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# NEW-BRUNSWICK

## RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

VOLUME I.

SAINT JOHN, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1829.

NO. 18.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*A Memoir of the Rev. Leigh Richmond, A. M.—Author of the Dairy Man's Daughter, Young Cot-tager, &c.*

THE REV. LEIGH RICHMOND was descended from an ancestry highly respectable on the side of both his parents, each of whom was related to some of the principal families in the Counties of Lancaster and Chester. He was the Son of Henry Richmond, Esq. M. D., who practised as a physician, first at Liverpool, and afterward at Bath, where he resided for several years previously to his death, which occurred at Stockport, in Cheshire, in the year 1806; of which place his father, the Rev. Leigh Richmond, had been rector.

Dr. Henry Richmond, was the fifth in lineal male descent from Oliver Richmond, Esq., of Ashton Keynes, in the county of Wilts, on which estate his ancestors had resided from the time of the Conquest.

The mother of Mr. Richmond, was the daughter of John Atherton, Esq., of Walton Hall, near Liverpool, and by the maternal side first cousin to Dr. Henry Richmond.

As some additional particulars of the family appear in the progress of this work, recorded by his own pen, any further statement in this place is superfluous.

Mr. Richmond was born at Liverpool, on January 29th, 1772. It was his privilege to have a most estimable mother, endowed with a superior understanding, which had been cultivated and improved by an excellent education and subsequent reading. In addition to her natural talents and acquirements, she was piously disposed.

This affectionate and conscientious parent anxiously instructed him, from his infancy, in the Holy Scriptures, and in the principles of true religion, according to the best of her ability; a debt, which was subsequently well repaid by her son, who became the happy and honoured instrument of imparting to his beloved mother clearer and more enlarged views of divine truth than were generally prevalent during the last generation. It seems highly probable, that the seeds of piety were then sown, which in a future period, and under circumstances of a providential nature, were destined to produce a rich and abundant harvest.\*

It was in the period of his childhood, that the accident occurred which occasioned the lameness to which he was subject during the remainder of his life. In leaping over a wall, he fell with violence to the ground, and injured the left leg, so as to contract its growth, and afterward to impair its use. It is a remarkable coincidence, that somewhat of a similar occurrence befel one of his own sons, and was attended with precisely the same effects. It was in consequence of this accident, that Mr. Richmond received the rudiments of his early education under the sole tuition of his father, who was an excellent classical scholar, and well acquainted with literature in general.

In addition to his proficiency in classical and other elementary studies, he made considerable progress, during this period, in the science of music; a predilection for which, he retained to the end of his life.

The activity of his mind soon began to develop itself. Some specimens of the productions of his early years have been preserved, by the partiality of his friends; and as youthful talent generally delights to assume a poetical form, his first efforts were devoted to the Muses.

\* "Could we without sacrilege enter the sanctuary of a mother's bosom, we might whisper a tale that would account for the distinguished usefulness with which God has condescended to favour some of the best of men. Many a godly mother can say—I have had peculiar solitudes respecting this child. Even before its birth, I dedicated it to the Lord; and then engaged that it should be unreservedly devoted to his glory. And when the little immortal was committed to my arms, with many prayers and tears did I renew my engagement, till it was strongly impressed on my mind, that God had heard my cry and accepted my offering.—*Spring's Life of S. Y. Mills.*

The following parody on "Hamlet's Soliloquy" is one of the earliest of his juvenile compositions.—It was written when he was only eleven years of age. The occasion of its production was the general habit which then prevailed of wearing hair powder.

"To be, or not to be in powder!—This is the question:—Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to bear The plague and torments of a powdered head, Or to take arms against a round of fashions, And by opposing end them?—To pomatum—to daub—No more;—and, by a daub, to say, We end the bickerings and chattering's Of a trifling world:—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished for.—To powder—to pomatum—Perchance to spoil my hair;—aye, there's the rub; For in that woful ruin of my hair What dreadful consequences may ensue! Yet, who can bear the whips and scorns of fashion! I'd spend my days beneath a Barber's hands, And breathe within a shower of falling powder; But that the dread of something greater still—The certain ruin of my auburn hair, Puzzles the will, and rack the tortured brain—Oh, dreadful thought! It sinks the rising courage, And of my pride the current turns away. Powder—pomatum—barbers—all, adieu!"

Lines written about the same period:

"Before the earth and sea to man were given, Or stars were spotted o'er the crystal heaven; The face of Nature was throughout the same—A rugged heap, and Chaos was its name; Nor any thing, but piled up heaps were there, And earth and sea were mixed with fire and air: No radiant sun by day afforded light, Nor waning Phœbe shone in midst of night; Nor the earth self-poised in fluid air was placed, Or sea, with circling arms, the earth embrac'd."

The next specimen of versification was written at the age of twelve.

### ON THE MORNING.

"Behold, the earth is clad in sober gray, And twinkling stars foretell the approach of day. The hare runs timid o'er the bladed grass, And early shepherds on the meadows pass. In splendid majesty the morning star Welcomes Aurora, in her rosy car. The lark, the early herald of the morn, Whose tender sides soft gentle plumes adorn, Flies from her nest above all human sight, And to the skies sublime she bends her flight. Her pleasing notes the ambient hills repeat, And ddy o'er half the world resumes its seat; The splendid sun's ethereal light appears, And Nature wipes away her dewy tears."

The following lines in imitation of Pope, may be considered as no unsuccessful illustration of the poet's rule:

"Tis not enough, no harshness gives offence, The sound should seem an echo to the sense.—"The line should soften when the bleat of sheep, And gentle zephyrs sooth to placid sleep; When din of rattling thunderbolts is heard, The roughest words to softer are preferred. When purling rivulets translucent glide, The liquid letters then should form a tide. Within a labyrinth, the line seems vast, Mazy, inextricable, and perplexed. But when the rougher storms fierce rage on high, And heave the angry billows to the sky; When rattling rain comes hissing down in showers, Aad to the whirlpool in a torrent pours; The line should rage, and every letter move, As if great Jove was storming from above."

In 1784, when Mr. Richmond was twelve years of age, he was placed under the care of Mr. Breach, of Reading, for the purpose of obtaining further assistance on account of his lameness, as well as to pursue the course of his education.

Mr. Richmond was subsequently removed to Blandford, under the care and tuition of the Rev. Mr. Jones, vicar of Loders and curate of Blandford; and having made a very creditable proficiency in his

studies, and completed his education at school, he was finally sent, in the year 1789 being then seventeen years of age, to the University of Cambridge.

### CHAPTER II.

*Comprising the period from his entrance at the University, till his marriage and acceptance of the curacy of Brading in the Isle of Wight.*

MR. RICHMOND was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the month of August 1789. The following particulars have been communicated in a letter from the Rev. A. J. Crispen, vicar of Renhold, Bedfordshire, a contemporary of his in the University, and with whom he formed an intimate friendship, which continued to the period of his death.

"I perfectly well remember, that our dear departed friend came to Cambridge for admission about Midsummer, in the year 1789. I was just one year his senior. It was then the custom at Trinity College, that one of the under graduates should take the candidate for admission to the dean, and to one or two others, and then to the master, for examination. It fell to my lot to perform this office for Leigh Richmond, and thus our friendship commenced.—He came into residence, according to the usual plan, in the following October; we were both among the candidates for foundation scholarships, and after a public examination of two or three days, we were happy on finding our names among the successful candidates; and as we afterward dined every day at the same table, the bands of our friendship were drawn still closer.

"I can with perfect truth affirm, that during the under-graduateship of Mr. Richmond, he applied himself closely to his studies, and was considered and acknowledged by all, to be a young man of great abilities and correct conduct."

A letter from Mr. William Tate, Chaplain of the Dock-yard, Portsmouth, and tutor of the Naval Academy, contains a further and more detailed account of Mr. Richmond's residence at College.

Mr. Richmond and myself were of the same year at Cambridge, and had the same college tutor, the Rev. Thomas Jones. We were not, however, in the same lecture room till within a year of our going out A. B.; hence, our intimacy did not commence till about the beginning of 1793. Mr. Richmond came to college with a high character for his proficiency, both in classics and mathematics. In fact, I have often heard him spoken of as likely to be one of the third or fourth highest wranglers. At the annual college examination in May, he was each year in the first class, and consequently was a prize-man. I do not recollect that he ever was a candidate for a University prize; indeed, I think that although he was an extremely good classic, he did not consider himself sufficiently practised in writing Greek or Latin verse, to venture a competition in this respect with the distinguished men from the great public schools.

"That he had a great fondness for social life is not to be wondered at, as he who was so well informed on most subjects, and had such a fluency of language that conversation with him never flagged, and his company was generally acceptable. He visited at the Lodge, Dr. Postlethwaith being then master, and was noticed by some of the senior fellows, in consequence, I presume, of their having been friends of his father, Dr. Richmond, who had himself been a fellow of the college, and whose name stands in the 'Tripos' as having been the tenth senior optime, in January 1764.

"Mr. Richmond's great recreation was music, in which I suppose you are aware he was eminently skilled. He always had a piano-forte in his room, and played on the organ also. To any tune he could, as he played, make an extempore thorough bass. His musical talents gave rise to a great intimacy and friendship with the late Dr. Haguo, the professor of music, and also with Dr. Jewett, then tutor of Trinity Hall, who used to have frequent musical parties at his apartments, at which I believe Mr. Richmond was generally present. He

was at all times attentive to the studies of the University, and preserved, throughout the character of a young man. Mr. Copley (now the Lord Chancellor) had apartments directly under those of Mr. Richmond, and as they were both reading hard, they commonly, for some months before taking the degree of A. B. had coffee together after midnight. He went through the public exercises of the schools, preparatory to his degree, with great credit, and he was accordingly placed by the moderator in the first class. He did not, however, go into the senate-house to stand the final examination, owing to ill health.

Mr. Richmond for some years was collecting materials for a great work, which he intended to publish on the theory as well as the history of music. After taking his degree, he applied himself with great ardour to his favourite study, and took much pains to provide materials for his intended musical publication, which he hoped might be ready for the press in the course of two or three years. I have frequently sat with him, while for hours together, he was making experiments with his musical plates, of which he had a great number made, some of glass and some of copper, of all the common regular forms: as circles, ellipses, squares, rhombuses, pentagons, &c. These he screwed down at a particular point, so as to be perfectly horizontal; and then, having sprinkled fine sand over the surface, the bow of a fiddle was drawn across the edge, so as to bring out a musical note; and, by the vibration thus caused, the sand was shaken from the vibrating parts, and became collected in one line or more, forming a quiescent point. It seems very remarkable, that whenever that particular note was the fundamental of any plate was sounded by it, sand invariably took the form of a cross, having its centre in the center of the plate.—All other notes which could be sounded by the same plate, diverged from the fundamental note, according to a certain scale; and every one caused the sand to take a different form. Sometimes it seemed to take the figure of two opposite hyperbolas; but in whatever form it rested, the figures on the different sides of a straight line, drawn through the centre of the plate were exactly the counterparts of each other. The lines formed by the quiescent points, in the vibration of such plates, were calculated by Euler, as may be seen by the Transactions of the Imperial Society of Petersburg (*Acta Petropolitana*); but the results are little satisfactory, being commonly expressed in hyperbolic forms, and not assuming a tangible shape.

About this time Mr. Richmond was member of a small club, formed by six or eight Trinity men, for the discussion of philosophical subjects. They met once a week, at each other's rooms; and, to prevent expense in giving suppers, nothing more was to be provided than red-herrings, bread, cheese, and beer. Hence they called this society the "Red-herring Club." The respectability of the members appears from this circumstance, that nearly every one obtained a fellowship. Mr. Richmond took a leading part at this time in another small society, which was named "The Harmonic Society." The members were musical amateurs, who, in turn, gave a concert every fortnight, at which, with the help of two or three hired musicians, they performed pieces out of Handel and other celebrated composers, together with catches, glees, &c. In 1796 was published, by Mr. Dixon, a townsman of Cambridge, and one of the members of the Harmonic Society, a collection of glees and rounds, for three, four, and five voices, composed by the members of that society. In this publication, out of seventeen pieces, seven were contributed by Mr. Richmond.

[ TO BE CONTINUED. ]

#### DIVINITY.

Text, *John xvi. 27.*—Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.

This discourse of our Lord to his disciples was delivered under very afflicting circumstances. On this very evening he was to be betrayed to deliver us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. He had before him his "agony and bloody sweat," &c. and the hidings of his Father's countenance, &c. He showed these things to his disciples gradually; at length he told them explicitly, and "because he had said these things, sorrow had filled their hearts. All their worldly expectations

were vanished. They were about to lose their best friend, and to go forth into a world where they had nothing to expect but persecutions. Our Lord felt for their distress; and he has shown that "he is not a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Blessed be God, he has carried with him to the throne of his glory, the same heart and affections which he had upon the cross, and he ever feels for his people, and says, "I will never, no, never leave thee; I will never forsake thee." He assures his disciples that he goes "to prepare a place for them," and leaves with them a blessed gift. "Peace I leave with you," &c. We will consider.

First. Some peculiarities in the gift bequeathed, and, Secondly, In the manner, "Not as the world giveth."

I. There is something peculiar in the nature of our Lord's last bequest to his disciples. "Silver and gold" he had none. He did not leave them honours or affluence. It was a blessed state of mind—it was "peace." But you observe there was something peculiar in the nature of this peace—my peace, intimating a very different peace from that which men enjoy who are strangers to him. There is a sort of peace which worldly men enjoy; but this has no foundation, and generally arises from thoughtlessness or indifference, and on the least light entering their minds, it is banished from them. On some afflictive dispensations, &c. it will vanish. It is like a peace a person would have on a precipice. It is a peace like Jonah's in the vessel when the tempest was beating around him. It is a peace like Samson's while resting on the lap of Dolech, and allowing his hair to be cut off and his strength to be dried up. It is a peace that resembles the calmness that we see in the atmosphere, preceding a storm. Naturalists tell us that earthquakes are usually preceded by an unusual degree of calmness and stillness. And so the peace of the ungodly is often a presage to ruin, &c.; and if any of you have this peace, remember it is not the peace of Christ; and there is no prayer which I would offer up more earnestly, than that your peace may be destroyed. Our Lord calls it his peace. He is called the "Prince of Peace." His religion, the "covenant of peace." And when he was introduced into our world, angels sung "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will towards men." &c.

The peace he bequeathed to his disciples was,

First, Peace with the great God. We are by nature enemies to God. We are represented as "far off from God." "The wrath of God is revealed against all ungodliness," &c. and we are all "the children of wrath." Now, Christ is our peace, because he has reconciled us to God, "and by his stripes we are healed;" God and man are now reconciled; yea, he is pleased to adopt us into his family, and has "given us a name dearer than sons and daughters." The apostle says, "being justified by faith, we have peace with God." And if you or I are reconciled to God, it is by the atoning sacrifice of Christ, for without it we must ever have remained in hostility. In consequence of this peace with God, there is,

Secondly, A peace within our own breast. Conscience no more accuses us; for if sins rise up against us, we are able to say, that he "hath cast them behind his back into the depths of the sea." Those who have felt the stings of a guilty conscience, will know the value of this peace. Conscience is perpetually haunting the sinner. He looks to the right hand, and there is no peace; to the left, and behold dismay; and upwards, and there is nothing but the frown of an offended God. Now the man who has peace, has none of this. The charge brought against our Lord was, that he forgave sins. The gracious words, "Thy sins are forgiven thee" were often in his mouth. Now he speaks to us by his word. It is possible for us to know on earth that our sins are forgiven, and I would rather be able to put my finger on a verse in the Bible, declaring that by faith in Christ sins are pardoned, than if an angel from heaven were to announce that my sins were forgiven. In the latter case, I might be deceived, in the former deception is impossible.

A third peculiarity in this peace, and it is perhaps to this, and another I shall mention, to which our Lord particularly refers, is that sort of peace which he himself enjoyed. It is not arising from reconciliation with God, for they were never at enmity; nor

a peace from the upbraidings of conscience; for though "he was in all points made like to us," he was without sin. But "I will impart to you the same exemption from the conflict of human passions which I enjoy." His mind was ever unruffled and tranquil, for without this we could not enjoy the peace which he had. "Emulation, wrath, strife," &c. are described as the works of the flesh. Is it possible that a person under the influence of passions like these can possess peace? "But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy," &c.; where these virtues reign in the heart, there must be a continual sunshine. I grant they are found but in a small degree, but I beg you to cultivate them. It is the Christian's privilege to cultivate that disposition which will tend to peace.

Another sort of peace is that which comprehends a freedom from care and anxiety about the things of time and sense.

Few objects appear to have taken our Lord's attention less than the things of the world. When, indeed, at the grave of Lazarus, on seeing the sorrow around, and the tears falling from the sisters of his friend, touched at the mournful scene, "Jesus wept," and felt keenly for them. But when he had before him his "agony and bloody sweat," he said, "I have a baptism to be baptised with," and "if it may not pass from me, not my will, but thine be done." A real Christian does enjoy a portion of this peace. We are too much impressed with the things of the world. But a Christian may enter into his chamber, and there commune with his God, and come forth with a peace which he would not exchange for the whole world. What a fine example of this was Aaron! two of his sons were taken from him, yet he made not a single murmur. Eli was afflicted dreadfully; both his sons were cut off in one day, and when foretold of what should happen, he said, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." David says, "I was dumb, and opened not my mouth;" and why? "because thou didst it." Yes, it is the consideration that we avoid the hand of a kind Father, who feels for our sufferings, that can enable us to say, "Amid the sorrows wherewith my heart was enlarged, thy comforts, O Lord, have refreshed my soul." And if you or I be in a tempestuous sea, we need not be afraid, for Christ is in the vessel. "Though thou passest through the fire, I am with thee, and through the water," &c. Having God for our friend, he "will keep them in perfect peace, whose minds are stayed on him."

I will just mention that a real Christian derives from his master a peace in the two seasons when he most needs it—"the hour of death and the day of judgment." He may be depressed, but he has a foundation for his peace; and you may generally say, "mark the upright man, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace." There is something beautiful in a Christian's passing; from life to eternity. He says to those around him, "Weep not for me: I go to my Father and to your Father, and to my God and to your God: I go cheerfully, because my sins are forgiven." It is only by Christ that we can have peace in death, and believing in him, we are enabled to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Again. In the day of judgment. To have peace when all around is dismay and confusion—when the earth shall be dissolved—and when the wicked shall be calling upon "the rocks to fall on them, and the hills to cover them;" in the midst of all this confusion, to be able to "lift up our heads," and to look in the face of the Judge, and say, It is our Saviour, "we have waited for him." Shall you and I, my brethren, stand there in peace? Oh! if we have not at that day this peace, we must take leave of peace for ever.

We are now in the Second place.

To say a few words on the manner of our Lord's giving it "not as the world." This may allude to the bequest. Some leave honour and renown, riches or affluence; others, alas! poverty and the remembrance of their own vices. Our Lord bequeathed nothing of this nature! as we have said, it was a state of mind. There is a sincerity in the manner of it, different from what worldly men often express. How often do they wish us well, when we know they mean nothing at all. But our Lord meant no mean compliment; he meant that they should have peace. And this peace is no fable.

I appeal to you. Have you not felt this peace which has kept you up among all your troubles? And it shall be ever with you, for "the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed," &c.

We observe, again, that there is a rich profusion in the gift itself. Our fellow-creatures, when often asked a favour, wearied with solicitations, say, "This is the last time I will do it;" but the more we ask of the Saviour, the more will he be liberal. His peace is represented as a "great peace"—flowing as a river—"peace which passeth all understanding"—peace in death—peace in judgment. "He is willing to exceed abundantly above all that we can ask or think" and says "open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it."

Another peculiarity in the bequest is, that it extends to everlasting ages; and if any of us possess it now, it will be with us to the countless ages of eternity, &c.

This will supply us with one or two inferences. First. That the gospel is "worthy of all acceptation." I would recommend it to every individual, because you all stand in need of peace, and the gospel gives it. Are there any bowed down with sorrows, not knowing where to look for rest? To such I would say, Well, my sorrowful friend, burdened with afflictions, turn from man to the Saviour, and you shall there find what you in vain seek for in the world. Have recourse to him, and he "will give you rest," &c.

Again. The gospel disposes to charity, and diffuses peace around, and the more we have of this peace, the more happy shall we be, &c. And the ultimate results of the gospel shall indeed be glorious. I will conclude with a passage from Isaiah, that beautiful picture, where, speaking of the latter-day glory, he says, "And the cow and the bear shall feed," &c. May God hasten that happy event through Jesus Christ.—Amen.

## LITERATURE.

### THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Silent from the north

A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first  
The lower skies, they all at once converge  
High to the crown of heav'n, and all at once  
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,  
And mix and thwart, extinguish and renew,  
All ether coursing in a maze of light Thomson.

THE AURORA BOREALIS, sometimes called Streamers, is an extraordinary meteor, or luminous appearance, shewing itself in the night time in the northern part of the heavens; and most usually in frosty weather. It is generally of a reddish colour, inclining to yellow, and sends out frequent corruscations of pale light, which seem to rise from the horizon in a pyramidal undulating form, and shoot with great velocity up to the zenith. The aurora borealis appears frequently in the form of an arch, chiefly in the spring and autumn, after a dry year. The arch is partly bright, partly dark, but generally transparent; and the matter of which it consists, is also found to have no effect on rays of light which pass through it. Dr. Hamilton observes, that he could plainly discern the smallest speck in the Pleiades through the density of those clouds which formed the Aurora Borealis in 1763, without the least diminution of its splendour, or increase of twinkling.

This kind of meteor, which is more uncommon as we approach towards the equator, is almost constant during the long winter, and appears with the greatest lustre in the polar regions. In the Shetland Isles, the "Merry Dancers," as the northern lights are there called, are the constant attendants of clear evenings, and afford great relief amidst the gloom of the long winter nights. They commonly appear at twilight, near the horizon, of a dun colour, approaching to yellow; they sometimes continue in that state for several hours, without any perceptible motion; and sometimes break out into streams of stronger light, spreading into columns, and altering slowly into ten thousand different shapes, and varying their colours from all the tints of yellow, to the most obscure russet. They often cover the whole hemisphere, and then exhibit the most brilliant appearance. Their motions at this time are most amazingly quick; and they astonish the spectator with the rapid changes of their form. They break out in places where none were seen before, skimming briskly among

the heavens, are suddenly extinguished, and are succeeded by a uniform dusky tract. This again is brilliantly illuminated in the same manner, and is suddenly left a dark space. In some nights, they assume the appearance of large columns, on one side of the deepest yellow, and on the other, gradually changing, till it becomes undistinguished from the sky. They have generally a strong tremulous motion from one end to the other, and this continues till the whole vanishes.

As for us, who see only the extremities of these northern phenomena, we can have but a faint idea of their splendour and motions. According to the state of the atmosphere, they differ in hue; and sometimes assuming the colour of blood, they make a dreadful appearance. The rustic sages who observe them, become prophetic, and terrify the spectators with alarms of war, pestilence, and famine. Nor, indeed, were these superstitious presages peculiar to the northern islands: appearances of a similar nature are of ancient date; and they were distinguished by the appellations of "phasmata," "trabes," and "halides," according to their forms and colours. In old times they were either more rare, or less frequently noticed; they were supposed to portend great events, and the timid imagination formed of them aerial conflicts.

In the northern latitudes of Sweden and Lapland, the Aurora Borealis are not only singularly beautiful in their appearance, but they afford travellers, by their almost constant effulgence, a very beautiful light during the whole night. In Hudson's Bay the Aurora Borealis diffuses a variegated splendour, which is said to equal that of the full moon. In the north-eastern parts of Siberia, according to the description of Guelin, these northern lights are observed to "begin with single bright pillars, rising in the north, and almost at the same time in the north-east, which, gradually increasing, comprehend a large space of the heavens, rush about from place to place with incredible velocity, and finally, almost cover the whole sky up to the zenith, and produce an appearance as if a vast tent were expanded in the heavens, glittering with gold, rubies, and sapphire. A more beautiful spectacle cannot be painted; but whoever should see a northern light for the first time, could not behold it without terror. For however fine the illumination may be, it is attended, as I have learned from the relation of many persons, with such a hissing, crackling, and hissing noise through the air, as if the largest fire-works were played off. To describe what they then hear, they make use of the expression, 'The raging host is passing.' The hunters, who pursue the white and blue foxes in the confines of the Ice Sea, are often alarmed in their course by these northern lights. Their dogs are then so much frightened, that they will not move, but lie obstinately on the ground, till the noise has passed. Commonly, clear and calm weather follows this kind of northern lights. This account has been confirmed by the uniform testimony of many, who have spent part of several years in these northern regions, and inhabited different countries from the Yenisei to the Lena; so that no doubt of its truth can remain. This seems, indeed, to be the real birth-place of the Aurora Borealis."

### ON THE NEAT STYLE.

What is called a Neat Style comes next in order; and here we are got into the region of ornament; but that ornament not of the highest or most sparkling kind. A writer of this character shews, that he does not despise the beauty of language. It is an object of his attention. But his attention is shewn in the choice of his words, and in a graceful collocation of them; rather than in any high efforts of imagination, or eloquence. His sentences are always clean, and free from the incumbrance of superfluous words; of a moderate length; rather inclining to brevity, than a swelling structure; closing with propriety; without any tails, or adjections dragging after the proper close. His cadence is varied; but not of the studied musical kind. His figures, if he uses any, are short and correct; rather than bold and glowing. Such a Style as this may be attained by a writer who has no great powers of fancy or genius, by industry merely, and careful attention to the rules of writing; and it is a Style always agreeable. It imprints a character of mod-

erate elevation on our composition, and excites a decent degree of ornament, which is not unsuitable to any subject whatever. A familiar letter, or a law paper, on the driest subject, may be written with neatness; and a sermon, or a philosophical treatise, in a Neat Style, will be read with pleasure.—Blair.

### LANGUAGES.

There are said to be no less than 3,121 known languages in the world: of which 937 are Asiatic, 57 European, 276 African, and 1,024 American languages and dialects.

### HUMAN CURIOSITY.

Human curiosity, though at first slowly excited, being at last possessed of leisure for indulging its propensity, becomes one of the greatest amusements of life, and gives higher satisfaction than what even the senses can afford. A man of this disposition turns all nature into a magnificent theatre replete with objects of wonder and surprise, and acted up chiefly for his happiness and entertainment; he industriously examines all things, from the minutest insects to the most finished animal; and when his limited organs can no longer make the discovery, he sends out his imagination upon new enquiries.

### DEFINITION OF WIT.

"Wit," says Barrow, "is a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusions to a known story, or in reasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an opposite tale; sometimes it playeth on words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped up in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting, or smartly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, or a lusty hyperbole; in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute non-sense; sometimes a scencial representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or jesture, passeth for it; sometimes affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, gives it being; sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wrestling, obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roving of fancy, and windings of language. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, and reach of wit more than vulgar; it seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill that can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him, together with a lively briskness of humour not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. It also procureth delight by gratifying curiosity with its rareness, or semblance of difficulty, by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirits; by provoking to such disposition; of gaiety in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and then grateful savour."

### MISCELLANY.

#### ELEVATION OF THE SOUL TO GOD.

When I am enabled to elevate my soul to God, I begin to answer the end for which I was placed in this world, and enjoy an antepast of that felicity which awaits me in the celestial regions. How trifling and contemptible do the vain amusements of the age appear, when my heart accustoms itself to seek its felicity in the Creator, and how am I humbled in my own eyes when I compare my meanness and obscurity with the infinite majesty of

heaven! How is my natural pride mortified when I seem to lose myself in the ocean of Divine perfections; and what ardent desires are kindled in my breast for the arrival of that blessed day when I shall be eternally united to the Supreme Being! But am I sufficiently sensible of the inestimable advantage of reflecting often on God, to induce me to form the resolution of doing it as I ought? Alas! instead of filling my mind with this great and sublime object, I too often fix my thoughts on earthly and perishable things: instead of finding delight in meditating on my Creator, I take pleasure in nothing but what flatters my senses: instead of admiring that Being in whom is centered all that can be conceived lovely, and who alone can make me perfectly blessed, I fix my heart on the world and passionately love those objects which cannot insure my happiness, and which I cannot long enjoy. May my past experience teach me wisdom hereafter! Hitherto I have only loved temporal blessings, and have wholly given up myself to them: I have sought my peace and happiness in things even more frail and perishable than myself. But, through the grace of God, my eyes are now opened—I contemplate a Being, the centre of all perfection, who has made me out of nothing, and given me a soul, whose desires can only be satisfied with infinite blessings. To that being I consecrate my heart, devoting myself entirely, and for ever, to him. In him alone will I hereafter seek my joy and comfort. Those earthly enjoyments, which I have hitherto imprudently preferred to heavenly blessings, I will exchange for more real and solid advantages. I will make use of the first as it is the will of my Creator; but it shall never be in preference to the will of God: on the contrary, every creature affords me an opportunity to raise my thoughts to the Creator, and excites me to bless the goodness of him who has given to earthly things the power to cheer my soul. If pleasures, enjoyed only by means of a frail and perishable body, can affect me so sensibly, how superior must be the delights of a future happy state, disencumbered from this earthly tabernacle! What ineffable sensations shall I experience, when my soul, freed from its fetters, will be able to contemplate, at liberty, the face of the Lord! If a single ray of light be so enlivening, what will the sun itself be! if, even in this world, God is so admirable in his works, what will he be in the mansions of eternal glory!

Oh how my soul pants to enjoy this felicity in the presence of the Almighty! Fly swiftly round ye hours and days of darkness which I must pass below, and let that blessed moment appear, when, freed from the burden of this gross body, my spirit shall ascend above the starry heavens, to obtain a more perfect knowledge of my God, and to offer my adorations at the footstool of his throne!

#### THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH HUMAN LIFE PASSES AWAY.

Our life is short and transitory. This is an incontestable proposition; though, to judge from the conduct of most people, one would not suppose it a received truth. Let us judge by our own experience. Ought not each step we have taken, from our births to the present moment, to have convinced us of the frailty of life? Let us consider only with what swiftness the days, weeks, months, and years, have passed, or rather flown away. They disappear before we are conscious of their lapse. Let us endeavour to recall them to our recollection. It is impossible to enumerate their different epochs; and if some very remarkable moments had not made a deep impression on our minds, we could not have related their history. How many were the years of our infancy, of which we can say nothing, but that they have glided away! How many others have passed in the thoughtlessness of youth; during which, misled by inclination, and devoted to pleasure, we had neither the wish, nor the time, to look into ourselves! In succeeding years, being of riper age, and more capable of reflection, we deemed it expedient to change our course of life, and to act like reasonable beings; but the concerns of the world occupied our attention to such a degree, that meditation and amendment were still neglected; and the increase of our families naturally augmented our solicitude and our efforts for their support. Insensibly the time draws nigh in which we shall arrive at old age; and, perhaps, ere then, we

shall neither have leisure, nor power, to recollect the past, nor to improve the period to which we are arrived; to muse upon what we have done, or neglected to do; in a word, to consider seriously the important end for which our Creator placed us in the world. In the mean time, what can insure our ever attaining that advanced age! A thousand accidents may break the brittle thread of life, before it comes to its full length. Hence the infant who has but just opened his eyes on the creation closes them in death, and is reduced to dust; and the young man, who gave the most promising hopes, is cut off in the bloom of strength and beauty: some violent disease or unfortunate accident conveys him to the silent tomb. Dangers and accidents multiply with years; negligence and excess lay the seeds of maladies, and dispose our bodies to receive those which are epidemical. The latter age is still more dangerous. In a word, half of those who are born into the world, are seen to perish within the short space of their first seventeen years! O! may this concise but faithful history of human life induce us to number and improve those days which are so short and important; and to redeem that time which passes with such inconceivable rapidity. Even whilst we are making these reflections several moments are gliding imperceptibly away: yet what a precious treasure of hours and days might we amass, if of the numberless moments which may yet remain at our disposal, we were frequently to devote some to so beneficial a purpose. Let us seriously consider that every instant is a portion of life impossible to recall, but the remembrance of which may be either the source of joy or sorrow. What a celestial pleasure to be able to look happily on the past, and to say with veracity, "I have lived so many years, during which I have sown the rich seed of good works; I do not wish to begin them again, but I do not regret that they have passed." That this language may be ours in the closing scenes of existence, let us pray for grace to fulfil the end for which life has been given us, and to devote the short space of time to the great interests of eternity.

#### ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

It must be granted, that poetry often deals in vast and sublime ideas. And even if the subject or matter of the poem doth not require such amazing and extensive thoughts, yet tropes and figures, which are some of the main powers and beauties of poetry, do so gloriously exalt the matter as to give a sublime imagination its proper relish and delight. So when a boar is chased in hunting.

*His nostrils flames expire,  
And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.*

DRYDEN.

When Ulyses withholds and suppresses his resentment.

*His wrath compress  
Recoiling mutter'd thunder in his breast.*

POPE.

But especially where the subject is grand, the poet fails not to represent it in all its grandeur. So when the supremacy of a God is described,

*He sees with equal eye, as God of all.  
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.*

POPE.

These sorts of writings have a natural tendency to enlarge the capacity of the mind, and make sublime ideas familiar to it. And instead of running always to the ancient heathen poetry with this design, we may, with equal, if not superior advantage, apply ourselves to converse with some of the best of our modern poets, as well as with the writings of the prophets, and the poetical parts of the Bible, viz. the book of Job and the Psalms; in which sacred authors we shall find sometimes more sublime ideas, more glorious descriptions, more elevated language, than the fondest critics have ever found in any of the Heathen versifiers either of Greece or Rome; for the Eastern writers use and allow much stronger figures and tropes than the Western.

Now there are many, and great, and sacred advantages to be derived from this sort of enlargement of the mind.

It will lead us into more exalted apprehensions of the great God our Creator, than ever we had before. It will entertain our thoughts with holy wonder and amazement, while we contemplate that Being who created these various works of surprising greatness, and surprising smallness; who has displayed most inconceivable wisdom in the contrivance of all the parts, powers, and motions of these little animals, invisible to the naked eye; who has manifested a most divine extent of knowledge, power, and greatness, in forming, moving, and managing the most extensive bulk of the heavenly bodies, and in surveying and comprehending those immeasurable spaces in which they move. Fancy, with all her images, is fatigued and overwhelmed in following the planetary worlds through such immense stages, such astonishing journies as these are, and resigns its place to the pure intellect, which learns by degrees to take in such ideas as these, and to adore its Creator with new and sublime devotion.

And not only are we taught to form juster ideas of the great God by these methods, but this enlargement of the mind carries us on to nobler conceptions of his intelligent creatures. The mind that deals only in vulgar and common ideas is ready to imagine the nature and powers of man to come something too near to God his maker, because we do not see or sensibly converse with any beings superior to ourselves. But when the soul has obtained a greater amplitude of thought, it will not then immediately pronounce every thing to be God which is above man. It then learns, to suppose there may be as many various ranks of beings in the invisible world, in a constant gradation superior to us, as we ourselves are superior to all ranks of being beneath us in this visible world; even though we descend downward far below the ant and the worm, the snail and the oyster, to the least and to the dullest animated atoms which are discovered to us by microscopes.

By these steps we shall ascend to form more just ideas of the knowledge and grandeur, the power and glory of the man Jesus Christ, who is intimately united to God, and is one with him. Doubtless he is furnished with superior powers to all the angels in heaven, because he is employed in superior work, and appointed to be the sovereign Lord of all the visible and invisible worlds. It is his human nature, in which the Godhead dwells bodily, that is advanced to these honors, and to this empire; and perhaps there is little or nothing in the government of the kingdoms of nature and grace but what is transacted by the man Jesus, inhabited by the divine power and wisdom, and employed as a medium or conscious instrument of this extensive government.

#### THE CONVICT.

R.—S.—the son of a lone widow, the joy of his mother's heart, and her only remaining earthly hope became an abandoned criminal. The warnings of his once dearly beloved mother, her entreaties, her sorrows, her sighs and her tears, made no impression on his obdurate heart, so as to induce him to abandon his wicked associates. He went on from bad to worse till at last he was taken, tried and convicted of highway robbery and sentenced to die. While in prison, awaiting the day appointed for his execution, his mind became alive to the horrors of his situation; the sorrow of the world took hold upon him, he wept bitterly and was in agony at the fear of death. O how often did he wish that he had his life to begin again! and how many bring themselves to his distressing situation from their own wickedness and folly, refusing advice till it is too late to be of any service to them!

Look at R. S. seated on a form in the prison, with two companions in crime, whose listless apathy and indifference were a striking contrast to his agonizing appearance. One of his legs was chained to an iron rod which stretched across the floor of the cell, he could just move along the rod—sit upon the form or lay himself down to rest upon a bed of straw. The clanking of his chains at every motion, reminded him, that he was a prisoner without hope.

I shall never forget his appearance. He wrung his hands—he cast his eyes wildly around him—the wrappings of his body—his long and deep drawn

moanings, and his many tears told me in language inexpressible "that the way of transgressors is hard." The day of his execution arrived—he had seen his widowed mother—he had wept upon her bosom—upon that bosom from whence he had drawn his first nourishment—and upon which he had often in infancy and childhood been soothed and hushed to rest—upon that bosom which was now like to burst asunder with the sad and powerful conflict of mortal feelings, excited to the highest pitch of anguish,—he had bid her a long farewell! His chains were knocked off—the last solemn services of religion were concluded, he was upon the scaffold! He saw the coffin in which his body was to be placed, he gazed wildly around him, surveying the dreadful apparatus of death, and the assembled multitude, the witnesses of his shameful and ignominious end. There was a solemn pause—and then there was a stir and a bustling about the entrance to the scaffold—a pardon had arrived! Hope had expired—the last minute of the appointed time was about to be numbered with the past, when it was intimated to him that the sentence of death was not to be carried into execution. Tell me—did this message of mercy communicate joy to the mind of R. S? and I will tell you that the gospel communicates peace and joy to the sinner, when the glad tidings of deliverance from the divine vengeance through the one offering of Christ are heard and believed by him. O what a peace is then communicated, what a joy is then felt! a peace which passeth all understanding, a joy with which the world cannot intermeddle.

Reader! has the gospel message produced joy in your heart? if it has not, it is because you have not believed it, neither have you understood it, for as soon will the convict awaiting on the scaffold the execution of the sentence of death, stand unmoved upon a pardon being read to him, as well the sinner who hears and believes the glad tidings of pardon and salvation through the blood of the Lamb. O think of this, and may the God of peace who brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus Christ give you peace and joy in believing

REFLECTION ON THE EARTH.

The Earth, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers, and his table with plenty; returns with interest every good committed to her care; and, though she produces the poison, she still supplies the antidote; though constantly teased more to furnish the luxuries of man than his necessities, yet, even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and, when life is over, she piously covers his remains in her bosom.

ON DEATH.

Man dieth and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away: so he that goeth down into the grave shall come up no more.

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.

Wouldst thou learn to die nobly; let thy vice die before thee. Happy is he who endeth the business of his life before his death; who, when the hour cometh, hath nothing to do but to die; who wisheth not delay, because he hath no longer use for time:

Think not the longest life the happiest; that which is best employed doth man the most honour; himself shall rejoice after death in the advantages of it.

Death, the dissolution of corporeal existence, is a subject of instructive consideration. As it is an inevitable event, it claims the most serious contemplation; so that its approach may be felt with resignation, and its summons obeyed with cheerful hope.

This attention is the more prudent, since it is universally known that the visitation of death is received with feelings widely different. When it is the close of a life which has been employed in virtue and beneficence, it is distinguished by tranquillity; but when it is the termination of a career of vice, it is embittered by the most painful suggestions of

remorse,—by reflections of a mispent, unprofitable, disgraceful existence. The death bed of expiring worth is consecrated by the tears of filial piety; of conjugal affection; and friendship's solicitude. But such endearments seldom attend, and never can ameliorate the last moments of vice. The retrospect of life is blackened with guilt; the prospect of futurity is shadowed with fears. Conscience is armed with terrors: and the appalled victim of selfish iniquity yields the tribute of nature in the horrors of convulsive agony.

Yet far more formidable is the consideration of death if viewed as the commencement of a new state of existence, in which the tenor of mortal life is to be the criterion of future misery or happiness. Yet such is the mode in which Christianity requires that human dissolution should be regarded.

For this awful event it behoves every one to be ready: and since the hour in which it may come upon us is uncertain, there is an indispensable necessity upon all mankind to be prepared for it by virtuous and pious living.

COMMUNION WITH OUR OWN HEARTS.

If we could but learn to commune with our own hearts and know what noble company we can make them, we would little regard the elegance and splendour of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile.—*Goldsmith.*

On the border of Derbyshire, near Whaleybridge, lived Anne Longstone, a poor but industrious and pious woman. The means by which she got her bread were laborious, and so inadequate to her general necessities, that she was frequently called to exemplify the literal import of the well-known petition in the Lord's prayer, and to ask and trust day by day for her daily bread. This was her request: God inspired it; and gave her his promise, that "her bread should be given, and her water should be sure." This she proved in various instances. She served the God of her mercies until she attained the full measure of her days, threescore years and ten: nor then did the promise of her heavenly Father fail. She hoped in his word, and proved his Providential care to the end of her pilgrimage, which was as singular as it was glorious. The calls of hunger pressing her to prepare herself a little food, she examined her stock of provisions, and found that, when brought together it amounted only to a few potatoes. This scanty supply appears, however, to have been quite equal to her present desires. Sitting down to prepare her little food as in the presence of her God, and on the borders of heaven, she observed to her neighbour, "This is all the food I have got; but my heavenly Father, who sent me this, can send me more when I want it;" and added, "I am not well, but thanks to the Friend of sinners, I can still sing his praises." Then, as if conscious that the hour of her departure was at hand, she began to sing these memorable lines,

"Soon shall I pass the vale of death,  
And in his arms shall lose my breath!  
O! then my happy soul shall tell,  
My Jesus hath done all things well!"

Having offered this, her last tribute of praise while on earth, to God her Redeemer, she sunk down, closed her eyes, and expired.

This venerable woman had God's grace in her heart, his promise in her Bible,—a circle of christian friends who knew her worth,—and a small supply for her wants, which, if not amounting to thousands of gold and silver, was quite sufficient to excite the confidence of God's children in a state of poverty. She had enough, and a few potatoes to spare. Say, ye who thirst after the treasures of the earth, and ye who already possess and set your hearts upon them; say, will you, can you vie with this poor woman when you advance towards the confines of the grave, and the margin of an awful eternity?

OLD TIMES.

Bishop Latimer's sermons are full of information respecting the state of England in his days; and in one of them he gives the following picture of the comfort, happiness, and industry of his father's fami-

ly. "My father," says he, "was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by year, at the uttermost, and thereupon he tilled so much, as kept half a dozen men. We had walk for 100 sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember, that I buckled his harness when he went to Blacketh field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pound, or twenty nobles, a piece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did of the same farm; where he that now hath it, payeth sixteen pound by the year, or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor."

EXTRACT.

The simplest manner of passing through life, with credit to yourself, and with usefulness to others, is to possess a character on which every man can depend. And the rule to conduct you to this happy station of superior excellence, is nothing more than to be what you wish others to think you are.

Hints to a young man entering into life.

"Nothing is so detrimental to a young man's improvement, as the foolish belief that he has nothing to learn. The conceit which he displays is a convincing proof that he has made little progress, while it promises nothing for his future improvement.—There are better hopes of one who is almost deterred from attempting perfection by the difficulties which he sees before him. In the one case, application smooths the difficulties; in the other, vanity prevents the necessary application. The one is pleased with his unexpected success, and the other is flattered with his supposed excellence. The one of these is a young man who will improve; the other is stationary, and in the end will be disgusted with his profession. It is the man always who gives dignity to the profession, not the profession to the man. Young men are often petulant when they know little. Their pride makes them assume this garb to conceal their ignorance, or their vanity puts it on to justify their pretensions. They err widely in both instances; for humble and placid manners advance no claims where there is nothing to show, while they never interrupt the display of the most brilliant talents.—*Gener's Letters.*

RULES FOR THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- I. Begin and end every day with humble and earnest prayer to God, through the intercession of Jesus Christ.
- II. Read carefully every day some part of the Holy Scriptures, and examine your heart and life by it.
- III. Avoid, as much as you can, all wicked company, and all temptations to sin; and be over in the way of duty.
- IV. Keep the Lord's Day most religiously, both in public and private.
- V. Think often and seriously, that God's eye is always upon you; and that you are continually hastening to death and judgment, to heaven or hell.
- VI. Labour with all your might to do your duty, but depend on God all the while for assistance and success, through his Spirit, and for acceptance, through his Son.

THERE can be no christianity, where there is no charity, but the censorious cultivate the forms of religion, that they may more freely indulge in the only pleasure of their lives, that of calumniating those, who to their other failings add not the sin of hypocrisy. But hypocrisy can beat calumny even at her own weapons, and can feign forgiveness, while she feels resentment, and meditates revenge.

Contentment depends more on the disposition of the mind, than on the circumstance of our life. One who had experienced a great reverse of fortune, said, "When I was rich I possessed God in all things, and now I am poor, I possess all things in God."

From the London Quarterly Review.

### THE PRESENT STATE OF THE JEWS.\*

"I look upon that people (the Jews) with astonishment and reverence; they are living proofs of facts most ancient and most interesting to mankind. Whosoever we have a Jew on the surface of the earth, there we have a man whose testimony and whose conduct connect the present time with the beginning of all time." So says Bishop Watson, expressing what must ever have been the sentiments of a rational Christian. But there are many circumstances which concur to render the condition of the ancient people of God a subject of more than ordinary interest at the present time.

The actual numbers may perhaps not exceed six million—numbers, however, probably greater than those over which Solomon reigned;—and of those six millions there may be resident in the contiguous countries of Moravia, ancient Poland, the Crimea, Moldavia and Wallachia, above three millions. Except within the countries which formed Poland before its partitions, their population contained in any one European kingdom cannot, therefore, be great. Yet so essentially are they one people, we might almost say one family; and so disposable is their wealth, as mainly vested in money transactions, that they must be considered as an aggregate, and not in their individual portions. Would but one bond of this people of most tenacious memory were not an indignant and resentful feeling of the cruelties, persecutions heaped on them in old times by various nations of the earth, and not least by our European ancestors; and fixed on their minds by the contempt and light of an age which abhors the name of barbarity! It is too much to say, that we have rather left them amongst ourselves as virgins, which we know not how to get rid of, than regarded and treated them as the children of a common Father? We have not even afforded them any portion of that compassion, which usage and opinion would require that we should at least appear to feel for fallen greatness. The man of the world must admit to his phraseology, on the case being intelligibly laid before him, that "we have shown bad taste in this matter." But if they are kept together in some measure by the sense of their wrongs, it is hoped wrought up by faith to the highest degree of certainty, that forms the most powerful bond of their identity, and constitutes them a nation apart, which can be bound to no Gentile government by permanent ties of citizenship. This feeling exists so strongly, and with such increasing intensity, that many Jews of late years under the persuasion that the accomplishment of the prophecies of the restoration of Israel is at hand, have actually transported their wealth and their families to Syria, quitted the milder rule of European governments for the exactions and tyranny of a Turkish bassa. Twenty years ago there was at Safett and Jerusalem but a small number of Polish Jews; some few hundreds at the most; there are now, at the very least, ten thousand. These eager expectations place them greatly at the mercy of every political adventurer who may, for his own purpose, undertake to work upon them; witness, within these five years, the extraordinary effect of an address from a pretended Jewish prince, stated to rule over an independent kingdom of Asia, which was mysteriously circulated amongst the Jews in Poland.

The greatest accumulation of them of any point in Europe is in the countries of ancient Poland, now forming Russian, Austrian, and Prussian Poland, and the modern kingdom of Poland under the sceptre of the Emperor of Russia. It is stated by Beer, that many centuries ago a considerable body of Jews migrated from France into Germany, whence many of their descendants passed into Poland; but they must have remained long in Germany before this second swarm hived itself in Poland, as the language of the Polish Jews, called Jewish-German, though written in the rabbinical characters, is fundamentally a German dialect, with a slight intermixture of Hebrew and other elements, and particularly of

Polish, in proportion as you travel further north. The colony obtained considerable privileges of Casimir the Great, who married the beautiful Jewess Esther; and from this stock, as their language proves, must have descended the great mass of the Jews. There are great numbers of Jews in the parts of Turkey contiguous to Poland; but there they literally swarm; they are innkeepers, tradesmen, distillers of brandy, brewers, horse-dealers, money-changers, usurers, as everywhere else; some very few of them are farmers of the soil. Their numbers have increased of late years so rapidly, as greatly to alarm and embarrass the governments of countries, which afford slender resources for a population so averse to be engaged in tillage. The evil of this immense accumulation of such a people, having one common interest and feeling, both of which are foreign to the interest and feelings of the citizens of the State; is felt, especially, by the Russian government.

The crowds of Jews in some of the towns of Russian Poland, and the miserable woe of existence of the greater part of them, have been forcibly depicted of late. It seems clear that, while, with such an augmentation of their population, they must be more disposed to seek their fortunes elsewhere, their hosts also must be the more disposed to get rid of them if they can. It is to be observed, moreover, that they are thus placed in the midst of precisely that Christian population—the Polish—where, of late, the national feelings have been the most wounded, and the interests of the great proprietors, the most deeply injured and sacrificed, and where, therefore, the whole frame of society is especially precarious and liable to violent changes, such as the Israelites look forward to as precursors to their deliverance. The essentially aristocratic existence of the whole Polish nation tends decidedly to prevent the Jews rising into consequence. There is no middle class in it, unless we consider as such, that which the Jews have imperceptibly formed, but which is one eminently qualified to be useful as a blending medium between the Christian nobles and the Christian serfs. Their mental development and civilization greatly exceed those of the lower order of Poles, because they have an education, however perverted. They are described as being in general, physically, a fine and active people, such as would contrast most advantageously with the rickety figures which, formerly at least, were seen in the public walks in Holland. The comeliness of the Jewesses in Warsaw is much celebrated; and Bishop James describes the Volhynian Jews as a particularly fine race of men, and their women as remarkable for beauty and figure, features, and complexion. In general, the Jews in Poland affect no external show, except in the dress of their women, but, as of old, those of them who are wealthy, live at home in considerable splendour.‡

The state of Germany, as to commerce and civilization, has been very beneficial to the Jews; their wealth, in its leading cities, has long been well known, and of late has attracted more attention than they would, perhaps, have wished. Since the time of Mendelssohn, many of them have studied with much success in its universities; of these Professors Neander, now a Christian, may be cited as a very creditable specimen; and many young Jews fought in the armies which delivered Germany from the yoke of Buonaparte, with a courage and intelligence of which several of them bear the honorable records in the decorations they have earned. Many Jews have studied and practised medicine with success. The distresses of the noble holders of land, occasioned by French occupation and contribution, and the preceding and subsequent wars, all of which bore with peculiar weight upon Prussia, caused permission to be granted there to the Jews, the great holders of ready money, whose property, too, is the least tangible and exposed to spoliation, to purchase manors (rittergüter), which conferred a new splendor and consistency on their existence. It was, however, subsequently found necessary to suspend

‡ It is a curious proof of this monarch's spirit of toleration, or deference to his wife, that whilst he educated as Christian two sons, whom he had by her, he allowed their sisters to be brought up in the faith of her mother, whom, however, he afterwards murdered in a fit of fury.

§ This is natural to men so circumstanced. Not long since a Jew was found in Jerusalem leading a life of much luxury, in a house with a broken staircase, in a small obscure street.

the exercise of one of the privileges attached to the possession of these estates—the gift of the spiritual benefices appertaining to them—as long as they should be unconverted, and for very obvious reasons. But when these fudal properties, besides many of the finest houses in the German capitals, passed thus into Israelitish hands, it was in the course of things, that the people should view with envy and indignation the foreign unbelieving money-changers, climbing up on the pedestals from which the statues of Christian knights and barons of ancient race had been hurled down by the storms which shook their native land to its centre. Besides this, circumstanced as the Jews were, it was to be expected that they would enter largely into the contracts made by the French government for the prosecution of its military enterprises, and that this conduct of theirs would be highly offensive to the German patriots. These causes, therefore, and somewhat here and there of that ostentation and indiscretion which seem to be almost inseparable from the enjoyment of suddenly acquired wealth, had indisposed the minds of men towards them; and this more than any one was aware of, until riotous proceedings against them broke out, first at Moimingen, and then at Wurtzburg, in 1820, and spread to the Rhine. These were, however, soon suppressed, and, except at Hamburg, the vigilance of the governments of the north of Germany prevented their extension thither, in despite of an evident disposition to them—a tendency, indeed, which burst out into action at Copenhagen. It is curious, that the old cry of "Hep, Hep," was at this time revived against the Jews, after a disuse of so many centuries.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### ON RELIGION.

My son give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways.

Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

Kiss the Son lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous.

Though religion removes not all the evils of life; though it promises no continuance of undisturbed prosperity, (which, indeed it were not salutary for man always to enjoy) yet, if it mitigates the evils which necessarily belong to our state, it may justly be said to give "rest to them who labour and are heavy laden."

The spirit of true religion breathes mildness and affability. It gives a native, unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition, which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this.

It is certain, that God is a being of infinite purity, and holiness; and as he must therefore hate iniquity, with the utmost hatred; so there is no doubt, but a serious and conscientious observance of the duties of religion, will recommend a man to his favour and protection. He that "feeds the fowls of the air," and "clothes the grass of the field" and is of a nature so diffusively beautiful, as "to make his sun to rise on the evil as well as on the good, and sends his rain both on the just and unjust," will undoubtedly in a more peculiar manner bless the labours of an honest and industrious man, and provide for those that fear him, and keep his commandments. I would not be understood to say, that never any wicked man has prospered, nor any good man been unsuccessful in this world; for it pleases God many times, for wise and good ends, to suffer the righteous to fall into great perplexities and distresses. However, since the Scriptures assure us that "the Lord will bless the righteous, and compass him with favor as with a shield; that wealth and riches shall be in the house of him that feareth

‡ Hep is supposed to be the contraction of Hierosolyma Est Perdita. This was the cri-de-guerre used on the Rhine, and particularly at Bientz, in a rising against the Jews, accompanied by extensive massacre and spoliation, in the 12th century.

\*Geschichte, Leären, and Mewungen der Juden, von Peter Beer. Leipzig, 3vo, 1825.

† Such are their union, activity, and multiplied relations with each other, that Frederick the Great states, that the Jews were always beforehand with him in obtaining intelligence.

‡ The ancient Bethulis, considered as an holy city by the Jews.

the Lord, and delighteth in his commandments; that blessings shall be upon his head; that the house of the righteous shall stand, and the tabernacle of the upright shall flourish; "that it shall be well with them that fear God;" and in short, "that godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come;" I think we may certainly conclude, that a strict observance of the duties of the Christian religion is the most likely way a man can take to thrive and prosper in the world, and to make his life comfortable and happy.

How much then do they derogate from the honour of God, who represented religion as an unprofitable and unpleasant task! When it is plain to any man, who considers things rightly, and is not under the prejudice of his lusts and passions, that the great design of religion is to make us happy here, as well as hereafter; that all its rules and precepts are most admirably suited to this end: and, would men be persuaded to live in the practice of them, we should find this world a kind of heaven upon earth.

THOUGHTS ON THE HUMAN CAPACITY.

We know not the bounds of taste, because we are unacquainted with the extent and boundaries of the human genius. The mind in ignorance is like a sleeping giant; it has immense capacities without the power of using them. By listening to the lectures of Socrates, men grew heroes, philosophers, and legislators; for he of all mankind seemed to have discovered the short and lightsome path to the faculties of the mind. To give you an instance of the human capacity, that comes more immediately within your notice, what graces, what sentiments, have been transplanted into the motion of a minut, of which a savage has no conception! We know not to what degree of rapture harmony is capable of being carried, nor what hidden powers may be in yet unexperienced beauties of the imagination, whose objects are in scenes and in worlds we are strangers to. Children who die young, have no conception of the sentiment of personal beauty. Are we certain that we are not yet children in respect to several species of beauties? We are ignorant whether there be not passions in the soul, that have hitherto remained unawakened and undiscovered for want of objects to rouse them: we feel plainly that some such are gently agitated and moved by certain notes of music. In reality, we know not but the taste and capacity of beauty and grandeur in the soul, may extend as far beyond all we actually perceive, as this whole world exceeds the sphere of a cockle or an oyster.—Usher.

RELIGIOUS RETIREMENT.

The rich and the poor, the happy and the miserable, the healthy and the sick, in short, all descriptions of persons, whatever may be their stations or their circumstances in life, will experience infinite advantages in religious retirement from the world. It is not, alas! in the temples of pleasure, in those meetings where every one drains the cup of folly to its lowest dregs, in those coteries where vulgar gaiety resorts, in brilliant assemblies, or at luxurious boards, that the mind acquires those refined and exalted notions, which restrain the sensual appetites, ennoble the pleasures of life, bring futurity to view, and banish, from a short and transitory existence, an inordinate fondness for the dissipations of the world. It is in solitude alone that we are capable of averting our eyes from those dangerous scenes, and casting them towards the celestial Providence which protects us. It is only during the silent hour of pious meditation that we recur to the consolatory idea, to the bland and satisfactory sentiment, that the eye of the Almighty is forever tenderly viewing the actions of his creatures, kindly superintending all our concerns, and, by his power and his goodness, directing our ways. The bright image of our Creator appears to us in solitude on every side.\* Emancipated from

\* The following address to the Deity is translated from Boethius by a celebrated moral Philosopher:

"O thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides,  
"Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,  
"On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,  
"And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!  
"Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast  
"With silent confidence and holy rest;  
"From Thee, Great God, we spring; to Thee we tend.  
"Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End."

the dangerous fermentation of the passions, we contemplate with seriousness and vigour, with freedom and with confidence, the attainment of supreme felicity, and enjoy in thought the happiness we hope ultimately to reach. In this holy meditation every ignoble sentiment, every painful anxiety, every low thought and vulgar care, vanish from the mind.

Solitude, when it has ripened and preserved the tender and humane feelings of the heart, and created in the mind a salutary distrust of our vain reason and boasted abilities, may be considered to have brought us nearer to God. Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves. When, in attending to the duties of my profession, I behold, on the bed of sickness, the efforts of the soul to oppose its impending dissolution, and discover, by the increasing torments of the patient, the rapid advances of death; when I see the unhappy sufferer extend his cold and trembling hands to thank the Almighty for the smallest mitigation of his pains; when I hear his utterance checked by intermingled groans, and view the tender looks, the silent anguish, of his attending friends; all my fortitude abandons me; my heart bleeds; and I tear myself from the sorrowful scene, only to pour my tears more freely over the lamentable lot of humanity, to regret the inefficacy of those medical powers, which I am supposed only to have sought with so much anxiety as a means of prolonging my own miserable existence.

"I ven in this vale of years I backward look,  
"And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,  
"Firmer in health, and greener in their age,  
"And stricter on their guard, and sifter far  
"To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe  
"I still survive; and am I fond of life,  
"Who scarce can think it possible I live?  
"Alive by miracle! If I am still alive,  
"Who long have buried what gives life to live."

WISDOM DERIVABLE FROM RETIREMENT.

The wisdom that teaches us to avoid the snares of the world, is not to be acquired by the incessant pursuit of entertainments; by flying, without reflection, from one party to another; by continual conversation on low and trifling subjects; by undertaking every thing and doing nothing. "He who would acquire true wisdom," says a celebrated philosopher, "must learn to live in Solitude." An uninterrupted course of dissipation stifles every virtuous sentiment. The dominion of reason is lost amidst the intoxications of pleasures; its voice is no longer heard; its authority no longer obeyed: the mind no longer strives to surmount temptations; but instead of shunning the perils which the passions scatter in our way, we run eagerly to find them. The idea of God, and the precepts of his holy religion, are never so little remembered as in the ordinary intercourses of society. Engaged in a multiplicity of absurd pursuits, intranced in the delirium of gaiety, inflamed by the continual ebriety which raises the passions and stimulates the desires, every connection between God and man is dissolved; the bright and noble faculty of reason obscured; and even the great and important duties of religion, the only source of true felicity, totally obliterated from the mind, or remembered only with levity and indifference. On the contrary, he who, entering into a serious self-examination, elevates his thoughts in silence towards his God; who consults the theatre of nature, the spangled firmament of heaven, the meadows enamelled with flowers, the stupendous mountains, and the silent groves, as the temples of the Divinity; who directs the emotions of his heart to the great Author and Conductor of every thing; who has his enlightened providence continually before his eyes, must, most assuredly, have already lived in pious Solitude and religious Retirement.

WHITFIELD.

Few preachers possessed eloquence so well adapted to an auditory, as the Rev. George Whitfield, the able coadjutor of Mr. Wesley in the foundation of Methodism. His metaphors were drawn from sources easily understood by his hearers, and frequently from the circumstances of the moment. The application was generally happy, and sometimes rose to the true sublime; for he was a man of warm imagination, and by no means devoid of taste.

When Mr. Whitfield first went to Scotland, he was received in Edinburgh with a kind of enthusiasm by a large body of the citizens. It so happened, that the day after his arrival, an unhappy man who had forfeited his life to the offended laws of his country, was to be executed. Mr. Whitfield mingled in the crowd that was collected on the occasion, and seemed highly pleased with the solemnity and decorum with which so awful a scene was conducted.—His appearance however drew the eyes of all around him, and raised a variety of opinions as to the motives which led him to join in the crowd. The next day being Sunday, he preached to a very large congregation in a field near the city. In the course of his sermon, he adverted to the execution which had taken place on the preceding day. "I know," said he, "that many of you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my character. Many of you, I know, will say, that my moments would have been better employed in praying for the unhappy man, than in attending him to the fatal tree; and that, perhaps, curiosity was the only cause that converted me into a spectator on that occasion; but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me, are under a mistake. I went as an observer of human nature, and to see the effect that such an example would have on those who witnessed it. I watched the conduct of almost every one present on that awful occasion, and I was highly pleased with their demeanour, which has given me a very favourable opinion of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenances, and reflected the goodness of your hearts, particularly when the moment arrived that your unhappy fellow creature was to close his eyes on this world for ever; then you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside, and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance. How different was it when the Saviour of mankind was extended on the cross! The Jews, instead of sympathizing in his sorrows, triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expressions, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar which they handed him to drink. Not one of all that witnessed his pains, turned his head aside, even in the last pang. Yes, my friends, there was one; that glorious luminary (pointing to the sun) veiled his brightness, and travelled on his course in tenfold night."

CURIOUS RECORDS.

(From an American Paper.)

HUMILITY.

Humility is ye\* first step in Jacob's ladder—the foundation of virtue—the basis of goodness—the center of rest—the ballast of ye soule—a man's truest grandure—a way by which we exalt onselfe by descending. Humility is a tree, whose roots ye deeper they spread in ye ground, ye higher its branches extend towards heaven.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

A good Conscience is a continual feast—a perpetual melody—a paradise of contentment within onselfe—a thousand witnesses—a sweet companion—a cordial friend—a bed of downe—secure armour—an inward antidote—an impregnable fortress—a tower of defence—the center of security—the root of blisse—the soule in embraces—ye heart of life—a sweet singing bird in one's owne bosom, drowning all ye harsher notes of outward discord—a temple, wherein retired, a man may adore ye eternal God, undisturbed with ye amazements and confusions of ye world—an enchanted tower, surrounded always with ye charms of love, and securing the soule from foreign tyranny—a cornu copie—Elisha's salt and Elisha's meal, cast into ye pot of soure gourds and expelling death. It is ye smile of Heaven and ye face of God shining in ye soule.

SABBATH.

The Sabbath is a type of heaven—a little part of eternity gotten in ye world—Time's chronologer, or ye perfect computer—the soule's restorer—the Lord's day, wherein Heaven's school and court are open—the market day for heaven—God's sowing time, as the end of the world is his harvest—man's opportunity and wisdom's occasion—the only day wherein we truly live, or may do so.

\* These extracts are copied verbatim; due allowance must therefore be made for the orthography. Wherever "ye" occurs, read "the," and the sense will be complete.



## POETRY.

## LINES WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

Ye sacred tomes, be my unerring guide,  
Dove hearted saints, and prophets eagle eyed!  
I scorn the moral fop, an' l' ethic sage,  
But drink in truth from your illumined page:  
Like Moses' bush each leaf divinely bright,  
Where God invests himself in milder light!  
Taught by your doctrines we devoutly rise,  
Faith points the way, and Hope unbars the skies:  
You tune our passions, teach them how to roll,  
And sink the body but to raise the soul;  
To raise it, bear it to mysterious day,  
Nor want an angel to direct the way.

## EARTHLY GOOD PRECARIOUS.

The dew drop spangling on the thorn,  
Can transient glories boast:  
It glitters in the early dawn,  
But ah! how soon 'tis lost.

The sweetly scented blushing rose,  
So exquisitely fine;  
In each new charm her tints disclose,  
Bespeaks a hand divine.

Yet fair as is this lovely flower  
It blooms, but to decay:  
To-day, it lives to grace the bower,  
To-morrow, fades away.

I see the rainbow's splendid arch,  
The firmament o'erspread;  
Whose glittering colours far surpass  
The tints that art has made.

And while with pleasure I survey  
Each variegated view;  
It quickly vanishes away  
From my admiring view.

Then let me never set my heart  
On what must soon decay;  
But rather choose that "better part,"  
Which none can take away.

## HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O happy is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice,  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold,  
And her reward is more secure  
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy years,  
And in her left, the prize of fame,  
And honour bright appears.

She guide the young, with innocence,  
In Pleasure's path to tread,  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the heary head.

According as her labours rise,  
So her rewards increase,  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

## APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

Trackless, immeasurable deep,  
Or tempest tossed, the mighty sea  
Or hushed in silent, glassy sleep,  
We find in every glimpse of thee,  
An emblem of Eternity!

Where thy proud waves, which roll along  
O'er craggy rocks and shelving shores,  
Or low, or loud, thy wailing song,  
Which on the busy echo soars,  
In mimic ripples—mimic roars,—

Or onward midst the shoreless vast,  
Whose briny waves unite with heaven;  
Where venturing pilgrims never cast  
Their anchors, when by tempests driven;  
Tho' masts and sails the storm has riven—

Or where thy silver water laves,  
The icy shores of polar seas,  
And flows into their crystal caves,  
To find a shelter from the breeze,  
Midst mimic rocks, and hills, and trees—

By Sun, or Moon, or Stars illumed,  
Great reservoir of rushing streams!  
Which has, since time, been ever doomed  
To frown with gloom, or smile with gleams—  
How mighty—vast—thy empire seems!

## VARIETY.

## PSALM CXLIII. 2.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in  
thy sight shall no man be justified.

## JESUS. JUSTICE. SINNER.

Jes. Bring forth the prisoner, Justice. Just. Thy  
commands.

Are done, just Judge: See here the pris'ner stands.  
Jes. What has the pris'ner done? Say; what's  
the cause

Of his commitment? Just. He hath broke the laws  
Of his too gracious God; conspir'd the death  
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,  
And hoaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.

Jes. How know'st thou this? Just. E'en by his  
own confession:

His sins are crying; and they cried aloud:  
They cried to Heav'n, they cried to Heav'n for  
blood.

Jes. What say'st thou, sinner? Hast thou ought  
to plead.

That sentence should not pass? hold up thy head,  
And show thy brazen, thy rebellious face.

Sin. Ah mo! I dare not: I'm too vile and base  
To tread upon the earth, much more to lift  
Mine eyes to Heav'n; I need no other shrift  
Than mine own conscience: Lord, I must confess,  
I am no more than dust, and no whit less  
Than my indictment styles me! ah! if thou  
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,  
What flesh can stand? I have transgress'd thy laws;  
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause.

Just. Lord, shall I strike the blow? Jes. Hold,  
Justice, stay:

Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say?

Sin. Vile as I am, and of myself abhor'd,  
I am thy handy-work thy creature, Lord,  
Stand with thy glorious image, and at first  
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst,  
Convicted caitiff, and degenerate creature,  
Here trembling at thy bar. Just. Thy fault's tho  
greater.

Lord, shall I strike the blow? Jes. Hold Justice,  
stay:

Speak, sinner; hast thou nothing else to say?

Sin. Nothing but mercy, mercy, Lord; my state  
Is miserably poor and desperate;  
I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee  
From Lord to Jesus, from thyself to thee.

Just. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has  
vow'd;

Abused mercy must have blood for blood:  
Shall I not strike the blow? Jes. Stay, Justice, hold;  
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,  
To view the trembling wretch; methinks I spy  
My Father's image in the pris'ner's eye.

Just. I cannot hold. Jes. Then turn thy thirsty  
blade

Into my sides, let there the wound be made;  
Cheer up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine:  
My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.  
Sin. O groundless deep! O love beyond degree;  
Th' offended dies to set th' offender free.

## ON THE CREATION.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the  
earth.

For by him were all things created, that are in  
heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible,  
whether they be thrones or dominions, or principal-  
ities, or powers: all things were created by him and  
for him.

And he is before all things, and by him all things  
consist.

In the progress of Divine works and government,  
there arrived a period, in which this earth was to be

called into existence. When the signal moment,  
predestined from all eternity, was come, the Deity  
arose in his might, and with a word created the  
world.—What an illustrious moment was that, when,  
from nonexistence, there sprang at once into being,  
this mighty globe, on which so many millions of  
creatures now dwell!—No preparatory measures  
were required. No long circuit of means was em-  
ployed. "He spake; and it was done: he com-  
manded; and it stood fast. The earth was at first  
without form, and void; and darkness was on the  
face of the deep." The Almighty surveyed the  
dark abyss; and fixed bounds to the several divisi-  
ons of nature. He said, "Let there be light: and  
there was light." Then appeared the sea, and the  
dry land. The mountains rose; and the rivers  
flowed. The sun and the moon began their course  
in the skies. Herbs and plants clothed the ground.  
The air, the earth, and the waters, were stored with  
their respective inhabitants. At last, man was made  
after the image of God. He appeared, walking  
with countenance erect; and received his Creator's  
benediction, as the lord of this new world. The  
Almighty beheld his work when it was finished;  
and pronounced it GOOD. Superior beings saw,  
with wonder, this new accession to existence.  
"The morning stars sang together; and all the sons  
of God shouted for joy."

We should take care that we do not carry our  
religious controversies so far as to give the infidel  
the same advantage over us in matters of faith, that  
the ancient Pyrronists obtained over other sects, in  
matters of philosophy. For all the sects of philo-  
sophers agreed in one thing only—that of abusing  
each other. He therefore that abused them all  
round, was sure of a majority; and as no sect  
got any praises except from the disciples of their  
own particular school, such party panegyric went  
for nothing.

Meditate on the best things, that thy profiting may  
appear unto all.

It has been ingeniously said, the wise man's mind  
is his commonwealth, and solitude is his study.

## Collect for the fifth Sunday after Easter.

O Lord, from whom all good things do come;  
Grant to us thy humble servants, that by thy holy  
inspiration we may think those things that be good,  
and by thy merciful guiding may perform the same,  
through our Lord Jesus Christ.

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