue and religion. To the bed of sickness, or the couch of prosperity: to the prison, the hospital, the house of mourning, or the house of feasting, wherever there was a friend to serve, or a soul to save, he readily repaired; to administer assistance or advice, reproof or consolation. He thought no office too humiliating, no condescension too low, no undertaking too arduous, to reclaim the meanness of God's offspring. The souls of all men were equally precious in his sight, and the value of an immortal creature beyond all estimation. He penetrated the shades of wretchedness and ignorance, to rescue the profligate from ignorance; and he communicated the light of life to those who sat in darkness and the shadow of death. He changed the outcasts of society into useful members; civilized even savages, and filled those lips with prayer and praise, that had been accustomed only to oaths and imprecations. But as the strongest religious impressions are apt to become languid, without discipline and practice, he divided his people into classes and bands, according to their attainments. He appointed frequent meetings for prayer and conversation, where they gave an account of their experience, their hopes and fears, their joys and troubles: by which means they were united to each other, and to their common profession. They became sentinels upon each other's conduct, and securities for each other's character. Thus the seeds he sowed sprang up and flourished, bearing the rich fruits of every grace and virtue.—Thus he governed and preserved his numerous societies, watching their improvement with a paternal care, and encouraging them to be faithful to the end.

"But I will not attempt to draw his moral character, nor to estimate the extent of his labours and services. They will be best known when he shall deliver up his commission into the hand of his great Master."

A Tablet to Mr. Wesley's memory is placed on the left side of the communion-table of the New Chapel in the City-road, bearing the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory  
Of the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, M. A.  
Sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.  
A Man in Learning and sincere Piety,  
Scarcely inferior to any:  
In Zeal, Ministerial Labours, and extensive Usefulness,  
Superior (perhaps) to all Men  
Since the days of St. Paul.  
Regardless of Fatigue, personal Danger, and Disgrace,  
He went out into the highways and hedges,  
Calling Sinners to Repentance,  
And preaching the Gospel of Peace.  
He was the Founder of the Methodist Societies,  
The Patron and Friend of the Lay-Preachers:  
By whose aid he extended the Plan of Itinerant preaching,  
Through Great Britain and Ireland,  
The West Indies and America,  
With unexampled Success.  
He was born June 17th, 1703,  
And died March 2d, 1791,  
In sure and certain hope of Eternal Life  
Through the Atonement and Mediation of a Crucified Saviour.  
He was sixty-five years in the Ministry,  
And fifty-two an Itinerant Preacher.  
He lived to see in these Kingdoms only,  
About three hundred Itinerant  
And a thousand Local Preachers,  
Raised up from the midst of his own People,  
And eighty thousand Persons in the Societies under his care.  
His name will ever be had in grateful Remembrance  
By all who rejoice in the universal Spread  
Of the Gospel of Christ.  
*Soli Deo Gloria.*

### CATHOLIC QUESTION.

#### LETTER FROM LIVERPOOL CLERGYMEN, IN OPPOSITION TO THE CATHOLIC CLAIMS.

The following Circular Letter from several Clergymen of Liverpool and the neighbourhood has found its way into the papers. We have commented upon it elsewhere:

(CIRCULAR.)

Liverpool, Feb. 12, 1829.

MR LORD,—The question of Roman Catholic Emancipation, to which every reflecting mind in the land is directed, has necessarily produced an interest unequalled in its intensity by any former object of Legislative interference, because no former measure has ever been fraught with consequences so truly and so deeply momentous to the interest and security of the British nation.

Hitherto the subject has been viewed, chiefly with reference to its political expediency—a standard the most inadequate and unsatisfactory. The following view may possibly have escaped your lordship's notice, and it is therefore most respectfully submitted to your consideration.

If the Bible contain the true sayings of God, it is certain that He signs as the Governor among the nations—that he judgeth them in the present world, according to their works; exalting the righteous, and pouring the judgments of his wrath upon the apostate and the wicked. This solemn fact stands prominently forth in the sacred record. It is unveiled in the dealing of the Most High with the ancient nations of the world: and the history of modern kingdoms, even within the remembrance of this generation, lends to it an awful confirmation. If these things may not be contradicted, it follows, that the stability and welfare of an empire depend upon the conformity of its Legislature and administration to the will of God, revealed in scripture. And wherefore, as it happened, that, while other nations have been convulsed and revolutionized, this country has been preserved from the fury of the oppressor, and has been regarded as the refuge of a groaning world? Surely because our fathers, who trusted in God, framed the British Constitution upon the model of his word, and made all its functions breathe a spirit of dependence upon Him.

The constitution of our land, thus purely Christian in its character, cannot unite with the Papal and Anti-Christian apostacy, without a violation, not merely of its own consistency, but also of the Divine command, and a consequent forfeiture of the Divine favour. That the Papal church is the great apostacy described in the Holy Scripture—that she is doomed to suffer the righteous judgments of Almighty God—and that all who value his regard are solemnly enjoined to have no communion with her, on pain of being made partakers of her plagues, are truths plainly established in the following passages of holy writ.

I Tim. iv. 1—3. "Now the spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth."

II Thess. ii. 3, 4, 8, 9, 10. "Let no man deceive you by any means; for that day shall not come except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

"And then shall that wicked be revealed whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming: even him whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs, and lying wonders and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved."

Rev. x. xvii. 5, 9, 18. "And upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery: Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots, and abominations of the earth. And here is the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth. And the woman which thou sawest is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth."

Rev. xviii. 2—5. And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the Great is fallen, and is become the habitation of Devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cago of every unclean and hateful bird: for all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies: And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues, for her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities."

At the present eventful period, the foregoing view of the Papal heresy, connected with the question of the Roman Catholic Emancipation, deserves the serious and solemn consideration of every man who is charged with the awful responsibility of legislating for these Christian realms. The guardians of the constitution are vehemently pressed to surrender it; and political fitness (associated with a delusive hope of peace from an Anti-Christian compromise) is in danger of prevailing against sound, holy, scriptural principles. Unless, therefore, the spirit of our fathers be rekindled in their children, and the faithfulness of God obtain a higher regard and reverence, than the mere clamours, or counsels of men, we may speedily expect to see, the ark of our country's strength removed, and mourn over the departed glory of her Institutions.

May He in whose hands are the destinies of nations, be pleased to direct and prosper all the consultations of both Houses of Parliament, to the advancement of his glory, the good of his church, the safety, honour, and welfare of our sovereign and his dominions!—We remain, with great respect, my Lord, your most obedient servants,

Robert Pedder Buddicom, A. M. Minister of St. George's Church, Everton, and late Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge.

Ambrose Dawson, B. D. Minister of St. Michael's Liverpool, and Fellow of Brazen Nose College, Oxford.

Robert Davies, M. A. Minister of St. David's Liverpool, Rector of Gvaunysgor, Flintshire, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Cardigan.

Thomas Tatzershall, A. M. Minister of St. Matthew's, Liverpool, and late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge,

Andrew Knox, M. A. Minister of Birkenhead, James Aspinall, A. M. Chaplain of St. Michael's Liverpool.

William Rawson, A. M. Minister of Seaforth. Thomas Hill, Minister, Liverpool.

Matson Vincent, A. M. Assistant Minister of St. George's, Everton.



#### GENERAL SPECTACLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

'There is a God. The grass of the valley, and the cedars of the mountains bless him. The insects hum his praises. The elephant salutes him at the dawn of day. The bird sings for him under the foliage. Thunder displays his power, and the ocean declares his immensity. It is man alone, who hath said there is no God!'

It may be said, that man is the manifest thought of God, and that the universe is his imagination rendered sensible. Those who have admitted the beauty of nature as a proof of a superior intelligence, should have remarked a circumstance, which prodigiously aggrandizes the sphere of miracles. It is, that movement and repose, darkness and light, the seasons, the march of the stars, with diverse decorations of the world, are successive only in appearance, and in reality are permanent. The scene, which is effaced for us, is repainted for another people. It is not the spectacle, but only the spectator, who hath changed. God hath known a way, in which to unite absolute and progressive duration in his work. The first is placed in time; the second in space. By the former, the beauties of the universe are one, infinite, always the same. By the other, they are multiplied, finished and renewed. Without the one, there would have been no grandeur in the creation. Without the other, it would have been all monotony. In this way, time appears to us in a new relation. The least of its fractions becomes a *cosmos*, a whole, which comprehends every thing, and in which all things are modified, from the death of an insect to the birth of a world. Every minute is in itself a little eternity. Bring together, then, in thought the most beautiful accidents of nature.—Suppose that you see at the same time the hours of day and all the seasons; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, and forests robbed of their foliage by storms, plains covered with springing corn, and gilded with harvest. You will then have a just idea of the universe.

It is not astonishing, that while you admire the sun, sinking under the arches of the west, another observer beholds him springing from the regions of the morning? By what inconceivable magic is it, that this ancient luminary that reposes, burning and fatigued in the dust of evening, is the same youthful planet, that awakens, humid with dew, under the whitening curtains of the dawn? At every moment in the day the sun is rising, in the zenith, or sitting in some portion of the world; or rather, our senses mock us; and there is truly neither east, nor meridian, nor west.

Can we conceive, what would be the spectacle of nature, if it were abandoned to simple movements of matter? The clouds, obeying the laws of gravity, would fall perpendicularly on the earth; or would mount in pyramids into the upper regions of the air. The moment after, the air would become too gross, or too much rarefied for the organs of respiration.—The moon, too near, or too distant from us, would be at one time invisible, and at another would show herself all bloody, covered with enormous spots, or filling with her extended orb all the celestial dome. As if possessed with some wild vagary, she would either move upon the line of the ecliptic, or, changing her side, would at length discover to us a face, which the earth has not yet seen. The stars would show themselves stricken with the same vertigo, and would henceforward become a collection of terrific conjunctions. On a sudden, the constellation of summer would be destroyed by that of winter.—

Bootes would lead the Pleiades; and the Lion would roar in Aquarius. There, the stars would fleet away with the rapidity of lightning. Here they would hang motionless. Sometimes crowding into groups, they would form a new milky way. Again, disappearing altogether, and rending assunder the curtain of the worlds, they would open to view the abysses of eternity. But such spectacles will never terrify men, before that day, when God, quitting the reins, will need no other means of destroying the system, than to abandon it to itself.—*Chateaubriand.*

#### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

##### THE CONVERTED JEW.

The following affecting narrative has appeared in some of the periodical journals both in this country and in England, and has excited so much interest and sympathy with the individual who forms the principal subject of it, as to induce considerable inquiry as to its correctness.

One of our friends has been at some pains to trace out the story, and we are assured that the result of his researches has been entirely satisfactory. After receiving various accounts, all of which tended to confirm the truth of the narrative, a clue was at length obtained, which led him to the person through whose means it was first published. The character of this gentleman is highly respectable, and he has politely furnished such data as place the reality of the facts, and the accuracy of the statement, beyond doubt.

"Travelling lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an aged and highly respectable clergyman give the following account of a Jew, with whom he had recently become acquainted.

"He was preaching to a large and interesting audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter the house, the lineaments of whose countenance had every appearance of a Jew. The stranger was well dressed—his countenance was noble—though its expression seemed to indicate that his heart had lately been the habitation of deep sorrow. He took his seat, and was absorbed in attention to the sermon, while he often stole unconsciously down his cheek. After the service was over, the clergyman was too much interested in the stranger to refrain from speaking to him. Fixing his eye steadily upon him, he said, 'Sir, am I not correct in supposing that I am addressing one of the children of Abraham?' 'You are,' was the reply. 'But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?' The substance of his narrative was as follows: 'He was a very respectable man, of superior education, and handsome fortune; who with his books, his riches, and an only child, a daughter, in her seventeenth year, had found a beautiful retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his bosom before he left Europe, and he now knew little pleasure except in the society of his beloved child. She was indeed worthy of a parent's love. Her person was beautiful; but her cultivated mind, and amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any of the unsold decorations of the body. No pains had been spared in her education. She could read and speak with fluency, several different languages; and her proficiency in other departments of literature was proportionate, while the ease and gracefulness of her manners captivated all who beheld her. No wonder then, that a tender father, whose head was now sprinkled with gray hairs, should place his whole affections on this only child of his love; especially as he knew of no source of happiness beyond this world. Being himself a strict Jew, he educated her in the strictest principles of his religion, and he thought he had presented that religion with an ornament.

"It was but a little while ago that this beloved daughter was taken ill:—the rose faded from her cheek; her eye lost its fire—her strength decayed; and, it soon became apparent, that an incurable and fatal disease was preying upon her constitution.—The father hung over the bed of his child with a heart fraught with the keenest anguish. He often attempted to converse with her, but could seldom speak, except by the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expence in procuring medical assistance; but no human skill could avert or arrest the arrow of death.

"He had retired into a small grove not far from his house, where he was pensively walking, wetting his steps with his tears, when he was sent for by his dying daughter. He immediately obeyed the summons, and with a heavy heart, entered the door of her chamber; soon, alas! he feared, to be the chamber of death. The parting hour was at hand, when he was to take a last farewell of his endeared child; and his religious views gave him but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter. She clasped the hand of her parent in her own, now cold with the approach of death, and summoning all the energy which her expiring strength would admit of, she thus addressed him:—"My father do you love me?" "My child, you know that I love you—that you are now more dear to me than all the world beside?" "But, father, do you love me?" "Oh, why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite?" "Have I then never given you any proofs of my love?" "But, my dearest father, do you love me?" The afflicted father was unable to make any reply, and the daughter continued, "I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me—you have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you—will you grant me one request? Oh, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter! will you grant it?" My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every cent of my property; I will grant it." "My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth!" The father was dumb with astonishment. "I know," continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught; but I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe that he will save me, although I never before loved him. And now, my father, do not deny me; I beg that you never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth! I entreat you to obtain a testament which tells of him; and I pray that you may know him: and when I am no more, that you may bestow on him the love that was formerly mine."

The exertion overcame the weakness of her enfeebled frame. She stopped, and her father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind, and before he could compose himself, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight; I trust into the bosom of that blessed Saviour, whom, though he scarcely knew, yet she loved and honoured.

The first thing the parent did, after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure a new testament. This he read diligently and devoutly; and taught by the Holy Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the once despised Jesus.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

THE MOTHER'S DYING ADDRESS TO HER ONLY CHILD.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER.—The hour of my departure is at hand. All the tender ties which bind you to my heart will soon be dissolved, and painful as the idea may be to me, at the early age of fourteen, my dear Amelia must be left an orphan in this vale of tears. Oh my child, you are in the slippery paths of youth, and many are the snares which surround you; your morning sun is promising, and I entreat you, by all the tender feelings of a mother, not to suffer it to set in eternal darkness, by the misimprovement of your precious time. You will no longer have a mother's tender care, nor watchful eye, to protect you; but I leave you in the care of that Parent, who has promised to be the orphan's God, and a Father to the fatherless. To him in your tender infancy, on my bended knees have I often devoted you, and with streaming eyes supplicated his heavenly benediction, that his blessing might distil upon you like the small rain upon the tender herb. Into his faithful hands do I now commend you.

If, on reading this last message of mine, the involuntary tear should wet your cheek, consider that it is the voice of God speaking through this medium, to remember your Creator in the days of your youth; and that, young as you are, you are exempt from death. And although I have arrived to the age of forty years, you have no certainty of ever seeing that age; and even, should you, six and twenty years would glide almost imperceptibly away. Oh my dear daughter, let me tell you, and let the solemn

truth be rivetted on the tablet of your heart, that nothing can secure to you permanent happiness, but the favor of God. Twenty years have I made religion my theme. Oh sweet religion! There is a heavenly charm in the sound! It has borne me above the boisterous ocean of life, and its divine consolations have supported me in the midst of affliction and difficulty. Oh my daughter, in these my last, my dying moments, my ardent soul breathes to heaven its most fervent aspirations, that the voice of God may allure you into the paths of piety and virtue in early life. Outward accomplishments will avail you little when called to a bed of death, like this.—May you be restrained from entering into the circles of the gay and the giddy. Choose not the thoughtless for your companions, for their way leads down to death. There is my Bible; oh sacred treasure! in which I have found an unfailing source of the richest consolation for twenty years past. I will it you as the last pledge of my affection. Oh my dear child, peruse these sacred oracles daily, and pray God to open the eyes of your understanding, to discern spiritual things.

And now my pen is about to drop from my hand—never more to be resumed. What more shall I say? My hopes are blooming with immortality, which the cold blasts of death cannot destroy. Adieu! my child! a long adieu! A\*\*\*\*\*.

LITERATURE.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

An Introductory Lecture delivered in the University of London, by the Rev. THOMAS DALE, M. A. (of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge,) Professor of the English Language and English Literature.

This is another of the valuable Discourses which have been delivered in the London University, and which we hail as a promising specimen of one of the most useful series of Lectures to be given in that seat of learning. The critical study of his own language is too often neglected by the classical scholar, especially in the Universities and great schools, where the student is encouraged to attain proficiency in ancient languages and Literature, whilst he remains comparatively ignorant of English Literature and of his mother tongue. Mr. Dale has ably vindicated the claims of our own writers to rank with those of any nation, ancient or modern, in depth, vigour, and utility; and he shows that it is the first and indispensable requisite of the scholar and the gentleman to be able to speak and write correctly in his own language. The style of Mr. Dale's lecture is distinguished by purity and elegance. We shall best illustrate the talents and opinions of the Professor, by making a few quotations. He speaks in these terms of our immortal bard:—

"It would be idle to introduce the name of Shakespeare in comparison with any dramatic writer, ancient or modern. Encircled by all other votaries of the Comic or the Tragic Muse, he reminds us of a tall and stately ship, gliding proudly over the immeasurable ocean, and accompanied by many smaller vessels, several of which are more complete in their rigging, and more perfect in their whole equipment, but all greatly inferior both in weight of metal and costliness of freight. They seem prepared to encounter, and able to outlive the storm; but to their majestic consort alone can we apply the glowing language of the poet,—

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
And seems to care the elements to strife."

Mr. Dale makes the following just comparison between the writers of Rome and Greece and those of England, paying a fine tribute to our unsurpassed epic poet:—

"I have thought it advisable to defer the consideration of the comparative merits of classical and English literature, until the time arrive for its introduction into the order of the course; pledging myself then to prove, that if the Greek and Latin variety, flexibility, and softness, have surpassed us in ease, grace, and elegance of diction; that advantage is fully counter-balanced by the animation, vigour, and energy of expression conspicuous in our own authors, and still more by a magnificence of conception in them altogether unequalled by the most valued relics of antiquity. The familiar image of the eagle soaring upward to the sun, and gazing

with undimmed and unaverted eye upon its meridian brightness, has been applied to the Roman poet, and with still greater justice to the Grecian bard. But England too can boast of one,

Who rode sublime  
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy—  
The secrets of th' abyss to see,  
He past the flaming bounds of space and time;  
The living throne, the sapphire blaze  
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw—but blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night."

We extract also an interesting and beautiful passage on the history of the English language:—

"An enquiry into the origin, formation, and progress of the English language, may be compared to a voyage up the channel of a magnificent and hitherto unexplored river. In ascending the stream, as you pass the confluence of one tributary after another with the parent flood, the width may be observed continually to diminish, and the depth gradually to decrease;—at length all further progress is impeded by some natural barrier; and though the river has now dwindled to a rill, the fountain whence it issues cannot be precisely ascertained; for it divides itself into innumerable branches, or escapes among impassable rocks. Thus in tracing the stream of our language backward to its remoter sources, when we have ascended beyond the derivatives which successively flowed into it from the Latin, French, and Greek, and arrived at the scanty dialect of our Saxon forefathers,—henceforth all is obscurity and conjecture. The Anglo-Saxon may indeed be identified with the Gothic or Teutonic, of which either it is a dialect, or both have originated in one common source. But where is that source to be found? Many plausible and ingenious hypotheses have been framed on this interesting subject, of which the most recent, and to my mind the most satisfactory, is that of Colonel Vans Kennedy, a gentleman whose learning and ability are not only honorable to himself, but throw a lustre on his profession; who in his able and elaborate researches into the origin of languages refers the Gothic to the Thracian or Pelasgic, and that again to the Sanscrit, which he considers to have been the language of Babylonia, or Assyria, whence the Pelasgi originally migrated. The arguments urged in support of this hypothesis will be reserved for the course of lectures on English Literature, in which the question of the probable origin of our language will be more fully discussed. The earliest date which we shall assume in our present enquiries, as verified by competent authority, is the year after Christ 300, about which time the Gothic language is said to have received an alphabet from Uphilas, bishop of Mesia. His claim to this honour has indeed been contested; but not to an honour infinitely more exalted and enduring;—that he employed the recent invention for the noblest and most beneficial of all purposes—for enlightening his ignorant countrymen by the carmination of the scriptures. His translation of the New-Testament is now the sole remaining relic of the Gothic language;—

The spirit in which Mr. Dale enters upon his course of instruction, bearing in mind the highest duty of the teacher of youth, is worthy of praise and imitation:—

"Mere intellectual improvement," he says, "is not, or should not be, the exclusive or even the primary object of education. Moral and religious principles are infinitely more momentous to the character and interests of the future man, than the cultivation of the mind alone, whether we look to the individual himself, or to the influence which he will hereafter exercise upon society. The talented and accomplished scholar may shine in public and social life; may astonish by the depth of his erudition, or charm by the graces of his eloquence, or dazzle by the coruscations of his wit;—but the man of principle only is the centre round which domestic felicity revolves; he only contributes to the real and enduring benefit of his near and dear connexions. Contemplated in this aspect—and few I think will refuse thus to contemplate it—the morality which may be learned from any system of religious opinions that professes to take the Bible for its basis, deserves to be estimated far more highly than the most extensive acquirements and even the most splendid abilities, if uncontrolled by those motives and principles of action, which alone can direct them to the



production of solid and abiding advantage. Devoted to these principles, they have been almost invariably found—like sharp and polished weapons in the hands of a lunatic—to inflict a mortal wound on their possessor, and strike deep at the best interests of society. In the history of our Literature, more particularly of the drama, it will be my painful duty to point out too many names which exemplify this assertion:—too many, whose wreath of imperishable laurel is interwoven with bitter and deadly herbs, which, like the venomous diadem that encircled the brow of the Christian virgin in the days of her persecution, insinuate a subtle poison into the veins, and convey it even to the heart!"

### SACRED GEOGRAPHY.

From the *Critica Biblica*.

#### THE LAKES OF PALESTINE.

The *Lake Asphaltites* is a collection of water of considerable magnitude. It is surrounded by high hills on the east, west, and south, some of them exhibiting frightful precipices, and on the north it is bounded by the plain of Jericho, through which the river Jordan flows into it. The Keron, Arnon, and Zaret, rush down the hills in torrents, and along with other streams, discharge themselves into the lake.—Its real size, we believe, is not yet ascertained, for we are not aware that any modern traveller has measured it; and the measurements of Josephus, who found it seventy-two miles long and eighteen or twenty-one in breadth. Pococke agrees with Diodorus, and Dr. Clarke with Josephus: and the Abbe Marin, who seems to have paid much attention to its peculiarities, maintains, that it is one hundred and eighty miles in circuit. We cannot but consider it singular that its dimensions should not have been more precisely ascertained.

The waters of the *Dead Sea* are clear and limpid, but uncommonly salt, and even bitter. Their specific gravity exceeds that of all other waters known: Josephus and Tacitus say that no fish can live in it; and, according to the concurring testimony of several travellers, those carried thither by the Jordan instantly die. Maundrell, nevertheless, states, that he found some shell-fish resembling oysters on the shore, and Bishop Pococke was informed that a monk had seen fish caught in the water; these are assertions, however, which require further corroboration. The mud is black, thick and fetid, and no plant vegetates in the water which is reputed to have a petrifying quality. Branches of trees accidentally immersed in it are speedily converted to stone, and the curious in Jerusalem then collect them. Neither do plants grow in the immediate vicinity of the lake where every thing is dull, cheerless and insipid; whence it is supposed to have derived the name of the *Dead Sea*.—But the real cause of the absence of animals and vegetables, Volney affirms, is owing to the saltness and acridity of the water infinitely surpassing what exists in other seas. The earth surrounding it is deeply impregnated with the same saline qualities, too predominant to admit of vegetable life, and even the air is saturated with them. The waters are clear and incorruptible, as if holding salt in solution, nor is the presence of this substance equivocal, for Dr. Pococke found a thin crust of salt on his face after bathing in the sea, and the stones where it occasionally overflows are covered with a similar crust. Galen considered it completely saturated with salt, for it would dissolve no more when thrown into it. There are mines of fossil salt on the south-west bank, from which specimens have been brought to Europe; some also exist in the declivities of the mountains, and have provided from time immemorial for the consumption of the Arabs and the city of Jerusalem.—Great quantities of asphaltum appear floating on the surface of the sea, and are driven by the winds to the east and west bank, where it remains fixed. Ancient authors inform us, that the neighbouring inhabitants were careful to collect it, and went out in boats, or used other expedients for that purpose. On the south-west bank are hot springs, and deep

gulleys, dangerous to the traveller, were not their position indicated by small pyramidal edifices on the sides. Sulphur is likewise found on the edges of the *Dead Sea*, and a kind of stone, or coal, called *musar* by the Arabs, which on attrition exhales an intolerable odour, and burns like bitumen. This stone, which also comes from the neighboring mountains, is black, and takes a fine polish. Mr. Maundrell saw pieces of it two feet square in the convent of St. John in the wilderness, carved in bas relief, and polished to as great a lustre as black marble is capable of. The inhabitants of the country employ it in paving churches, mosques, and courts, and other places of public resort. In the polishing, its disagreeable odour is lost. The citizens of Bethshean consider it as endowed with anti-septic virtues, and bracelets of it are worn by attendants on the sick, as an antidote against disease. As the lake is at certain seasons covered with a thick dark mist, confined within its own limits which is dissipated with the rays of the sun, spectators have been induced to allege that black and sulphureous exhalations are constantly issuing from the water. They have been no less mistaken in supposing, that birds attempting to fly across are struck dead by pestiferous fumes. Late and reputable travellers declare, that numerous swallows skim along the surface, and from thence take up the water necessary to build their nests; and on this head Heyman and Van Egnout made a decisive experiment. They carried two sparrows to the shore, and having deprived them of some of the wing feathers, after a short flight, both fell into, or rather on the sea. But, so far from expiring there, they got out in safety. An uncommon love of exaggeration is testified in all the older narratives, and in some of modern date, of the nature and properties of the lake. Chateaubriand speaks of a "dismal sound proceeding from this lake of death like the stifled clamours of the people engulfed in its waters"—that its shores produce fruit beautiful to the sight but containing nothing but ashes—that it bears upon its surface the heaviest metals—these, and a thousand other stories of a like character, have been perpetually repeated with hardly any foundation of truth. Among other facts apparently unaccountable, has been ranked that of this lake constantly receiving the waters of the Jordan without overflowing its banks, seeing there is no visible outlet. Some have therefore conjectured the possibility of a subterraneous communication with the Mediterranean: others, more ingenious, are of opinion, that the daily evaporation is sufficient to carry off all the waters discharged into it, which is a simple solution of the apparent paradox.

A small quantity of the water of the *Dead Sea*, lately brought to Britain by Mr. Gordon of Clanie, at the request of the late Sir Joseph Banks, has been analysed by Dr. Marceet. It was perfectly transparent, and deposited no crystals on standing in close vessels. Its taste was peculiar, bitter saline, and pungent. Solutions of silver produced from it a very copious precipitate; showing the presence of marine acid. Oxalic acid instantly discovered lime in the water. Solutions of barytes produced a cloud, showing the existence of sulphuric acid.

The specific gravity was ascertained to be 1.211, which is somewhat less than what had been found by Lavoisier, being 1.250, in a portion submitted to his examination. From different experiments in the analysis which we refer to, the result proved the contents of 100 grains of water to be, muriate of lime, 3.920; muriate of magnesia, 10.246; muriate of soda, 10.360; sulphate of lime, 0.054; total 24.580.

Whence it appears that this water contains about one-fourth of its weight of salts in a state of perfect desiccation; but if these salts be desiccated only at the temperature of 180 deg. they will amount to 41 per cent. of the water.

The *lake of Gennesareth* or the *Sea of Galilee*, though of much narrower dimensions, does not yield in beauty to the *Dead Sea*. This immense lake was anciently called the *Sea of Chinnereth* or *Cin-neroth*. The description which Josephus has left us of it is like all the other pictures drawn by him, admirably faithful in the detail of local features. "Now this Lake of Gennesareth, is so called from the country adjoining to it. Its breadth is forty furlongs, and its length one hundred and forty; its waters are sweet and very agreeable for drinking, for they are finer than the thick waters of the fens, the lake is also pure, and on every side ends directly

at the shores, and at the sand, and it is also of a temperate nature when you draw it up, and of a more gentle nature than river or fountain water, and yet always cooler than one could expect in so diffuse a place as this is. Now, when the water is kept in the open air, it is as cold as that snow which the country people are accustomed to make by night in summer. There are several kinds of fish in it different both to the sea and the sight from those elsewhere." All these features are drawn with an accuracy that could only have been attained by one resident in the country; the size is still nearly the same, the borders of the lake still end at the beach, or the sands, at the feet of the mountains which environ it; its waters are still as sweet and temperate as ever, and the lake abounds with great numbers of fish of various sizes and kinds.

The waters of this lake lie in a deep basin, surrounded on all sides with lofty hills, excepting only the narrow entrance and outlets of the Jordan of each extreme; for which reason, long-continued tempests from any one quarter are unknown here; and this lake, like the *Dead Sea*, with which it communicates, is, for the same reason, never violently agitated for any length of time. The same local features, however, render it occasionally subject to whirlwinds, squalls, and sudden gusts from the hollow of the mountains which, as in every other similar basin, are of momentary duration, and the most furious gust is instantly succeeded by a calm. A strong current marks the passage of the Jordan through the middle of the lake, in its way to the *Dead Sea*, where it empties itself.

The appearance of the *Sea of Galilee*, viewed from the town of Capernaum, which is situated near the upper end of the bank on the western side, is extremely grand; its greatest length runs nearly north and south, from twelve to fifteen miles, and its breadth seems to be, in general, from six to nine miles. The barren aspect of the mountains on each side, and the total absence of wood, give, however, a cast of dullness to the picture; and this is increased to melancholy by the dead calm of its waters, and the silence which reigns throughout its whole extent, where not a boat or vessel of any kind is to be found.

### REVIEW.

From the *Wesleyan Magazine*.

*The Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns.*—Nos. I. to VIII.—By THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D. Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow &c. pp. 358. 8s. 6d. bds.

This is the first volume of a work still in the process of publication, in the form of quarterly numbers; but the present volume is complete in itself, as far as relates to the important concern of suggesting an efficient plan for carrying the moral and saving influence of Christianity into every dark walk of ignorance and vice, which may exist in the large towns of the empire.

Part of this volume relates more immediately to Scotland, part to the church of which Dr. CHALMERS is so distinguished a Minister, but much more to the nation at large, and to all who by profession, or the impulses of religion, charity, and zeal, are engaged in promoting its "instruction in righteousness," the elevation of its morals, and the advancement of its happiness.

In bringing this work before our readers, we shall first consider what the author offers in explanation of its main design, leaving some of the subjects into which he has made very instructive digressions, for subsequent notice.

No man can be a true believer in Christianity, who does not admit its complete moral efficacy to accomplish the purposes of its Author,—to dissipate the most accumulated ignorance,—to put to shame the boldest vices,—to correct the most corrupt state of society,—to wrestle with and subdue the most inveterate aberrations of the human heart from truth, justice, and holiness.

If, in countries where it has long existed, these mighty effects have been but partially developed, and a great part of society is seen wandering through the paths of various evil, as though quite out of the sphere of its influence, and is, in consequence, sunk into a misery almost as extreme, as though the divine benevolence had made no provision for the fal-

tion condition of man, it becomes a subject of natural inquiry, whether that remedy, in which most confidence has been placed, has in point of fact the efficacy usually ascribed to it; or whether it has been adulterated; or whether it has been at all or carefully, applied to the case.

There are too many instances of entire cure, in individuals at least, to allow us to assume the first; as to the second, an adulterated medicine does exist; but the genuine one is not lost, as appears from many sufficiently attested cases of relief for cure; and if moral disease still rages, and, in certain districts, spread its most concentrated contagion, and displays its most affecting desolations, the fair inference is, that such districts have been too much neglected by those in whose hands this powerful *panacea* has been deposited. The great questions, therefore, before the christian philanthropist, relate to the opportunities which may exist for a more extensive application of it, and to that process which promises the most successful results. Both these questions find ample answers in the work before us. This powerful writer, who lately conducted the sublime march of his readers amidst the rolling planets, and the gorgeous plains of the wide-spread firmament, in search of the magnificence of Deity, now leads us through the crowded alleys and streets of overgrown towns and cities, in search of the miseries of men. Nor is the moral he would impress upon us less powerful; he displays their squalid wretchedness, and their affecting alienation from good, that he may appeal to the charity of our hearts, remind us that we have the infallible remedy in our hands, and urge us, by every motive of christian obligation, to apply it in those methods which practical wisdom has pointed out as the most effectual.

In the contemplation of a large town, facts present themselves, from which, however painful, we must not turn aside; a state of things which, if neglected, will ultimately fore itself upon us by its disastrous consequences, and convince us that to shut our eyes upon danger is not the way to avoid it, and that to "pass by on the other side," is not only want of charity but want of wisdom. Christianity is generally professed among us; yet her sabbaths are profaned, and her temples deserted, by the great mass of the population. Copies of the Book of God are multiplied; but thousands want the heart or the ability to consult it. Schools are multiplied; yet we are horror-struck at the reports made from time to time of juvenile depravity. A great number of agencies have been of late years set at work, to counteract vice; yet our calendars show an increase of crime. Immense sums are expended in private and public charities; yet the forms of misery multiply around us. That great legal charity, the poor rates, has extorted its ample taxation for the relief of the necessitous, the aged, and the sick; but a spirit of pauperism has grown up with the facilities of obtaining relief, until it has created constant and agitating contests between the efficient administrator of the bounty, and the sturdy and demanding claimant. Large wages have at different times, and often for long periods, been earned by the poor; but too generally they have made no provision for temporary reverses; and a pressure on commerce, for a few years, has at once spread misery and murmuring through the working classes, disposed them to riot and rebellion, and rendered them a prey to every designing demagogue who could mislead their ignorance, or had the address to practise upon their passions. Feelings of enmity to the higher classes have been generated; airy schemes of government, holding out false hopes, have become the subjects of popular discussion and attachment; and with all this, infidelity has insinuated itself, and destroyed what remained of moral principle, in those who caught the contamination.—Regard for character has been sunk in proportion; the ambition of cleanliness, comfort, and appearance, among many of the poor, has been annihilated; with these spurs to industry and economy, has passed away a prudent regard to the future; and inconsiderate marriages, and a profligate expenditure of money when in possession have been the results.

In Scotland, perhaps, such a picture may be the representation only of the larger and manufacturing towns. In England, we see, it is true, in such places, the evil in its more concentrated virulence, and amplified more fully into all the foregoing particulars; but we cannot generally except even our villages and smaller towns. Ignorance, irreligion, the profanation of the sabbath, neglect of worship, crimes, the spirit of pauperism, improvidence, profligacy, dis-

regard to character, and other moral evils, exist in a proportion in them; though political evil may not be so manifest, and from various circumstances has not been so fully introduced, and especially in those parts of the country whose inhabitants are occupied in agriculture.

What is the cause of this state of things? Religious fanaticism, say some; the diffusion of education, say others. The point, however, is touched by neither. It is singular that what is generally meant by fanaticism, by those who talk most vehemently about it, is that very theological system, which they themselves profess to reverence in their own religious formularies, fully drawn out, and earnestly impressed upon others; and yet, if the fanaticism charged were as objectionable in reality as in their opinions, it would be little culpable, as to the point now under consideration. For the evils complained of are not found, or not exclusively found, among reported fanatics, but, at least with us in England, chiefly among a class of persons who have no ideas at all on religious subjects, because they have never occupied their thoughts.

When those evils are charged upon education, that education is usually meant which is communicated to the poor, by the efforts of the more zealous members of the Establishment, by the Methodists, and by the several bodies of Dissenters, in Sunday Schools. Now we are far from supposing, that all the good has been produced by these institutions of which they are capable, or that all who have received instruction in them have escaped the evils before mentioned, as actually existing among us. But it is indubitable, that the increase of juvenile crime and depravity, for instance, has been among those chiefly who have had no such care bestowed upon them; and that the great mass of those adults, whose vices and whose wretchedness blot and shame our cities, towns, and villages, are unaccustomed to the public worship of God, unacquainted with the Scriptures, and equally ignorant and neglected.

[ TO BE CONTINUED. ]

### SABBATH SCHOOLS.

*All Scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness* 2 Tim. iii. 16.

The Bible is called the Scriptures, because holy men wrote the will of God as they were influenced by the Holy Spirit, for the instruction of all after ages. Is it reasonable to suppose, that a wise Creator would leave his rational creatures without any standard rule of duty, by which they might learn, that HE requires to be worshipped with the HEART, and in sincerity—to which all his creatures may equally appeal against the wickedness of others towards them, a rule whereby each may know, in what things he pleases or displeases God? Such a steady general rule must be a written rule. This we have in the Bible. The wisest, most virtuous, learned, and diligent men have taken the Scriptures for their guide; while those who have neglected, or despised them, have taken the same side of the question with traitors, adulterers, thieves, and murderers: for all the profligate and abandoned become so, and continue so, only because they despise or neglect the command, and encouragements; the threatenings, and the promises, of God, which are plainly set forth in the Bible. By the Bible is revealed the creation of man, about six thousand years ago, the origin of sin and misery—the love and wisdom of God in forgiving sinners, and placing within their reach, a happiness of soul and body, in a better world. Man could never have discovered these things by his own reason; but since God has revealed them in the Scriptures, reason, when not overpowered by wickedly-indulged prejudices, with thankfulness receives the discovery, as one of God's most merciful acts! The 66 separate books which have for some hundreds of years been bound together, and called emphatically the Bible, or, the Book, perfectly harmonize in every point that is of importance to us. The few trifling differences which profane men maliciously bring forward, are less than might be expected in a book so ancient; and they, when the comments of wise and good men are consulted, are found to be easily reconciled. Mr. Locke, a real philosopher, thus recommends the Scripture, "It hath God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error, for its subject matter."

Consider these things—that the customs of the eastern nations, and of ancient times were very differ-

ent from our own—that several writers mention the same fact; and each relates only the circumstances of it with which he was acquainted, leaving the rest to be related by others—the number of the separate books which together form this Bible, and of transcribers who wrote and sold copies of it before the invention of printing—the mode of expressing numbers among the Hebrews and Greeks, by the letters of their alphabet, and that several of the letters are so like each other, that a hasty copier might easily make a mistake. On all these accounts we ought to thank God that we are favoured by his grace and providence with a Bible so plain and clear in the concern of our eternal salvation. The Bible is an account of God's works: and ought we to expect he should give the reasons on which he acts, whose wisdom is infinite? It is enough for us to believe that God does all things well; and soon we shall know, that all things work together for the good of those that love God. I cannot expect to understand the more sublime mysteries of providence and redemption, who do not know even how the corn is produced from the seed which is sown. The whole design of the Bible is to declare what our reason could never have discovered.

The Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, is an account of God's government of the world, and of God's grace and mercy to offending man. How could we know what God accounts holiness but by the ten commandments, and our Saviour's sermon recorded in the 5th chapter of St. Matthew? What of the mercy of God in pardoning sinners? What about the state of the soul, AFTER the death of the body?—What about the justice of God which can only be displayed on those who disregard his mercy? What can we know of these, but by the Bible? The main design of the Bible is to entreat men to consider how they are acting and thinking, and to care for the happiness of their immortal souls. Men are here taught to pray for God's help to obey his will, and for eternal glory and happiness through a *steacerner*, who was wounded for our transgressions. The more largely or plainly any doctrine or circumstance is treated in the Bible, the more important it is to be rightly understood by us.

Let us bless God that the Scriptures are translated into many languages, and especially into our own, and that they are read on the Sabbath in all the parish churches in England. The church Prayer Book contains a large portion of those parts of Scripture which are most necessary to be known. Have I treated the Bible as a book intended to make me wise to salvation, or have I preferred any novel or newspaper to it? If you can read, and have not a New Testament, procure one, before you waste any more time or money.

What were Britons before they had the Bible?—Idolaters who sacrificed their fellow creatures. What sort of people, for the most part, are those, who despise or disregard the Bible? Fraud, lying, lewdness, blasphemy, cruelty, are more common among them than kindness and charity. Ask the moral character of those who profane the Sabbath: Are they the best servants or masters, parents or children? Are such the most forward to instruct the poor, or to visit the sick, or to civilize the heathen, or to support hospitals, or to relieve prisoners? Are the neglectors of Bible rules more tranquil under affliction, and more happy in death? Can infidels tell us of a better God, a better method of salvation, or a better heaven, than the Bible points out to a true Christian? Until they can do this, let the Bible be our daily companion.—May we be directed by its rules and enjoy its consolations.

ONE HOUR A DAY.—Spending one hour more in bed seems, at the time, but a small matter, and so it may be—yet in the course of a year it makes a material difference. The person who rises at 5 o'clock, will have 365 hours more in a year than the one who sleeps till six. This is equal to five weeks pure daylight, [allowing 12 hours per day] so that his year will number 13 months. Is not this too great of a morning nap, which makes us feel "nothing better but rather worse?" Whereas, if we can summon sufficient strength of mind for the first effort, the deed is done—the hour gained—conscience satisfied—and, business will go better all day.

The young traveller in pursuing the journey of life needs prudence that he may profit by the directions and warnings intended to preserve him from the bye-paths of error, the inroads of temptations, and the avenues of danger.

## MISCELLANY.

## SPRING.

Gentle spring has come with all its ethereal mildness. The sun with its powerful rays has melted the fleecy covering and warmed the earth that it may receive cultivation in due time. The fostering breezes blow; the softening showers descend, and exuberant nature is clothed in green, and smiles in various hues. The groves put forth their buds and unfold them by degrees till the whole forest is displayed in full luxuriance. At this renovating season all nature seems to revive and music wakes all around us. We are enchanted with the rapturous and joyful melody of the feathered songsters. The messenger of the morning rises up at the dawn of day, and with joyful notes calls the tuneful nations, who with their glad notes of undissembled joy, unite in the celebration of this charming season.

What a happy world this would be if man answered the great end of his creation as well as the birds of the air, who are taught only by instinct. Can we cease to contemplate with admiration and delight the effects produced in the vegetable world by that Unseen One whose unremitting energy pervades, orders, and sustains all his works. Though unseen, yet he appears in all his majesty and splendor in the revolving seasons. Will not man awake and enjoy the cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour, whose freshness breathes meditation, before the powerful king of day pours forth his shining rays, and the busy multitude go out to pursue their domestic avocations. We cannot forbear to join the universal smile of nature, if our hearts are right, where every breeze is peace, and every grove is melody.—The industrious and pious husbandman, as he walks amidst the glad creation, scattering his seed into the furrows, muses praise. His heart is filled with lively gratitude as he consigns his treasures to the fields, trusting in Him who hath said, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they shall be both alike good."

From the Christian Watchman.

## THEATRICAL EXHIBITIONS

In consequence of an application to the General Court by persons in Salem to be incorporated as proprietors of a Theatre in that town, the influence of these amusements on society has within a few days become the topic of much conversation in our city. It has very specially cited the attention of our Legislature, and elicited in the House some very excellent remarks. An act of incorporation was in the last week denied a third reading. On Tuesday, a motion to reconsider this measure was discussed.

Mr. Appleton, of Boston, in some brief observations much to the point, exhibited the utter uselessness of theatrical entertainments. He did not consider them as called for by the present state of society, and that there were many other methods of passing our evenings, which were much more improving, and better suited to our intellectual nature. He was therefore decidedly opposed to reconsidering the vote which negatived the bill.

Mr. Phillips, of Salem, and Mr. Merrick, of Worcester, spoke in favor of reconsidering; but their reasonings were not convincing. They seemed to avoid the argument of moral tendency, as in their view irrelevant, and to rely upon that of expediency.

Mr. Baylies, of Taunton, was also in favor of reconsidering. As a reply to the gentleman who contended that the Drama was corrupting to the moral feeling of the community, he adverted to a season in which he attended the Theatre, and witnessed the presence of some of the leading men in our national and state governments. He also spoke of the distinguished men and moralists, who had written for these exhibitions; not only the immortal Shakspeare, whose diversified genius and talent were unrivalled, but the rigid moralists of England, Dr. Johnson, and the man of chastened purity both in style and manners, Mr. Addison. Would such men, said Mr. Baylies, countenance a school of immorality?

To the idea of setting aside in this discussion, the question of the moral tendency of the Drama, Mr. Shaw, of the Lanesborough, replied, that we can-

not do this. Our code of legislation universally recognises the care of public morals. It is a trust confided to the body politic, which must be conscientiously and sacredly guarded. As to the conduct of leading men in political life, occasionally witnessing these exhibitions, it proved neither the good nor the bad influence of these amusements. Could it be made to appear that distinguished political men never committed errors, their practices might be safely brought as an example; but not till then. Mr. Shaw said, that it had been stated on that floor, that theatrical exhibitions had proved of important moral benefit in the city of New Orleans; that it had drawn from the grog-shop vices, many of the dwellers in that city; that it had superseded the inhuman diversion of bull-baiting, and had attracted multitudes from the gaming-table, and the house of ill-fame. But, said Mr. Shaw, admitting this to be true, will it be said, that because the most dissolute of an unrestrained and vicious population have exchanged a low and degrading vice, for another more refined, that this will prove any thing in the case? Shall the enlightened and moral society of Salem, be placed on the same level with the ignorant and the dissolute of New Orleans? The idea cannot be admitted. The gentleman from Taunton, said Mr. Shaw, has told us of great and wise men who have written for the Drama. But where are the productions of which he speaks? We do not find on our shelves, we do not see exhibited at our Theatres, the moral pieces of Johnson, or the chaste dramatic works of Addison. They are banished by the low taste of the devotees of the Theatre. These great men might have hoped to effect a reform; but their labors were in vain. The genius of the Drama has resisted every such effort. Its nature does not admit of reform; for reform would destroy it. We have been told of the best and most ingenious men who have written for the Theatre; but why have we not been told of those of a different character,—of those whose polluted and obscene comedies have disgusted the lowest grades in society, and whose low and grovelling wit, it is a disgrace to eulogize?

Mr. Hilliard, of Cambridge, very decidedly condemned the Theatre as now conducted, and alluded to the exhibitions in our own city, in which there was a manifest tendency to degeneracy. This legislature had been told, that the establishment incorporated last session was to afford a specimen of high reform. No such purpose, however, had been effected; but a gross degeneracy was apparent; and he hoped that this degeneracy, rapidly increasing in our cities, would be frowned on by public opinion, as it now is by the wise and the good.

## THE SCEPTICAL YOUNG OFFICER:

BY THE REV. DR. JOHN MASON,  
of New-York.

Every one has remarked the mixed, and often ill-assorted company which meets in a public packet or stage-coach. The conversation, with all its variety, is commonly insipid, frequently disgusting, and sometimes insufferable. There are exceptions.—An opportunity now and then occurs of spending an hour in a manner not unworthy of rational beings; and the incidents of a stage-coach produce or promote salutary impressions.

A few years ago, one of the stages which ply between our two principal cities, was filled with a group which could never have been drawn together by mutual choice. In the company was a young man of social temper, affable manners, and considerable information. His accent was barely sufficient to show that the English was not his native tongue, and a very slight peculiarity in the pronunciation of the *th* ascertained him to be a Hollander. He had early entered into military life; had borne both a Dutch and a French commission; had seen real service, had travelled; was master of the English language; and evinced, by his deportment, that he was no stranger to the society of gentlemen. He had, however, in a very high degree, a fault too common among military men, and too absurd to find an advocate among men of sense,—he swore profanely and incessantly.

While the horse was changing, a gentleman who sat on the same seat with him took him by the arm, and requested the favour of his company in a short walk. When they were so far retired as not to be overheard, the former observed, "Although I have

not the honour of your acquaintance, I perceive, Sir, that your habits and feelings are those of a gentleman, and that nothing can be more repugnant to your wishes than giving unnecessary pain to any of your company." He started, and replied, "most certainly, Sir! I hope I have committed no offence of that sort."

"You will pardon me," replied the other, "for pointing out an instance in which you have not altogether avoided it."

"Sir," said he, "I shall be much your debtor for so friendly an act: for, upon my honour, I cannot conjecture in what I have transgressed."

"If you, Sir, continued the former, "had a very dear friend to whom you were under unspeakable obligations, should you not be deeply wounded by any disrespect to him, or even by showing his name introduced and used with a frequency of repetition and a levity of air incompatible with the regard due to his character?"

"Undoubtedly, and I should not permit it! but I know not that I am chargeable with indecorum to any of your friends."

"Sir, my God is my best friend, to whom I am under infinite obligations. I think you must recollect that you have very frequently, since we commenced our journey, taken his name in vain. This has given to me and to others of the company excruciating pain."

"Sir," answered he, with very ingenuous emphasis, "I have done wrong. I confess the impropriety. I am ashamed of a practice which I am sensible has no excuse: but I have imperceptibly fallen into it, and I really swear without being conscious that I do so. I will endeavour to abstain from it in future; and, as you are next to me on the seat, I shall thank you to touch my elbow as often as I trespass." This was agreed upon: the horn sounded, and the travellers resumed their places.

In the space of four or five miles the officers' elbow was joggled every few seconds. He always coloured, but bowed, and received the hint without the least symptom of displeasure: and in a few miles more so mastered his propensity to swearing, that not an oath was heard from his lips for the rest, which was the greater part of the journey.

He was evidently more grave; and having ruminated some time, after surveying first one and then another of the company, turned to his admonisher, and addressed him thus:—

"You are a Clergyman, I presume, Sir."

"I am considered as such." He paused: and then, with a smile, indicated his disbelief in divine Revelation, in a way which invited conversation on this subject.

"I have never been able to convince myself of the truth of Revelation."

"Possibly not. But what is your difficulty?"

"I dislike the nature of its proofs. They are so subtle, so distant; so wrapped in mystery; so metaphysical; that I get lost, and can arrive at no certain conclusion."

"I cannot admit the fact to be as you represent it. My impressions are altogether different. Nothing seems to be more plain and popular; more level to every common understanding; more remote from all cloudy speculation, or teasing subtleties, than some of the principal proofs of divine revelation. They are drawn from great and incontestible facts; they are accumulating every hour; they have grown into such a mass of evidence, that the supposition of its falsehood is infinitely more incredible than any one mystery in the volumes of Revelation, or even than all their mysteries put together. Your inquiries, Sir, appear to have been unhappily directed.—But what sort of proof do you desire, and what would satisfy you?"

"Such proofs as accompany physical science. This I have always loved; for I never find it deceive me. I rest upon it with entire conviction. There is no mistake, and can be no dispute in mathematics. And if a Revelation comes from God, why have we not such evidence for it as mathematical demonstration?"

"Sir, you are too good a philosopher not to know, that the nature of evidence must be adapted to the nature of its object: that if you break in upon this adaptation, you will have no evidence at all; seeing that evidence is no more interchangeable than objects. If you ask for mathematical evidence, you must confine yourself to mathematical disquisitions. Your subject must be quantity. If you wish to pur-



to a moral investigation, you must quit your mathematics, and confine yourself to moral evidence. Your subject must be the relations which subsist between intelligent beings. It would be quite as wise to apply a rule in ethics to the calculation of an eclipse, as to call for Euclid when we want to know our duty, or to submit the question, 'Whether God has spoken,' to the test of a problem in the conic sections. How would you prove mathematically that bread nourishes men, and that foveas kill them? Yet you and I both are as firmly convinced of the truth of these propositions, as of any mathematical demonstration whatever; and should I call them in question, my neighbours would either pity me as an idiot, or shut me up as a madman. It is, therefore, a great mistake to suppose that there is no satisfactory or certain evidence but what is reducible to mathematics."

The train of reflection appeared new to him. For, however obvious it is, we must remember that nothing is more superficial than freethinking philosophy, and nothing more credulous than its unbelief. Dogmatical positions asserted with confidence, set off with small ridicule, and favourable to native depravity, have a prodigious effect upon the volatile youth, and persuade him that they have enlightened his understanding, when they have only flattered his vanity, or corrupted his heart.

The officer, though staggered, made an effort to maintain his ground, and lamented that the "objections to other modes of reasoning are numerous and perplexing, while the mathematical conclusion puts all scepticism at defiance."

"Sir," rejoined the Clergyman, "objections against a thing fairly proved, are of no weight. The proof rests upon our knowledge, and the objections upon our ignorance. It is true, that moral demonstrations and religious doctrines may be attacked in a very ingenious and plausible manner, because they involve questions on which our ignorance is greater than our knowledge; but still our knowledge is knowledge; or, in other words, our certainty is certainty.—In mathematical reasoning our knowledge is greater than our ignorance. When you prove that the three angles of every triangle are equal to two right angles, there is an end of doubt; because there are no materials for ignorance to work up into phantoms; but your knowledge is really no more certain than your knowledge on any other subject.

"There is also a deception in this matter.—The defect complained of is supposed to exist in the nature of the proof; whereas it exists, for the most part, in the mind of the inquirer.—It is impossible to tell how far the influence of human depravity obscures the light of human reason."

At the mention of "depravity," the officer smiled, and seemed to jest; probably suspecting, as is common with men of that class, that his antagonist was going to retreat into his creed, and intrench himself behind a technical term, instead of an argument. This triumph was premature.

"You do not imagine, Sir," said he, continuing his discourse to the officer, "you do not imagine that a man who has been long addicted to stealing, feels the force of reasoning against theft as strongly as a man of tried honesty. If you hesitate, proceed a step further. You do not imagine that an habitual thief feels as much abhorrence of his own trade and character, as a man who never committed an act of theft in his whole life. And you will not deny that the practice of any crime gradually weakens, and frequently destroys the sense of its turpitude. This is a strong fact, which as a philosopher, you are bound to explain. To me it is clear as the day, that his vice has debauched his intellect; for it is indisputable, that the considerations which once filled him with horror, produce now no more impression upon him than they would produce upon a horse. Why? has the vice changed? Have the considerations changed? No. The vice is as pernicious, and the considerations are as strong, as ever. But his power of perceiving truth is diminished; and diminished by his vice: for had he not fallen into it, the considerations would have remained, and should he be saved from it, they will resume, their original force upon his own mind. Permit yourself, for one moment, to reflect how hard it is to persuade men of the virtues of others against whom they are prejudiced! You shall bring no proof of the virtues which the prejudice shall not resist or evade. Remove the prejudice, and the proof appears invincible. Why? Have the virtues changed? Has

the proof been strengthened? No. But the power of perceiving truth is increased: or, which is the same thing, the impediment to perceive it, is taken away. If, then, there are bad passions among men: and if the object of Divine Revelation is to control and rectify them; it follows, that a man to whom the Revelation is proposed, will be blind to its evidence in exact proportion to the perverting influence of those passions. And were the human mind free from corruption, there is no reason whatever to think that a moral argument would not be as conclusive as a mathematical argument is now; and that the principles of moral and religious science would not command an assent as instantaneous and peremptory as that which is commanded by mathematical axioms."

After a short pause, in which no reply was made by the officer, and the looks of the company revealed their sentiments, the Clergyman proceeded:—

"But what will you say, Sir, should I endeavour to turn the tables upon you, by showing that the evidence of physical science is not without its difficulties; and that objections can be urged against mathematical demonstration more puzzling and unanswerable than any objections against moral evidence?"

"I shall yield the cause; but I am sure that the condition is impossible."

"Let us try," said the other.

"I begin with a common case. The Newtonian system of the world is so perfectly settled, that no scholar presumes to question it. Go, then, to a peasant who never heard of Newton, or Copernicus, or the solar system, and tell him that the earth moves round its axis, and round the sun. He will stare at you, to see whether you be not jeering him; and when he sees you are in earnest, he will laugh at you for a fool. Fix him, now, with your mathematical and astronomical reasoning. He will answer you, that he believes his own eyesight more than your learning; and his eyesight tells him that the sun moves round the earth. And as for the earth's turning round upon her axis, he will say that 'he has often hung a kettle over the kitchen fire at night: and when he came back in the morning, it was hanging there still; but had the earth turned round, the kettle would have turned over, and the mash spilled over the floor.' You are amused with the peasant's simplicity, but you cannot convince him. His objection is, in his own eyes, insurmountable; he will tell the affair to his neighbours as a good story; and they will agree that he fairly shut the philosopher's mouth. You may reply, that 'the peasant was introduced into the middle of a matured science, and that not having learned its elements, he was unsupplied with the principles of correct judgment.' True; but your solution has overthrown yourself. A freethinker, when he hears some great doctrine of Christianity, lots off a small objection, and runs away laughing at the folly, or railing at the imposture of all who venture to defend a divine Revelation; he gathers together his brother unbelievers, and they unite with him in wondering at the weakness or the impudence of Christians. He is in the very situation of the peasant. He bolts into the heart of a grand religious system; he has never adverted to its first principles, and then he complains that the evidence is bad. But the fault, in neither case, lies in the evidence. It lies in the ignorance or obstinacy of the objector. The peasant's ground is as firm as the Infidel's. The proof of the Newtonian system is to the former as distant, subtle, and cloudy, as the proof of Revelation can be to the latter: and the objection of the one as good as the objection of the other. If the depravity of men had as much interest in persuading them that the earth is not globular, and does not move round the sun, as it has in persuading them that the Bible is not true, a mathematical demonstration would fail of converting them, although the demonstrator were an angel of God!

"But with respect to the second point, viz. that there are objections to mathematical evidence more puzzling and unanswerable than can be alleged against moral reasoning, take the following instances:—

"It is mathematically demonstrated that matter is infinitely divisible: that is, has an infinite number of parts; a line, then, of half an inch long, has an infinite number of parts. Who does not see the absurdity of an infinite half inch? Try the difficulty

another way. It requires some portion of time to pass a particle of matter. Then as your half-inch has an infinite number of parts, it requires an infinite number of portions of time for a moving point to pass by the infinite number of parts: but an infinite number of portions of time, is an eternity! Consequently it requires an eternity, or something like it, to move half an inch."

"But Sir," interposed the officer, "you do not deny the accuracy of the demonstration, that matter is infinitely divisible."

"Not in the least, Sir: I perceive no flaw in the chain of demonstration, and yet I perceive the result to be infinitely absurd."

"Again: It is mathematically demonstrated, that a straight line, called the asymptote of the hyperbola, may eternally approach the curve of the hyperbola, and yet can never meet it. Now, as all the demonstrations are built upon axioms, an axiom must always be plainer than a demonstration, and so my judgment it is as plain, that if two lines continually approach, they shall meet, as that the whole is greater than its part. Here, therefore, I am fixed. I have a demonstration directly in the teeth of an axiom, and am equally incapable of denying either side of the contradiction."

"Sir," exclaimed the officer, clapping his hands together, "I own I am beaten, completely beaten: I have nothing more to say."

A silence of some minutes succeeded; when the young military traveller said to his theological friend, "I have studied all religions, and have not been able to satisfy myself."

No, Sir," answered he, "there is one religion which you have not studied."

"Pray, Sir," cried the officer, roused and eager, "what is that?"

"The religion," replied the other, "of salvation through the redemption of the Son of God; the religion which will sweeten your pleasures, and soften your sorrows; which will give peace to your conscience, and joy to your heart; which will bear you up under the pressure of evils here, and shed the light of immortality on the gloom of the grave. This religion, I believe, Sir, you have yet to study."

The officer put his hands upon his face, then languidly clasping them, let them fall down; forced a smile, and said, with a sigh, "We must all follow what we think best." His behaviour afterwards was perfectly decorous.—Nothing further is known of him.—*American Christian Magazine.*

## RULES FOR THE ECONOMY OF MONEY.

### In General Use.

All expensive feelings and sensations to be subdued, such as compassion, generosity, patriotism and public spirit.

The money bestowed on horses to be saved to the education of our children; they are therefore to be sent to school where the cheapest bargains can be made for them.

To banish hospitality from our bosoms, and to ask the company of our friends for the sake of pillaging them at play, and in view to the casa which they in course leave behind them, and which we divide with our associates.

To sacrifice comfort to ostentation in every article of life; to go without substantial conveniences, for the sake of shewing superfluities; to be misers at home, that we may look like prodigals in public; and live like beggars in secret, to glitter like princes abroad.

To abandon all poor relations, and to be charitable only to those who are much richer than ourselves—this is pious usury.

To be loud against the ingratitude of the poor, which we have never experienced; and to reserve our charity for deserving objects, which we are determined never to acknowledge.

To be active and forward in speculative schemes of charity, which we are well assured can never take place; while we are silently raising our rents, to the ruin of distressed families.

To pass by the door of famine with our money glued to our pockets; while, to see a now dancer at the Opera in the evening; we draw our purse-strings as generously as princes.



## POETRY.

THE CELEBRATED NATIONAL HYMN,  
AS PERFORMED AT THE YORK FESTIVAL.

Lord of Heav'n, and Earth, and Ocean!  
Hear us from thy bright abode:  
While our hearts with deep devotion,  
Own their great and gracious God.  
Source reveal'd in sacred story,  
Of each good and perfect thing,  
Lord of Life, and Light, and Glory!  
Guide the Church, and guard the King!

Health, and every needful blessing,  
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;  
Comforts undeserv'd possessing,  
Bend we low before thy throne:  
Lapsing youth, mid' age, and hoary,  
Their united tribute bring:  
Lord of Life, and Light and Glory!  
Shield our Isle, and save our King!

Thee, with humble adoration,  
Laud we now for mercies past,  
Still to this most favor'd nation,  
May those mercies ever last.  
Britains then through future story,  
With their pray'rs shall praises sing,  
Lord of Life, and Light, and Glory!  
Bless thy People, bless their King!

From the *New England Palladium*.

This world is not "a Fleeting Show."

This world is not "a fleeting show,"  
For man's best good 'tis given;  
For smiles of bliss—yet tears of woe  
Do by his errors often flow;  
Here we prepare for Heaven!

Though "false the light on glory's plume,"  
As parting tints of day,  
Though "Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom  
So soon are buried in the tomb,—  
How blest Religion's ray!

Though pilgrims in a stormy night,  
By lurid tempests driven;  
Devotion's glow and Reason's light,  
Make this fair world appear more bright,  
And point the way to Heaven!

What though with this fair world we see,  
That storms and ills are given?  
They set our souls from bondage free,  
And raise a longing wish to flee—  
From this bright world to Heaven!

## MAN.

See how beneath the Moonbeam's smile,  
You little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for a while,  
And murmuring then subsides to rest.  
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea,  
And having dwelt a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity!

## VARIETY.

Time is short. Seventy years in the eye of youthful fancy seems a vast and almost boundless space, but in the estimate of sage experience, and in the full view of eternity, they contract to a span, and dwindle to a point.

An author of talent and genius, must not hope that the plodding manufacturers of dulness will admire him; it is expecting too much; they cannot admire him, without first despising themselves. When I look out of my window, and see what a motly mob it is, high and low, mounted and pedestrian, that an author is ambitious to please, I am ashamed of myself, for feeling the slightest anxiety, as to the verdict of such a trial! When I leave this class of judges, for that which aspires to be more intellectual, I then indeed feel somewhat more ground for anxiety, but less for hope; for in this court I find that my judges have their claims and pretensions no less than myself, pretensions that are

neither so low as to be despised, nor so high as to be above all danger of suffering by competition. So small indeed is the fountain of fame, and so numerous the applicants, that it is often rendered turbid, by the struggles of those very claimants who have the least chance of partaking of the stream, but whose thirst is not all diminished, by any sense of their unworthiness.

**HINDOOISM.**—The belief in the efficacy of penances and austerities is universal in Hindostan. It is related of an individual, named Tarika, that he went through the following series of 11 distinct trials, each of which lasted 100 years, whereby he nearly dethroned the gods.

1. He stood on one foot, holding the other and both hands up to heaven, with his eyes, fixed on the sun.
  2. He stood on one great toe.
  3. He took as sustenance nothing but water.
  4. He subsisted in the same manner on the air.
  5. He remained in the water.
  6. He was buried in the earth, but continued, as in the last infliction, in incessant adoration.
  7. He stood on his head with his feet upwards.
  8. He stood on one hand.
  9. He stood on one hand.
  10. He hung by his hands on a tree.
  11. He hung on a tree with his head downwards.
- To conquer this powerful enemy, Indra and other deities resorted to the aid of Brahma, and an Incarnation of Mahadova was resolved on, who appeared in the form of Carticoya, the Hindoo Mars.

Science, like nature, is limited neither by time nor space, but belongs to the world, and is of no country and of no age. The more we know, the more we feel how much remains unknown; and in philosophy the sentiment of the Macedonian hero can never apply—for there are always new worlds to conquer.

**MEANS OF DISTINGUISHING COMETS.** Dr. Fisher has discovered a mode of distinguishing original from reflected light in the heavenly bodies, by means of vibrating, imperfectly, achromatic glasses, in such a manner, as to vary the inclination of their planes. This method separates the original light of fixed stars into colored portions, but leaves reflected light of uniform color. The test may be applied to comets.

## LOCAL.

**THE THEATRE.**—We have been informed that His Worship the Mayor, in consideration of the pecuniary difficulty of the times, has determined not to give permission for any Theatrical Exhibitions. Should this information prove to be correct, this determination of His Worship, will remove a strong temptation from many persons, whose circumstances cannot afford, and will not justify, their attendance at such places; but in whom, the love of momentary gratification and amusement, prevails over their principles and their better judgment. That such a measure will be acceptable to every individual in the community, is hardly to be expected; but that it will be highly pleasing to the Ministers of the different Churches in this City, to many Parents and Masters, and indeed, to all who are properly concerned for the morals and best interests of the rising generation, will hardly admit of a doubt.

As we are entire strangers to the Managers of the Theatre, it cannot be supposed, that our disapprobation of such exhibitions, arises out of personal motives; indeed our only wish on behalf of the persons concerned is, that they would turn their attention and their talents to some useful business, that will furnish them with a better living, and entitle them to a more respectable standing in Society. And if we are not mistaken, there are moments, and these "not a few, nor far between," in the life of the generality of players, when their hearts respond to the wish we have just expressed.—*Gazette*.

The Income of the Wesleyan Missionary Society for the year ending 31st Dec. 1828, was upwards of Fifty Thousand Pounds; being an advance on the preceding year of nearly Seven Thousand Pounds, and considerably exceeding that of any other year since the formation of the Society. The Committee say, that claims the most urgent and most affecting continue to be prepared for Missionary instruction, and now openings to countries the most interesting and to tribes the most destitute constantly present themselves; and that invigorated and even increasing contributions only can enable them to cheer the supplicant, by sending them the excellent and intrepid men who are waiting to devote themselves to their instruction. Piety and benevolence prompt to energy;

and Christian Charity exclaims: "I am debtor to the Greek and to the Barbarian, to the wise and to the unwise."—*Id.*

The Bombay Courier of the 25th October contains some particulars relative to the death of Dr. James, "The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Calcutta." He died on board the E. India Company's ship Marquis of Huntley, on his way from Penang to Calcutta, aged 43. Mrs. J. and her infant, it is said, was on board.—*New-York Albion*.

The Public are hereby respectfully informed, that the Annual Meeting of the St. John Auxiliary Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, will take place on Monday Evening next, (27th April,) at the Baptist Meeting House.—Services to commence precisely at half-past 7 o'clock.

N. B. No Collection will be made. April 25.

Collect for the first Sunday after Easter.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, who hast given thine only Son to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification; Grant us so to put away the leaven of malice and wickedness, that we may always serve thee in pureness of living and truth, through the merits of the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Amen*.

## MARRIED,

At Hampton Church, on Tuesday last, by the Rev. J. Cookson, Mr. JOHN PALMER, to Miss ALIDA FORD.

## DIED,

At Fort Lawrence County of Cumberland, on Monday the 30th ult. after a protracted illness, MARY OLIVIA, wife of Thomas Roach, Esq. in the 26th year of her age.

At Sussex Vale, on the 11th inst. Mrs. ANN, wife of JAMES BARRY.

On the 13th inst. at the same place, after a long and distressing illness, Mr. MARY VAIL, relict of the late Robert Vail, in the 63d year of her age. She has left a large family connexion, and a numerous circle of friends, who will long have cause to lament her loss.

At St. Andrews, on Tuesday night, the 14th inst. at his residence, JOHN DUNN, Esq. aged 76,—late Comptroller of His Majesty's Customs at that Port, after a severe and protracted indisposition.

At Stowiacke on the 14th inst. in the 71st year of his age, the Rev. HUGH GRAHAM, after three days illness—a faithful minister of Christ: Elogy would be lavished in vain upon such a good man.

In England, in October last, Mrs. JACKSON, wife of the Rev. George Jackson, Wesleyan Missionary, late of Fredericton in this Province. Mr. Jackson left this Province for England in the summer of 1827, in a state of confirmed ill health, since that time Mr. J. has been called to sustain the loss of his wife and two children. His own health is somewhat improved.

## AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

Fredericton,	Mr. WILLIAM TILL.
Sheffield,	Dr. J. W. BARKER.
Chatham, Miramichi,	Mr. ROBERT MORROW,
Newcastle, ditto,	Mr. EDWARD BAKER.
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Granville,	Rev. A. DESBRISAY.
Yarmouth,	Mr. JOHN MURRAY.
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**TERMS.**—The "New-Brunswick Religious and Literary Journal" is published Weekly, by ALEX. M'LEOD, at "The City Gazette" Office, at 15 shillings per annum, exclusive of Postage. one half payable in advance, the other half in six months.—All arrears must be paid, before any subscription can be discontinued, except at the discretion of the Publisher.

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