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WASHINGTON, D.C.
No. 354
THE CURE OF NAAMAN.

In one of those predatory wars in which the Syrians were engaged against Israel in the time of Elisha, a little Israelitish girl was seized and carried captive into Syria. She was probably of agreeable person and manners, and therefore was either purchased or given into the family of the Syrian general. Here she waited on Naaman's wife. Though seized by ruffians, and carried from her country, her home, and parents, God protected her, and conducted her to a place where, at least, her servitude was easy and her person safe. This young person appears to have been trained up in the fear of the Lord. What anguish must her pious friends have felt to be deprived of such a child in such a manner! How often was the fireside a place of tears, and how often would such friends commend their captive child to God in prayer!

In her own country she had known the prophet Elisha. She was familiar with his history, and the wonderful miracles he had performed. Perhaps her father's house had been one of the places where he had been entertained, and she might have listened personally to his instructions. Beholding the sad condition of unhappy Naaman, she said to her mistress, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy." It was told Naaman what this little maid had said, and he appears to have gone and laid the matter be-
fore the king. It was not proper indeed for him to leave his duties in Damascus, and perform a journey to the land of Israel, without consulting the king. Benhadad took a very generous interest in the welfare of Naaman, and at once consented that he should go and visit the prophet. But as he supposed Elisha was entirely at the disposal of the king of Israel, he wrote a letter to him. It was directed to Jehoram, king of Israel, and read thus:—“Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold I have therewith sent Naaman, my servant, to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy.”

When the king of Israel read this letter he was greatly surprised. He knew the leprosy was an incurable disease, and rending his garment, as was usual when persons heard words which they considered blasphemous, or when they were in distress, he said, “Am I a god to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.” He supposed the king of Syria contemplated hostilities, and so had sent him to perform an impossibility, that he might have a pretext for declaring war against him.

Elisha was probably in Samaria at this time. Hearing of the arrival of the Syrian general, and the alarm of King Jehoram, he sent a messenger to say to him, “Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Send Naaman to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.”

This was a cutting reproof to the wicked king. It was as much as to say, “Where are your idol gods? Why do you not call on them to heal the Syrian general? Where are your idol prophets? You prefer them to the prophets of Jehovah. Can none of them help you out of your difficulty? Where is the Lord God of Elijah? Hast thou provoked him by thy wickedness until thou darest not apply to him in thy distress? But as even the Syrians seek the
God whom thou hast rejected, send him to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

So Naaman came with his attendants, his horses and chariot, and stood before the door of Elisha. Elisha did not go out to meet him, or even see him, but simply sent his servant to say to him, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

Naaman had been accustomed to be treated with great respect. Flattery to great men is carried to a very great extent in eastern countries, and withal Naaman was a very haughty man. And as the prophet had refused to treat him with that respect which he thought was due to his rank, he was very angry, and said, "Behold, I thought he would surely come out to me, and stand and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" So he drove off in his chariot in a rage.

As he drove away, and after his anger had had a little time to cool, his servants, who, on this occasion, were much wiser than their master, ventured to remonstrate. One of them very respectfully said to him, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather then when he saith to thee, 'Wash and be clean.'" There was no painful operation to pass through, no long and severe course of medicine necessary: the method prescribed by the prophet would cost him nothing; he had come a great way; it could do no harm to try; and there would be time enough to be angry if the prescription failed. This was very excellent reasoning, and Naaman was convinced he had acted rashly. He therefore bent his way to the Jordan, and went down and bathed seven times, as the prophet had
directed. When he came up out of the water his body, which before was filled with disease, was perfectly healed. The whole mass of his blood and fluids was purified, and his skin was fair and smooth like that of a little child. What a wonderful cure! But what a dangerous sin is pride! Naaman had well nigh returned to Syria as bad as he came. This pride was very near preventing his cure, and keeping him a leper until the day of his death. Still there was something, after all, in the conduct of Naaman, worthy of imitation. First, he listened to the advice of a little servant-maid, who, of course, was not in a situation to be considered a very important person. Secondly, he listened to the counsels of his servants, and, suppressing his anger, went and did as they advised. Thirdly, he humbled his pride and prejudice, and went and washed in Jordan, although he at first thought it beneath him to do so, seeing he considered Abana and Pharpar better streams than any to be found in Israel.

This case may also teach us never to neglect any direction from God, even though we can see no reason why he should give it. Naaman could not see the reason why he should be sent to Jordan. Cold water did not usually benefit a person who had the leprosy, but rather injured him. He could not tell why the prophet told him to bathe seven times. He might have washed four or five times, and then have examined his flesh to see if there was any improvement. But seeing none, he might have said, It is of no service. If these waters were likely to heal me, there would be some change by this time. Now I suppose if Naaman had bathed six times, and no more, that he would have returned home a leper as bad as he came. He washed seven times, and was healed. This should teach us to do just as God commands, whether we see the reason for the command or not. There are some persons who say, "It is of no use to pray for any thing, because
God knows what we need before we ask him just as well as he does afterward.” Now we may reply to those persons, that God could have cured Naaman just as well without washing in Jordan as with. But he did not, and would not. Neither will he give us those blessings without prayer which he has promised only in answer to prayer. God could give us corn and wheat without ploughing and sowing, but the sluggard who folds his hands in seed-time, saying, “A little more sleep, and a little more slumber,” shall beg in harvest, and have nothing.

We may also learn from the means employed to heal Naaman, not to despise any means which God uses to do us good, because they are plain and simple. Washing in Jordan was very plain and easy. Naaman thought no good could come from such means. But simple as they were, he was healed by making use of them. So God often employs simple means on purpose to humble the pride of the sinful heart.

If people would become Christians, if they would have their sins forgiven, and new hearts given them, they must be humbled. There are some proud men who, like Naaman, wish to be treated with great respect. They would have the Lord come out to them, and treat them like gentlemen. But God converts the prince in the same way he converts the beggar. He has not prepared two heavens—one for the rich and the other for the poor. Neither has he any more pompous way of saving one than the other. Both must pray the humble prayer of the publican, “God be merciful to me a sinner.”

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PRAISE.

Those who are most ardently solicitous of obtaining praise, and make the greatest efforts to attain it, are generally less successful than those who give themselves no trouble about it.
WEEK'S JOURNAL OF A COUNTRY CURATE.

To give to the poor is to lend to the Lord.

Monday. Received ten pounds from my rector, Mr. S—, being one half year's salary—obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the rector, and even when admitted, was never once asked to sit down and refresh myself, though I had eleven miles to walk. Item—The doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for fifteen pounds a year.

Tuesday. Paid nine pounds to seven different people; but could not buy the second hand pair of —— offered me as a great bargain by the tailor; my wife wanted a gown very much, and neither Betsey nor Polly have a shoe to go to church.

Wednesday. My wife bought a gown for herself, and shoes for her two daughters; but unluckily, in coming home, dropped a guinea through a hole, which she had never before perceived, in her pocket, and all our cash in the world was gone, except half a crown. Item—Chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to rely on the goodness of God.

Thursday. Received a note from ——, at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak with me on pressing business; went, and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for sevenpence halfpenny—in a struggle what to do. The baker, though we had paid him on Tuesday, quarrelled with us to avoid giving any credit in future: and George ——, the butcher, sent us word that he had heard it whispered how the rector intended to have a curate who would do the parish duty at an inferior price: and though he would do any thing to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter ——, at the upper end of town. Mortifying reflections these. But, in my opinion, a want
of humanity is a want of justice. The Father of the universe lends blessings to us with a view that we should relieve a brother in distress; and we consequently do more than pay a debt when we perform an act of benevolence. Paid the stranger’s reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

Friday. A very scanty dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that, by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with this shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears. Mem. Never to contradict her as long as I live; for a mind that can argue like hers, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion; and, in every lapse from the severity of economy, performs an act of virtue superior to the value of a kingdom.

Saturday. Wrote a sermon, which on Sunday I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively hungry—no more than two pence halfpenny in the house.

But see the goodness of God: the strolling player whom I had relieved was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard I was indigent; and, from a generous eccentricity of temper, wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he comes in and declares himself my friend, and puts a fifty pound note in my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of three hundred pounds a year.—London Evangelical Magazine.

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“Amen.”—The Hebrews have a saying, that whosoever says “amen” with all his might opens the doors of paradise.
"When therefore he was risen from the dead, his disciples remembered that he had said this unto them."—John ii, 25.

This text came to my mind with peculiar force, and it was an hour and a scene to inspire meditation. The sun was setting gloriously, and his parting rays tinged the clouds floating in the eastern horizon with gorgeous hues, while their rainbow tints were again reflected on the purple hills, with the peaceful river winding at their feet. A sabbath stillness was spread over every object. No sound was heard but the vesper-hymn of the birds, and the soft rustling of the trees and shrubs as the air gently stirred their flexile branches. It was after he had "risen from the dead his disciples remembered what he had said unto them." The words of the Saviour often fell upon careless or uninterested ears,—but afterward they were remembered. Not a sentence he ever uttered was lost. The Holy Spirit, given them after his ascension, recalled the precious truths distilled from his sacred lips, and impressed them upon their awakened minds.

They are not lost—the words of inspiration communicated to the infant mind from the mother's lip of love. At first they may almost seem unheard, for the din of the world often overpowers "the voice of the charmer;" yet goodly seed is sown in the heart, which will eventually spring up, and when matured by the rays of the Sun of righteousness and the dews of the Holy Spirit, will bear much fruit.

This was my own case; and as "opened all the cells where memory slept," I was carried back to my childhood's days. I thought of the infant prayer at my mother's knee; the lisped hymn, and the touching Scripture story from that mother's lips. Her Sunday evening instructions too came back to my mind. She was in the habit

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of assembling her children and servants together in her room after tea, and hearing us repeat the texts of the day, with as much of the sermon as we could remember. Our hymns and catechism were then recited. This done she would read a chapter of the Bible, and explain it to us in her own most graphic and affectionate manner. Thus an interest was given to those passages which make them to this day appear more interesting than any other portion of the Scriptures. Precious are these remembrances! linked with all most dear and cherished by the heart! Every feature of that hour has often, amid distant scenes, come over my soul like a dream of heaven. The room in which we sat with its window richly curtained with wreaths of glycena; the fruit-trees before the window; the grass-plot beneath it; even the bed-curtains on which were pictured stories which used to excite my childish wonder and admiration; the old-fashioned mahogany table where lay the volume that was the guide and director of my dear parents' thoughts and lives. But with these hallowed associations came thoughts of the past that filled me with sorrow and remorse. I remembered a season when, entranced by pleasure and at a distance from any dear mother's care, I seemed to slight her faithful instructions, although they would at times "sit upon my soul" with power. I recalled an evening, or rather a morning, for it was 4 o'clock, when I returned from a brilliant assembly, languid and exhausted, feeling, like Bruce when he exclaimed, "And is this all?" that dissatisfaction which always accompanies the attainment of any merely earthly desire. My eye glanced upon my Bible—my neglected Bible—my mother's parting gift. It lay upon the toilet, almost concealed by flowers, ribands, and the various et cetera which cover the dressing-table of a fashionable lady. I took it up, and eagerly opened it, as if my satiated heart could there find refreshment, my wearied spirits repose.
Here I sat for some time, reading promises in which I knew I had no interest, and, strange as it may seem, the Bible scarcely ever seemed more true and more precious than at that hour; its simplicity and purity affording so striking a contrast to the polished falsehood and refined pollution of the atmosphere I had been breathing.

This part of my life, gilded only with "lights which led astray," passed over, and at an early age I was called to realize joy quenched in tears, and hope setting in darkness; to find all I had grasped on earth perishing dust in my hand, and, stricken and amazed, to cry, "Who will show me any good?" The cry was heard, and in that season of anguish a portion of Scripture, dwelt upon by my dear mother, led me to look to Him who receiveth "the weary and heavy laden." Then I felt the value of those instructions from her lips in early life. What might have been the result if, before those hours of darkness, I had never heard of one who "healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds!"

A calm and happy lot became my own, and I thought the words of life were precious as I taught them to my children, and outwardly walked in my mother's footsteps. But I had not her simple mind, her single eye, that "simplicity and godly sincerity" which are the highest attainment in the school of Christ, and I needed to be purified even with fire. To one beloved object my heart clung with fondest devotion. To me he seemed

"To show whate'er was fairest, brightest, best
In all created things that beauty breathe."

He was smitten—taken, no doubt, to draw my heart more nearly to his glorious home. But even in the closing struggle his lips would have breathed forth consolation to our agonized spirits in the words of inspiration; words that his mother's lips had taught him in the season of life and health. Where could I turn for comfort? My heart
was a sealed sepulchre, and thick darkness covered me. But again the word of God came to my relief, dispelling the gloom of despair. I remembered my mother's conduct under a similar bereavement. She, too, wept over her first-born son, and the words of life were her solace. She gathered us around her, and read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews. She pointed us to my brother, amid "the spirits of the just made perfect," and we prayed to possess her faith in "Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant," to whom she exhorted us to look in the spring-time of our lives. And there too I found comfort. I realized that those who "slept in Jesus" should be raised in immortal beauty; that "corruptible would put on incorruption, and mortal immortality," and I "comforted myself with these words." O! never can we prize the Bible fully till hours such as this, when the absence of our beloved ones has made our earthly homes desolate. There is but one source of information respecting their present abode; the Scriptures that tell us of "a city without foundations, whose builder and maker is God," which declare to us that they are possessed of pleasures there that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard."

Let us then diligently and perseveringly endeavour to impress a love for the Bible upon the hearts of our children, and its word upon their memories, thus furnishing them with an exhaustless treasure amid all the vicissitudes of life; and let the youthful mind prize that friend which appears most valuable amid the wreck of earthly hopes; a friend which fills the dark grave with light, and is a sure support even in the hour of nature's extremest agony.

January, 1840.

Mary.

Many men's estates come in at the door, and go out at the chimney.

Vol. III.—2
INFLUENCE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The happy results and extensive influence of sabbath schools can never be fully described; but enough is unfolded by their recent history to commend them to the hearty approbation of every parent, and to the redoubled efforts of all who would advance the interests of the rising generation.

Sabbath schools impart to the children and youth many useful hints upon the subject of good manners, and will be of great advantage to them as they pass along through the journey of life.

Sabbath schools materially aid children in gaining an education. Often parents have acknowledged that their children have learned to read better by attending the sabbath school than by attending other schools all the rest of the week.

Sabbath schools, which are furnished with a good library, enkindle a desire for knowledge; and hence the scholars, by gaining a love for reading, become persons of intelligence and general information.

Sabbath schools make children more obedient to their parents, and aid in maintaining family government, for which parents often express their gratitude.

Sabbath schools, if generally attended, would save many from the sabbath-breaker's untimely grave; for it is a solemn truth, long since ascertained, that there are more deaths by accidents on the sabbath than upon all the other days of the week.

Sabbath schools would prevent the formation of habits which lead to crime, and to the penitentiary. The astonishing fact is proclaimed, in the last report of the Auburn State Prison, that out of 1450 criminals condemned to that prison, 1423 "had been sabbath-breakers!"

Sabbath schools aid in preserving order in society, and
render property more secure in our cities. A man, who was not a professor of religion, but was an ex-mayor of one of our large cities, gave a donation of fifty dollars to sustain a sabbath school city missionary, saying, "That sabbath school missionary is doing more to prevent the fruits of my garden from being pilfered than all our laws, and judges, and courts, and officers, and jails, and prisons."

Sabbath schools are raising up ministers of the gospel and missionaries of the cross.

Sabbath schools are preparing many children and youth for heaven's eternal sabbath school, where Jesus is the teacher, and where he will unfold the mysteries of providence, the mysteries of redemption, and the glories of his perfections, for ever and ever.

But we forbear; for none but that Being who inhabiteth eternity, and knoweth all things, can fully comprehend the untold advantages and blessings which result from this benevolent institution.—Sabbath School Visiter.

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REMARKABLE CONVERSION

Through the instrumentality of Dr. Adam Clarke when he was a lad.

For several months after Adam came to Mr. Bennet's, he had a grievous cross, not to say plague, in one of the servants. She was excessively boisterous and profane: rejected, in the most awful manner, every good advice which was given to her; she seemed to have an implacable enmity against Adam, because he was religious; and, strange to tell, on no other ground. Persecution about religion is rarely, if ever, the work of the human heart merely, for persecution on such an account is as unnatural as it is absurd. It is the two spirits that are in opposition to each other. Every genuine Christian has the Spirit of God in him, every sinner that of the devil. The latter works on the fallen nature, on that carnal mind especially which is enmity against God; and thus the poor miserable sinner
is diabolically impelled to act against his own interests, often against the clear convictions of his own conscience; and thus to war against his Maker. Such was certainly the case with that servant. Adam bore all her insolence and insults without even a complaint. "O Molly, Molly," he would say, "you will surely repent for this: why will you sin against God and your own soul? have I ever done you any harm? have I ever spoke one cross or unkind word?" Her answers were very ill-natured; but he continued to pray strongly for her, that God might convert her soul. His prayers were at last heard; she was struck with the deepest convictions a human heart could feel, or a human mind bear. She literally roared for the disquiet of her soul. He was now obliged to use every kind of persuasive,—ransack the Bible for promises to penitent sinners,—to prevent her from falling into absolute despair. She was sometimes so terrified at the apprehension of God's judgments, the sinfulness of her heart, and the wickedness of her life, that she appeared to choose strangling rather than life; and was often on the verge of laying violent hands upon herself. Her continual application to him for direction and advice was at last excessively burdensome; because her mind was so distracted that she could scarcely profit by any. She had been a strong sinner; and now she was arrested by a strong hand. At last, after passing through indescribable mental agony, she was enabled to behold the Lamb of God which takes away the sin of the world, and found redemption in his blood, the remission of her sins. Now, indeed, the lion became a lamb. All her fierce and violent tempers were removed; she became meek and gentle, diligent in business, and fervent in spirit serving the Lord. He saw her thirty years after this, and found her walking steadily in the way that leads to the kingdom of God. Let no one despair of the salvation even of the most hardened. This woman has
since acknowledged that she has often felt the keenest twinges of conscience when she has been most violent in her contradicting and blaspheming.—Memoirs of Dr. Clarke.

Mr. Editor,—Having observed, in the Christian Advocate, (which, by the way, I regularly read,) a call for original articles for the Youth’s Magazine, I send you the following, which I have copied from my Album, and which was written on the identical “torn leaf” which gave occasion to the piece.

Yours, respectfully,

RUTH.

THE TORN LEAF.

The fragment of a leaf is very much like many things in this world. It is so fit and striking an emblem of the disappointment, the dissatisfaction, and the uncertainty attendant on all things below the sun, that it might well furnish the philosopher with a maxim, the moralist with an excellent motto, and the preacher with a text. Like every production of mortal man, it is imperfect. Like the joys of life, it is below the standard of anticipation, and, like the best duties of Christians, it comes short of what it ought to be. Its measure is unequal, its edge is uneven, and its appearance is unsightly. As it now stands in the album, it is very much like the tares among the wheat; to let it remain disfigures the rest, and to tear it out would endanger the safety of others; and the only use to which it can be turned is to take it as another proof, added to many that have been given before, of that “vanity and vexation of spirit” which is common to all sublunary things.

A Teacher.

* A new edition of the Life of Dr. Clarke, prepared expressly for the Sunday School and Youth’s Library, by C. F. Deems, is now in press.—Ed.
THE REV. ROBERT NEWTON.

From Dr. Humphrey's Tour in England.

On my way to London to attend the great May anniversaries, I spent two or three days in Birmingham, just when the Wesleyan Missionary Society for that town and vicinity was holding its annual meeting. My other engagements, and the shortness of my stay, did not allow me to see and hear so much as I could have wished—but more than enough to satisfy me that this is a very spirited and efficient branch of the general society.

The meeting was opened on sabbath evening with a missionary sermon, by Rev. Mr. Newton, of Manchester, said to be one of the most popular preachers of the connection. The chapel, which is very large, was excessively crowded. Nr. N. is a tall, athletic man, and has a voice of extraordinary compass and power. In his delivery he is greatly in earnest—speaks well, and has an uncommonly good command of language. His theme was that very appropriate and encouraging passage, "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." With one or two slight exceptions in the phraseology, which I thought might give a wrong impression, I was delighted with the sermon. It was methodical, rich in thought, and highly evangelical. Mr. N. took special pains to keep the Holy Spirit distinctly before our minds, as the sole efficient agent in the work of regeneration, and guarded the text as cautiously throughout against the more "liberal" and flattering construction as any Calvinist could wish. The discourse was listened to with great attention, and must have produced an excellent practical effect.
THE RIVER NILE.

No river in the world has attracted so much observation, and given rise to so many false conjectures and absurd speculations, as the Nile. Probably no river in the world so well deserves the attention of mankind. The camel or dromedary, in the eyes of the Arab, is rightly considered as the first of quadrupeds; in many parts of his wild country he is entirely dependant upon it for existence. To the Laplander the reindeer is equally necessary, and to the Kamtschatkan the dog. But no race of animals can afford to mankind so many benefits as this most bountiful river. It is, to the inhabitant of the region through which it passes, at once food, wealth, and happiness. Were it to withhold its annual tribute for one season, thousands who depend upon it for life must inevitably perish. Passing, for the extent of nearly two thousand miles, through a desert of sand, it may be said to have reclaimed, and placed at the disposal of man, territories which else must for ever have remained unoccupied and waste.

This it has accomplished, by every year, at a particular season, overflowing its banks to a considerable distance on either side; and when the water has sunk into the ground, or has been exhaled into the atmosphere by the heat of the sun, it is found to have left upon the earth a rich and fertilizing sediment, that has been washed down during the progress of the river through more fruitful countries. This sediment, or mud, consists chiefly of alumine and carbonate of magnesia, and therefore contains within itself the principles of vegetation, and requires no manure to fit it for the purposes of the husbandman. It acquires, too, a fresh coating with every inundation, and at length a fine alluvial soil has been deposited, that enables the sower, without any cultivation, to obtain a most abundant harvest.

As, owing to the excessive dryness of the climate, it
would be impossible, without these inundations, to raise a crop even from the rich mould already deposited, we may imagine the misery and ruin that would visit the people of Egypt were the Nile for one year to withhold its usual supply. The overflowing of this river has from the earliest ages engaged the attention of philosophers, and long baffled their endeavours to ascertain its cause; and it has not until late years been ever clearly understood.*—Saturday Magazine.

THE ANCIENT IDUMEA.

It would be a profitable exercise for the juvenile reader, and not an unprofitable one for some who are not juvenile, to turn to the passages of Scripture referred to in the following interesting extract, and to mark how they establish the various positions of the writer. The general position of Edom will be sufficiently understood, by supposing a line to be drawn connecting the extremities of the two forks of the Red Sea. The southward of that line is what is usually called the Sinaitic Peninsula: to the northward, toward Palestine, is Arabia Petraea. The mountains to the eastward are Idumea. A line being supposed to be drawn southward, from Gaza to the top of the eastern gulf of the Red Sea, rather less than half way down are the ruins of Petra, once the capital of Edom, lately explored by M. de Laborde.

We learn from Genesis, that before any king reigned over Israel, no fewer than eight kings had succeeded each other in the government of the land of Edom, or Idumea; and that these kings were followed by eleven dukes, the descendants of Esau, the father of the Edomites. Gen. xxxvi, 31-43. The fertility of its territory was announced in the blessing given by Isaac to Esau. Gen. xxvii, 39.

* This matter is explained in the Youth's Magazine, vol. i, p. 97.
Its highly cultivated state appears, moreover, from the description given of it by the messengers of Moses, when they requested permission for the Israelites to pass through Edom, in their way from Egypt to the promised land. Num. xx, 17-21.

The great wealth possessed by Job, an inhabitant of that country, at a period probably even still more remote than the visit of the Israelites, proves that Idumea had then been long settled. Indeed, the whole of the beautiful composition in which his trials are recorded displays a state of society in which a gradation of classes was acknowledged, the fine arts were not unknown, luxury prevailed to a very considerable extent, the operations of war had been reduced to order, commerce by sea and land had been carried on with foreign countries, and almost all the ordinary mechanical trades with which we are now acquainted afforded occupation to numerous families. Fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand asses, not only bespake the princely rank of Job, but also indicated his extensive territorial possessions; oxen being principally employed, in the East, in ploughing the soil, and treading out the corn.

We learn, from the calamities which that virtuous man suffered in the early period of his life, that at one time Uz, or Idumea, his native place, was subject to the incursions of the Sabeans and Chaldeans: but, from a variety of circumstances, we may infer, that, with some occasional exceptions, the country in general enjoyed tranquillity, and a high state of prosperity. The year and the months were regularly defined. Kings and other great men had been accustomed to build for themselves splendid tombs. Job iii, 14. They possessed great wealth in gold and silver. Job iii, 15. Traditions even then prevailed of treasures anciently concealed in the earth. Job iii, 21. The vicissitudes of famine brought on by war, which prevented the
people from attending to their usual agricultural pursuits, were not unfamiliar to the age. Job v, 20. They were acquainted with the use of scales, Job vi, 2, and the weaver's shuttle, Job vii, 6; they made cheese from milk, Job x, 10; their gardens were protected by ground traps and snares, Job xviii, 9, 10; they were accustomed to cut inscriptions on tablets, which were fixed with lead in the faces of rocks, Job xix, 24; they had steel bows for their archers, Job xx, 24; their arrows were kept in quivers, and they bore in battle the spear and shield, Job xxxix, 23, as well as the sword, Job xxxix, 22. The war-horse of Idumea, in those days, is finely described as having "his neck clothed with thunder." Job xxxix, 19-25.

Idumean history consisted principally of oral traditions: hence the phrase for reference to it was, "Inquire of the former age, search of your fathers." Job viii, 8. That they had already turned their attention to astronomy, appears from their being acquainted with the names of several of the constellations, such as Arcturus, Orion, the Pleiades, and the Crooked Serpent. Job xxxviii, 31, 32; xxvi, 13. The regions of the sky below their latitude they mystically described as "the chambers of the south." Job ix, 9. In natural history they were acquainted with the habits of the lion, the eagle, the hawk, the peacock, the ostrich, the grasshopper, the spider, the elephant, (beemoth,) the whale, (leviathan,) and other animals. They were conversant with the arts of mining, by which they extracted from the earth gold, silver, and iron. Job xxviii, 1, 2. They also manufactured brass, Job xxviii, 2, and set a high value on the topaz of Ethiopia, Job xxviii, 19, coral, pearl, and rubies, crystal, the onyx, sapphires, and other precious stones, Job xxviii, 6, 16-18, as well as the gold of Ophir, which is supposed to be a port in the Red Sea, on the coast of Africa. They manufactured oil and wine.
Job xxiv, 11. The soil was deemed of sufficient value to be divided by landmarks. Job xxiv, 2. They were acquainted with the extremes of wealth and poverty, Job xxiv, 4; and amused themselves with dancing to the sound of the timbrel, harp, and organ. Job xxi, 11, 12. They had regular tribunals for the trial and punishment of offences. Job xii, 17; xiii, 27; xxix, 7. They were acquainted with the use of money. Job xlii, 11. They had even advanced so far in the ways of luxury as to have ointments, Job xli, 31, to wear gold ear-rings, Job xlii, 11, and to possess mirrors formed of polished metals. Job xxxvii, 18. They had a clear idea of a future world of happiness and of punishment, Job xi, 8; and among no people do we find such sublime descriptions of the works and majesty of the Omnipotent as among the Idumeans. Job ix, 4, &c.; xxvi.

The book from which these notions of the primeval condition of Idumea, and these descriptions of the almighty power, are extracted, is admitted, by all commentators and critics, to be the most ancient poem extant. It is manifestly an inspired production; and its very preservation among the Edomites shows not only their respect for the doctrines it contains, but that they were in fact the most intellectual, and in every respect the most civilized, nation then in existence upon the earth. They had brought down to their day the true doctrines of religion, such as they were practised in the very infancy of the world. The maxims of morality announced in the poem are very little short of those inculcated in the gospel. It expresses a belief, not only that there is a God, but that he will reward those who diligently seek him. Job xix, 25. The Creator is frequently described, not only as a Supreme Being, but also as omnipresent, eternal, boundless in wisdom, irresistible in power, of inflexible justice, infinite goodness, and indescribable glory. Moreover, the government of
the world by the perpetual and superintending providence of God is noticed in several passages; and it is always assumed that that government is carried on by the ministration of a heavenly hierarchy, composed of various ranks and orders of the "sons of God." The angelic fall enters into the system of the Idumean religion; the power given to Satan to tempt men, and for that purpose to walk constantly "to and fro" upon the earth, is the very groundwork of the sufferings of Job. Original sin, and the corruption of human nature in consequence thereof, are frequently alluded to. Prayer and sacrifice to God, by way of expiating transgressions, are strongly inculcated; and there are abundant expressions to show their belief in a day of future retribution.—Youth's Instructor and Guardian.

THE NATURE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

"Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum."

Hor.

"Who guides below and rules above,
The great Disposer and the mighty King,
Than he none greater, next him none
That can be, is, or was;
Supreme he singly fills the throne."

CREECH.

SIMONIDES, being asked by Dionysius the Tyrant what God was, desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he desired two days; and afterward, instead of returning his answer, desired still double time to consider of it. This great poet and philosopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he lost himself in the thought instead of finding an end of it.

If we consider the idea which wise men, by the light
of reason, have framed of the divine Being, it amounts to this: That he has in him all the perfection of a spiritual nature; and, since we have no notion of any kind of spiritual perfection but what we discover in our own souls, we join infinitude to each kind of these perfections, and what is a faculty in a human soul becomes an attribute in God. We exist in place and time; the divine Being fills the immensity of space with his presence, and inhabits eternity. We are possessed with a little power and a little knowledge; the divine Being is almighty and omniscient. In short, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfections in one being, we form our idea of the great Sovereign of nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this observation, I shall produce Mr. Locke's authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay on the Human Understanding:—"If we examine the idea we have of the incomprehensible Supreme Being, we shall find that we come by it the same way; and that the complex ideas we have both of God and separate spirits are made up of the simple ideas we receive from reflection, v. g., having, from what we experiment in ourselves, got the ideas of existence and duration, of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other qualities and powers, which it is better to have than to be without: when we would frame an idea the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our idea of infinity; and so, putting them together, make our complex idea of God."

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection besides those which are lodged in a human soul; but it is impossible that we should have ideas of any kinds of perfection, except those of which we have some small rays, and short, imperfect strokes in our-
selves. It would be, therefore, a very high presumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which is not marked out in the human soul, it belongs in its fulness to the divine nature.

Several eminent philosophers have imagined that the soul in her separate state may have new faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the divine nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the sovereign Being, the great Author of nature, has in him all possible perfection, as well in kind as in degrees—to speak according to our methods of conceiving. I shall only add under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. There is no end of his greatness: the most exalted creature he has made is only capable of adoring it; none but himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the son of Sirach is very just and sublime in this light:—"By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore, in sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? For he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great, and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can: for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? And who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid
greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works."

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his mercy, we must have recourse to revelation, which represents him to us, not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and just in his dispensations toward man. But, as this is a theory which falls under every one's consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thought of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness and of his transcendent excellence and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is, in reality, a kind of incessant prayer and reasonable humiliation of the soul before Him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity, and self-conceit which are apt to shoot up in the minds of such whose thoughts turn more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the supreme model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to Him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would in a particular manner banish from among us that prevailing impiety of using his name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent sermon, preached at the funeral of a gentleman who was an hon-
our to his country, and a more diligent as well as successful inquirer into the works of nature than any other our nation has ever produced:—"He had the profoundest veneration for the great God of heaven and earth that I have ever observed in any person. The very name of God was never mentioned by him without a pause and a visible stop in his discourse: in which one that knew him most particularly above twenty years has told me that he was so exact, that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it."

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the Jews to a name so great, wonderful, and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name in the ordinary expressions of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions? Of those who admit it in the most familiar questions and assertions, ludicrous phrases and works of humour, not to mention those who violate it by solemn perjuries? It would be an affront to reason to endeavour to set forth the horror and profaneness of such a practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the light of nature, not to say religion, is not utterly extinguished.—Spectator.

For the Youth's Magazine.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

To pray, in a religious sense of the term, is to ask favours of God. But the term prayer may be considered a general one, as it is often used to signify that important part of divine worship which consists in adoration, invocation, deprecation, confession, supplication, intercession, and thanksgiving. We adore God as an infinite and eternal Spirit, possessed of all possible perfection, as the Creator of all things, and the author and preserver of our being. We invoke his aid, without which we cannot think
or speak aright. We deprecate his displeasure, because we have sinned against him. We confess our transgressions, with an humble, penitent, and believing heart, from the hope of obtaining pardon. We supplicate his mercy for ourselves, and intercede for others; and, while doing this, if we pray as we ought, we thank him for all the blessings which we have received, and do enjoy, from his munificent hand. Prayer, in this sense, may be considered as a continual sacrifice, like that of praise, to be offered to God daily, either by ourselves, in our closets, or in and with our families. It is also a part of that public sacrifice which we, with our fellow-creatures, are to offer unto God in his house—that holy place, which, in the sacred Scriptures, is called "a house of prayer for all nations." Prayer by some seems to be regarded as the act of holding intercourse with God, as a means of grace, in the proper use of which we secure to ourselves those blessings which he has, in the covenant of his grace, promised to bestow. And so solemn and sacred an exercise has this been considered, that certain benefit is sure to be derived, whether we obtain the special object of our request immediately or not. "It is important," says one, "to bear in mind the reason why God did not bless Jacob till the breaking of the day, and why our petitions are [sometimes] not granted till the last moment. In prayer the means is in these instances more valuable than the end. The spirit of prayer, and the frequent exercise of it, is a greater blessing than the attainment of any other short of heaven itself." We should be careful, however, that we do not rest in the means, regardless of the end; for, as Mr. Watson, in his note on Luke xi, 8, 9, remarks, "The whole [parable or discourse,] tends to impress us with the necessity of obtaining the fulfilment of our petitions, and thus to guard against a common and fatal evil, that of resting in prayer as an end, without regarding it as the means of ob-
taining the petitions we present. How many rest here! They have done a duty, that is enough! which is a fatal infatuation." But when we speak of prayer in the light of intercession, or the continual daily sacrifice of Christians, it should be offered with clean hands and a pure heart; or, as the apostle expresses it, when he says, "I will therefore that men [Christians] pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting."

Prayer, then, in order to be pleasing to God, and profitable to ourselves, should be humble and reverential; for that which has in it the least particle of pride, or vain glory, whether it arise from a consciousness of superiority of gifts, in intellect or language, or voice or utterance, must be abhorred by Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. It should also be perfectly sincere, without the least dissimulation, or hypocrisy, or any thing like an affectation of any state or frame of mind which we do not really feel, or the use of such language, or tone of voice, or gesture, as are not the true and honest index of our hearts. It should also be frequent; for a duty of this kind performed only once, especially if performed carelessly, can never prevail with God. Any thing like indifference, or coldness, should be avoided equally with boisterousness and levity. God is a holy being, and jealous of his glory; humility and lowliness of mind, self-abasement and child-like simplicity, godly sincerity and reverential awe, joined with fervency of spirit and Christian confidence, should ever mark our addresses to the throne of his heavenly grace. Prayer is unquestionably the appointed means of obtaining help in every time of need. God has commanded us to pray, and therefore prayer is a duty. At our best estate we are weak, ignorant, and dependent creatures, and as such it is fitting we should pray; prayer is therefore a reasonable service. God has promised to hear and answer prayer; nay, more, he has pro-
mised to "pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and supplication;" and there is no surer indication of an approaching revival of religion than a general prevalence of the "spirit of interceding grace." But we must ask, as above prescribed, and in faith, nothing doubting, or it will be said of us, "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss." Perhaps at no time since the beginning of Christianity has there ever been a greater number of praying souls in the church than now. All good Christians pray all the world over, whatever may be their name, or denomination. Some pray especially for the awakening and conversion of sinners; some for the spread of the gospel at home and abroad; some for the downfall of antichrist and of Mohammedism; some more particularly for the Jews and for the heathen; some for universal peace, and some for the glorious millennium; some with a form, and others as the Spirit gives them utterance, or as the Spirit moves them; and yet that plain and simple prayer which Christ taught to his disciples, "Thy kingdom come," or that registered by the Psalmist, a thousand years before the coming of Christ, "God be merciful unto us, and bless us, that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations," has not yet been answered, even though we live in the nineteenth century of the Christian era.

This is an alarming consideration, and more especially so when we consider how ready God is to hear and answer "the effectual, (inwrought,) fervent prayer of every righteous man" upon earth. There may be some difficulty in apprehending how far others can be benefited by our prayers, seeing they are free moral agents; but this difficulty can form no good argument against the practice, since it is evident that God has made it our duty to pray for all men, even for those that persecute and despitefully use us. The examples of Abraham praying for Abimelech, of
Moses and Samuel for the Israelites, of Job for his friends, of Daniel for his people, of Christ for his murderers, and of Stephen for those that rose up against him to put him to death, are a sufficient warrant for us, and for the whole church to continue instant in prayer—to pray without ceasing. But perhaps there are some who may read these lines who have not yet begun to pray at all, neither for themselves nor for others. Alas for these! How many blessings they have lost it is impossible to tell. O fly then to the Friend of sinners and ask for pardon, not only for all that you have done amiss, but especially for your negligence of this most important and most profitable duty. Begin to day, lest death overtake you, and the "clement, mediatorial hour" pass by, never to be recalled.

POPERY AND CHRISTIANITY CONTRASTED.

“There is one Mediator, the man Christ Jesus.”

Then we will go to the Virgin, and all the saints in the calendar, as our mediators.

“Thou shalt not make to thee any graven image—thou shalt not bow down to them.”

O, we always allow these little pictures—they help our devotions.

“Keep the sabbath day holy to the end of it.”

After mass, we consider the sabbath ended.

“Let a bishop be the husband of one wife.”

We priests don’t marry;—we have a system that answers much better.

“Who can forgive sins but God.”

We priests do that thing ourselves.

“In the church I had rather speak five words so as to teach others, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.”

We prefer teaching in Latin.—Balt. Lit. and Rel. Mag.
ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

Our life, what is it? like a dream,
   A transient visiter of night;
We wake, and lo, no trace is seen,
   Where fled the phantom from our sight?

So we pass on from youth to age,
   Unconscious of departing time,
Although our brow's a letter'd page,
   Printed in every furrow'd line.

Like the swift current of a stream,
   Engulf'd within the dark blue sea,
We glide along our course unseen,
   Till lost in vast eternity.

And like that stream, which ne'er returns
   Back to its limpid fount again,
So we our destiny may learn;
   From nature's works this truth obtain,

In vain to fix on earthly joys,
   For ever on the rapid wing,
When time his every art employs,
   Some sure and with'ring blight to bring.

He wreathes the sunny brow of youth
   With spring's most lovely flowerets gay
But soon, ah, soon reveals the truth,
   They blossom only to decay.

But ah, there is a fairer clime,
   Where skies are changeless and serene,
Where beauty blooms, unscathed by time,
   Joyous in heaven's resplendent beam.

_Cottage Hall, La., Jan. 1840._

S. B. T.
For the Youth's Magazine.

ADDRESS TO A ROBIN IN A HOLLY TREE.

Hast thou fled from a land of sleet and snow,
Where the cold sharp winds of Boreas blow,
To breathe a more mild, congenial air,
The blessings of this soft clime to share?
Ah, yes, thou art freely banqueting now
On the scarlet fruit of the holly bough.

Did the ice-bound streams of the frigid north,
With its leafless forests, drive thee forth,
To seek in a summer clime a home,
Where the wintry blasts but seldom come?
Ah, the holly, in green and scarlet drest,
Invites, with a smile, her more northern guest.

O, thy song is of sweetest minstrelsy,
In by-gone days familiar to me,
When first I hail'd thee herald of spring,
The bird with red breast and downy wing;
When my song was as full of joy and glee
As thine in the boughs of the holly tree.

I love thee, sweet bird of my native clime,
For there I first heard these notes of thine;
And here thy soft melodious strain
Brings me back my joyous youth again;
How inspiring, then, to listen to thee,
Singing so merry in the holly tree.

Cottage Hall, La., Feb. 3, 1840. S. B. T.

"Direct, control, suggest this day
All I may think, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite."

Bishop Ken.
THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

Two volumes of this work are now before the public. It was begun for the special benefit of the youth of both sexes within the bounds of our church and congregations. The arguments urged in favour of commencing it were the following:—" 1. Such a work is greatly needed among our people. The older sabbath school scholars, and those who have just left school, and such teachers as have not much leisure time for the perusal of more voluminous works, need something of the kind to interest them, and improve their minds. 2. There is plenty of talent in the church to make a periodical of this kind the most respectable of any in the world, not excepting the 'London Youth's Magazine,' and the 'Youth's Instructer and Guardian,' two very popular and widely circulated periodicals. 3. There will be no want of support of such a work, if well conducted. Preachers will interest themselves in its circulation; seminaries of learning will encourage it by frequent contributions, and by recommending it to the pupils under their care; and our young people will hail its monthly visits with pleasure and delight." Charmed by the fascinations of such eloquence, and allured, not by the visions of celebrity and profit, but by the hope of doing good, the editors consented to take upon them the additional labour of preparing the materials for this work; and the agents, moved by similar considerations and the hope of a large subscription list, consented to publish it in a style which does them great credit, but at an expense, also, for which they are, at present, but poorly remunerated. And now, brethren—to the preachers we more particularly speak—for you are the agents to put every good thing into active operation, what is the result of all this? In the first place, we have received testimonials, the most unequivocal, that the work does not fall below the expectations of its warmest friends, except in one particular only, that is, the want of well written original articles. Of the selections we hear no complaint, but much in their praise. So far, very good. And in addition, a few of our preachers have interested themselves nobly in the circulation; but "seminaries of learning," and our sprightly and elegant writers, with but few exceptions, seem to forget us altogether, or rather they forget that there is such an excellent channel opened through which streams of eloquence might flow to the remotest parts of the Union, fertilizing and rejoicing the whole wilderness of mind, wherever they might come. We see by the cover of one of the London Wesleyan periodicals, that, in two years from the commencement of the "Cottager's Friend," a work by no means equal to our Youth's Magazine, and circulated altogether among the poor of the societies, that their subscription list amounts to thirty thousand, while ours, in the same length of time, amounts to only,—, but for shame we will not tell, lest our enemies should rejoice and say, "Ah, so would we have it!" If it be true, and true it most certainly is, that we have more than seven hundred thousand members, we ought at least to have one hundred thousand subscribers, and one hundred contributors to the Youth's Magazine. Come, brethren, young preachers especially, for the love of the souls committed to your care, drive out of the world, as much as in you lies, all those pestilential publications called novels, romances, and comic almanacs, and fill the sphere in which you move with something pure, and chaste, and solid, and valuable. In every place where you preach leave a tract, or a number of one of our periodicals, or a volume of Christian biography, or something that shall operate as "a lecture silent, but of sovereign power," in your absence—something that shall tend to fasten the good word which you have preached on the minds of your auditors, or prepare them for the reception of it at your next coming. These you will find to be coworkers with you in the glorious cause, and will mightily aid you in pulling down Satan's kingdom, and in building up that of our Lord Jesus Christ in the earth.
THE
YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

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Grammar and Grammar. Price 50 cents a volume.

These volumes are well adapted to aid in forming correct speech, piety, and usefulness.
In parts where it is necessary to have recourse to artificial means for crossing the torrents, the people make use of a rude, though very ingenious contrivance. Two strong cables, formed of the roots of plants twisted together to the thickness of a man's leg, are stretched across the stream from bank to bank, at about four or five feet distance from each other; the ends on the one side of the river being made fast to a tressel of wood, while on the other they are wound around a windlass, for the purpose of stretching or slackening them at pleasure. Across these are placed long sticks, laid at equal distances the whole length of the bridge, and large boughs of trees are strewn thickly over them, which form a kind of flooring; two smaller cables are then extended on each side, a few feet above this floor, and serve as ballustrades; and upon these rude bridges the Indians pass backward and forward, regardless of danger, though a European traveller shudders at the idea of venturing his life upon what appears to him, from a distance, only like ribands suspended in the air over a great precipice. The danger, however, is not great when a single person passes over it with a quick and even step, keeping his body leaning forward; but the swinging of the bridge becomes very violent when two persons pass at the same time, without keeping pace with each other; or when one of them, frightened by the view of the water, which he
sees through the openings of the branches, has the imprudence to stop in the middle and catch hold suddenly of the ropes that serve as a rail. Such are the perils to which the adventurous traveller is exposed, who would undertake so hazardous an enterprise as the journey from Quito to Santa Fe!

From the last Annual Report of the New-York Institution.

INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

At a period when the art of educating the deaf and dumb has attained so high a degree of perfection as that which marks it at the present day, when its claims upon the public philanthropy are so extensively acknowledged throughout all Christian communities, and when it is pursued in many countries with all the system and methods which its successful prosecution requires, it is interesting to revert to the circumstances of its origin, and the successive steps which distinguished its early development. Such a retrospect cannot fail to gratify every friend of humanity, by showing how much has been accomplished in a space of time comparatively brief, and indicating, at the same time, with what certainty truth and benevolence will ever prevail over prejudice and bigotry, and with what success persevering effort, however in itself feeble, will at length surmount the most formidable difficulty.

The early history of the world affords us no evidence that a desire to relieve the misfortunes of the unhappy deaf and dumb ever, even in the most enlightened ages, animated the minds of men. Hardly indeed do we find a mention of the existence of such a class of persons, and whenever such a mention does occur, it is accompanied with some intimation of the entire hopelessness of their situation.

It might be supposed, that, with the prevalence of Christianity in Europe, prejudices, unfounded as these
were, would shortly disappear. Such was not, however, the case.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, the celebrated Italian mathematician, Cardan, suggested the practicability of their education, though intimating, at the same time, the extreme difficulty of the undertaking. Cardan was sensible of the truth, which, however obvious it may appear, has yet been controverted in the strongest terms by many enlightened men, that speech is not at all essential to the utility of an alphabetic language. He laid down the proposition, that ideas may be directly associated with written words, and that the images of these written words may afford to the mind the same facility in conducting its operations which their sounds afford to those who speak. He saw, clearly enough, what is the true nature of the aid which the intellect derives from the use of signs representative of ideas, without falling into the error of supposing that such assistance is obtainable only from signs of a particular description.

In contemplating the present moral and intellectual condition of Spain, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe, that a noble and philanthropic art should have first sprung into existence there. This seems, nevertheless, to have been the case with that of which we are speaking. It is to a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, a Benedictine monk, of the convent at Ona, that the earliest authentic records on this subject attribute the honour of having first regularly attempted to teach the deaf and dumb. This benevolent man, by name Peter Ponce, is said to have been remarkably successful in his efforts. Indeed, if we believe the accounts which are given of the attainments of his pupils, we must suppose that not all the labours of subsequent instructors have been able to accomplish more than was done by this earliest pioneer.

John Paul Bonet, also a native of Spain, not long after
the commencement of the seventeenth century, published
a treatise on this branch of education. This individual
appears, too, to have met with very encouraging success
in his endeavours to put in practice the precepts he set
forth. It appears probable that his methods of instruction
were entirely of his own invention; for after the death of
Ponce, a long time elapsed during which the art was alto‐
gether lost, that instructor having neither published nor
committed to writing any account of what he had done.

The art of instructing the deaf and dumb seems to have
been destined to but a brief existence in the country of its
birth. After the time of Bonet, it fell into disuse; at least
we find not more than one instance mentioned in which it
was practised. In Italy it attracted the attention of one or
two writers, and in England, in the seventeenth century,
there sprung up a number of instructers. Of these, the
principal was Wallis, professor of mathematics in the Uni‐
versity of Oxford, who laboured with some success in this
department of education. But the English instructers by
no means attained the striking results recorded of Ponce
and Bonet. In Holland, the names most usually associated
with the infancy of this art are those of Van Helmont
and Conrad Amman.

Germany, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,
produced a large number of instructers; while in Holland,
England, and Spain, the art was shortly forgotten. In the
year 1718 George Raphael published a work, in which he
gave the results of his experience in the education of
three of his own children. Many others, in a more ex‐
tended history, might deserve notice; but the individual
whose name is most frequently mentioned among the early
German instructers was Samuel Heinicke, the director of
the first institution ever publicly endowed, which was es‐
tablished at Leipzic, in 1778.

In France, before the period of regular institutions for
the deaf and dumb, the names of but four instructors are recorded. These are Father Vanin, Pereire, Ernaud, and the Abbé Deschamps. Pereire appears to have been remarkably successful, but he carefully kept his processes secret from the world. In 1749 he presented two of his pupils to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, in the hope of obtaining some valuable compensation for his invention.

The instructor who next claims attention, and whose labours availed to accomplish more in behalf of the deaf, and dumb than those of any other who has ever appeared, is the Abbé De l'Epeé. From his time, this department of education has continued to occupy so great and constantly increasing a share of the public attention, that Degerando, in his history of the art, has made it the separating epoch between the two great periods into which he has divided his subject. Up to this time there had been neither system nor mutual understanding prevailing among instructors, nor, in many cases, had one been aware even of the previous existence of others.

De l'Epeé commenced his labours in the year 1760, and died in the year 1789. He it was who turned the practice of this art from a gainful speculation into a charity; who gave of his own means, that the unfortunate might enjoy the blessings of education, instead of selling to them what numbers are unfortunately too poor to buy. It was his ardent desire, a desire which was in a measure gratified, to see other teachers, instructed by himself, establishing other schools, wherever there were suitable subjects to be educated. He laboured for nearly thirty years, without any countenance from the great, and with little notice from the benevolent. His own limited means sustained the school which he had founded, and his own ceaseless toil rendered it a means of extending to a very large number the benefits of a respectable education.

The perseverance of De l'Epeé at length convinced the
skeptical of the duty of making a permanent provision for the education of the deaf and dumb. But it was not until after his death that the school which he had founded passed under the patronage of the French government, with the title of the Royal Institution of France. Besides this, there were at that time but three institutions of the kind in Europe, though a few private schools had been opened in different places. The rapid march of improvement in this respect will be obvious from the fact, that there are at present in existence in the world nearly, or quite one hundred and fifty.

The uncommon talents, lively zeal and remarkable success of the instructor who immediately followed De l'Epeé, were causes which contributed greatly to excite the public interest, and to increase the popular bias in favour of an institution which had been so long neglected. Sicard, the pupil and successor of De l'Epeé, was a man of no common order. Systematic and logical in his habits of thought, he proceeded to give to his method of instruction a degree of regularity which it had wanted in the hands of others. He wrote extensively on the subject, and his works have been made the principal guide in many schools of more recent date.

Since the time of De l'Epeé and Sicard the multiplication of schools and instructors has been so rapid that it is impossible to speak of them individually here. Nor is it necessary, since the interest which attaches to the history of this art, in this second period of its existence, consists chiefly in the publications, theoretical and practical, to which its progress has given rise.

[For the following particulars we are indebted mostly to the Penny Cyclopedia, in which an extended and interesting article on the subject may be seen.]

There are now in Europe one hundred and fifteen institutions of this kind, in France twenty-eight, in the German
states twenty-eight, in Russia eighteen, in Great Britain twelve, in Austria six, in Italy five, Switzerland five, Holland and Belgium five, Denmark two, Russia two, Sweden and Norway one, Hanover, Spain, and Portugal, one each.

The first instruction of deaf mutes in this country was given in Virginia by a descendant of Braidwood of Edinburgh, who adopted the system of concealment, like his ancestor. A small school was formed, the results of which are not now known. The first public institution of this kind in the United States, and one which ranks among the most distinguished, was the American Asylum, projected in 1815, and established in 1817, in the city of Hartford, Conn. It originated in the desire of the late Dr. Cogswell, an eminent physician of that place, to promote the education of his own daughter, who was deaf and dumb. The first instructor at this institution was the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet. He visited the institution at Paris, then under the charge of the Abbé Sicard, and on his return to America was accompanied by Mr. Clerc, who, though a deaf mute himself, was called the "glory and support" of the institution at Paris. The early instructors of the institution at Hartford were men of high literary reputation: among them were Mr. W. C. Woodbridge, the editor of the "American Annals of Education;" Mr. Lewis Weld, for some years the instructor of the Philadelphia institute, and at present the principal of the Hartford Asylum; and Mr. Harvey P. Peet, the present principal of the New-York institution. For several years the number of pupils instructed in this institution has been between one and two hundred. It has also supplied instructors to all similar establishments in the United States.

The New-York institution was commenced in 1818, and until the spring of 1829 the school was held in a building adjoining the City Hall. It had at first to contend with differences of opinion as to the system of in-
struction, and several changes were the consequence of this indecision. In 1827 the legislature of New-York, by which the institution was chiefly sustained, authorized Mr. Flagg, the superintendent of common schools of the state, to visit this and other institutions, and to compare the results of the different systems of instruction. Mr. Flagg, therefore, visited the schools at New-York, Hartford, and Philadelphia, and in his report gave a decided preference to the system of the two latter institutions; and he recommended the directors to engage an instructor acquainted with the improved modes of teaching there pursued. Mr. H. P. Peet was accordingly engaged as principal of the New-York institution, and the school is at present conducted by him with great ability. There are seven teachers, a matron, an assistant matron, and five instructers in trades. The trades, which are taught in the intervals of school hours, are cabinetmaking, shoemaking, bookbinding, tailoring, and gardening. One hundred and sixty-nine pupils partake of the benefits of the asylum, of whom one hundred and twenty are supported by the state of New-York, seventeen by the institution, fourteen by the corporation of New-York, eleven by their friends, six by the state of New-Jersey, and one by the supervisors of Dutchess county; and of these, eighty-six are males and eighty-three females. The reports of this institution are of a highly valuable nature; for, independent of their local and temporary interest, they contain some of the best essays in the English language on the practical instruction of the deaf and dumb.*

The buildings now occupied by this institution are both splendid and convenient, and pleasantly situated near the railroad leading from New-York to Harlem, and about

* It is understood that the article on the instruction of the deaf and dumb in the "North American Review" (No. 83) was written by Mr. Barnard, one of the teachers in this institution.
midway between the two places. The principal building is one hundred and ten feet by sixty, and five stories high, including the basement. It is surmounted by an observatory which is seventy feet above the ground, and which commands an extensive prospect in every direction. A beautiful engraving of the above building will be given as a frontispiece to the present volume.

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PALESTINE.

[The following piece was spoken by Master John Elmendorf, of School No. 2, Willett-street Association, on Christmas day, 1839.]

Whether viewed as the source of our religious faith, or as the most ancient fountain of our historical knowledge, Palestine has at all times been regarded with feelings of the deepest interest and curiosity. Inhabited by a people entitled above all others to the distinction of peculiar, it presents a record of events such as have not come to pass in any other land; monuments of a belief denied to all other nations; hopes not elsewhere cherished, but which, nevertheless, are connected with the destiny of the whole human race, and stretch forward to the consummation of all terrestrial things. The affections of the Christian are, indeed, bound to Palestine by the strongest associations; and every portion of its varied territory, its mountains, its lakes, and even its deserts, are consecrated in his eyes as the scene of some mighty occurrence. His fancy clothes with qualities almost celestial that holy land, over whose acres walked those blessed feet which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross. It appears to us as if invested with attributes not of this world, like some land midway between earth and heaven, the story of which obtains an equal prominence in the record of angels, as in the more perishing pages of our own poets and historians. It has been said of the reflective
mind, that it "finds tongues in trees, books in the running streams, sermons in stones, and God in every thing:" and admitting the general truth and beauty of the sentiment, we may ask, What trees can discourse with such eloquence as the venerable olives in the garden of Gethsemane? What streams unfold a volume like that of Kedron? And what stones can preach sermons as powerful as the masses scattered at the foot of Mount Olivet, that have been hurled from their foundations by Jehovah? monuments at once of his anger against sin, and that the words of Scripture are the words of the living God. There is in this land a sacredness connected with all we hear and all we see; there is a divinity that stirs in every visible object, and every name revives the recollection of something significant. The scorching sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig tree, all the poetry and all the pictures of the Scriptures, are here found. The sight of a lily carries the mind to the mount of the Beatitudes, and the preaching of Him who taught as one having authority. The camels convey us to the times of the patriarchs. The vines remind us of one who said, "I am the true Vine," and of the precious blood of which its juice was chosen to be the sacramental emblem. The diminutive ants, as they move along in numerous armies, raise the thoughts to Solomon, the man of three thousand proverbs. The lamb speaks of the daily sacrifice, and of the meekness of the Redeemer when led to the slaughter and wounded for our transgressions. Every grotto indicates something symbolical; every hill suggests the voice of a prophet. Rivers that are now dried up, rocks that are rent in sunder, sepulchres half open, attest a miracle, and the eye can fix itself upon no spot that is not the talisman of thought too big for utterance.

It would be wrong to argue the former capabilities of the Holy Land from its present appearance, as it is now under the curse of God, and its general barrenness is in full
accordance with prophetic denunciation. The Israelite in our street, whose appearance was delineated with graphic precision by the legislator prophet more than three thousand years ago, is not a surer evidence of the truth of Scripture, than the land as it now is, cursed in all its products, and comparatively without rain. Its highways are desolate, its cities waste, and its sanctuaries brought into desolation. No sound is now heard but that of the passing wind, whence the voice of Jehovah once spoke in thunder. The sky is now cloudless and serene, where the angel of the Lord was once seen in his glory: the paths are now deserted, where the tribes once approached from the most distant parts to the festivals of the temple—the old man, and the venerable matron, and the beloved son, and the beautiful daughter, weeping for very gladness as they came. The ways of Zion do mourn because none come to her solemn feasts; all her gates are desolate; from the Daughter of Zion all beauty is departed, and in that city where once was the monarch, his brow encircled with the golden diadem, and in his train the noble and the wise, there is now no higher power than a delegated governor, and its own people are the most despised of men.

Palestine, it is true, contains all the materials requisite for the formation of a prosperous people. It possesses the framework of a mighty nation, but the spirit of its existence is fled; and though a form once powerful and features once beautiful be there, the form is now motionless, the features are marred by a mortal convulsion, and the breath of its life is away.

It was the opinion of the ancients that all that the lightning touched was sacred, and they who were killed by its flash were specially regarded by Heaven; and it is a feeling arising from a similar source that causes the traveller to look upon the Holy Land with something of the same reverence. He gazes upon it as the old prophet of Bethel...
gazed upon the carcass of the man of God that had been slain by the lion, and which he took and laid in his own grave; mourning over him, and saying, Alas, my brother! But if the thought partake too much of superstition, we may call to our remembrance the tenet of a purer faith, that enables us, by a promise of a resurrection unto eternal life, to awaken a joy in grief; and to look upon the remains of our dearest kindred with chastened exultation, and speak of the lovely appearance of death. The sure word of prophecy has promised unto Judea a glorious resurrection, and has described it in colours dipped in the rays of heaven; and though its words may refer as well to a spiritual Israel, extended as the world, they are the better for all this, and we will utter them with a louder voice and a gladder heart. And it is because of sin that the land is thus desolate. But amidst all the afflictive dispensations with which it is visited, though it be now comparatively treeless and streamless, a glory shines upon its rocks that gilds not the towers of earth's noblest palaces. The inheritance, in the nervous language of Scripture, is at rest. It is the sabbath of the land. One wo is past, and a second and a third have been endured. The clouds that now envelop the mountains of Lebanon and Hermon shall soon be dispersed, and beams all cheering as the bow of the covenant shall play upon their summit, and descend lower and lower as the Sun of righteousness rises in the firmament, gathering richness as they descend, until they burst in a flood of glory upon the lowest of the valleys, and from limit to limit, fill the whole of the promised possession. The breath of the Lord shall then breathe upon the mass, and every hill, and field, and stream shall teem with a new existence, and the breath as it breathes shall receive instant homage from the lily bending in its loveliness, and the rose of Sharon shall give to it the odour of its leaves, and the sky shall be like the heaven it but partially hides. The
air all fragrance, the hills shall put forth their sweetest fruits, and the vales shall be covered with corn, the wine, and the oil. The waters of the stream shall murmur praises unto the Lord; the whispers of the wind shall be hymns to our Emmanuel; and the sounds, when they cease on earth, shall be carried on by the angels of heaven. “The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose; it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing. In the wilderness shall even waters break out, and streams in the desert, and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. And then shall the ransomed of the Lord return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.”

From the "Wesleyan Student."

PLEASURE.

AMBIGUITY is a striking characteristic of language. The same word is made to designate the purest sentiment of the undying spirit, and the vilest passion of the perishable brute; while the glowing fervour of angelic nature, the sparklings of genius, and the writhing of an accusing conscience, have but a common name! In the word pleasure we have the mingled idea of the nectar flowing pure from the Elysian fount, and of the gall and wormwood distilled from the poison of sin. Pleasure has formed the soul and substance of one system of philosophy, has been made the single duty and sole interest of man; and by another it has been caricatured into a thousand Protean forms of ill. With the one it is virtue’s self luring to unsullied bliss; and with the other, the beguiling serpent, the worm that dies not, the scorpion of a thousand stings. Pleasure has
sweetened the minstrel's song, and swelled with anguish the voice of wo; has pointed the shaft of the satirist and drowned the sense of the inebriate; has winged the lightnings of eloquence, and palsied the energies of genius; has lightened the altar of devotion, and fanned the flames of hell.

Its name is one; and whatever its nature, it still wears this angelic garb. Though it were armed with the terrors of the second death, though its touch were pollution and its breath the pestilence, still it might be pleasure. O! madness! how many daily perish at her unholy shrine? With what infatuation they rush forward, but to be crushed beneath her ponderous car! How many have wooed her embrace, but to be pierced through with ten thousand sorrows! Often in the midnight dance does the fair victim fit herself for the slaughter; and

—"Chase the glowing hours with flying feet,"

until wan disease has drunk up the crimson tide of health, and consumption, glutted with the beauteous offering, consigns over the wasted remains to the insatiate rioters of the tomb. Like the mariner on the deceitful waters, thoughtless, sporting, and gay, they are borne on in the giddy rounds of pleasure, listening to the siren's voice, till roused by Charybdis' dashing spray, the infallible precursor of a premature grave. Had we the pencil of a Raphael, we would sketch a picture at which the genius of humanity would weep, and death itself would drop a tear! But who shall paint the blanched paleness of death, creeping over the bloom of the rose; the swelling of high hopes against the ebbing tide of life; the warm gleamings of affection, midst the icy coldness of the tomb; the coiling of the serpent in the rose bed of ease; and the sparklings of joy through the eyes of despair? But we drop the curtain; for the heart sickens, imagination reels, and deli-
cacy refuses to look on the woes that are there en-
shrouded.

With one class, pleasure consists solely in the sensual. Intellect is repudiated. The fires of genius never warmed their frigid bosoms; the light of science never shot its rays down through that dark, eternal night which curtains their sordid souls. They see pleasure only as it sparkles in the bowl; they taste it only in luxury's rich viands; they feel it only in the reveries of intoxication. For this they plunge into dissipation, wreck and ruin their fortunes, blast the hopes of their friends, and degrade themselves to a level with the crawling reptile. They count not treasure, they value not friendship; no, nor honour, nor life, when pleasure is the prize. And brilliant indeed are their dreams of bliss, while the fumes of intoxication last. Often does the wretched bankrupt picture to himself the princely mansion, the gilded sofa, the countless treasure, the rich saloon, the splendid tapestry, and the bower of delight, nor once dreams himself the wretch he is, dancing on the eddying whirlpool, or reeling o'er the headlong precipice. But short is the passage from this fancied world of enjoyment to his real self-created world of wo. O! the transit! What loathing of being! What shrinking from self! What panting for oblivion! O! that deathless worm! That quenchless fire! If this be pleasure, what then is pain? What the bitterness of unmitigated anguish?

From the brute-like sensualist we turn to the intellectual worshipper of this multiform divinity. Here though we approve not, yet we may admire; though we pity, yet we cannot feel contempt. Here are some of the brightest intellects that ever flashed light on the world of mind. Spirits of ether and genii of fire, they have mounted above the fogs and clouds of sensuality, and forgetful of mankind, with no sympathies for their sufferings, and no tear for their wo, they have sported in the bright regions of fancy,
and revelled in the rich creations of their own exhaustless intellect. For them pleasure lives only in the regions of fiction. The cold realities of life are too wintry a clime. But beneath the mystic wand of romance, every sky becomes brightness, every breeze softness, and every sound melody. Even the bleak hills, and solitary glens, the storm-beaten cliffs, and the wild mountains of Scotland, have been made to glow with a deeper radiance than the grape-mantling hills, and richly carpeted vales of Italy. Who but has felt the magic of her power while tracing her gorgeous fictions and ideal splendours; her cold and striking delineations of character, where beauty beams, and wit dazzles; where softness woos and kindness melts; where valour gleams and vice cowers; where poetry glows, and eloquence like inspiration breathes on the soul, or lightning-like darts along the trembling nerve, and sends the rushing blood in nimbler torrents, until the heart vibrates, with its thousand chords, in one deep, full, melodious tone of joy? O! it is a frantic feeling! Never did Delius breathe an inspiration more enchanting. 'Tis resistless; as the wasted lamp of midnight, the sleepless, but fading eye, the wan, pale cheek, the fevered brain, and the feeble glimmerings of life's parting ray too often testify. Never was monk more faithful to his cloister, or saint more fervid in his devotions, or magician more inspired in his converse with the stars, than the novelist in his romantic reveries. O! were those visions but reality! Were they but perpetual as the mind! But how, like the pleasant dreams of the fevered couch, or the fancied banquet of the starving man, do they vanish at the first waking of sober thought! As the dungeon-bound captive, who dreams of ranging "the steep mountain side," and of drinking from the mountain rill, wakes but to feel the cold, death-like damps, to look on the wall of adamant, and to hear the creaking of his prison door, and the rattling of his
chains; so wakes the lover of romance to the chilling, unsocial, repulsive realities of life. Instead of the beau ideal, the imbodyed perfection, he too often finds the blending of a single virtue with a thousand crimes. Instead of perpetual smiles, and winning grace, he meets with the unwelcome reception, the chilling neglect, the dark frown, the fiendish scowl, or the withering sneer. Instead of beauty's auburn locks, and mantling cheek, and gleaming eye, he looks on the deformities of his fellow clay, and like the sensitive plant, recoils from the contact, shrinks into the solitude of his own fancied delicacy, and broods over the dark shades of human character, till he is steeped in the venom and poison of misanthropy. How often, alas! has this indulgence in fiction, this intellectual riot, generated a morbid sensibility which has drunk up the balm of life; which has twined like a scorpion round the heart's affections, and transfused its poison through the mind, till its breathings have been a moral pestilence, a spiritual sirocco!

But still the soul seems formed for pleasure, and, like the bee, she flits from flower to flower, and sucks their sweets, nor ever finds satiety. Retired in her dark observatory, she has viewed nature's unfolding but exhaustless beauties; has traced the transforming progress of art; has gazed on the breathing marble and the speaking canvass, has seen the beauteous temple rising from the unpolished marble, and rearing aloft her graceful Corinthian columns; or the magnificent palace frowning over its massy, Gothic arches; has listened to the sweet and silver tones of music, as they have been wafted "soft as the lutes of heaven" over the balmy hills of Italy, or have been echoed in deafening, thundering, enchanting peals from the galleries and particoes of a cathedral.

For one there is no pleasure save in the lovely. The blushing flower, or twinkling diamond, the perfect sym-
metry, or graceful mien, the gentle and tender, whether mental or physical, move on his heart like the breath of morn, and cause his joy to flow in melting murmurs like the mountain rill. Another, calm as the broad, clear sky, or tranquil ocean, drinks in his pleasure in one deep, wide, perpetual flow of serenity, till heaven were scarce more placid and happy; while a third, eagle-like, is made for the storms and sublimities of nature. Where beauty smiles and brightness beams, he would be unhappy; he would sigh for the mountain cliff, the towering crag, the rushing, roaring cataract; he would fain mount the lightning's wing, and ride on the storm, where cloud above cloud, piled in awful grandeur, are borne on by the furious tempest, wheeling, darkening, bursting in terrific warfare.

The gathering of martial hosts, the collision of mighty armies, the glittering of warlike steel, the convulsions of falling empires, the heaving ocean, and the sweeping tornado, rush on him with bewildering pleasure.

But what boots it all, though romance shed around us her golden dreams—dreams bright as an Italian sky—though song in heavenly harmony pour her numbers on the soul; though the mind has ranged the boundless fields of science, and dived deep into the dark recesses of hidden thought; has drunk from every classic rill, and gathered a pearl from every grotto of the muses; has sported with the sublimities of nature till philosophy has no secrets, religion no mysteries, and poetry no vestal shrine? What boots it all if man be not immortal? if man be put a pampered fatling to feast the gay revellers of the tomb? O! these bright visions are but the gilding of life's clouds with the transient beams of that fancy which is so soon to be extinguished for ever! It is but the hectic flush which bodes eternal paleness!

But devotion has loftier aspirations. Not sated with deciphering the counsels of eternal goodness, inscribed on
every page of nature's great volume; with tracing the
laws by which the great Architect constructed and regu-
lates this complicate machine; with reading in every
stratum of rock the hand-writing of eternal wisdom;
with seeing in every flower the pencillings of nature's
great Master; and from the minutest fibre up to the "fear-
fully and wonderfully" wrought frame of man; from the
feeblest insect to the mightiest orb of heaven, discover-
ing the wisdom, and providence of the Creator, and feeling
in every step that he moves, and breathes, and talks with
God; he purposes to take another step, to leap the scanty
limits of time, and prove by perpetual bliss, that the only
source of pure, spiritual, exalting pleasure, is a virtuous
immortality.

AARON HAYNES HURD.

* *

For the Youth's Magazine.

RELIGION.

There is something so soft, so mild, and lovely, in the
benign influences of religion upon the character, that it
is impossible for the most artful hypocrite to assume a
dignity which cannot be counterfeited. It consists not so
much in that external show and exhibition of its graces, as
the constant flow of the benevolent affections of the heart,
which breathe kindness and affability to all around; and
a self-possession of soul in the midst of calamity and dis-
tress; humility and meekness in the hour of prosperity.
How unlike cold and stern philosophy in its effects! The
former softens the heart, and refines all its sensibilities,
rendering it more susceptible of all the delicate emotions
of gratitude and love, while the latter only calms the
passions of deep and turbid waters, leaving them dark and
comfortless, cheered by no beam of inspiring hope. They
who have recourse to philosophy in the hour of distress
will find no cordial to sooth the wounded spirit, or heal
the broken heart. Ah! who would be willing, in the hour
of death, to trust to this blazing meteor of human reason
to guide them through the dark passage of the tomb into a world unknown, of boundless eternity? Who would venture their all of happiness to so gloomy a spectre, of doubtful, dubious light; and, in the boasted firmness of their own strength, rely with safety upon the alluring phantom? Alas! few in their last hours would make such a choice, though in life many act under its influence, and proudly trample upon the precepts of the gospel. Religion is the bright and morning star which alone can dispel the darkness of the tomb, and throw light upon the vestibule of eternity. It is a fearful thing for the young to imbibe skeptical sentiments, and grieve the Holy Spirit; for oftener they are left to wander in a labyrinth through life, with no clew in death to bring them to the temple of the living God, to the innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of the just made perfect.

S. B. T.

*Cottage Hall, La., 1840.*

**FROM A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.**

"The religion of Jesus Christ teaches us to cheer all around us with glad words and kind looks. In so doing, it takes an humble sphere, but accumulates an untold amount of happiness. It is very seldom that we have an opportunity of conferring a great favour on a friend, but every day we may make some little contribution to the happiness of those with whom we associate, either by a kind word or encouraging smile. We are occasionally called upon to submit to great injury, or to forgive a determined foe; but, almost every hour, some little forbearance is to be practised, some little petulance of temper to be pardoned. Christianity, therefore, in taking into her jurisdiction the usual course of human feeling and conduct, is full of benevolent wisdom, and shows herself thoroughly acquainted with the propensities and wants of men.

*Portsmouth, [Eng.], July 22, 1835.*

R. Sherwell."
Transformations of the puss moth; *a*, the egg; *b b b*, young larvae; *c*, full-grown larvae; *d*, the pupa; *e*, the moth.

From Smith's Natural History.

COLOURS AND FORMS OF CATERPILLARS.

One of the most singular forms of caterpillars occurs in that of the pebble moth, the form being such that it is not easy for one unacquainted with it to tell which is the head and which the tail. The puss is another whose form and attitudes cannot fail to attract the notice of the most indifferent observer. Dr. Shaw, in his Zoological Lectures, quotes from a country newspaper a most ludicrous account
of this "monster," as it is there called, having a head like
a lion, jaws like a shark, a horn like a unicorn, and two
tremendous stings in its tail. The gross exaggeration of
this description will be obvious from the preceding accurate
figures; yet how formidable soever this caterpillar may
appear to us, (even Rosel, the entomologist, was afraid of it
at first,) we know that no one is more readily pounced
upon by at least two species of ichneumons, which seem,
therefore, not to be afraid to deposite their eggs in its
body; and it is no doubt often made prey of by birds, at
least in its young state; for when full grown, being about
as thick as a man's thumb, it may prove rather too bulky a
morsel.

Our readers may like to see, by way of contrast to the
exaggerated account quoted by Shaw, the excellent de-
scription of the puss caterpillar given by old Isaac Walton.
"The very colours of caterpillars," says he, "as one has
observed, are elegant and beautiful. I shall, for a taste of the
rest, describe one of them; which I will, some time the next
month, show you feeding on a willow tree; and you shall
find him punctually to answer this very description: his
lips and mouth somewhat yellow; his eyes black as jet;
his forehead purple; his feet and hinder parts green; his
tail two-forked and black; the whole body stained with a
kind of red spots, which run along the neck and shoulder-
blade, not unlike the form of St. Andrew's cross, or the
letter X made thus crosswise, and a white line drawn down
his back to his tail; all which add much beauty to his
whole body. And it is to me observable, that at a fixed
age this caterpillar gives over to eat, and toward winter
comes to be covered over with a strange shell or crust,
called an aurelia; and so lives a kind of dead life without
eating all the winter. And as others of several kinds turn
to be several kinds of flies and vermin the spring following,
so this caterpillar then turns to be a painted butterfly."
THE LIFE OF MOSES.

By Rev. Daniel Smith, of the New-York Conference.

This little book has been prepared for sabbath schools, and is well adapted to interest the youthful reader. There is little profit in studying men to whose principles of action we have no clew, or who flourished in circumstances so unlike our own that we can make no application of their principles when they are understood. But the same mental and moral qualifications may often be applied in situations widely different; and if a principle of action can be discovered which has proved adequate to extraordinary emergencies, it will probably be found available in circumstances less difficult.

The world has seen but one Moses, and will never see another. The peculiar part which he performed on the stage of life will never be re-enacted. But the traits of character which he exhibited were not so entirely the result of his singular vocation that the contemplation of them may not afford much practical benefit. St. Stephen tells us that "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" but this learning certainly had very little to do in determining the events of his life. To assume the command of an almost innumerable multitude of undisciplined, degraded men, women, and children, and to strike off with them into the heart of a dreary desert, with scarcely any means of subsistence, would be a strange manifestation of wisdom. Moses was either a madman, or he fully believed that he was acting in obedience to the commands of God.

To say that he was insane, would involve us in the necessity of accounting for the unlimited control which he secured and retained for forty years over that vast and moley multitude; and of explaining many other unquestioned facts, which on this hypothesis are equally unaccountable. But
admit the other supposition, that instead of himself planning so strange a project, he regarded himself only as a chosen agent for accomplishing the designs of Jehovah, and we not only have a satisfactory explanation of his conduct, but we are also furnished with a principle, equally available to us as to him; and which, if faithfully applied, cannot fail to confer, in the ordinary situations of life, some degree of that greatness which distinguished Moses in his unusual sphere. The inspired author of the Epistle to the Hebrews unfolds this principle in the following language: "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season: esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king; for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible." Faith is the principle by which he was actuated: a lively conviction of the presence of God, and an unshaken reliance upon his promises. Let this be kept in mind, and the conduct of Moses will no longer appear so mysterious; his superiority over ordinary men, though not at all diminished, is no longer inexplicable.

The Almighty appears to him upon Mount Horeb in a miraculous manner, and commands him to go and deliver his enslaved brethren from their bondage. The magnitude of the undertaking, and the innumerable difficulties that must attend it, at once arise to his view, and he exclaims: "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" The Lord replies to this objection of Moses, founded upon his insufficiency for the work: "Certainly I will be with thee; and this shall be a token unto thee that I have sent thee: When thou hast brought forth the people out of
Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain." But he objects that the children of Israel will not hearken to his pretensions, nor be persuaded to follow him to that mountain. God, however, graciously assures him that the striking miracles which he is authorized to perform in the sight of his brethren will satisfy them that his claims are sanctioned by divine authority. Still he objects: "O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." This objection is at once removed by the express assurance that God would be with him, and teach him what to say. But Moses still shrinks from the vast undertaking, and, in the absence of any explicit objection which he can urge, exclaims: "O my Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send!" thus begging God to choose some other agent upon whom to place so great responsibilities. While any circumstance could be urged as a reasonable objection, the Almighty graciously removes the difficulty by pledges of sufficient assistance; but Moses had now gone beyond the limits of reasonable remonstrance, and "the anger of the Lord was kindled against him." Doubtless at this time some manifest indication of the divine displeasure was made, which, together with the gracious assurance that his brother Aaron should be "his spokesman unto the people," dispelled all objections, and conquered his hesitancy. He now abandoned himself to his work; henceforth he conferred not with flesh and blood. Distrust of his own qualifications no longer deterred him, for it was not his strength and wisdom that was to accomplish the undertaking; it was the might of Jehovah. He no longer looked upon difficulties and hesitated to approach them; for God had pledged himself that he should overcome them. Regard for his own ease no longer checked him, for he now "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to en-
joy the pleasures of sin” and luxury in Egypt “for a season, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.” This self-devotion was never revoked; it characterized all his future actions. There was no repentance of the sacrifice he had made; no wavering faith; no fear of abandonment in the hour of emergency. When unexampled cares and afflictions accumulated upon him, “he endured, as seeing him who is invisible,” as fully conscious that the unseen God was his present and sufficient support. Such was the faith of Moses; and it is a key to his character.

We have said that this faith is no less available now than it was in the days of the exodus, and that its influence in conferring disinterested magnanimity of character is no less. It may perhaps seem paradoxical that an utter abandonment of self, a complete surrender of the will to the direction of God, should give elevation of mind and superiority of character. But is not this the natural result? He that is ever turning this way and that to avoid present inconveniences, and grasping at one and another temporal advantage as the flow of present circumstances may toss them up to his view, must inevitably acquire an unstable character, a grovelling and selfish heart. But let the belief that God orders all things well, and that he will never forsake those who trust in him, fully possess the mind, and its repose cannot be disturbed by any fluctuations of life. The foundation on which it rests is not a plank tossed upon the wave of circumstances—it is the Rock of Ages, and cannot be moved. Nor is this an inactive repose. He that thus rests in God is not indeed subject to the momentary excitements which affect others, but he is urged to activity by a permanent stimulus, for he “has respect unto the recompense of the reward.” It is thus that religion exalts the human character. The world does not always appreciate its dignity, but God honours it, and the Christian feels that this is enough.
In the little book before us, Moses is followed through the singular labors and trials of his life as they are detailed in the sacred history. The difficulties which he encountered are clearly set forth, and the wonderful modes by which God brought him through them. We think that if the efficacy of his faith, in particular instances of trial, had been more distinctly exhibited, the book would have been more useful. Children are not able to discover the principles which give rise to a particular course of action, by merely looking at the actions themselves; and when the character of Moses is proposed for their imitation, they will naturally suppose that his particular actions are to be imitated; or if they are told that they should be governed by the same principles, this will be unavailing, unless those principles are clearly explained.

With this remark, however, we cannot but express our gratification that this brief biography is put into the hands of children. It will make them acquainted with one of the most remarkable men who has ever lived, and with some of God's most wonderful dealings with the human race. It cannot fail to benefit them, for it will increase their knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, and this, we suppose, was the chief purpose which the author had in view.

*Wesleyan University, 1840.*

L. L. K.

Good humour is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounters no vapours in his passage. 'Tis the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in the landscape, harmonizing with every colour, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hues of the dark; or like a flute in a full concert of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its sweet melody.
Into our eastern casement this evening beams one of the loveliest and most resplendent stars in the northern hemisphere.

By the two little twinklers with which it forms such a beautiful triangle, we know it to be the same which a favourite minstrel has embalmed in harmonious numbers.

"Lyra! sweet Lyra! sweeping on with song,
While glorious summer decks the listening flower,
Teach us thy melodies: for sinful cares
Make discord in our hearts. Hast thou the ear
Of the fair planets that encircle thee
As children round a hearth stone? Canst thou quell
Their woes with music? or their infant eyes
Lull to soft sleep? Do thy young daughters join
Thine evening hymn? or does thine Orphean art
Touch the warm pulses of they neighbour stars
And constellations, till they higher lift
The pilgrim staff to run their glorious way."

Yes, then she is already some hours above the horizon, "sweeping on with song" toward her throne in zenith. But why "with song?" Lyra, that is, the harp, was so called in honour of that instrument of music with which Orpheus wrought those wonders which some of our juvenile friends have found related in the second volume of "Heathen
Mythology,” No. 184 of the Sunday School Library of the M. E. Church, page 53. But no matter for the name, since by any other that star would shine as bright.

What do we know then of this beauteous orb? beauteous indeed in its silver radiance, but apparently insignificant, a mere point in space. Yet, contemplated in the eye of science, what is the great globe we inhabit compared with that far distant world. And well may Lyra be called “far distant,” since it can be easily demonstrated that she cannot be less than twenty billions of miles from us. Astronomers have a measure which reaches off this immense distance into space; and since with this measure they cannot touch that star, her distance may, for aught that appears to the contrary, be myriad times greater than the above minimum estimate. A rail car moving at the rate of twenty miles per hour, a rate which seems almost to annihilate time and space, and which would enable it to perform the circuit of the globe in seven weeks, would require some sixteen months to accomplish the moon’s distance, five hundred years to reach the sun, and ten thousand years to reach Uranus, the most distant of the planets: and yet at the same rate to traverse the void immense which separates us from Lyra, not less than ten thousand times ten thousand years would be requisite. A cannon ball would not accomplish it in three hundred thousand years; and a ray of light, flying at the rate of two hundred thousand miles per second, would be more than three years on its way.

“So far from earth that glorious star revolves,
So vast the void through which her beams descend.”

Again: it can be demonstrated that the real magnitude of Lyra cannot be much less, and probably is considerably greater, than that of the sun. This star, then, which we now survey,

“Not in the phrensy of a dreamer’s eyr,”
is more than a million times larger than the planet upon which the "insect man" is found, and yet she is but one out of unnumbered and numberless millions which from the opening skies pour down thick showers of sparkling fire.

Another curious fact with respect to Lyra we may notice. Twelve thousand years hence, if earth and the constellations endure so long, Lyra will have become the northern polar star. It is generally supposed that the present pole star is "firm fixed" in the heavens, and that the axis or pole of the earth points directly and invariably toward it, neither of which is true. In consequence of a certain motion of the axis of the earth, which makes it describe a complete circle in about twenty-five thousand years, various stars, and Lyra among the rest, become by turns the polar star.

These then are facts. But were we to push our inquiries much farther we might be lost with the poet in fanciful though sublime conjecture.

"Tell me, thou splendid orb,
What beings fill thy bright abode?
Do they bear the stamp of human nature? or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds? Does innocence
Still wear her native and untainted bloom?
Or has sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
And sowed corruption in thy fairy bowers?

Open thy lips, thou wonderful and fair!
Speak! speak! the mysteries of that living world
Unfold! no language? Everlasting light
And, in silence? Yet the eye may read
And understand.—The hand of God
Has written legibly what man may know,
The glory of the Maker."

PHILO REDIVIVA.
MAKE READING AGREEABLE.

Set a boy to read a large book through for a task, and you kill the book's influence on him. But spread works before him, and let a little childish caprice govern his choice, and he will learn rapidly. It is not instruction merely that the young scholar wants: here is a great mistake; no, it is excitement. Excitement is that which drives his soul on, as really as steam does the engine. But then you must keep him on the track. And the same thing holds in self-culture. Somebody has said that every well-educated man is self-educated; and he said not amiss. Even in universities the mind is its own great cultivator. Do for yourself, young reader, so far as you know how, what there is perhaps no kind friend or teacher to do for you. It may be, while you read this page, in your shop or garret, or by the dull light beside some greasy counter, that you would gladly have a lift above your present low pursuits into the world of knowledge. O that I were near you, to give you such aid as I have; but, in lieu of this, take a friend's advice. My good fellow, write down that wish. I say, write it down. Go now and take a fair piece of paper, record your determination to get knowledge. My word for it—all experience for it—you will not be disappointed. There are probably not many books at your command, but no matter.

The deep impressions made by one's first reading are so delightful that we are glad to renew them. It is like a first love. When the Bible opens before me at the story of Joseph, or the prodigal son, I am all at once interested—my thoughts go back to childhood; a thousand reveries since have not dispossessed the first imagination. They throng before my mental vision all the images of that dreamy time—all the tender cares—all the little innocent misapprehensions. What an unbought pleasure is here! Give me, therefore, my small shelf of books, in order that
each one may be the centre of such remembrances. Let others throng the circulating libraries, and take the mingled alcohol and opium of Byron, Shelly, Bulwer, Cooper; give me my Bible, my Milton, my Cowper, my Bunyan, my shelf of histories, my shelf of biographies, and my shelf of travels, and I will have more "thick-coming fancies" in an hour than they in a day.

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For the Youth's Magazine.

CHANGE IS WRITTEN AS A MOTTO UPON ALL TERRESTRIAL THINGS.

This life is but a varied scene,
Few are the intervals between
Of joys unmixed with wo;
Our pleasures pass with haste away,
Like fleeting shadows of a day,
Or rapid streams which flow.
May youth improve the golden hour,
And ev'ry moment in their power,
Wisdom and truth to gain.
Time passes on and heeds them not,
And often changes here their lot,
By evils in their train.
'Tis wise to treasure up a store
Of learning's deep and solid lore,
Which never can be lost;
That when those adverse winds arise,
And darkness veils their sunny skies,
Their bark by tempest toss'd.
They'll not fear their wealth to lose,
That measured up for future use,
Which floods cannot destroy;
For riches stored within the mind,
The rudest winds can never find
To scatter or annoy.

3
Knowledge is riches easy gain'd,
By minds to early wisdom train'd,
   On application bent:
The gifts then glitter in their eyes,
Anxious to gain the brilliant prize,
   Up learning's steep ascent.

But when most eagerly they press
They're always crown'd with sure success,
   With bays of ever-green.
The mind with pleasure then expands,
A varied store of thought commands,
   By vulgar souls unseen.

Who would not thus, in early life,
Search books which are with blessings rife,
   Redeem the present time,
Nor waste, on idle pleasures bent,
The precious hours which God has lent,
   For only such are thine.

The future is to all unknown,
Which every circumstance has shown,
   By dark events reveal'd.
The darts of death around us fly,
The young and old together die,
   By his own signet seal'd.

'Tis folly to anticipate
Much good, when wisdom comes too late.
   And youth's bright spring is past:
But when they've wisely spent their time,
Their future prospects round them shine,
   And such as always last.

Cottage Hall, La. 

S. B. Thomas.
THE CROP OF ACORNS.

There came a man, in days of old,
To hire a piece of land, for gold,
And urged his suit in accents meek,
"One crop alone is all I seek;
That harvest o'er, my claim I yield,
And to its lord resign the field."

The owner some misgivings felt,
And coldly with the stranger dealt,
But found his last objection fail,
And honey'd eloquence prevail,
So took the proffer'd price in hand,
And for one crop leased out the land.

The wily tenant sneer'd with pride,
And sow'd the spot with acorns wide;
At first like tiny shoots they grew,
Then broad and wide their branches threw,
But long before those oaks sublime
Aspiring reach'd their forest prime,
The cheated landlord mouldering lay,
Forgotten, with his kindred clay.

O ye, whose years, unfolding fair,
Are fresh with youth and free from care,
Should vice or indolence desire
The garden of your souls to hire,
No parley hold,—reject their suit,
Nor let one seed the soil pollute.

My child, their first approach beware;
In firmness break the insidious snare;
Lest, as the acorns grew and throve,
Into a sun-excluding grove,
Thy sins, a dark, o'ershadowing tree,
Shut out the light of heaven from thee. L. H. S.
THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

Two volumes of this work are now before the public. It was for the special benefit of the youth of both sexes within the bounds of our church and congregation that the arguments urged in its pages were brought home to interest them, and improve their minds. 1. Such a work is greatly needed among our people. The Sabbath school teachers, and our church school, have just left school, and have not much leisure for the perusal of works, need something to interest them, and improve their minds. 2. There is plenty of this kind the most readers in the world, not excepting the 'Youth's Instructor' and 'Guardian,' two very popular and large-circulated periodicals. 3. Such a work, if well conducted, will be of the greatest benefit to the pupils under their care. Charmed by the fascination of visions of celebrity and novelty, the agents consented to take no materials for this work, and the hope of a remuneration, which they are, at present, to put every good thing, and to submit to the tests of the public. The subscription list, as it is, is not equal to an expense of the kind. 4. But by the hope of doing good, and in the additional labour of preparing the materials, and by similar considerations, the most warmest friends, except the written original articles, much in their praise, and some sprightly and elegant writers, with a few exceptions, are engaged in it. We have received testimonials, the most flattering, that there is such an extent of eloquence might flow to the remotest parts of the Union, fertilizing and rejoicing the whole wilderness of mind, wherever it might appear. We see by the cover of one of the London Wesleyan periodicals, that in two years from the commencement of the 'Collager's Friend,' a work by no means equal to the Youth's Magazine, and circulated altogether among the poor of London, there are that have subscription list amounted to thirty thousand, and was a very large number in the same length of time, amounting to only, but for means and not will not tell, last our readers should rejoice and say, "Ah, we have the same!" If it be true, and true it most certainly is, that we have more than seven hundred thousand members, we ought at least to have one hundred thousand subscribers, and one hundred contributors to the Youth's Magazine. Come, brethren, young preachers especially, for the love of, the souls committed to your care, do your best of the world, as much as you lies, all those pious publications called novels, romances, and comic amusements, and fill the sphere in which you move with something pure, and noble, and valuable. In every place where you preach leave a tract, or a number of our periodicals, or a volume of Christian biography, or something that shall operate as "a lecture, silent, but of sovereign power," in your absence—something that shall tend to satiate the good word which you have preached on the minds of your auditors, or prepare them for the reception of it at your next coming. These you will find to be co-workers with you in the glorious cause, and will mightily aid you in pulling down Satan's kingdom, and in building up that of our Lord Jesus Christ in the earth.
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The four last-mentioned works make a pretty little library of them selves, on one of the most important subjects in Christian theology.


These volumes are well adapted to aid in forming the character to virtue, piety, and usefulness.
SIDON, OR ZIDON.

This ancient city, so frequently mentioned in Scripture, was built most probably soon after the flood by Zidon the eldest son of Canaan. It was in existence, no doubt, in the time of Jacob, for when he pronounced his dying benedictions upon the fathers of the twelve tribes of Israel, he said of Zebulon, "His border shall be unto Zidon," Gen. xlix, 13. And in the time of Joshua, it would seem that it was a place of considerable importance, for in chapter xi, verse 8, of the book that bears his name, we find mention made of a place called "great Zidon." In the time of Homer the Sidonians were famous for skill in the useful arts, and for wealth; and it is said by Pliny that they were the discoverers of the method of making glass. They were a maritime people, as indeed were all the Phenicians, and in the time of Solomon they were noted for their extraordinary skill in cutting and preparing timber for different purposes. See Dr. Clarke’s notes on 1 Kings v, 6. But they were most remarkable for the founding of colonies such as Tyre and Carthage, so famous in history, the former for its being the subject of several remarkable prophecies in Scripture, and the latter for its long contest with the Romans in the time of Hannibal. The ancient Phenicians were noted for learning, and are thought by some writers to have been the inventors of the letters of the alphabet, but it is more probable that they derived this art from the Israelites after the time of Moses. The
most ancient historian next to Moses whose name and works have reached our times is Sanconiathon, a Phenician, but his work is said, by those who have seen it, to be “a heap of disorder and fable.” From the frequent mention, in Scripture, of “the gods of the Zidonians,” it is evident that idolatry was very prevalent among that people, but we find, notwithstanding this, that the gospel found its way among them in the time of the apostles. Mark iii, 8; vii, 24; Acts xi, 19; xxvii, 3. For a long time past Tyre has been a heap of ruins, inhabited by a few wretched fishermen; but Zidon is still a place of some note. “The city still exists,” says the author of the Conversations on Palestine, page 170, “and presents a somewhat imposing appearance when seen from a distance. It has a castle upon a rock in the sea, connected with the main land by a bridge of several arches. There is also another castle upon an eminence that commands the town. Sidon contains about eight thousand inhabitants, and is said to be a place of considerable trade.”

HON. ROGER SHERMAN.

Roger Sherman was the son of a farmer, and born in Newton, Massachusetts, April 19, 1721. He received only such means of instruction as the common country schools afforded. Those schools more than a hundred years since were far inferior to what they now are; so that his advantages to acquire an education were exceedingly limited.

Neither was he able constantly to attend even the poor schools to which he had access. The employments of agriculture occupied him for a part of the year, during his boyhood; and at a proper age he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker. Yet amid a life of hard labour he secured some time for the acquisition of knowledge
Such was his zeal for mental improvement, that he used to fasten a book before him on his shoemaker's bench, and when there was a moment to spare from his work, fix his eyes upon it. While his hands were busy, he meditated on what he had read. Thus he became a careful, patient thinker, and this is better than to read many books, without reflection.

By his love of knowledge and perseverance in overcoming obstacles, he made proficiency not only in arithmetic, geography, and the general principles of history, but in logic, philosophy, the higher branches of the mathematics, political economy, and theology. His conduct was under the guidance of rectitude and morality, and in his heart was that "fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom."

He early made a profession of religion, and so subjected his whole conduct to its precepts that he became eminent for self-control. He mentioned that in gaining the government of his passions he was aided by the study of Dr. Watts' treatise on that subject; and to the close of life he was distinguished for the mildness, serenity, and sedateness which he took such pains in youth to acquire.

When he had reached the age of nineteen years, his father died, and the care of the family devolved on him. His filial virtues were strongly exemplified in his constant attentions to the comfort of a mother who lived to a great age. By his industry on the farm, as well as in his trade, he was enabled also to support a numerous family of brothers and sisters.

With his fraternal tenderness he mingled the judgment of a father, in superintending the character of those whom Providence had intrusted to his guidance, while he was himself so young. By his wise economy and self-denial he was enabled to secure for two of his brothers those advantages of collegiate education which he had never himself enjoyed.
At the age of twenty-two he removed his mother and household to New-Milford, and entered into the business of a country merchant. With characteristic simplicity he performed this journey on foot, taking care to have his shoemaker's tools conveyed to his new home. Amid his close application to business he still found time for scientific pursuits, and made astronomical calculations for an almanac in New-York, which he supplied for several years.

Circumstances which seemed to him like a direct intimation of duty induced him to apply himself to legal studies. Success attended his indefatigable diligence, and he was soon appointed one of the justices of the court of common pleas, then a judge of the superior court, and member of the senate of his native state. After his removal to New-Haven he held for many years the office of treasurer to Yale College, and received from that institution the honorary degree of master of arts.

His opinions as a lawyer were received with great respect, and his conduct as a judge was marked by uprightness and strict adherence to the principles of justice. Higher honours still awaited him, and he was elected a member of the first congress, in 1774, where he continued till his death, a period of nineteen years.

In the summer of 1776 he was appointed one of the five statesmen who prepared the Declaration of Independence for the United States. After the blessings of peace had been vouchsafed to our country, he was chosen delegate to the general convention to whom the important work was committed of forming a constitution for its permanent government.

In all these arduous labours he sought the direction of the Almighty, and depended upon his blessing. In a letter to a friend, about this period, he says, "May that kind Providence which guarded these states through a dangerous
and distressing war to peace and liberty, still watch over
and guide them in the way of safety.”

He was elected to the senate of the United States, and
remained in that dignified body until his death. Here, and
through the whole of his congressional life, his application
to business was indefatigable, and his clear judgment,
rational opinion, and inflexible integrity of principle, won
the respect and homage of all men.

From his extensive acquaintance with history, as well
as his knowledge of human nature, he derived great aid in
the elevated sphere of duty which was appointed him. He
was also eminently distinguished for good sense and
discretion in all his words and deeds. “There is Mr.
Sherman of Connecticut, who never said a foolish thing in
his life,” was the tribute of respect paid him by one of the
presidents of the United States, as he pointed out to a
stranger some of the most eminent statesmen in the hall
of congress.

Chief Justice Ellsworth, who resembled him in strength
of intellect, high integrity of principle, and general struc­
ture of character, acknowledged that he had made him his
model from his youth. “And this,” said the elder President
Adams, “is praise enough for them both.”

Though Mr. Sherman was elevated to some of the high­
est honours which his country could bestow, he was never
ashamed of the obscurity of his origin. During the revolu­
tionary war, when the expenses of the army were submitted
to the inspection of congress, he informed them that in the
contract for the supply of shoes the charges were too high.

He then gave a particular statement of the cost of lea­
ter, other necessary materials, and workmanship, and
demonstrated his assertion beyond a doubt. The gentle­
men who attended with him to this examination, being
surprised at the minuteness of his knowledge, he replied
with frankness and pleasure, “I am by trade a shoemaker.”
He avoided show and extravagance of every kind, and was a consistent and noble example of republican simplicity. Age did not impair his usefulness, and his venerable appearance was admired by all. He was a member of the senate at the time of his death, which took place July 23, 1793, at the age of seventy-two, in full possession of his powers of mind and body, and strong in the hope of the gospel which he loved.

His person was lofty, erect, and well proportioned, and the expression of his countenance manly and agreeable. He was twice married, first to Miss Elizabeth Hartwell, and afterward to Miss Rebecca Prescott, both natives of Massachusetts, and was the father of fifteen children. In the domestic relations of son, and brother, husband, father, and friend, he was most kind and faithful. No public business, however pressing, led him to neglect those sacred relative duties.

The sacred principles of truth and accountability to God regulated all his conduct. What is right? what course ought I, in conscience, to pursue? were the questions he continually asked himself; and not, “What is popular? what will affect my interest?” Thus his integrity was never questioned, and he dwelt always in the clear sunshine of a “conscience without offence toward God and toward man.”

The volume which he most loved and consulted was the sacred Scriptures. He was accustomed to purchase a new copy, at every session of congress, to read it daily, and present it to one of his children at his return home. How valuable must have been the volume thus hallowed by his meditations and prayers! For the way in which Roger Sherman became great, and surely he was one of our greatest men, was by taking into his heart, in youth, the spirit and precepts of the word of God.—Mrs. Sigourney.
From the London Wesleyan Magazine.

As one design of your work is to communicate instruction in a pleasing form, and as the following extract from Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of the parish of Canisbay, in Scotland, is calculated both to instruct and amuse every class of your readers, I feel no hesitation in committing it to you for insertion in both your large and small monthly numbers. Wishing all your readers may learn lessons of humility and of union from it, I am respectfully yours,

John Doncaster.

Sheffield, June 13, 1815.

AN ACCOUNT OF JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE.

This is the most memorable place in the parish, which has often been visited by travellers from distant countries, who, it is believed, have rarely been made acquainted with the peculiar circumstance which first gave rise to its celebrity; its fame having been in general erroneously attributed to its mere local situation, at the northern extremity of the island; whereas it originated in an event not unpleasing to relate, and which furnishes a useful lesson of morality.

In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat, (supposed to have been brothers, and originally from Holland,) arrived at Caithness, from the south of Scotland, bringing with them a letter written in Latin by that prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in the county of Caithness.

They purchased or got possession of the lands of Warse and Dungisbay, lying in the parish of Canisbay, on the side of the Pentland Firth; and each of them obtained an equal share of the property they acquired.

In process of time their families increased, and there came to be eight different proprietors of the name of Groat,
who possessed these lands among them; but whether the
three original settlers split their property among their
children, or whether they purchased for them small pos-
sessions from one another, does not appear.

These eight families, having lived peaceably and com-
fortably in their small possessions for a number of years,
established an annual meeting to celebrate the anniversary
of the arrival of their ancestors on that coast.

In the course of their festivity on one of these occasions,
a question arose respecting the right of taking the door,
and sitting at the head of the table, and such-like points
of precedency, (each contending for the seniority and
chieftainship of the clan,) which increased to such a height
as would probably have proved fatal in its consequences to
some if not all of them, had not John de Groat, who was
proprietor of the ferry, interposed. He, having acquired
more knowledge of mankind by his constant intercourse
with strangers passing the Pentland Firth, saw the danger
of such disputes; and, having had address enough to pro-
cure silence, he began with expatiating on the comfort and
happiness they had hitherto enjoyed since their arrival in
that remote corner, owing to the harmony which had sub-
sisted among them.

He assured them that so soon as they appeared to split
and quarrel among themselves, their neighbours, who till
then had treated them with respect, would fall upon them
and expel them from the country. He therefore conjured
them, by the ties of blood and their mutual safety, to re-
turn quietly that night to their several homes; and he
pledged himself that he would satisfy them with respect to
precedency, and prevent the possibility of such disputes
among them at their future anniversary meetings. They
all acquiesced and departed in peace.

In the mean time John de Groat, to fulfil his engagement,
built a room, distinct by itself, of an octagon shape, with
eight doors and windows in it; and having placed in the middle a table of oak of the same shape, when the anniversary meeting took place, he desired each of them to enter at his own door, and sit at the head of the table, he taking himself the seat which was left unoccupied.

By this ingenious contrivance any dispute in regard to rank was prevented, as they all found themselves on a footing of equality, and their former harmony and good humour were restored.

This building then bore the name John de Groat’s house; and though the house is totally gone, the place where it stood still retains the name, and deserves to be remembered as long as good intentions and good sense are estimable in the country.

The particulars above mentioned were communicated to John Sutherland, Esq., of Wester, above fifty years ago, by his father, who was then advanced in life, and who had seen the letter written by James IV. in the possession of George Groat, of Warse.

The remains of the oak table have been seen by many now living, who have inscribed their names on it.

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LETTER OF LADY JANE GREY.

The evening before she suffered, she sent her sister, Lady Katherine, a letter, written on the blank leaf of a Greek Testament,* and which is so excellent in its sentiments, and so clearly exhibits the piety of its author, that it well deserves to be inserted:—

"I have here sent you, good sister Katherine, a book which, although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is worth more than precious stones. It is the booke, deare sister, of the law of the Lord. It is his testament and last will which hee bequeathed unto us

* The original orthography is preserved.
wretches: which shall leade you to the path of eternall joy, and if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest mind doe purpose to follow it, it shall bring you to an immortall and everlasting life. It shall teach you to live, and learne you to dye. It shall winne you more than you should have gained by the possession of your wofull father's lands. For, as if God had prospered him, you should have inherited his lands, so if you ply diligently this book, seeking to direct your life after it, you shall be an inheritor of such riches as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither thiefe shall steale, neither yet the mothes corrupt. Desire with David, good sister, to understand the law of the Lord God. Live still to die, that you by death may purchase eternall life. And trust not that the tendernesse of your age shall lengthen your life; for as soone, if God call, goeth the young as the old; and labour alwaies to learn to dye. Defie the world, deny the divell, and despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sinnes, and yet despaire not; bee strong in faith, and yet presume not; and desire with St. Paul to be dissolved, and to bee with Christ, with whom even in death there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be waking, lest when death commeth and stealtheth upon you as a thiefe in the night, you bee with the evill servant found sleeping; and lest for lacke of oile, you be found like the five foolish women; and like him that had not on the wedding garment, and then ye be cast out from the marriage. Rejoyce in Christ, as I doe. Follow the steps of your master Christ, and take up your crosse: lay your sinnes on his backe, and alwaies embrace him. And as touching my death, rejoyce as I doe, good sister, that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption. For I am assured that I shall for loosing of a mortall life, winne an immortall life, the which I pray God grant you, and send you of his grace to live
in his feare, and to dye in the true Christian faith, from the which, in God's name, I exhort you that you never swarve, neither for hope of life, nor for feare of death. For if you will deny his truth for to lengthen your life, God will deny you, and yet shorten your dayes. And if you will cleave unto him, he will prolong your daies to your comfort and his glory: to the which glory God bring me now, and you hereafter when it pleaseth him to call you. Fare you well, good sister, and put your only trust in God, who only must help you."—Fox's Martyrs.

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February 21, 1840.

MR. EDITOR:—As you request contributions from young people, I, as one of your readers, venture to enclose the following, though I fear it cannot obtain a place in the Magazine. It was written at the age of thirteen, and presented at school as a composition. Respectfully, M. E.

For the Youth's Magazine.

BIOGRAPHY OF A NEEDLE.

As a recital of my early history would afford, I suspect, no great entertainment for my readers, I shall withhold from the world the important epoch of my birth, also from youth the rapid progress I made to my future greatness, and immediately proceed to interest and edify mankind at large with a few of my astonishing adventures and hairbreadth escapes.

After passing through a variety of hands, I at length fell into the possession of a mantua-maker, who immediately engaged me in the important affair of making a dress to be worn by a young lady the next evening at a ball. I was therefore employed in making numberless little affairs, the uses of which I could in no manner account for, unless it were that the mantua-maker shrewdly suspected that the lady (very naturally, I suppose) wished to look as fasci-
nating as satins, gauzes, laces, blonds, ribands, &c., &c., with the assistance of my useful self, could possibly make her. I might here preach my readers a sage homily on this terrible waste of time and money, did I not suppose that there can be none of them who has not ere now listened to a good lecture on this most important subject from some kind aunt or grand-mama; which, by the way, let me advise them to keep ever in remembrance.

After executing a mountain of work, I began to sigh for a life of ease and liberty, when, accidentally falling into the hands of an old Quaker lady, I had my wish fully gratified, as I was used only once a week to repair her well-worn caps and kerchiefs. I had regularly performed this service for some years, when one day a curly-headed little niece of the old lady, having nothing else to do, came to the cushion where I was standing with a number of others, and mischievously thrust us all quite in; as I was disappearing, I caught a last glance, as it were, of my grave mistress, sitting quietly at her knitting, in her gray-coloured gown, snow-white kerchief and cap. I remained here some dozen years, lamenting unceasingly my luckless fate; and if I had ever been so silly as to sigh for a life of ease and idleness, I now as heartily coveted one of industry and employment. In the midst of such reflections I was one day most agreeably surprised to find myself set at liberty by a younger sister of the same mischief-loving miss by whom I was imprisoned. In the same spirit of frolic the little lady had torn open the old cushion to behold its contents. We were immediately collected by our restorer, and deposited with a look of triumph on the little work table of her aunt, by the side of which sat my old Quaker mistress in the selfsame spot that I had left her,—the very knitting in her hand, and, as I am an honest needle, the identical gray-coloured gown, white kerchief and cap! Since my imprisonment my good mistress had joined a benevolent
society, and I was now employed in making garments for
the poor. Having completed several, they were distributed
to their owners, one of which proved to be a lubberly little
urchin, who, on transferring himself into his share of the
distribution, immediately began to twist and screw as
though his new garment set rather uncomfortably; this
proved merely a preface to a most musical squall which
he set up, the burden of which was, "A pin sticks me!
a pin sticks me! O, pull it off!" The fact was, I had acci-
dentally been left in the garment, and was now amusing
myself most delightfully at the unfortunate little urchin's
expense. At length the cause of this uproar was dis­
covered, and I forthwith extricated, but in the act—most wo-
ful to relate!—my point was broken! At this, to me,
shocking discovery, I, who had performed all these chari-
table acts, who had spent my life in the service of man-
kind,—who will credit the ingratitude?—was carelessly
thrown aside in a corner! where I have ever since re-
mained, reflecting upon the ingratitude, in general, of man-
kind to those to whom they are indebted, how soon favours
bestowed are forgotten, and in uttering invectives against
those who treated with such indignity an honourable
needle like me.

MARIA.

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GEOGRAPHY OF PLANTS.

Every zone has its peculiar vegetables, and as we miss
some we find others make their appearance as if to replace
those which are absent. At the equator we find the na-
tives of the Spice Islands, the clove and nutmeg trees,
pepper, and mace. Cinnamon bushes clothe the surface
of Ceylon; the odoriferous sandal wood, the ebony tree,
the banyan, grow in the East Indies. In the same lati-
tudes in Arabia the Happy we find balm, frankincense,
and myrrh, the coffee tree, and the tamarind. But in these countries, at least in the plains, the trees and shrubs which decorated our more northerly climate are wanting. And as we go northward, at every step we change the vegetable group, both by addition and subtraction. In the thickets to the west of the Caspian Sea we have the apricot, citron, peach, and walnut. In the same latitude in Spain, Sicily, and Italy, we find the dwarf palm, the cypress, the chestnut, the cork tree; the orange and lemon trees perfume the air with their blossoms; the myrtle and pomegranate grow wild among the rocks. We cross the Alps, and we find the vegetation that belongs to northern Europe, of which England is an instance. The oak, the beach, and the elm are natives of Great Britain and of America; the elm tree seen in Scotland and in the north of England is the wych elm. As we travel still farther to the north the forests again change their character. In the northern province of the Russian empire are found forests of the various species of firs—the Scotch and spruce fir, and the birch. In the Orkney Islands no tree is found but the hazel, which occurs again on the northern shore of the Baltic. As we travel into colder regions we find species adapted to their situation.

The hoary or cold elder makes its appearance north of Stockholm; the sycamore and mountain oak accompany us to the head of the gulf of Bothnia; and as we leave this and traverse the Dophrain range, we pass in succession the boundary lines of the spruce fir, and those minute shrubs which botanists distinguish as the dwarf birch and dwarf willow. Here within the arctic circle we find wild flowers of great beauty, the mezerum, the willow and white water lily, and the European globe flower; and when these fail us the reindeer moss still makes the country habitable for animals and man. When one class fails another appears in its place. The corn, vine, and oil have each its
boundaries. Wheat extends through the old continent from England to Thibet; but does not succeed well in the west of Scotland; nor does it thrive better in the torrid zone than in the polar regions; within the tropics wheat, barley, and oats are not cultivated, excepting above the level of the sea; the vine succeeds only where the autumnal temperature is between fifty and sixty degrees. In both hemispheres it cannot be profitably cultivated within thirty degrees of the equator, unless in elevated situations, or in islands, as Teneriffe.

The limits of the cultivation of maize and olives in France are parallel to those which bound the vine and corn in succession to the north. In the north of Italy, west of Milan, we first meet with the cultivation of rice; which extends over all the southern part of Asia. In the new world cotton can be cultivated to latitude forty, and in the old to forty-six. The sugar-cane, the plantain, the mulberry, the betel nut, the indigo tree, the tea tree, flourish in India and China, and in America and the West Indies several of these plants have been successfully cultivated. The bread fruit tree begins to be cultivated in the Manillas, and extends through the Pacific; the sago palm in the Moluccas, and the cabbage tree in the Pelew Islands.

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SWIFTNESS OF BIRDS.

The smallest bird, says M. Virey, can fly several leagues in an hour; the hawk goes commonly at the rate of a league in four minutes, or above forty miles an hour. A falcon of Henry II. was flown from Fontainbleau, and found, by its ring, at Malta next day. One sent from the Canaries to Andalusia returned to Teneriffe in sixteen hours, a distance of near seven hundred miles, which it must have gone at the average rate of twenty-four miles an
hour. Gulls go seven hundred miles out to sea and return daily; and frigate birds have been found at twelve hundred miles from any land. Upon their migration, he states as a known fact that cranes go and return at the same date, without the least regard to the state of the weather, which shows, no doubt, if true, a most peculiar instinct; but these, and, indeed, all facts which we find stated by a writer so much addicted to painting and colouring, must be received with a degree of suspicion, for which no one but M. Virey is to be blamed. The accounts, however, of the swiftness of birds I can well credit, from an experiment which I made when travelling on a railway. While going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, I let fly a bee; it made its circles as usual, and surrounded us easily. Now, if there was no current of air or draft to bear it along, this indicated a rate of ninety miles an hour; and even allowing for a current, the swiftness must have been great. I should, however, wish to repeat the experiment before being quite sure of so great a swiftness in so small an insect. —Lord Brougham's Dissertations on Science.

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If we are placed here in a state of probation it is reasonable that our understanding, as well as our will, should be brought to the trial. But how shall the Almighty proceed to make proof either of the self-sufficiency, or the diffidence of our understanding? No happier method could certainly be adopted than that of pointing us to such truths as are partly manifest and partly concealed, that we may search them out with diligence, if there be a possibility of comprehending them; or, if placed above the highest stretch of our faculties, expect with patience a future revelation of them.—J. Fletcher.
The history of commerce does not, perhaps, present a parallel to the circumstances which have attended the introduction of tea into Great Britain and America. This leaf was first imported into Europe by the Dutch East India Company, in the early part of the seventeenth century; but it was not till the year 1666 that a small quantity was brought over from Holland to this country by the Lords Arlington and Ossory; and yet, from a period earlier than any to which the memories of any of the existing generation can reach, tea has been one of the principal necessaries of life among all classes of the community. To provide a sufficient supply of this aliment, many thousand tons of the finest mercantile navy in the world are annually employed in trading with a people by whom all dealings with foreigners are merely tolerated; and from this recently acquired taste, a very large and easily collected revenue is obtained by the state.

The tea-plant is indigenous to China or Japan, and probably to both. It has been used among the natives of the former country from time immemorial; and, from the age
of Confucius, has been the constant theme of praise with their poets. It is only in a particular tract of the Chinese empire that the plant is cultivated; and this tract, which is situated on the eastern side, between the 30th and 33d degrees of north latitude, is distinguished by the natives as the "tea country." The more northern part of China would be too cold; and farther south the heat would be too great. There are, however, a few small plantations to be seen near to Canton.

The tree or shrub whence the tea of commerce is derived is the *thea* of botanists. There is only one species of this plant; and although it has been said by some writers that there are two varieties, differing in the breadth of their leaves, this assertion is as confidently denied by others, who affirm that the difference discernible in the qualities of the dried leaves is owing to the period of their growth at which they are gathered, and to some variations in the methods employed for curing them.

The Chinese give to the plant the name of *tcha* or *tha*. It is propagated by them from seeds, which are deposited in rows four or five feet asunder, and so uncertain is their vegetation, even in their native climate, that it is found necessary to sow as many as seven or eight seeds in every hole. The ground between each row is always kept free from weeds, and the plants are not allowed to attain a higher growth than admits of the leaves being conveniently gathered. The first crop of leaves is not collected until the third year after sowing; and when the trees are six or seven years old, the produce becomes so inferior that they are removed to make room for a fresh succession.

The flowers of the tea tree are white, and somewhat resemble the wild rose of our hedges; these flowers are succeeded by soft green berries or pods, containing each from one to three white seeds. The plant will grow in either low or elevated situations, but always thrives best.
and furnishes leaves of the finest quality when produced in light stony ground.

The leaves are gathered from one to four times during the year, according to the age of the tree. Most commonly there are three periods of gathering; the first commences about the middle of April; the second at midsummer; and the last is accomplished during August and September. The leaves that are earliest gathered are of the most delicate colour and most aromatic flavour, with the least portion of either fibre or bitterness. Leaves of the second gathering are of a dull green colour, and have less valuable qualities than the former; while those which are last collected are of a dark green, and possess an inferior value. The quality is farther influenced by the age of the wood on which the leaves are borne, and by the degree of exposure to which they have been accustomed; leaves from young wood, and those most exposed, being always the best.

The leaves, as soon as gathered, are put into wide shallow baskets, and placed in the air, or wind, or sunshine, during some hours. They are then placed on a flat cast-iron pan, over a stove heated with charcoal, from a half to three quarters of a pound being operated on at one time.
These leaves are stirred quickly about with a kind of brush, and are then quickly swept off the pan into baskets. The next process is that of rolling, which is effected by carefully rubbing them between men's hands; after which they are again put, in larger quantities, on the pan, and subjected anew to heat, but at this time to a lower degree than at first, and just sufficient to dry them effectually without risk of scorching. This effected, the tea is placed on a table and carefully picked over, every unsightly or imperfectly dried leaf that is detected being removed from the rest, in order that the sample may present a more even and a better appearance when offered for sale. With some finer sorts of tea a different manipulation is employed; the heated plates are dispensed with, and the leaves are carefully rolled into balls, leaf by leaf, with the hands.

The names whereby some of the principal sorts of tea are known in China are taken from the places in which they are produced, while others are distinguished according to the periods of their gathering, the manner employed in curing, and other extrinsic circumstances.

Bohea, of which description there are five kinds, takes its name from the mountain of Vouyee, which is covered with tea plantations. The earliest gatherings in this district are called Souchong, the Chinese name for which is Saatyang; and Pekoe, called by the cultivators back-ho, or pack-ho; Congou, Kong-fou, and other commoner kinds of Bohea tea, are made from the leaves when in a state of greater maturity. Padre-Souchong, or Pao-sut-tcha, is gathered in the province where the best green tea is produced. This kind is esteemed on account of some medicinal virtues which it is supposed to possess.

There are three kinds of green tea, of which one called hyson, hayssuen, is composed of leaves very carefully picked, and dried with a less degree of heat than others; it is one-fourth dearer than souchong. The kind of green
tea which is most abundant is called Singlo, which is the name of a mountain on which it grows, about one hundred and fifty miles to the southward of Nan-king. Gunpowder tea is made of tender green leaves, which yet have attained a considerable size. This kind is sometimes rolled into balls by hand, and is very highly esteemed; it sells for fifteen per cent. more than hyson. It is a commonly received opinion that the distinctive colour of green tea is imparted to it by sheets of copper, upon which it is dried. For this belief there is not, however, the smallest foundation in fact, since copper is never used for the purpose. Repeated experiments have been made to discover, by an unerring test, whether the leaves of green tea contain any impregnation of copper, but in no case has any trace of this metal been detected.

The succulent tea leaves are sometimes twisted into thin rolls or cords, about an inch and a half or two inches long, and several of these are tied together by their ends with coloured silk threads. This is done with both green and black tea.

The Chinese do not use their tea until it is about a year old, considering that it is too actively narcotic when new. Tea is yet older when it is brought into consumption in England, as, in addition to the length of time occupied in its collection, and transport to this country, the East India Company are obliged by their charter to have always a supply sufficient for one year's consumption in their London warehouses; and this regulation, which enhances the price to the consumer, is said to have been made by way of guarding, in some measure, against the inconvenience that would attend any interruption to a trade entirely dependent upon the caprice of an arbitrary government.

The people of China partake of tea at all their meals, and frequently at other times of the day. They drink the infusion prepared in the same manner as we employ, but
they do not mix with it either sugar or milk. The working classes in that country are obliged to content themselves with a very weak infusion. Mr. Anderson, in his narrative of Lord Macartney's embassy, relates that the natives in attendance never failed to beg the tea leaves remaining after the Europeans had breakfasted, and with these, after submitting them again to boiling water, they made a beverage which they acknowledged was better than they could ordinarily obtain.

The tea plant is found in our conservatories, and in such situations has occasionally put forth blossoms in this country. It is not qualified to bear a full exposure to the cold of our winter; and if even this difficulty could be surmounted, there is but little reason for wishing that it should be naturalized among us, as the amount of labour required for its culture and for the preparation of the leaves, would, at the lowest rate paid in England, raise the produce to a price out of all proportion greater than we now pay for the tea of China, burdened as it is with the expenses of a lengthened voyage, and with a government duty which doubles the selling price. Attempts have been made to cultivate the plant in Brazil, where no obstacle is offered by the climate; but the comparative dearness of labour in that quarter offers a serious barrier against the successful prosecution of the scheme.

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For the Youth's Magazine.

THE CHURCH SERVICE IN ENGLAND.

BY AN EMIGRANT.

As there was no other church but the one established by law in the village in which I was born, or in any of the neighbouring villages, and my ancestors for many generations were members of that church, and as I knew no other
way of worshipping God, it is not to be wondered at if I, like many others, entertained prejudices and predilections in favour of the episcopal form. Being accustomed from my earliest infancy to listen to the sound of "the church-going bell," to put on my best clothes, and to go to church with my parents and playmates on a Sunday morning, I very early indulged a feeling of respect and reverence for all that pertained to the church service. And this I may say without fear of contradiction, though I never heard an extemporaneous prayer or sermon within those consecrated walls, or ever heard of the conversion of a soul from the error of his ways within the bounds of the congregation, I never saw any thing disorderly or irreverent in the time of service in my life, in the old Episcopal church in which I was baptized. When the appointed hour was come, the minister, clothed in sacred vestments, came in; every eye was fixed on him as he ascended the sacred desk; the greatest silence prevailed in the congregation; every ear was attentive to the first words that fell from his lips, and every lip was ready to respond, at the proper time, to the prayers which he offered. The old parish clerk had a most melodious and equally stentorious voice, and was always sure to let every one hear him say when it came to his turn, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen." The aged members were as zealous also to pronounce with an audible voice those words in the excellent litany at the end of every petition, "Good Lord, deliver us;" while the young people who thought any thing of themselves, or wished to be thought respectable, were always careful to know the place in the prayer book where the collect, the epistle, or the gospel, for the day, was to be found. Indeed, it was often a matter of conversation on Sunday morning, before we went to church, what day it was, whether Ad-
ven, or Epiphany, or Midlent, or Trinity Sunday, for we thought it a shame not to know what service was required of us on any and every day throughout the year. But the greatest zeal was manifested among the psalm singers, and as every one in my father's family was a singer, or an instrumental performer, or both, we were all anxious to be ready to perform that part which was assigned us. My father played the oboe, one brother the clarionet, another the flute, and another the bassoon, while it fell to my lot and that of two other brothers to take part in the singing as far as we were able. The good old clerk was always careful to say, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God," while the singers, on the other hand, were as careful, if they did well, to take the praise to themselves. This circumstance caused a young man of rather a poetical turn to send them a compliment in the following words, to wit:

"Hear, O priest, how well we sing;
Let the people hear us too,
Now our voices sweetly ring,
Let them give us praises due.
Hark, the flute ascending high;
Hark, the viol sounding low;
Surely none with us can vie,
Surely none could please you so."

A modern connoisseur, if he could hear the original melody and the powerful harmony of a country choir might be disposed to criticise, and justly too, the barbarous performances of uncultivated genius, but after all there was a kind of consistency belonging to the whole which may be sought for in vain in more refined and polished circles; the taste of the audience, the quaintness of the poetry, the simplicity of the melody, and the plainness of the harmony, were all in accordance with the degree of improvement exhibited by the performers. I well remember an anthem, taken from the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, in which there was a counter solo set to these words, "O Zion, that bringest good
tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up; be not afraid;” in which the music was made to correspond with the words, being of such a character that very few could “reach the highest notes;” the old clerk, however, whose voice was as well exercised in singing as in reading prayers and responding “the loud amen,” was not frightened at such a passage, and with the aid of my brother’s clarionet could effectually accomplish his arduous task to the admiration of all the congregation.

There was another part of the religious services of the church which was equally interesting to little boys and girls as to their fond parents; it was the Catechism. As sure as ever Easter Sunday came, we were all ready to begin, and being called on by the minister himself to “come and say the catechism,” we all left our pews, marched into the broad aisle in front of the desk, with heads up and hands behind us, all prepared to give the proper answer in an audible voice, so as to be heard by the minister and all the congregation. The good boys and girls always got a kind word or a piece of money from the minister and something from their parents, which encouraged them to do their best in “that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call them.”

The funerals also in the Episcopal Church were always attended with becoming solemnity. The great bell was tolled at the proper hour, and when the procession arrived at the church yard, the minister, clothed in his surplice of purest white, met the procession with these comfortable words upon his lips, “I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord,” &c. When the company were seated in their pews the thirty-ninth or eightieth Psalm and part of the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul’s First Epistle to the Corinthians, with suitable prayers, were always read with proper solemnity, and frequently a psalm or anthem was
added out of respect to the deceased; while at the grave the appointed service was invariably performed for rich or poor with the same degree of reverence. The last service that I attended in that church was the funeral of my ever dear father. As he had "lived in all good conscience" among his neighbours, been a regular attendant at church all his days, supported a numerous family, with small means and great respectability, and brought them all up to attend church from their infancy, his funeral was more numerously attended than that of any other one I ever saw. He was, according to custom, carried on men's shoulders from his residence to the church; the pall was borne by six of the most respectable farmers in the place; while a long train of mourners and neighbours followed him to the tomb. The singers honoured him with that well known psalm, "Since our good friend is gone to rest," &c., which, though it was not sung in the very best style, made such an impression upon my feelings as I never shall and never wish to forget.

The effect of the church service upon my youthful mind was most salutary. The prayers, which, as every one acquainted with the prayer book knows, are suited to "all sorts and conditions of men," being generally expressed in plain, dignified, and orthodox terms, made a lasting impression on my mind, and were the earliest and perhaps the most powerful means of fortifying me against the errors of Socinianism and infidelity on the one hand, and Pelagianism and Antinomianism on the other. The psalms and lessons from the Old and New Testaments being read every sabbath made me familiar with the sacred volume; while the sermons, though not strictly evangelical, were always of that character which inculcates charity and good works. Had the venerable Church of England retained the spirit and practice of apostolical piety, as well as the "true faith," had she retained the "power" as well as the
"form of godliness," Puritanism, and Quakerism, and Methodism, in name at least, had never been known; but "as the body without the spirit is dead," so this church, being in many places destitute of an evangelical ministry, was in those places dead also. It was necessary therefore that some one, "called of God as was Aaron," should step in between the living and the dead, that the plague might be stayed, so that the whole nation might not perish.

Philoikoutheou.

From Gregory's Legacy to his Daughters.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

One of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. This modesty, which I think so essential in your sex, will naturally dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one. People of sense and discernment will never mistake such silence for dullness. One may take a share in conversation without uttering a syllable. The expression of the countenance shows it, and this never escapes an observing eye. * * * Converse with men of every rank with that dignified modesty which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them from feeling themselves your superiors. Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess; it must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create you many enemies. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated, and lose all self-command.

Humour is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited; but be cautious how you indulge in it. It is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still
greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes
gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

Beware of detraction, especially when your own sex are
concerned. You are generally accused of being particu-
larly addicted to this vice; but I think unjustly. Men are
fully as guilty of it when their interests interfere. As your
interests more frequently clash, and as your feelings are
quicker than ours, your temptations to it are more frequent.
For this reason be particularly careful of the reputation
of your own sex in all cases where ours is concerned.

Show a compassionate sympathy to unfortunate women,
especially to those who have become so by the villany of
men. Indulge a secret pleasure in being the friends and
refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of showing it.

Consider every species of indelicacy in conversation as
shameful in itself, and as highly disgusting to us. All
double entendre is of this sort. The dissoluteness of men's
education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit
which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at
when it comes from your lips, or when you hear it without
pain and contempt. Virgin purity is of so delicate a na-
ture that it cannot bear certain things without contamina-
tion. It is always in your power to avoid these. No man
but a brute or fool will insult a woman with conversation
which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it
if she resent the injury with becoming spirit. There is
dignity, a conscious virtue, which is able to awe the most
abandoned and shameless of men. You will be reproached,
perhaps, with prudery. By prudery is generally meant an
affectation of delicacy. Now I do not wish you to affect
delicacy, but wish you to possess it. At any rate it is bet-
ter to run the risk of being thought ridiculous rather than
disgusting. The men will complain of your reserve; they
will assure you that a franker behaviour would make you
more amiable. But trust me, they are not sincere when
they tell you so. I acknowledge that on some occasions it
might make you more agreeable as companions, but it would
make you less amiable as women; an important distinc-
tion, of which many of your sex seem not to be aware.
After all, I wish you to cultivate great ease and openness,
the frankness of conscious innocence, in your conversation.
I only point out some considerations which ought to regu-
late your behaviour in that respect.

---*

The use of Scripture language was certainly much more
common with ministers who preached a quarter of a cen-
tury ago than those of the present day. The change is
by no means an improvement in any respect. Nothing
will make up as a substitute for Scripture language, either
as regards force or beauty. Those young brethren who
are preparing for the ministry would do well to read care-
fully the following extract from Robert Hall on this sub-
ject. In point of beauty and force in pulpit performances
he had few, if any, superiors, as is allowed by the best
judges.—Baptist Register.

ON THE USE OF SCRIPTURE LANGUAGE IN SERMONS.

To say nothing of the inimitable beauties of the Bible
considered in a literary view, which are universally ac-
nowledged, it is the book which every devout man is ac-
customed to consider as the oracles of God. It is the
companion of his best moments, and the vehicle of his
strongest consolation. Intimately associated in his mind
with every thing dear and valuable, its diction more powe-
ously excites devotional feelings than any other, and, when
temperately and soberly used, imparts an unction to a re-
ligious discourse which nothing else can supply. Besides,
is there not room to apprehend that a studied avoidance
of the Scripture phraseology, and a care to express all that
it is supposed to contain in the form of classical diction,
might lead to neglect of the Scriptures themselves, and a habit of substituted, flashy, and superficial declamation in the room of the saving truths of the gospel! Such an apprehension is but too much verified by the most celebrated sermons of the French; and still more by modern compositions in our own language, which usurp that title. For devotional impression, we conceive that a very considerable tincture of the language of Scripture, or at least such a colouring as shall discover an intimate acquaintance with those intimate models, generally succeeds the best.

THE KNOWING MAN.

He desires to know all things that are worth knowing, but first of all, to know himself, lest having acquaintance with other things he should die a stranger to his own heart. And in the knowledge of himself he desires to know not so much his strength as his weakness; to know his frailty and failings humbleth him. His eyes are never both at once from home; one keeps house while the other goes abroad for intelligence. He is blind in no man's cause, but best sighted in his own; he confines himself to the circle of his own affairs, and thrusts not his finger into needless fires. His heart's desire is to know God, and he knows there is no other way to know him than through Jesus Christ. Herein consists his happiness, and in this knowledge he makes sure work for his soul; it is the best knowledge, and therefore first regarded. He never rests till his faith be built on the assurance of God's favour; until God hath pardoned his sins, and given him a title to a place in heaven. The world he so far seeks to know, that he may see the vanity of it, and know to distrust it. He knows this to be a short and miserable life, and therefore studies the way to a blessed and eternal one; he
knows that this world shall perish, and therefore is loath to perish with it. He knows that money may make a man richer, but not better, and therefore chooseth to sleep with a good conscience rather than a full purse. He would rather the world should account him a fool than that God should, and therefore desires no more wealth than an honest man may possess with a good conscience. He knows that a full barn is better than an empty one, but if God should require the full one, and empty it, he knows that God is no thief, but will with due interest pay him again. He knows that this world's delight consists of crotchets and short songs, and that its burden is sorrow, but heaven hath the best and most permanent music, where angels and glorified saints sing uninterruptedly to the Lord of hosts, for ever and ever. He knows his own ignorance, and endeavours to compass science, and for what he cannot apprehend, he begs wisdom of God, not to know everything, but only so much as will make him wise and blessed. He knows how to make his passions, like good servants, stand in diligent attendance, ready to obey the commands of reason and religion. He knows that it is the work of Satan to suggest evil, but he knows that it is his own work to resist it, and his praise to overcome it; he knows that if temptation overcomes him, except the Spirit melt him, smite him, rouse him, and that unless his wounded soul detests his wickedness, and cries for mercy, he will be plunged into everlasting perdition. He will not see every wrong which is done to him, knowing that he hath oftener offended his God and Saviour. After long and unbroken acquaintance with the Scriptures, and humble familiarity with the Holy Ghost, he knows the way to heaven perfectly, and runs apace till he arrives at the kingdom of his Lord and Saviour.—Adams' Commentary, 1633.
More is to be expected from laborious mediocrity than from the erratic efforts of a wayward genius. There may be a harlequin in mind as well as in body, and I always consider him to have been of this character who boasted that he could throw off a hundred verses while standing on one leg; it is not to such a source as this we are indebted for good poetry. Demosthenes elaborated sentence after sentence, and Newton rose to the heavens by the steps of geometry, and said at the close of his career that it was only in the habit of patient thinking he was conscious of differing from other men. It is generally thought that men are signalized more by talent than by industry; it is felt to be a vulgarizing of genius to attribute it to any thing but direct inspiration from Heaven; they overlook the steady and persevering devotion of mind to one subject. There are higher and lower walks in scholarship, but the highest is a walk of labour. We are often led into a contrary opinion by looking at the magnitude of the object in its finished state; such as the Principia of Newton, and the pyramids of Egypt; without reflecting on the gradual, continuous, I had almost said creeping progress, by which they grew into objects of the greatest magnificence in the literary and physical world. In the one case, indeed, we may fancy the chisel which wrought each successive stone, but in the other we cannot trace the process by which the philosopher was raised from one landing place to another, till he soared to his towering elevation; it seems as if the work was produced at the bidding of a magician. But Newton has left as a legacy the assurance that he did not attain his elevation by dint of a heaven-born inspiration, out of the reach of many, but by dint of a homely virtue within the reach of all.—Dr. Chalmers.
THE VILLAGE OF WILBRAHAM,

In Massachusetts, New-England, where is located that popular and justly celebrated Wesleyan Academy founded by the late beloved and much lamented Dr. Fisk.

How beautiful that spot which gave me birth,
No place so dear upon this fertile earth;
Where'er I rove, no lovelier scenes appear
To beautify and bless the blooming year.

Those flow'ry meads, those gently rising grounds,
With which my own, my native land abounds,
Act still with powerful impulse on my heart,
And oft in memory some kind boon impart.

How sweet to breathe that pure elastic air,
Its renovating power in youth to share,
Rove o'er its fields, ascend its mountain heights,
Where every view the bounding heart delights;
Hear the soft chiming of its rippling rills,
Which flow with music down its sloping hills;
Watch the clear streams, till lost in meadows gay,
Enamell'd o'er with early flowers of May,
They 'neath the green sward move along unseen,
Deep'ning its verdure with the freshest green.

Where the lark rises with expanded wing,
Her matin song of earliest praise to sing,
And where is heard at eve, when all is still,
The pensive notes of the loved whip-poor-will.
Those sounds so sweet which erst I loved to hear
So soft to undulate upon my ear,
Are still harmonious, still in memory dwell
Upon my heart, and cast a hallow'd spell
Unbroken by the lapse of many years,
And unextinguish'd by their hopes or fears.

Those lofty elms which spread their branches wide,
Refreshing with their shade the streamlet's side,
Have waken'd feelings in my youthful heart
Which cannot be inspired by works of art.
The mountain oak, whose hollow trunk appears
To tell its age, its many circling years,
To me hath given some interest, some delight,
Which the cold world hath never power to blight.
Chain'd to its side, how oft I've watched till even,
To gaze upon the azure arch of heaven,
Hail'd the first star which twinkled in the sky,
And counted each, as erst they met my eye,
Felt sweet emotions kindling in my breast,
As Vesper shone more brightly in the west,
And raised my thoughts to Him whose spirit breathes
In every leaf that trembles in the breeze.

There's not a hill, a rock, a stream, or hedge,
But what has left within my heart a pledge,
A token of remembrance ever dear,
As Vesper shone more brightly in the west,
And raised my thoughts to Him whose spirit breathes
In every leaf that trembles in the breeze.

Blest institution!* sacred fount of truth,
Whose walls contain true guardians of our youth,
I'll twine for thee the fadeless wreath of fame,
And in it place our Fisk's endearing name,
While round its scenes my heart with fondness clings,
And fancy wakes anew life's gushing springs.

Though long embower'd in distant shades I dwell,
Untouch'd by snowy wreaths of winter's spell,
Where through the year the rose in beauty blooms,
And fragrant flowers shed forth their rich perfumes,
Luxuriant without culture or our care,
That all may freely nature's bounties share;
Yet all these sweets within this sunny clime
Cannot efface that native vale of mine.

Cottage Hall, La., 1840. S. B. Thomas.

* The Wesleyan Academy.
THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

Two volumes of this work are now before the public. It was for the special benefit of the youth of both sexes within the bounds of our church and congregations. The arguments urged in favor of commencing it were the following:— 1. Such a work is greatly needed among our people. The older sabbath school scholars, and those who have just left school, and such teachers as have not much leisure for the perusal of more voluminous works, need something of the kind to interest them, and improve their minds. 2. There is plenty of material in the church to make a periodical of this kind the most respectable any in the world, not excepting the 'London Youth's Magazine,' the 'Youth's Instructor and Guardian,' two very popular and well-circulated periodicals. 3. There will be no want of support of such a work, if well conducted. Preachers will interest themselves in its circulation; seminaries of learning will encourage it by frequent contributions, and by recommending it to the pupils under their care; our young people will be stimulated to make visits with pleasure and delight. Charmed by the fascinations of such eloquence, and allured, not by visions of celebrity and profit, but by the hope of doing good, the agents consented to take upon them the additional labour of preparing materials for this work; and the agents, moved by similar sentiments and the hope of a large subscription list, consented to publish in a style which does them great credit, but at an expense, also, which they are, at present, but poorly remunerated. And now, brethren—to the preachers we more particularly speak—for you are the agents to put every good thing into active operation, what is the result of this? In the first place, we have received testimonials, the most unequivocal, that the work does not fall below the expectations of our warmest friends, except in one particular only, that is, the want of written original articles. Of the selections we hear no complaints, much in their praise. So far, very good. And in addition, a few of our preachers have interested themselves nobly in the circulation: seminaries of learning, and our sprightly and elegant writers, but few exceptions, seem to forget us altogether, or rather they feel that there is such an excellent channel opened through which streams of eloquence might flow to the remotest parts of the Union, and rejoicing the whole wilderness of mind, wherever they may go. We see by the cover of one of the London Wesleyan periodicals, in two years from the commencement of the 'Cottager's Friend' work by no means equal to our Youth's Magazine, and circulated among the poor of the societies, that their subscription list amounted to thirty thousand, while ours, in the same length of time, amounted only, but for shame we will not tell, lest our enemies should rejoice and say, "Ah, so would we have it!" If it be true, and to most certainly is, that we have more than seven hundred thousand members, we ought at least to have one hundred thousand subscribers, one hundred contributors to the Youth's Magazine. Come, brethren, especially, for the love of the souls committed to your care, drive out of the world, as much as in you lies, all those pestile publications called novels, romances, and comic almanacs, and fill the sphere in which you move with something pure, and chaste, and valuable. In every place where you preach leave a tract, or a number of one of our periodicals, or a volume of Christian biography something that shall operate as "a lecture silent, but of sovereign power in your absence—something that shall tend to fasten the good word which you have preached on the minds of your auditors, or pre them for the reception of it at your next coming. These you will to be coworkers with you in the glorious cause, and will mightily you in pulling down Satan's kingdom, and in building up that of Lord Jesus Christ in the earth.
THE
YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. III. AUGUST, 1840. No. 4.

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For rates of postage see third page.
AN ACCOUNT OF THE RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY LIFE OF DR. ADAM CLARKE. The former part of this work was written by Dr. Clarke himself. The latter was compiled by one of his daughters, and the whole edited by his son the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke, of Trinity College, Cambridge. Taken all together this is one of the most entertaining biographies of the present day. Three vols. in one, 12mo. Price $1.50, bound in sheep.

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CHRISTIAN PERFECTION, by the Rev. J. Fletcher. To which is added, a Letter by the Rev. T. Rutherford. Price 25 cents. The four last-mentioned works make a pretty little library of them selves, on one of the most important subjects in Christian theology.

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by the Rev. T. Jackson, president of the English Conference. Five volumes of this work are already reprinted from the London edition, containing the lives of Dr Watts, T. Haliburton. P. Dickenson, J. Janeway, Judge Hale, Alleune, Heywood, Pearce, Shower, Beaumont, Newell, and Bishops Granmer and Latimer. Price 50 cents a volume, bound in sheep. These volumes are well adapted to aid in forming the character to virtue, piety, and usefulness.
ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The building, of which the accompanying cut is an exact and beautiful representation, is situated about midway between the Bloomingdale road and the North River, and about four miles from the New-York City Hall. Thirty-four years have elapsed since the institution commenced its labours in a small frame house, and during that period of time nine hundred and thirty-one children have been admitted; of whom four hundred and eleven boys have been apprenticed to mechanics, or farmers; two hundred and seventy-three girls to trades, or employed as servants in private families; and eighty-one have died.

"On the 9th of June, 1836, the corner-stone of the new Asylum was laid by the trustees of the Society; the ceremony was preceded by solemn prayer to Almighty God, by the Rev. Dr. Knox, of the Reformed Dutch Church, and the trustees and orphans who were present were addressed by him in a most impressive manner, and reminded of their solemn accountabilities. The Rev. Mr. Richmond, rector of St. Michael's Church, succeeded him in a short prayer and exhortation; the corner-stone was then laid by the trustees, and dedicated by the Rev. Mr. Richmond, in the name of the sacred Trinity; and the benediction was pronounced by the same. The children, not less in number than one hundred, then sung with one accord a beautiful hymn, descriptive of their orphan situation, the kindness they daily received, and the
gratitude they felt toward the friends that had fostered them during the helpless years of infancy: their soft and solemn notes created a thrilling interest among the spectators; and the big tear was seen to roll down the cheek of the hardy bystander and workman, who would have disdained to turn his back upon the roaring cannon's mouth.

"The Orphan's Home is now completed, and the beautiful building on the banks of the Hudson is alike an ornament to the city and a memorial of the liberality of its inhabitants. Within it are found, not only ample accommodations for a numerous family, but a place for the Lord, a habitation for the orphan's God. On the 19th of November last the chapel was opened for religious worship; the services were performed by reverend clergy of different denominations; and a highly respectable and apparently gratified audience attended.

"On the 4th of July last [1839] the orphans celebrated the anniversary of our national independence on the grounds of Mr. Perrit. Some speeches and dialogues were spoken, with alternate singing by the children, after which they partook of an excellent entertainment provided for them by their kind neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Perrit.

"Forty-five of our orphans being either natives of Britain, or of British parentage, were kindly invited by the British consul and other gentlemen to partake of the fete given by them to commemorate the marriage of her Majesty Queen Victoria. Every attention was paid to them. They partook of the excellent dinner provided for the widows and their orphans, and had each a slice of the largest wedding cake probably ever made. Much good instruction was also given them by the British consul and other gentlemen who addressed them, which it is hoped will not be forgotten, as Mr. Buchanan, with much pleasantry, associated with it their recollection of the 'big
The orphans from the asylum had the honour of concluding the fete by singing a few verses of 'Home, sweet home.'

"Two of the orphan boys were one day walking along the road, having been sent upon an errand; they were overtaken by a gentleman, who was passing them in his carriage; the boys, in their native innocence and ignorance of what might be deemed propriety, asked him to let them ride with him; the gentleman, perhaps amused by the strangeness of the request, consented; after discovering who they were, he asked them, "How do you like your new home?" They answered, "Very much, sir." "Why do you like it?" "Because we have not heard any one swear since we have been here." The gentleman afterward said he thought this remark very favourable to the morals of Bloomingdale; that children were keen observers. And now, as we have taken the liberty of relating this little anecdote, we will likewise insert a letter received by Mrs. B. from one of our young apprentices, with one dollar for the building.

"DEAR BENEFACTRESS,—In the Observer of the 25th of April notice was given of the erection of a new asylum for the orphans; also a request of benevolent persons to cast in their mite. I am myself

"A helpless orphan, left alone,
Upon the world deserted thrown."

I throw in my pence, in hopes it may aid you in adding one stone, at least; but take it—it is all I have to give, but I give it with a cheerful heart; I am in hopes of coming down to see you pretty soon. Give my best respects to my teacher, and tell him he must not forget his promise to call and see me; there is a stage passes here daily from Sing Sing. I think I had rather live in the city than in
the country; but I cannot repine; my parents (if so I may call them) make up the loss to me. I love them very much. I must stop, as my letter may take up too much of your time, which perhaps may be better employed than in reading it. Adieu for the present,

Your Orphan Boy,   Wm. C.”

* MEDITATION IN A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Ah! what a poor figure does human invention make in the worship of God! Where a superstitious show prevails godly sincerity decays. The expenses here are great, but the profit none. They have lifted up the graving tools of human invention on the altar of God, which renders it polluted. To what purpose are all these statues, images, and paintings? to what end so many representations of a suffering Saviour? The new life is begun by the operation of the Spirit of God, and not by an inspection of pictures; and Christ formed spiritually in the soul is the end of revelation, but not to cut him out by the tool of the statuary. It is true here he stands with all the signs of agony and pain, the pricking thorns are wreathed about his head, and the blood is streaming down on every side! But who is this? did I not know the story, did not the superscription tell me, I should take him for some great malefactor that was so cruelly used. A man, indeed, in all imaginable anguish, is cut out to the life, where the skill of the artist, but the folly of the contriver, eminently appear; but nothing more appears, not one beam of his divinity shines forth. If he were no more than what this statue sets him forth, a poor, infirm, suffering mortal; our hopes would have died with him, but had had no resurrection: it might excite our sympathy as to a fellow creature, but never claim our faith as a Saviour, Christ the Lord.
The union of the two natures in one person, and his substitution, in the room of sinners, is the interesting mystery and basis of religion. Now, what painter or limner, what sculptor or artist, can exhibit this? how vain, then, their incentives to devotion? Yea, though our Saviour were yet alive, his humanity could not be the object of adoration; hence he reproved the young man for calling him "Good Master," seeing he considered him not as God-man, but only as man: and so says the apostle, "Yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet henceforth know we him no more." Streams rise no higher than their fountain, so that their unwarrantable representations give me at most but a faint view even of human sufferings. The dumb statue emits no melting cries, or varied distortions of the countenance, no affecting sighs, or agonizing groans; the tears stand still in one place, and the falling blood is not succeeded by more, because the tears have no fountain, and the blood no veins to afford a supply; so that to read the inspired account gives the Christian a more perfect knowledge and striking view of his sufferings than all the master-pieces of the best sculptors or painters. But when they give but a faint view of bodily sufferings, what can set forth the agonies of our Saviour's soul, which, like wax before the fire, was melted in the midst of his bowels, and was poured out like water? Can they paint the strokes of divine vengeance which he bore for us, or depict the hidings of his Father's countenance, which gave so deep a wound? These are things for faith, not for sense; and it is the excellence of faith that it can and may intermeddle with divine things, while sense must stand at a distance.

As images strike our fancy, so impressions of them abide with us. It is but a dumb image which stands before us, when we adore the living God; so that in effect we are praying to an idol, rather than to the Searcher of
hearts. The idolaters of old represented God by an ox, calf, fire, sun, man, and such like, with which he was displeased; and the idolaters of late represent the incarnate God as a scourged, bleeding, suffering creature, with which he is no less displeased. But I must form no idea of God that gives figure, limits, or bounds to him, because he is infinite; my soul must go out in my prayers, in the immensity of his perfections, and I must make my plea the meritorious sufferings of Jesus, which no art of man can set forth, as the Spirit of God can to the eye of faith in the renewed soul.—Meikle.

VALUE OF TRUTH.

The value of truth, like the light of the sun, or the air we breathe, can never be fully appreciated, unless by the fearful and blighting influence which its loss occasions.

What a scene of desolation would the earth present were the rays of the sun totally withdrawn! It is painful, even for a moment, to contemplate the disasters of such an occurrence. The beauty of the landscape would be lost, the transactions of men infinitely retarded, and rapidly hastening to a total cessation. The labours of the husbandman could no longer be crowned with success, and the millions of men and animals supported by his very useful occupation must perish.

We are aware of the prime utility of a good atmosphere for the preservation of health and life. How we fear and fly the contagion of yellow fever, cholera, small pox, or any pestilential vapour which would immediately introduce disease, and eventually death, in an appalling form! Yet truth, in a moral point of view, is as essential to our
happiness and well being as the luminary of day, or the vital air, for a comfortable physical existence.

The Author of our being has emphatically styled himself the God of truth, and has especially declared that lying lips are an abomination to him.

Truth is the grand object of search in every science. It is the light and beauty of the moral world, the health of the soul, the glory of national and individual character. The incalculable evils and inconveniences arising in human society from a want of this principle, cannot be portrayed, or justly described.

How unpleasant and grating to our moral feelings to hear the flattering promises of those in whose tongues are guile and deceit. And when in our intercourse with men we are brought into contact with those who disregard the truth, how disgusting to hear their promises of remuneration for past obligations, or to consider how little dependance may be placed on their word for the performance of any business, however essential to our comfort or happiness.

What misery and degradation await the wilful or the heedless liar! The former is shunned as the disgrace of his species, and the latter loses the confidence and esteem of his friends; and having neglected the proper and timely performance of business intrusted to him, finds himself destitute of patronage, and eventually even of a comfortable subsistence.

Although the pursuit of riches can never engage the attention of intellects of a high order, yet so far as the observance of truth, and the exercise of industry and other moral virtues will acquire them, they are honourable.

A deviation from truth sometimes arises from an indolent, timid, or dastardly spirit. It often requires courage, confidence, and bravery, to tell the truth. It sometimes happens that we must acknowledge faults and errors of our own in a strict adherence to it; and how much more
noble, in the sight of God and man, thus to do, than wound our conscience by ignominious prevarication, and destroy the just self-respect which we might otherwise retain.

New-York, June, 1840.

FRANCES.

PERSIAN ANECDOTE.

The following little sketch so pleased a juvenile friend of mine that she is anxious it should appear in your very interesting miscellany. Should you think it worthy your attention, it is at your disposal.

New-York, June, 1840.

"A Persian mother in giving her son forty pieces of money as his portion, made him swear never to tell a lie, and said, 'Go, my son, I consign thee to God; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment.' The youth went away, and a party he travelled with was assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked what he had got, and he said, 'Forty dinars are sewed in my garment.' The robber laughed, thinking the boy jested. Another asked the same question, and got the same answer. At last the chief called, and asked him, and he said, 'I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes.' He ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and found the money. 'And how came you to tell this?' asked the chief. 'Because,' the child replied, 'I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie.' 'Child,' said the robber, 'art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God! Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it.' It was done. His followers were all struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to the chief, 'be the same in the path of virtue:' and they instantly made restitution of spoils, and avowed repentance on the boy's hand."
All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass.

Beautiful, yet brief, was the existence of one who was graced by nature with an unusual share of loveliness. Of amiable disposition and affectionate heart was Mary D. Her personal charms were heightened by gentleness of spirit, modesty of mein, and the attractiveness of her virtues. By those who knew her best she will long dwell in tender and pleasing remembrance. Sweet was the melody of her voice. The reminiscence of the past brings before me an evening party on a nuptial celebration, where my young friend, just entering on womanhood, made one in the social circle. I well recollect an observation, made by the young and talented Dr. H., as she was singing a lively air:—“What an angelic voice,” said he, as its musical tones fell upon his ear. But alas, his articulation, and the mellifluence of her voice are alike hushed in death; and the bridesman, who that evening stood before us, is laid with them in the silent tomb.

But to return to my dear departed friend. During the autumn of 1836, in the village of S——, a number of young persons were brought to see that without a knowledge of salvation, by the remission of sins, they could not enjoy happiness in this life, or partake of felicity in the life to come. They sought and obtained an interest in Jesus, and united themselves to the little class in that place. Among this number was Mary D. A few months subsequent to this period her health, constitutionally delicate, indicated premature decay. Her very sensitive nature shrank as it were from the harsh touch of life’s ills.

The hectic red upon her pallid cheek,
‘Soon numbered with the dead’—did surely speak.”

When six months had passed away from the time of her
conversion to God, I saw her young associates kneeling for baptism along the border of a rivulet that meandered by the village of S——, but Mary was not one of that happy group; at her request, however, she was placed near the window of her sick room, that she might have a view of the interesting and solemn ordinance which she was deprived of attending, as she was soon to be separated from all her young companions, who with her were journeying to a land of immortal youth. During her sickness the consolations of the religion she had espoused, and the conversations of the pious, solaced her mind, and alleviated the hours of physical anguish. In health she had chosen that good part which was not to be taken away from her. It was a sabbath morning in May when Mary felt that she was quitting her hold of life. No more was she to tread the verdant landscape, or behold the blooming flowers; but to these she could calmly bid adieu, for her feet were soon to walk the groves of paradise, and her eyes to see the King in his beauty. But her attachment to friends was strong; the fibres of affection twined with tenacity around her dear parent, to whom she had ever been a dutiful and promising child. "Mother," said she, "could you only go with me!" but God permitted them to be separated for a season, and only for a season; for life at best is short. Mary’s trust was in the Lord Jehovah; and the Judge of all the earth could not but do right. Her heavenly Father’s will was hers. She had no gloomy fears beyond the grave. The portals of bliss were opening to receive her. She reclined in peace upon the Rock of ages, and with a heavenly smile upon her features, saying, "Jesus is here," she died to live for ever. I fancy the ministering angels that gazed upon this closing scene tuned anew their harps of praise, while they conducted this heir of glory to her long sought home in heaven, where her dear sainted father, who in her childhood fell asleep in Jesus, would
greet his first-born, now to part no more, and she, with all the redeemed, would unite in the song, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be endless praises." In addition, I would say, that although our beloved Mary fell a prey to death in the morning of life, she fell victorious; and scarcely fell alone: for in three months from the time of her departure one of her young friends followed her to glory. "Methinks she welcomed her to the home of eternal repose." And but yesterday her only sister, who twelve months since bloomed with health and hilarity, was laid by her side, consumption's victim, in mournful deposite, yet in hope that she, with her dear sister, will arise to new health and beauty beyond the empire of death. Her father's God was her God, and the Saviour who conducted Mary through the valley of death was Adeline's Saviour. As the final hour drew near her voice, which previously had only been heard in a whisper, gathered strength, and she sung aloud the joys of her heart. Her mortal powers seemed inspired with supernatural energy, while for days and sleepless nights she thus mingled prayer and praise to God. Two days before her exit her friends, who watched beside her dying bed, presuming her position might not be comfortable, from the depression of her pillow, asked if it was not too low. "No," said she, with a sweeter smile than her face had ever worn. Just before she expired she said, "I am going." "Where are you going?" inquired her dear mother. "To Jesus," she replied; then added, "My heavenly Father, I shall soon be there," and ceased to live. May all that company who started with Mary in the Christian race for that kingdom, the glory of whose imperishable crowns fadeth not away, continue faithful until death; and may the heart of the pastor who was instrumental in their conversion be made to rejoice, in presenting them as sheaves to the Lord of the harvest! O how the gracious
influence of early piety sheds a radiance around the dying couch, lets a beam of resplendent glory down upon the solemn hour of expiring youth, and illumes their pathway to the courts of bliss!

The following lines were written at the time of Mary's decease, and presented to her bereaved mother:

And must my muse, in mournful strain,  
Lament thy early doom;  
Or shall I sing thy early gain  
Of an eternal home?

I dare not murmur or deplore,  
I need not weep for thee;  
For all thy sufferings now are o'er,  
In blest eternity.

But ah! a tear I would bestow,  
At memory of thy worth;  
And sympathize with those below  
Who feel thy loss to earth.

Though cold thy clay, lifeless thy form,  
And closed those lovely eyes;  
Thou only hast escaped, and gone  
To bloom in paradise.

Transplanted by th' Almighty's hand  
To a congenial sphere,  
There sweetly will thy mind expand  
In an immortal air:

Thy radiant form grow brighter still  
Among the sainted band;  
The music of thy voice distil  
Throughout the heavenly land.

O, could we only see thee now,  
With countenance divine,
The glory that adorns thy brow,
We'd surely not repine.

"Mother," methinks that thou wouldst say,
"O, cease to mourn for me:
I'm crown'd, while in my youthful day,
From every sorrow free.

Whilst thou hast yet to toil below,
I've reach'd the port of rest;
Let tears of sorrow cease to flow:
Thy Mary now is blest."

*June 18, 1840.*

**Euphemia.**

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**Divine Goodness in the Creation.**

Those authors have been very entertaining to me who have taken a survey of the wisdom of God in the works of nature: such are the reverend and pious Mr. Ray, in his Treatise on that subject, Mr. Derham, in his two volumes written on that divine theme, and the Archbishop of Cam- bray, in his Demonstration of the Existence of God. But I do not remember to have read in those authors this one instance of the wide spreading diffusion of divine goodness through this lower world, namely, that the most universal and conspicuous appearances, both of the earth and sky, are designed for the convenience, the profit, and pleasure of all the animal creation: all that we see above us, and all beneath us, is suited to our nourishment or to our delight.

What is more necessary for the support of life than food? Behold the earth is covered with it all around; grass, herbs, and fruits for beasts and men were ordained to overspread all the surface of the ground, so that an animal could scarce wander anywhere but his food was near him. Amazing provision for such an immense family!
What is more joyful than the light? "Truly the light is sweet," says the wise man, "and a pleasant thing it is to behold the light of the sun." See the whole circuit of the heavens is replenished with sunbeams, so that while the day lasts, wheresoever the eye is placed, it is surrounded with this enjoyment; it drinks in the easy and general blessing, and is thereby entertained with all the particular varieties of the creation. It is light conveys to our notice all the riches of the divine workmanship; without it nature would be a huge and eternal blank, and her infinite beauties for ever unknown.

Again, what are the sweetest colours in nature; the most delightful to the eye, and most refreshing too? Surely, the green and the blue claim this pre-eminence. Common experience, as well as philosophy, tells us, that bodies of blue and green colours send us such rays of light to our eyes as are least hurtful or offensive; we can endure them longest; whereas the red and the yellow, or orange colour, send more uneasy rays in abundance, and give greater confusion and pain to the eye; they dazzle it sooner, and tire it quickly with a little intent gazing; therefore the divine goodness dressed all the heavens in blue, and the earth in green. Our habitation is overhung with a canopy of most beautiful azure, and a rich verdant pavement is spread under our feet, that the eye may be pleased and easy wheresoever it turns itself, and that the most universal objects it has to converse with might not impair the spirits, and make the sense weary.

When God the new made world survey'd,
His word pronounced the building good;
Sunbeams and light the heavens array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with food.

'Colours that charm and ease the eye
His pencil spread all nature round;
With pleasing blue he arch'd the sky,
   And a green carpet dress'd the ground.

Let envious atheists ne'er complain
   That nature wants or skill, or care;
But turn their eyes all round in vain,
   T'avoid their Maker's goodness there.

Dr. Watts.

ACADEMIES, OR SCHOOLS OF THE PROPHETS.

The first notice we have of Academies, or public schools among the Jews, is in the time of the prophet Samuel, who has, with some probability, been considered as the founder of the Schools of the Prophets. These appear to have been places of education, where the most hopeful young persons of the Levites, and the Nazarites out of other tribes, were instructed in religion and morals. Over these colleges some venerable prophet at first presided, from whose mouth the students or scholars received the inspired dictates of prophecy, and delivered them to the people, when their president was otherwise employed. After the destruction of the first temple we hear nothing of the Schools of the Prophets; but academies, or seminaries for instruction in the law of Moses, were established in various places. Over these certain doctors of the law presided. Gamaliel, the tutor of St. Paul, was one of them. The Jews say, that until the time of Gamaliel, the scholars stood while the law was explained to them; but that afterward they sat at the feet of the rabbi who taught them. The author of the commentary which goes under the name of Ambrose distinguishes the scholars into two classes: "The rabbins," says he, "are seated on elevated chairs, the older and more learned of the scholars are placed on benches below them; while the junior scholars
sit upon mats on the ground." The scholars were expected also to hearken in silence, and pay the utmost deference to the instructions of the master. They were never, even in his absence, to call him by his name, but to address him, or speak of him, by some title of honour; they were not to sit in his presence till he bade them, nor afterward to rise without his permission; while sitting they were to behave as in the presence of a king; and when they withdrew, they were to retire without turning their faces from the master; when they walked with him, they were not to step before him, nor to walk at his side, but were to follow him at a respectful distance. Many other similar rules for the conduct of the scholars may be met with in Maimonides, De studio legis, where the subject is treated at large.—Townley's Biblical Literature.

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VOCAL MUSIC.


Sing at your work—'twill lighten
The labours of the day—
Sing at your work—'twill brighten
The darkness of the way;—

Sing at your work—though sorrow
Its lengthen'd shade may cast,
Joy cometh on the morrow—
A sunbeam cheers the blast.

To pain, a brief dominion
Is o'er the spirit given—
But music nerves the pinion
That bears it up to heaven.

L. H. S.
COFFEE.

Coffee is the seed contained in a berry, the produce of a moderate-sized tree called the *coffea Arabica*, and which has also been named *jasminum Arabicum*. This tree grows erect, with a single stem, to the height of from eight to twelve feet, and has long, undivided, slender branches, bending downward: these are furnished with evergreen opposite leaves, not unlike those of the bay-tree. The blossoms are white, resting on short foot-stalks, and resembling the flower of the jasmine. The fruit which succeeds is a red berry, resembling a cherry, and having a pale, insipid, and somewhat glutinous pulp, enclosing two hard oval seeds, each about the size of an ordinary pea. One side of the seed is convex, while the other is flat, and has a little straight furrow inscribed through its longest
dimension; while growing, the flat sides of the seeds are toward each other. These seeds are immediately covered by a cartilaginous membrane which has received the name of the parchment.

Botanists have enumerated several varieties of this tree as existing in the eastern and western hemispheres. These varieties result from accidents of soil and climate, and must have been produced subsequently to the naturalizing of the plant in America, since it is pretty certainly shown, that all the coffee-trees cultivated there are the progeny of one plant, which so recently as the year 1714 was presented by the magistrates of Amsterdam to Louis XIV., king of France. This plant was placed at Marly, under the care of the celebrated Mons. de Jussieu, and it was not until some years after this that plants were conveyed to Surinam, Cayenne, and Martinico. The cultivation must have afterward spread pretty rapidly through the islands, since in the year 1732 the production of coffee was considered to be of sufficient consequence in Jamaica to call for an act of the legislature in its favour.

The use of coffee as an alimentary infusion was known in Arabia, where the plant is supposed to have been indigenous, long before the period just mentioned. All authorities agree in ascribing its introduction to Megalleddin, mufti of Aden, in Arabia Felix, who had become acquainted with it in Persia, and had recourse to it medicinally when he returned to his own country. The progress which it made was by no means rapid at first, and it was not until the year 1554 that coffee was publicly sold at Constantinople. Its use had, in the meanwhile, been much checked by authority of the Syrian government on the ground of its alleged intoxicating qualities; but more probably because of its leading to social and festive meetings incompatible with the strictness of Mohammedan discipline.

A similar persecution attended the use of coffee soon
after its introduction into the capital of Turkey, where the ministers of religion having made it the subject of solemn complaint that the mosques were deserted while the coffee houses were crowded, these latter were shut by order of the mufti, who employed the police of the city to prevent any one from drinking coffee. This prohibition it was found impossible to establish, so that the government, with that instinctive faculty so natural to rulers, of converting to their own advantage the desires and prejudices of the people, laid a tax upon the sale of the beverage, which produced a considerable revenue.

The consumption of coffee is exceedingly great in Turkey, and this fact may be in a great measure accounted for by the strict prohibition which the Moslem religion lays against the use of wine and spirituous liquors. So necessary was coffee at one time considered among the people, that the refusal to supply it in reasonable quantity to a wife was reckoned among the legal causes for a divorce.

Much uncertainty prevails with respect to the first introduction of coffee into use in the western parts of Europe. The Venetians, who traded much with the Levant, were probably the first to adopt its use. A letter, written in 1615, from Constantinople, by Peter de la Valle, a Venetian, acquaints his correspondent with the writer's intention of bringing home to Italy some coffee, which he speaks of as an article unknown in his own country. Thirty years after this, some gentlemen returning from Constantinople to Marseilles brought with them a supply of this luxury, together with the vessels required for its preparation; but it was not until 1671 that the first house was opened in that city for the sale of the prepared beverage.

Coffee cannot be cultivated to advantage in climates where the temperature at any time descends below 55 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale. The trees flourish most in
new soils, on a gentle slope, where water will not lodge about the roots. In exposed situations it is necessary to moderate the scorching heat of the sun by planting rows of umbrageous trees at certain intervals throughout the field.

Coffee-trees are usually raised from seed in nursery-grounds, and are afterward planted out at regular distances, which vary according to the nature of the soil. Where this is very dry or gravelly, the tree seldom rises higher than six feet, and may be planted five feet apart; but in rich soils, where they attain the height of nine or ten feet, or more, the plants should not be so crowded, and intervals of eight or ten feet should be left between them.

It is well known that coffee imported from the West Indies does not equal in its flavour that produced in Arabia and other parts of the East; and it is commonly imagined that this inferiority is principally owing to local causes, and is therefore incapable of being remedied. There is reason for believing, however, that the superior quality of Turkey and East India coffee is not in any great degree to be referred to the influences of soil and climate, but depends, in part at least, upon the age to which the seeds are kept before they are brought into consumption. Trees planted in a light soil, and in dry and elevated spots, produce smaller berries, which have a better flavour than those grown in rich, flat, and moist soils: the weight of produce yielded by the latter is, however, double that obtained from the former; and as the difference in price between the two is by no means adequate to cover this deficiency of weight, the interest of the planter naturally leads him to the production of the largest but least excellent kind. It is confidently asserted that this difference of equality entirely disappears by keeping, and that "the worst coffee produced in America will, in a course of
years not exceeding ten or fourteen, be as good, parch and mix as well, and have as high a flavour as the best we have now from Turkey.”

The trees begin bearing when they are two years old; in their third year they are in full bearing. The aspect of a coffee plantation during the period of flowering, which does not last longer than one or two days, is very interesting. In one night the blossoms expand themselves so profusely as to present the same appearance which has sometimes been witnessed in England when a casual snowstorm, at the close of autumn, has loaded the trees while still furnished with their full complement of foliage. The seeds are known to be ripe when the berries assume a dark red colour, and if not then gathered will drop from the trees. The planters in Arabia do not pluck the fruit, but place cloths for its reception beneath the trees, which they shake, and the ripened berries drop readily. These are afterward spread upon mats, and exposed to the sun’s rays until perfectly dry, when the husk is broken with large heavy rollers, made either of wood or of stone. The coffee thus cleared of its husk is again dried thoroughly in the sun, that it may not be liable to heat when packed for shipment.

The method employed in the West Indies differs from this. Negroes are set to gather such of the berries as are sufficiently ripe, and for this purpose are provided each with a canvass bag, having an iron ring or hoop at its mouth to keep it always distended, and this bag is slung round the neck so as to leave both hands at liberty. As often as this bag is filled, the contents are transferred to a large basket placed conveniently for the purpose. When the trees are in full bearing, an industrious man will pick three bushels in a day. If more are gathered, proper care can hardly be exercised in selecting only the berries that
are ripe. It is the usual calculation that each bushel of ripe berries will yield ten pounds weight of merchantable coffee.

In curing coffee it is sometimes usual to expose the berries to the sun's rays in layers, five or six inches deep, on a platform. By this means the pulp ferments in a few days, and having thus thrown off a strong acidulous moisture, dries gradually during about three weeks: the husks are afterward separated from the seeds in a mill. Other planters remove the pulp from the seeds as soon as the berries are gathered. The pulping mill used for this purpose consists of a horizontal fluted roller, turned by a crank, and acting against a moveable breastboard, so placed as to prevent the passage of whole berries between itself and the roller. The pulp is then separated from the seeds by washing them, and the latter are spread out in the sun to dry them. It is then necessary to remove the membranous skin, or parchment, which is effected by means of heavy rollers running in a trough wherein the seeds are put. This mill is worked by cattle. The seeds are afterward winnowed to separate the chaff, and if any among them appear to have escaped the action of the roller, they are again passed through the mill.

The roasting of coffee for use is a process which requires some nicety; if burned, much of the fine aromatic flavour will be destroyed, and a disagreeable bitter taste substituted. The roasting is now usually performed in a cylindrical vessel, which is continually turned upon its axis over the fire-place, in order to prevent the too great heating of any one part, and to accomplish the continual shifting of the contents. Coffee should never be kept for any length of time after it has been roasted, and should never be ground until the moment of its infusion, or some portion of its fine flavor will be dissipated.

The quantity of coffee consumed in Europe is very

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great. Humboldt estimates it at nearly one hundred and twenty millions of pounds, about one-fourth of which is consumed in France. Since the time when this estimate was made, a vast increase has been experienced in the use of coffee in England. This was at first occasioned by the very considerable abatement made in the rate of duty, and the public taste has since been continually growing more and more favourable to its consumption.

AUTobiography.

A sober and worthy Quaker, about the middle of the last century, gave the world a work of this kind, in which he was as unsparing of his own defects as most autobiographers are indulgent toward them. We give some specimens.


We do not admire very much the wisdom of the Quaker in publishing those details, extending through five and twenty years, and filling a couple of massive octavos. But we do think individuals might derive some advantage by making for their own private use an occasional record of the defects of their characters. A faithful account of one's lapses of various kinds for a twelvemonth, seriously perused at its close, would present not a few of the disciples even with causes of humiliation. We suppose a covetous disciple would have to give the following account of himself:

"Heard a rousing sermon by the pastor, on the right
use of property. Was disturbed somewhat by it. Got cool, however, by reflecting that if ministers had much property themselves to use they would not preach so. Could not smother the fact, though, that our pastor, poor as he is, is in the forefront of every thing where contributions are concerned.

"Heard from the pulpit that collectors would call on us for the Bible cause during the week. Was soothed by the reflection that my business would call me out of town, and keep me out during that period.

"Had some pleasant reflections upon the comparative merits of different modes of collecting charities. A contribution box has the preference. It tells no tales about individuals. One may give, setting his tune to any note in the scale he pleases, and there is no discovery!

"Was betrayed into the bestowment of a dollar to foreign missions. On reflection, felt gloomy. That dollar, it follows me like a spectre; how precious it appears now it is gone!

"Have about made up my mind to give no more in charity. I have given during the year, thus far, nearly half as much as my tobacco has cost me in that time. And if I keep on giving, I shall be unable to keep out of the alms-house."

A faithful journal by one that "loveth to have the preeminence" in the church would be written thus:—

"Felt hurt that the pastor should have taken the course he did without consulting me. I could have given a better direction to his labours than the one he followed. He is high minded and independent, and needs being set right in relation to such undesirable qualities. And we that are of that opinion will do it for him.

"Attended church meeting. Brethren were invited to give their opinions respecting the best course to be pursued in a certain exigency. Mine was given. I was
for prompt and determined action. I would have no tampering. But the church followed the suggestion of a far less experienced brother. Felt hurt at such disrespect. I cannot be used so. If I receive no more deference I'll leave them. I'll quit the society, and they may get along as they can in supporting the gospel."

We have thus given a few specimens of what might be found upon private journals, were they kept with as much frankness and particularity as that of the English Quaker of the last century. We leave the matter here. We only make a coat now and then; he who pleases puts it on.—Boston Recorder.

From the Girl's Reading Book, by Mrs. Sigourney.

MRS. MARY ANN HOOKER.

MRS. MARY ANN HOOKER, whose original name was Brown, was the daughter of pious, and highly respectable parents, and born at Guilford, Connecticut, February 12, 1796. She possessed a quick perception, and knew the alphabet before the age of two years, and read well at three. She early manifested a great love of books. They were her chosen companions. To read, and to think, were her great pleasures, while other children were engaged in noisy sports. But if she loved to meditate by herself, she was not selfish, and she regarded her companions with tender interest.

She was a warm admirer of the works of nature. The simplest wild flower was dear to her. The plants, as they sprung up in her little garden—the grassy path, where she took her rural walk—the green, shady trees—and the crystal, tuneful brooks, were her friends.

Her moral sensibilities were equally strong. To do right, to avoid wounding the feelings of others, and always to speak truth, were her rules of action. Her conscience
was tender, and if she had committed any fault she acknowledged it with frankness.

Her warm affections and integrity of purpose were associated with a mind of a high order, anxious to acquire knowledge. She received the advantages of an excellent education, and applied herself to her various studies with assiduity and success.

She was a favourite with her teachers. They were gratified by her proficiency, and pleased with her amiable disposition. She had many written testimonials of her good scholarship and exemplary deportment from them, which she affectionately prized, and preserved among her most valuable papers.

After her removal to Hartford, Connecticut, and the completion of her own term of school study, she engaged in the instruction of young ladies. She realized the importance of this station, and while she conferred benefits on her pupils, reaped the reward prepared for every faithful teacher—increase in knowledge, and habits of self-control.

She was a favourite in the refined society where she moved, and particularly excelled in the graces of conversation. Yet no one could be more free from vanity. "In all lowliness of mind, she esteemed others better than herself;" for she had taken the inspired volume as the rule of her conduct, and had early professed herself a follower of Christ.

In friendship she was firm, affectionate, and confiding. Though she regarded all with whom she associated with Christian kindness, she reserved intimacy for a few kindred spirits. To them her sympathy was overflowing, both in sorrow and in joy, and she forgot herself when they might be served, praised, or comforted.

In 1822 she married the Rev. Horace Hooker, and removed to a retired parish, in her native state. The responsibilities of a pastor's wife she deeply realized, and endeavoured faithfully to discharge. While exciting the
females of her husband's flock to works of benevolence and piety, she strove also to advance their intellectual improvement.

She established among them stated meetings, for the reading of historical and religious works, and especially for the interchange of written thought. In the latter department she emphatically led the way, and bore the burden; and some of the most pleasing effusions of her pen were thus called forth, in the form of essays, on various important subjects.

A solicitation that her husband would superintend a religious periodical publication induced their return to Hartford, and her more decided entrance on literary occupation. Their congeniality of intellectual taste and pursuit was a source of great happiness, and added a new and rare element to their mutual affection.

His kind encouragement gradually overcame her self-distrust, so that she at length consented to devote her pen to the religious instruction of children. Her first work was entitled, "Bible Sketches," and is written with simplicity and beauty.

She wrote also the lives of David and Daniel, of Elijah and Elisha. For this series of Scripture biographies she read extensively such books of history and travels as bore upon her subjects, or illustrated the geography, natural history, and customs of the countries where her scenes were laid.

She did not present to the public that which cost her no labour, and felt, that without patient study, and earnest prayer, she had no right to expect success. Her books became favourites not only with the young, to whom they were addressed, but to parents who perused them with their children.

As a convincing proof of the high estimation in which these admirable works are held, it is proper to mention,
that the "Bible Sketches," soon after their publication, were translated into German, for the benefit of that portion of our population who speak and read that language.

The "Life of Daniel," which was the fruit of much study and research, was translated into Bengalee, at Calcutta, and published there: and the "Life of Elijah," one of the most beautifully written of her sacred biographies, is in the process of translation into the same dialect.

Both the "Life of Daniel" and the "Life of Elijah" were translated into the language of the Hindoos by two English missionaries at Benares; and it is pleasant to think that the swarthy tribes of the Ganges, and other benighted people of Asia, may gather sacred instruction from the pages over which she laboured.

Her last work was entitled the "Seasons;" and its object is to bring the unfolding mind into such familiarity with the objects of nature, with birds, plants, animals, trees, rocks, and waters, as to lead it to recognise and love the Creator of so much beauty, and the Author of every blessing.

These literary occupations beguiled the hours of ill health and seclusion, to which she was frequently subject; and the consciousness that they had been in many cases the means of good to others imparted cheerfulness and gratitude. Her pen was such a source of happiness, that bodily infirmity was often forgotten or unfelt.

In her journeys she was a close observer, both of the face of nature and the works of art. To the sublime and beautiful her heart was ever open. The awful majesty of Niagara, the lonely grandeur of the White Mountains, or the freckle of the simplest flower that trembled at their base, touched the exquisite sensibility of her heart, and told it of the mighty Maker.

But her health, which had from childhood been feeble, began visibly to decline. Symptoms of pulmonary con-
assumption were plainly revealed. Her physicians pre-
scribed that she should take shelter from the winter be-
neath a milder sky, and her husband and sister bore her,
in the autumn of 1837, to the sunny clime of Georgia.

She returned the following spring, no more to go forth
amid the soft, grassy paths she had loved, or to mark the
fresh swelling buds on her favourite trees—but to die. The
frame, wasted to a skeleton, and the hollow racking cough,
told that she had come back to die.

But there was peace in her heart. The Saviour, in
whom she had trusted from her youth up, remembered her
in her time of need. The Bible, which she had loved and
obeyed, was her stay as she passed through the dark val­
ley. Like a child yielding to its parents she laid herself
in the everlasting arms.

When sometimes from extreme weakness her mind wan­
dered, sweet words were upon her lips, and bright images
gleamed around her. She smiled on those who stood by
her bed, and, forgetting that she herself suffered, begged
them to take refreshment and repose.

She murmured, in a low tone, of jessamine bowers, and
orange groves, and hovering forms, brighter and more
lovely than she had ever seen before. The beautiful
things of nature, which from earliest memory she had
loved, tarried with her till the angels came.

It was on the morning of May 3, 1838, that death came
to her like a friend soothing her into a gentle slumber.
Without gasp or struggle she slept in Jesus, "patience
having had its perfect work."

Let the young, in forming their own characters, be as­
siduous to secure the same sources of happiness which
cheered this lovely and exemplary woman, and enabled
her, during long debility and decline, to comfort others
with her own radiant countenance, and to close her life
like a music strain.
One of these sources of happiness was her sweet fellowship with the works of nature. She held pleasant communion with flowing streams, and tuneful birds, the simple plants, and the solemn stars. This love of the beauties and wonders of creation increased with years, and made even the gift of wild flowers, in her chamber of sickness, a fresh and deep delight.

Her intellectual tastes were also sources of happiness. Books, reflection, and the habit of expressing her thoughts on paper, made her childhood wise, and her whole life a scene of improvement. Her mind, expatiating on useful and sacred themes, imparted to the young its own rich stores of knowledge, and found a blessing in the gift.

Her amiable and disinterested character, her rectitude of heart, her transparency of purpose, leaving her nothing to conceal, her fidelity in friendship, her warm sympathy for others' wo, the enduring piety on which all these virtues and graces rested, constituted an example which none could view without love, and which all might desire to imitate.

Green trees shall wave above thee
That dread no wintry snow,
Meek flowers that learn'd to love thee
Around thy grave shall blow,
And faithful hearts, and tender,
Full oft shall linger nigh,
Their tribute tear to render,
And learn of thee to die

---*---

There is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things;
And no swerving from a right line that it may not lead eternally astray.
Tests of Politeness.

Of the gentlemen, young and old, whiskered and un-whiskered, that may be seen in Washington-street any sunny day, there is not one who does not think himself a polite man, and who would not very much resent any insinuation to the contrary. Their opinion is grounded on reasons something like the following. When they go to a party, they make a low bow to the mistress of the house, and then look round after somebody that is young and pretty to make themselves agreeable to. At a ball they will do their utmost to entertain their partner, unless the Fates have given them to some one who is ugly and awkward, and they will listen to her remarks with their most bland expression. If they are invited to a dinner party, they go in their best coats, praise their entertainer's wine, and tell the lady they hope her children are all well. If they tread on the toes of a well dressed person, they will beg his pardon. They never spit on a carpet; and in walking with a lady they always give her the inside; and, if the practice be allowable, they offer her their arm. So far so good; but I must always see a man in certain situations before I decide whether he be polite or no. I should like to see how he would act if placed at dinner between an ancient maiden lady and a country clergyman with a small salary and a rustic coat, and with some distinguished person opposite to him. I want to see him on a hot and dusty day, sitting on the back seat of a stage-coach, when the driver takes in some poor lone woman, with, may be, a child in her arms, and tells the gentlemen that one of them must ride outside and make room for her. I want to be near him when his washerwoman makes some very good excuse to him for not bringing home his clothes at the usual time, or not doing 'up an article in exactly the style he wished. I want to hear the tone and emphasis
with which he gives orders to servants in steamboats and taverns I mark his conduct, when he is walking with an umbrella on a rainy day, and overtakes an old man, or an invalid, or a decent looking woman, who are exposed without protection to the violence of the storm. If he be in company with those whom he thinks his inferiors, I listen to hear if his conversation be entirely about himself. If some of the number be very distinguished, and some quite unknown, I observe whether he acts as if he were utterly unconscious of the presence of these last.

These are a few, and but a few, of the tests by which I try a man; and I am sorry to say there are very few who can stand them all. There is many a one who passes in the world for a well bred man, because he knows when to bow and smile, that is down in my tablets for a selfish, vulgar, unpolite monster, that loves the parings of his own nails better than his neighbour's whole body. Put any man in a situation where he is called upon to make a sacrifice of his own comfort and ease, without any equivalent in return, and you will learn the difference between true politeness, that sterling ore of the heart, and the counterfeit imitation of it which passes current in drawing rooms. Any man must be an idiot not to be polite in society, so called, for how else would he get his oysters and champaign.—G. S. Hillard.

Prejudices.—If a man will look at most of his prejudices, he will find that they arise from his field of view being necessarily narrow, like the eye of the fly. He can have but little better notions of the whole scheme of things, as has been well said, than a fly on the pavement of St. Paul's Cathedral can have of the whole structure. He is offended, therefore, by inequalities, which are lost in the great design.—Cecil.
O SPARE MY FLOWER.

O spare my flower, my gentle flower,
The slender creature of a day!
Let it bloom out its little hour,
And pass away.
Too soon its fleeting charms must lie
Decay'd, unnoticed, overthrown;
O, hasten not its destiny,
So like my own.
The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,
And sigh to find his playmate gone:
The bee will come its sweets to borrow,
And meet with none.
O spare! and let it still outspread
Its beauties to the passing eye,
And look up from its lowly bed
Upon the sky.
O spare my flower! thou knowest not what
Thy undiscerning hand would tear:
A thousand charms thou notest not
Lie treasured there.
Not Solomon, in all his state,
Was clad like nature's simplest child,
Nor could the world combined create
One flow'ret wild.
Spare, then, this humble monument
Of an Almighty's power and skill;
And let it at his shrine present
Its homage still.
He made it who makes naught in vain;
He watches it who watches thee;
And He can best its date ordain
Who bade it be.
PARTING TRIBUTE,

At the Separation of a School of Young Ladies.

SISTERS! 'twas sweet to gather,
Here, in this favour'd clime,
Those flowers of intellect and truth
That brave the storms of time;
That cheer our footsteps, as the vale
Of changeful life we tread,
And breathe fresh fragrance through the soul
When youth and bloom are fled.

Sisters! though far we wander
Beneath a distant sky,
And memory tow'rd these scenes of love
Shall turn with tearful eye,—
The pious teacher's patient care,
Instruction's sacred lore,
We'll grave upon our grateful hearts,
Until they throb no more.

And when our sunny tresses
Are sprinkled o'er with gray—
Or when beneath the lowly turf
In mouldering dust we lay—
May many a fair one, yet unborn,
Here, in our places rise;
And 'neath this hallow'd dome obtain
A passport for the skies.

OLD ELEGY ON BUNYAN.

He in the pulpit preached truth first, and then
He in the practice preached it o'er again.

The saint that feareth not the fire, may perish the vic-
tim of a thought.
BE EXPERIENCES OF SEVERAL EMINENT METHODIST PAPERS. With an account of their call to and success in the
ministry by themselves, by the Rev. John

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The Youth's Magazine will be published monthly on
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price one dollar a year, payable in advance.
Any person who will remit the money in advance, inPosition, shall be entitled to six copies for $5, sixteen copies for $10, twenty copies for $15, and in the
same proportion for any greater number; all the numbers
or the same place to be sent to the address of the person
who orders them, by mail or otherwise, as he may direct,
to such agent as he may designate, to be distributed to
subscribers.

POSTAGE.
We were in error in stating the rates of postage on this
magazine on former numbers. According to the Post Office
law, [now before us] 1 1/4 cents per sheet for 100 miles,
1 1/2 cents over 100 miles; all surplus pages are considered
as a sheet.
This magazine contains 1 sheet.
THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

Two volumes of this work are now before the public. It was for the special benefit of the youth of both sexes within the bounds of our church and congregations. The arguments urged in favor of commencing it were the following:—1. Such a work is greatly needed among our people. The older sabbath school scholars, and those who have just left school, and such teachers as have not much leisure for the perusal of more voluminous works, need something of the kind to interest them, and improve their minds. 2. There is plenty of space in the church to make a periodical of this kind the most respectable of any in the world, not excepting the 'London Youth's Magazine,' and the 'Youth's Instructor and Guardian,' two very popular and widely circulated periodicals. 3. There will be no want of support of such work, if well conducted. Preachers will interest themselves in its circulation; seminaries of learning will encourage it by frequent contributions, and by recommending it to the pupils under their care; our young people will half the monthly visits with pleasure and delight. Charmed by the fascinations of such eloquence, and allured, not by visions of celebrity and profit, but by the hope of doing good, the editors consented to take upon them the additional labour of preparing materials for this work; and the agents, moved by similar considerations and the hope of a large subscription list, consented to publish in a style which does them great credit, but at an expense, also, which they are, at present, but poorly remunerated. And now, brethren—to the preachers we more particularly speak—for you are the agents to put every good thing into active operation, what is the result of this? In the first place, we have received testimonials, the most unequivocal, that the work does not fall below the expectations of our warmest friends, except in one particular only, that is, the want of written original articles. Of the selections we hear no complaint, but much in their praise. So far, very good. And in addition, a few of our preachers have interested themselves nobly in the circulation; but, "seminaries of learning," and our sprightly and elegant writers, but few exceptions, seem to forget us altogether, or rather they forget that there is such an excellent channel opened through which streams of eloquence might flow to the remotest parts of the Union, fertilizing and rejoicing the whole wilderness of mind, wherever they might come. We see by the cover of one of the London Wesleyan periodicals, that in two years from the commencement of the "Cottager's Friend," the work by no means equal to our Youth's Magazine, and circulated along with it among the poor of the societies, that their subscription list amounts to thirty thousand, while ours, in the same length of time, amounts to only, ——, but for shame we will not tell, lest our enemies should rejoice and say, "Ah, so would we have it!" If it be true, and true most certainly is, that we have more than seven hundred thousand members, we ought at least to have one hundred thousand subscribers, if one hundred contributors to the Youth's Magazine. Come, brethren, young preachers especially, for the love of the souls committed to your care, drive out of the world, as much as in you lies, all those pestilent publications called novels, romances, and comic almanacs, and fill the sphere in which you move with something pure, and chaste, and sober and valuable. In every place where you preach leave a tract, or a number of one of our periodicals, or a volume of Christian biography, or something that shall operate as "a lecture silent, but of sovereign power, in your absence—something that shall tend to fasten the good word which you have preached on the minds of your auditors, and prepare them for the reception of it at your next coming. These you will find to be coworkers with you in the glorious cause, and will mightily aid you in pulling down Satan's kingdom, and in building up that of Lord Jesus Christ in the earth.
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PUBLISHED BY T. MASON AND G. LANE,
For the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Conference Office,
No. 200 Mulberry-street.

J. Collord, Printer.
1840.

For rates of postage see third page.
AN ACCOUNT OF THE RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY LIFE OF DR. ADAM CLARKE. The former part of this work was written by Dr. Clarke himself. The latter was compiled by one of his daughters, and the whole edited by his son the Rev. J. B. B. Clarke, of Trinity College, Cambridge. Taken all together this is one of the most entertaining biographies of the present day. Three vols. in one, 12mo. Price $1.50, bound in sheep.

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SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.
E Z R A, T H E S C R I B E.

Considered in an historical view, the Old Testament conveys the revelation of God's secret working in the moral world. The veil is taken off from the engines of his awful energy. Hence every act narrated is the embodied expression of the whole class of the acts of God's providence to the end of the world, just as in a book of natural history is given the pictured individual animal to illustrate and represent all the undelineated members of its class. Among these illustrative events, however, is one which, at first sight, seems contrary to what has ever been held to be a universal rule, namely, that no nation, having run its career of progress and decline, and fallen at last through its viciousness, has ever risen, or will ever rise again. But the facts, when looked into, only prove the certainty of the rule. The re-establishment of the Jewish nation was through the special interference of God, and the impossibility of a nation being renewed to repentance, so universally true, was in this particular instance annulled by God. The Jewish nation started afresh with all the innocence and vigour of an infant state. The single-minded obedience of the days of Abraham was renewed, and after his example, princes, and priests, and people quitted with joy the ease, the comfort, the connections, the civilization of the land of their birth, and ex-
changed it for the peril, the unsettledness, the barbarism of the land of their fathers. After a vexatious delay of twenty years, the temple at last was completely rebuilt and dedicated, and the labours of the prince Zerubbabel, the high-priest Jeshua, and the prophets Haggai and Zechariah, who were unwearied in stimulating the work, were finally rewarded. But although the main object (which was no less than the visible re-establishment of the church of God) had been happily accomplished, very much still remained to be done. The laws had to be re-established, the people to be instructed, the priests to be arranged in regular courses of duty. This part was reserved for Ezra, to whom his grateful countrymen assign the honour of a second founder, and put down next to Moses in the list of the upholders of their polity.

Ezra was of a sacerdotal family, and of the house of Aaron. Among his nearer ancestors he numbered the high-priest Hilkiah, who restored the lost word of God in the reign of Josiah, and Seraiah, also high-priest, who suffered martyrdom at the hands of the king of Babylon, when he burned the temple. Thus he had every incitement and generous motive which splendour of ancestry can bestow. He therefore gave himself up with all diligence to the study of that law which his forefathers had maintained with such zeal, and resistance even unto blood. He became a ready scribe in it, and was therefore properly trusted by the Persian king with the conduct of a second body of returning Jews, and commissioned to settle on a permanent footing the civil and religious constitution of the country. It was indeed time. Fifty-seven years had elapsed since the completion of the temple; and yet the nation could scarcely be said to be restored. The powers granted to Ezra were very ample. He had authority to appoint magistrates and judges, and to inflict capital punishment, even to death. He took with him a great
quantity of silver and gold, to which not only the captive Jews, but even the king and his counsellors, largely contributed, expressly offering it to the God of Israel. He was furnished also with vessels for the service of the temple, some of which, perhaps, had belonged to the former house, and were now on their return with the people. Having completed his preparations, he quitted Babylon in the beginning of spring, and in about a week joined the caravan which he had appointed to assemble on the river Ahavah.* Here he spent three whole days in reviewing the people. He found but two families of priests, and to his grief and dismay not one of the Levites. With much difficulty and entreaty he prevailed upon some families to accompany him. This unwillingness of the sacred tribe arose, no doubt, from the consideration that they could have no portion in the land, but must depend upon tithes, the receipt of which could not but be precarious in an unsettled country. This obstacle was but imperfectly met by the king excusing the whole tribe of Levi from tribute. Here too he delivered into the custody of the priests all the silver and gold, and vessels for the temple. He then proclaimed a fast, that they might humbly entreat their God for guidance and protection. What an inestimable treasure would have been an account of the reflections of Ezra on this occasion! He was a scholar of celebrity in the history, and laws, and religion of his country. And now he was on his way to the land of his fathers, to the spots which were painted in his imagination in glowing colours, and associated with most heart-stirring events. He was going to breathe the same air, to look on the same scenes, to drink from the same wells and rivers, to have all the same outward impressions as Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon; and Jerusalem, and

* Probably a tributary to the Euphrates. It cannot now be identified.
Hebron, and Jordan, and Hermon, all the cities, and rivers, and mountains, sanctified by some work of God's mercy, rose to his mind. He was even proceeding to tread in the very track which Abraham had made when he first entered the land. But then he bethought him that he should everywhere meet with ruins, and monuments of God's wrath executed upon his fathers. He would find their very tombs rifled. Yet from these mournful thoughts he could turn to themes of overpowering joy. He was going to restore the civil and religious polity of his country, and this was in effect to restore the visibility of the kingdom of heaven upon earth. He was bringing back from captivity and abeyance the prophecies, the sacrifices, the people which were to announce, and to give the Redeemer to mankind. He was bringing all mankind out of spiritual captivity; he was carrying with him the regeneration of the world. The earthly Jerusalem was the end of his march, but the heavenly Jerusalem alone could terminate his pilgrimage. After a stay of three days the assembled caravan began its march, and after a journey of four months arrived at Jerusalem, about midsummer.

Deep and varied must have been the feelings of Ezra as he made his way through rubbish and ruins, which even his scholarship could scarcely identify, and gazed at last upon the temple, rising in solitary majesty above the fragments of palaces and walls, and towering over the ragged, half-built town. How clearly had the abomination of desolation left the print of his foot-track! And even that house had lost its essential furniture, the indwelling of the cloud of glory. Yet not for ever. The voice of prophecy proclaimed that the glory should return, though his eyes should not see it. Meanwhile he rejoined brethren, friends, and countrymen, all engaged in the same holy work, and welcoming him and his company with all the gladness of a triumph. The first three days Ezra assigned to collect-
ing and arranging the gifts and treasures which he had brought with him, and on the fourth he delivered them into the hands of the priests, and verified his commission to the lieutenants of the king, and then the whole company offered sacrifice in behalf of themselves and all their dispersed brethren. What a moment was this to a mind like Ezra's! It was the first time that he had offered sacrifice; and as he knew, if any one, the virtue of the rite, how must his soul have been overjoyed at regaining this inestimable and lofty privilege of the sons of God, this means of communication with his mercy, this imodied prophecy, which his eyes could see, and his hands could handle, of redemption to life everlasting!

But his satisfaction was soon interrupted. The very nature indeed of his commission must have prepared him to find a very unsettled, and, as regarded the precepts of Moses, unlawful state of things. But he did not foresee the extent to which their recklessness had gone. The chiefs came and informed him of a matter which went to the very vitals of the existence of the new state. Not only the common people, but they who should have known better, the priests and the Levites, had taken wives from the heathens, even from the tribes which were under God's especial curse, as the Hittites, the Amorites, and the rest of the Canaanites, and were mingling with them, and doing according to their abominations. Here was afflicting news indeed. Had there even been no law against such intermarriages, yet common discretion, the slightest thought given to God's will, the most superficial acquaintance with their own history, should have held them back. How could they look for pure servants of Jehovah in children born of the womb and nursed in the arms of worshippers of Baal? Was not their history full of the miserable effects of idolatry thus introduced into the nation? Had not Jezebel alone introduced it into two lines of kings, both
of Israel and of Judah,* and thence among the people, and thus brought on their former destruction? They were un-doing with their own hands the very work to which God had appointed them, for which alone he had kept them together, and had brought them back. Would he not cast them off, and seek builders of his temple elsewhere? Inexpressible, therefore, was the grief of Ezra at this news. He rent (he says) his garment and his mantle, and plucked off the hair of his head and of his beard, and sat down astonished. In this sorrow he was joined by all that trembled at the word of God in Israel, amid whom he sat down in the silent stupor of grief until the evening sacrifice. At that hour, when it was customary for each worshipper to accompany the offering of incense with his prayers, Ezra poured out his heart before God in a most imploring and sorrowful prayer, confessing the thankless disobedience with which they had returned so great mercy. So strongly did this prayer and his tears affect the people, that there flocked to him a very great congregation of men, and women, and children. And the people wept very sore. This shows how much they had profited by adversity. The people which, before the chastisement of their captivity, had set at naught all God's statutes, and had persecuted, mocked, and stoned all his prophets who rebuked them, were now broken in heart, and melted into tears, at the upbraiding of Ezra. So heartily did they second him in this work of reformation, that a court of inquiry having been appointed to investigate the matter, in the course of three months the evil was entirely removed.

Thus the ground was cleared, and Ezra could now begin to re-erect the fabric of Church and state. But the unsettled condition of the Jews, especially at the capital, seems to have very much hindered, if not stopped, his pro-

* The good Jehoshaphat in an evil hour united his son Jehoram to Athaliah, daughter of Jezebel.
gress. It is true that men and not walls constitute a state, and laws and institutions are its moral and only lasting bulwarks. But personal security is requisite for their erection, and this Jerusalem had not. Her walls were still in ruin, her gates had been burned with fire. Ezra had no commission to restore these. Under such disadvantages he laboured for thirteen years. At the end of that time the news of the sad state of his countrymen, how that the remnant left of the captivity in the province were in great affliction and reproach, and that the wall of Jerusalem was broken down, and the gates thereof burned with fire, was brought to Nehemiah, a Jew of high rank, who was filling the honourable station of cup-bearer to the Persian king, Artaxerxes. He was so much affected with the melancholy account, that he sought and obtained leave to go himself to Jerusalem, commissioned with full powers to rebuild her walls. After much opposition from the jealousy of the neighbouring tribes he effected this work. And now at length they were at leisure to set about the work of re-establishing their civil and religious institutions, and Ezra again forms the prominent figure of the day. The people met as one man in one of the streets of Jerusalem, and here Ezra, mounted on a wooden pulpit, read to them in the law of Moses, from morning until mid-day. The day was most appropriately chosen, being the first day of the seventh month. This was the commencement of their civil year, and was solemnized by the feast of trumpets, the stirring sound of which now ushered in the re-establishment of the law, as it had formerly its delivery. It was also the anniversary of the former settlement of their religion at Jerusalem by the dedication of Solomon's temple. With such associations the people came together. As soon as Ezra opened the book, the vast and breathless multitude stood up, and, on his blessing God, they all answered, Amen, Amen, lifting up their hands, and bowing
their heads, and worshipping with their faces to the ground. When they heard the words of the law they wept. They were overcome with the consciousness of having so long and so grievously offended against them, with the thoughts of having been so long deprived of the word of God, of the chief prerogative of their station as his people: so completely had God's chastisement changed the heart of this stiff-necked race. Their captivity was now ended, their temple restored, their wall rebuilt, and God's word once again sounded in their ears. It was a blessed hour: it was that hour so precious, both to nations and individuals, when God having bruised, and not broken, the sense of returning health and joy is quickened by the fresh memory of pain and sorrow. Then all the gates of the soul are lifted up, and the word of the King of glory enters in. The temple of the heart is filled with its brightness, and the thoughts are clothed with light as with a garment. But if they wept in the joy of the accepted penitent, so did they in sorrow for what they had lost. They had forgotten the very language of the law. How were they estranged from their God, and from their fathers! The Psalmist had spoken of the mercy shown to Israel when he came out of Egypt, and had heard a strange language. But now, alas! he was come into his own land, and heard a strange language. Yea, the language of his fathers, of their deeds, of their covenant, of their promises, of their laws, of their religion, was strange to him. He found himself an alien. He stood as one deaf, as a child incapable of speech, as one bereft of sense. It was necessary to interpret the law to him piecemeal. What an interval of painful rebuke and shame must have been that of the reading of each portion of the original! He was removed by a whole step from God, whose message he could not understand until the turn of the interpreter came. He was as a foreigner receiving communication from a foreign prince. During
this mournful interval many a pious gaze no doubt was directed to the temple, and the thought of how much was wanting there cut him with reproof to the heart. Restored he was, but not to his former place. He was at a greater distance than before. Some portion of God's confidence had been evidently withdrawn. No wonder then that the people wept. Still deeper cause had they for it than Josiah.

(To be continued.)

—from the London Watchman.

LORD BROUGHAM.

On Monday evening, October 21, 1839, a report was current that a melancholy accident had occasioned the death of Lord Brougham. The circumstantial description of the accident, and the authority on which it appeared to rest, caused a general belief of its truth. The gloom and excitement which prevailed during the whole of the morning can hardly be described; but it was happily dispelled, in the course of the afternoon, by the pleasing intelligence of his lordship's safety, though he had really been in imminent danger.

The following extracts from the public journals will show the extraordinary sensation, as well as the honourable feelings, which the rumour of his lordship's death excited among men of all parties.

"We are oppressed with awe at the thought that a vulgar accident of this kind should have suddenly put out the life of so wonderful a man—a man who occupied so large a space in the public view—whose indomitable activity associated him with almost every matter of public moment. We feel crushed by a sense of dread and of humiliation at the thought, that in an instant, and by so ordinary a casualty, that astonishing mind should be, to all
earthly appearance, and for all earthly purposes, utterly quenched—that mental fire, which burned with so intense a flame, be extinguished for ever. Well as we know that death must be the lot of all men—of the gifted and the brilliant, the great and the glorious, as well as of the most ordinary man that merely eats, and drinks, and lives—well as we know this, we cannot, at the moment, bring this philosophy home to the reason. The eclipse of a great mind darkens as well as saddens the realm of our conceptions. Lord Brougham was one of the greatest, and perhaps the most extraordinary, men of his time. The range of his intelligence was prodigious—the versatility of his mental powers amazing. But that in which he was distinguished above all other men was, in a long-enduring, passionate energy. Other men have had far more perseverance—more cool determination to do that which they had resolved upon doing; but no man ever dashed onward, and kept himself for long and long, at a fearful and desperate speed, as did Lord Brougham. As an orator, he, in his time, distanced all competitors. There were far more elegant speakers—more skilful rhetoricians; but in Demosthenic force and clearness, and in the physical requisites for captivating and conquering a great assembly by the powers of oratory, no man of his time was equal to Lord Brougham. Nor was he wanting in skill, though it was not precisely of the rhetorical cast. Even in the most terrific storms of passionate invective there seemed to be an under current of cool reason at work, inventing arguments and suggesting sarcasm. He had imagination to create, wit to combine, and a torrent of language at command, which suited itself to every mood and phase of intellectual employment. The most wonderful genius that belonged to public life is no more, and we, as belonging to the public, are grief-stricken mourners over his untimely grave."—Morning Post.
"Thank God, Lord Brougham still lives! The report of his death turns out, as we hoped, to be unfounded; and we may now congratulate our countrymen on their still possessing one of the most comprehensive intellects that ever graced its literature, and one of the noblest hearts that ever beat high in the cause of freedom. We know not that we ever penned a sentence with more genuine satisfaction than this. A load seems taken off our mind; we breathe more freely; and bend in devout gratitude to Providence for preserving a life so dear to us all. * * * Thank God, we again say, for this providential escape! Freedom, philosophy, science, all that tends to elevate, purify, and ennoble the human character; all that tends to make us good men and good citizens, and to raise us in the scale of thinking beings; all this is the better for Lord Brougham's fortunate escape from death. While he lives, freedom still possesses a 'tower of strength;' for he is the last of a race of Titans, whose unrivalled energies have never yet been exerted but for the advancement of the best interests of humanity. Not for himself has he 'scorned delights and lived laborious days,' but for us. We are his debtors to an incalculable amount; and not we, Englishmen, only, but freemen in every quarter of the globe owe him an immense amount of obligation."—Sun.

From Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation.

GOD'S VOICE TO MAN.

I have now placed thee in a spacious and well furnished world, I have endued thee with an ability of understanding what is beautiful and proportionable, and have made that which is so agreeable and delightful to thee; I have provided thee with materials whereon to exercise and employ thy art and strength; I have given thee an excellent instrument, the hand, accommodated to make use of them all; I have distinguished the earth into hills, and
valleys, and plains, and meadows, and woods; all these parts capable of culture and improvement by thy industry: I have committed to thee for thy assistance in thy labours of ploughing, and carrying, and drawing, and travel, the laborious ox, the patient ass, and the strong and serviceable horse; I have created a multitude of seeds for thee to make choice out of them of what is most pleasant to thy taste, and of most wholesome and plentiful nourishment; I have also made great variety of trees, bearing fruit both for food and physic; those too capable of being meliorated and improved by transplantation, stercoration, incision, pruning, watering, and other arts and devices. Till and manure thy fields, sow them with thy seeds, extirpate noxious and unprofitable herbs, guard them from the invasions and spoil of beasts, clear and fence in thy meadows and pastures; dress and prune thy vines, and so rank and dispose them as is most suitable to the climate; plant thee orchards, with all sorts of fruit trees, in such order as may be most beautiful to the eye, and most comprehensive of plants; gardens for culinary herbs, and all kinds of sallading; for delectable flowers, to gratify the eye with their agreeable colours and figures, and thy scent with their fragrant odours; for odoriferous and ever-green shrubs; for exotic and medicinal plants of all sorts, and dispose them in that comely order as may be most pleasant to behold, and commodious for access. I have furnished thee with all materials for building, as stone, and timber, and slate, and lime, and clay, and earth, whereof to make bricks and tiles. Deck and bespangle the country with houses and villages convenient for thy habitation, provided with out-houses and stables for the harbouring and shelter of thy cattle, with barns and granaries for the reception, and custody, and storing up thy corn and fruits. I have made thee a sociable creature, Ζωον πολιτικον, for the improvement of thy understanding by conference, and communication of
observations and experiments; for mutual help, assistance, and defence, build thee large towns and cities, with straight and well paved streets, and elegant rows of houses, adorned with magnificent temples for my honour and worship, with beautiful palaces for thy princes and grandees, with stately halls for public meetings of the citizens and their several companies, and the sessions of the courts of judicature, besides public porticoes and aqueducts. I have implanted in thy nature a desire of seeing strange and foreign, and finding out unknown countries, for the improvement and advance of thy knowledge in geography, by observing the bays, and creeks, and havens, and promontories, the outlets of rivers, the situation of the maritime towns and cities, the longitude and latitude, &c., of those places: in politics, by noting their government, their manners, laws, and customs, their diet and medicine, their trades and manufactures, their houses and buildings, their exercises and studies. In physiology, or natural history, by searching out their natural rarities, the productions both of land and water, what species of animals, plants, and minerals, of fruits and drugs, are to be found there, what commodities for bartering or purchase, whereby thou mayest be enabled to make large additions to natural history, to advance those other sciences, and to benefit and enrich thy country by increase of its trade and merchandise. I have given thee timber and iron to build the hulls of ships, tall trees for masts, flax and hemp for sails, cables and cordage for rigging. I have armed thee with courage and hardiness to attempt the seas, and traverse the spacious plains of that liquid element; I have assisted thee with a compass, to direct thy course when thou shalt be out of all sight of land, and have nothing in view but sky and water. Go thither for the purposes before mentioned, and bring home what may be useful and beneficial to thy country in general, or to thyself in particular.
SUCH a man was ADAM CLARKE. Born in obscurity, and of humble origin, his name has gone to the ends of the earth. Trusting in the sure guidance and safe protection of that Providence which is ever watching over the children of God for good, confiding in the integrity of his principles, and the purity of his motives, he urged his course forward, and the blessing of Heaven rested upon all that he did. Called to serve God in the days of his early boyhood, he maintained a uniform character, preserved the even tenor of his way, fought a good fight, and kept the faith to the end of a long and laborious life.

As a Christian he was prudent, upright, just, strictly just. Judgment did he lay to the line of his actions, and righteousness to the plummet of his thoughts and motives. Some instances of this severity of self-discipline have been introduced in this memoir. He knew of but one object to be attained in this world—an assurance of his acceptance with God, and the promotion of his glory as far as his abilities could effect this glorious end. As a minister of Christ's calling and ordaining, he made all other plans, all other engagements, bend to the duties which the Christian ministry imposed upon him. These he regarded as absolutely binding, those he looked upon as proper so far as they tended to assist him in the discharge of duties which no circumstances could justify him in neglecting. In all the important undertakings of his life he measured not his abilities, nor the probabilities of success, with the end to be obtained; but compared the accomplishment of all plans and schemes with the might of an omnipotent God. The result was, that success attended his efforts.

His natural talents were not splendid, but their exercise always terminated in something practically useful. He had to contend with difficulties, and his plan was to re-
move obstacles, not to leap over them. The assistance he received in the commencement of his career was extremely limited, but he slowly and carefully gathered about him the materials with which he erected the firm fabric of his character, and the durable superstructure of his fame. He always untangled the Gordian knot, never cut it:—he knew no royal road to knowledge; he disdained not the humble and beaten track of patient investigation and untiring research. If his fame lacks the glare of the brilliant meteor, it possesses the calm, steadily increasing light of the rising star:—and it will be forgotten only when the stars of the firmament shall cease to shine.

He shunned no difficulties, however formidable, when he was convinced that his talents could be exercised in any useful manner; and the greatness of some of his undertakings manifested the comprehensive views of his mind. Through all his life he meekly followed the leadings of Providence; in no case did he attempt to drive it. Although the praise of men was not the principle which stimulated his powers, yet he never refused to accept those honours which the learned world were pleased to bestow upon him, as the reward of real merit and successful application to literature.

The actions of his life were prompted by that glorious principle which contains the concentrated essence of the law, and the pure and undefiled spirit of the gospel,—Love to God and Love to Man. The fire of love burned upon the altar of his heart, and was diffused through all the actions of his life. Christianity made him a man and a gentleman: it supported him in his arduous undertakings, pointed to nobler attainments, and sustained while it directed his operations. His life was a strict observance of the law, and a living commentary on the gospel. His name is linked with his country's history, and his praise is in all the churches. The birth of Adam Clarke was
a blessing to the world, and at his death his brethren said one to the other, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"—Life of Dr. Clarke, by C. M. F. Deems.

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For the Youth's Magazine.

THE VANITY OF EARTHLY PLEASURES.

How sweet, how gay are fancy's bowers,
Where hope delusive loves to stray,
To while away life's transient hours
With dreams of bliss which soon decay!
The soul, with bright imaginings,
Is ever on the rapid wing,
To find in its high wanderings,
The fount where true enjoyments spring.

We grasp at pleasure till we find
A phantom in our warm embrace,
Which leaves more desolate the mind,
Because no gleam of joy we trace.
Although the gay delusion cheats,
And yields no comfort to the breast,
Yet still the lost, untasted sweets,
Seem more delicious than the rest.

Ah! who hath power to break the snare,
The net which thus enslaves the soul;
Holding its power despotic there,
Beyond the reach of our control?
'Tis God alone the snare can break,
And let the captive spirit free,
New joys within the bosom wake,
Of heaven's own joyous ecstasy.

Cottage Hall, La., 1840

S. B. T.
THE island of Eimeo, or, as it is generally called by the natives, Morea, is one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, situated about twelve or fourteen miles west of Tahiti, and is twenty-five miles in circumference. In the varied forms its mountains exhibit, the verdure with which they are clothed, and the general romantic and beautiful character of its scenery, this island far exceeds any other in the Georgian or Society groups. A reef of coral, like a ring, surrounds the island, in some places one or two miles distant from the shore, in others united to the beach. Eimeo is distinguished not only by its varied and beautiful natural scenery, but also by the excellence of its harbours, which are better than those in any other of the islands. The rivers are but small, and are principally mountain streams which originate in the highlands, roll down the rocky bottoms of the steep ravines, and wind their way through the valleys to the sea.

In 1808 several missionaries, belonging to the London Missionary Society, were expelled from Tahiti; but in 1812 they returned to the Georgian islands, planted the gospel standard upon Eimeo, and in 1815 idolatry was subverted, and the Christian faith was generally professed throughout the Georgian and Society islands.

In Eimeo the first attempt was made to aid the spread of the gospel in the South Sea islands, through the instrumentality of the printing press. As early as 1818 a great number of spelling books, catechisms, and Scripture selections were printed in the vernacular tongue and distributed.

The church was formed in 1820, and in the course of five years increased to nearly three hundred members. At one time the mission in Eimeo suffered severely from the effects of war and intemperance among the natives; but through the agency of the temperance societies in all the islands in 1833 the evils of drunkenness are greatly
diminished. Our engraving is a correct view of the mission station in Eimeo, established in a part of the island called Blest Town, or Papetoai. For a more full and particular account of this place and mission see the Missionary Gazetteer, by B. B. Edwards, Boston edition, 1832.

THE BENEFIT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

One good idea well followed out in life is more beneficial in its influence in the formation of character than a thousand bright thoughts which strike the imagination, and disappear in a moment, or at least produce no good effect upon the mind. To awaken the perceptive faculties and reflective powers to a sense of moral and intellectual truth, and monopolize them for active life, are of more service to society than all that mass of knowledge heaped in a chaotic state, though it amounted to a library in itself. In directing the minds of youth there is nothing more important than a proper view of their moral obligations; and the exercise of those feelings of benevolence which expand the heart with tenderness and sympathy toward mankind, and a desire to promote their happiness, by aiding them in distress, or in the pursuit of that knowledge calculated to elevate them in the scale of intelligent beings. How soon a change would come over the face of society if all were willing to contribute their mite for its benefit, and impart a little of their stock of wisdom and knowledge for the good of others! Some appear to use their acquirements as the means of personal elevation, and exercise a supercilious and arbitrary power of distinction over others: instead of causing them to feel any benefit from their intellectual superiority, placing an insuperable barrier between themselves and the less informed, as though they were the only privileged beings of the universe upon whom Providence
has smiled. But neither knowledge nor learning is our own, any more than riches or honours. We are called to use every faculty, natural and acquired, for the use of Him who has created and redeemed us by his most precious blood, and has also “given us richly all things to enjoy.” But one thing is certain, true happiness never dwelt with a selfish spirit, and in proportion as benevolence expands our hearts, so is our own felicity increased or diminished.

*Cottage Hall, La., 1840.*

S. B. T.

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**MISERIES OF PAGANISM.**

On meeting with the Kaffer chief Botman one day, in the latter end of 1829, he very significantly accosted me, saying, “Pray, can you tell me why it is that the Amaxosae chiefs are dying so fast? S’Lhambi is dead; Dushani is dead; and now Gaika is dead. Enno is very ill, and I also am not well. Pray, what is it that is killing us all?” Upon these questions he laid more than ordinary emphasis, and proposed them in such a manner as rendered it manifest that the inquirer was not merely struggling between the love of life and a fear of death, but that he was now altogether doubtful as to the efficacy of those means which, from time immemorial, have constituted the sole reliance of his countrymen in times of trouble. In reply thereto, I endeavoured to point out in the plainest and most intelligible manner possible the real and natural causes of disease and death, at the same time showing what were the most probable causes of dissolution in all the three cases he had mentioned. The first of those chiefs went down to the grave full of years, and of course laden with the infirmities incident to age. The second fell a prey to disease, occasioned and fostered principally, if not wholly, by his own imprudence; and Gaika’s end was undeniably hastened by vice and dissipation of the 3
most gross description. And yet, shocking to relate, although these things were clear as noon-day, many human lives were wantonly sacrificed at the shrine of superstition, under charges of witchcraft.

The last-mentioned chief, who in his lifetime had by such means sacrificed hundreds of his people, constituted, at the close of his pagan career, a most awful instance of the dreadful power of delusion: its influence seemed to grow stronger and stronger upon him as he himself became weaker. When greatly reduced, and consciously sinking under the virulence of his disorder, he mustered, in the service of the powers of darkness, all the remaining strength he had, but would not listen to a single word respecting God or the eternal world. On hearing the name of Christ mentioned by Mr. C., who visited him just before he died, he instantly requested him to say no more upon that subject. Like the heathen kings of ancient days, "in his disease he sought not unto the Lord, but to his physicians,"—to the wizards and soothsayers; and to them only would he lend an ear. These were repeatedly assembled; and when able he danced before them most immoderately, and oftentimes until completely exhausted, in the hope of thereby rendering their incantations effectual. As usual, their orgies terminated in deeds of blood. When he was at the very point of entering the regions of death, his own son, treading in the aged sire's steps, laid violent hands upon one of his father's most favourite wives, and, without any ceremony whatever, or the least sign of compunction, deliberately killed her upon the spot. It will naturally be asked, Why? Because, having always been allowed, in consequence of his extraordinary attachment to her, the peculiar privilege of eating out of the same dish with her husband, it was supposed that she had used some evil enchantment, which was now proving fatal to his existence. This conclusion, formed on conjectural
grounds only, was deemed abundantly sufficient to warrant her immediate execution. So precarious is the tenure of life where paganism is predominant. Facts of this appalling description render it indubitably evident, that although these African tribes do not professedly erect their altars, and kindle their fires, in the name of Moloch; nor yet, like the Hindoos, cast the living wife upon the funeral pile of her dead husband; the same degenerate and devilish principle exists alike in all, and only requires established custom and general usage to bring it out in exactly the same way.

The young ruffian just mentioned, on a previous occasion, but with the very same kind of pretext, arrested one of his father's counsellors, and coolly murdered him in a manner almost too shocking to describe. To make sure of his victim, he repaired to the place of his residence at night, accompanied by several of his men, who were all armed with spears and bludgeons: having awakened and called the poor man out of his hut, he informed him that they were going in pursuit of a person who had injured the king, and that his assistance was immediately required. The summons was no sooner served than obeyed; for whatever suspicious fears the poor fellow might have in his own bosom respecting the real design of the young chieftain and his troop, he dared not to manifest them. This done, they led him directly back to the place whence they came, and the following day accused him of having in some way or other, unknown to any one but himself, exercised a baneful influence upon the health of Gaika. Hereupon he was arraigned before a savage tribunal, by which his death had been predetermined—because he was rich. His cattle were forthwith taken; his person scorched from head to foot: after which they tauntingly told him to look up at the sun, as it was the last time he would ever be permitted to see it. He was then led away to a neigh-
bouring tree, made to sit down with his back against the trunk, and with a strong thong slowly strangled. How strikingly do these things demonstrate the truth and force of St. Paul's truly accurate description of the fallen children of men: "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways: and the way of peace have they not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes," Romans iii, 13-18.—Kay's Travels in Caffraria.

For the Youth's Magazine.

YOUTH, THE TIME FOR IMPROVEMENT.

How numerous, how exalted, how encouraging are the privileges peculiar to the period of adolescent years! When the mind is not tarnished by pride, nor stained by malice, nor biased by prejudice, how easily can it be led into the paths of justice and integrity, and taught to aspire after joys elevated infinitely above the pomps and vanities of this world, and well calculated to sap the very foundation of those empty pleasures and evanescent enjoyments which deprive the soul of bliss, and thwart the most flattering prospects of future happiness! Youth is the period for literary attainments. While we are surrounded by the guardians of our welfare, and enfolded in the arms of parental care—before the rattling car of business, and the tumultuous concerns of time, shall hurry us along their beaten tracks, let us approach the hill of science, and linger among its unfading beauties. This is the time to store the mind with the richest gems of nature, and quaff from her exhaustless fountains streams of perennial entertainment and immemissible delight. This is the period to travel back to the very source of time, and mingle with
busy multitudes of antediluvian ages. This is the time to wander over the classic field of antiquity, and drink deep of the literary streams which watered ages past. This is the time to unlock the three kingdoms of nature, and, with the key of science, explore their hidden treasures. This is the time to march with indefatigable zeal and unyielding vigour into the walks of science; to mount up to the highest pinnacle of the temple of fame, and to aspire to that intellectual eminence, whence we may appear as stars of the first magnitude, dispensing beams of light from an unveiled spot of the empyrean world. This is the time to ascend the Boetian mount, snatch the wreath of laurel from the prince of bards, and touch with siren melody the soul-animating lyre of the Parnassian muse. And this is the time to move in the majestic grandeur and philosophic wisdom of Newton throughout immensity, and to behold with ecstatic rapture the harmonious processions of those numerous systems of worlds which garnish the temple of Omnipotence, and which proclaim, in language sublimely eloquent, the profound wisdom of the triune Deity!

Youth, too, is the period for starting in that path which leads to the heavenly kingdom, the holy Jerusalem, a city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Before our affections are entwined about the fleeting objects of time; before our opinions concerning a future state are firmly established; when the mind pursues its objects of esteem with untiring vigour; when the heart is warm with love; before the soul is contaminated by the unhallowed sway of passion, prejudice, and pride; let us boldly approach the throne of Him who wept that we might smile, and at the sight of whose ineffable torture upon the cruel cross the resplendent orb of day veiled his face in darkness, and astonished nature trembled to its lowest foundation! Our happiness is closely identified with our tribute of respect.
to Him. Our lives, our fortunes, and our eternal weal or wo are at His disposal; though made to rest, in some sense, upon the tottering bridge of temporal uncertainty, and to depend upon the improvement or abuse of the present fleeting hour. Since, then, we are in His power, it behoves us to cultivate a feeling of respect for Him, and an intimate acquaintance with the laws of His government. The religion inculcated by Him is calculated to exalt the mind and ennoble the feelings of man, and is that which has a tendency to rivet and centre his thoughts on permanent and unfading beauties. Young man, hesitate no longer! Follow thou thy Saviour, King Immanuel, the Prince of peace, the everlasting Jehovah! Though thou be wealthy, and increased in goods; though thou be ranked among the great of the earth; though thou holdest an exalted position in the world of science; remember that these things pass away with irresistible rapidity, and will soon give place to the changeless realities of eternity. Remember that all the boasted wisdom of the sage, and all the desirable accomplishments of the literati, are returned to the fount of wisdom as so many talents misspent, when they do not subserve the promotion of His cause. Remember that you are launched upon a boisterous and troubled ocean. Beware of the snares of Satan. Be not enticed by the allurements of vanity; be not captivated by the siren of destruction; be not charmed by the Circe* of pleasure; let not your motto be, Incidit in Scyllam, quivult vitare Charybdim; but, Ulysses-like, lash yourself to your guide, and, with the word of God for your

* Circe, according to heathen mythology, was the daughter of Sol and Perse, a notable witch, who poisoned her husband, a king of the Sarmatians; and being expelled by her subjects, fled into Italy, where she turned Ulysses' companions into swine, but for his sake restored them again, and bore him Telegonus. For the correct orthography and meaning of siren see Webster's octavo dictionary.—Ed.
A person who had peculiar opinions touching the "full assurance of faith," having occasion to cross a ferry, availed himself of the opportunity to interrogate the boatman as to the grounds of his belief, telling him that if he had faith he was certain of a blessed immortality. The man of the oar said he had always entertained a different notion of the subject, and begged to give an illustration of his opinion. "Let us suppose," said the ferryman, "that one of these oars is called faith, and the other works, and try their several merits." Accordingly, throwing down one oar in the boat, he proceeded to pull the other oar with all his strength, upon which the boat turned round and made no way. "Now," said he, "you perceive faith won't do, let us try if works can." Seizing the other oar, and giving it the same trial, the same consequences ensued. "Works," said he, "you see, won't do either; let us try them together." The result was successful; the boat shot through the waves, and soon reached the wished-for haven. "This," said the honest ferryman, "is the way by which I hope to be wafted over the troubled waters of this world to the peaceful shores of immortality."

---*

INSPIRATION OF ASTRONOMY.

There are several recorded instances of the powerful effect which the study of astronomy has produced upon the human mind. Dr. Rittenhouse, of Pennsylvania, after he had calculated the transit of Venus, which was to happen June 3, 1769, was appointed, at Philadelphia, with others, to repair to the township of Norriston, and there to observe this planet until its passage over the sun's disc should verify the correctness of his calculations. This occurrence had never been witnessed but twice before by an inhabitant of our earth, and was never to be again seen

3
by any person then living. A phenomenon so rare, and so important in its bearings upon astronomical science, was, indeed, well calculated to agitate the soul of one so alive as he was to the great truths of nature. The day arrived, and there was no cloud on the horizon. The observers, in silence and trembling anxiety, awaited for the predicted moment of observation. It came—and in the instant of contact, an emotion of joy so powerful was excited in the bosom of Dr. Rittenhouse, that he fainted.

Sir Isaac Newton, after he had advanced so far in his mathematical proof of one of his great astronomical doctrines, as to see that the result was to be triumphant, was so affected in view of the momentous truth which he was about to demonstrate, that he was unable to proceed, and begged one of his companions in study to relieve him, and carry out the calculation. The instructions which the heavens give are not confined to scholars; but they are imparted to the peasant and to the savage. The pious shepherd often feels a sudden expansion of mind, while attempting to form an idea of that power which spread out and adorned the heavens with so many worlds of light.

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A BEAUTIFUL OBJECT.

It is worth a trip from here to Norfolk to enjoy the spectacle so vividly described in the following article.—National Intelligencer of July 18, 1840.

A few days ago a dapper craft, rigged most gracefully, after the fashion of a brig, with her topgallant sails and royals all set, and manned by a parcel of youngsters, about ten or twelve years of age, and tidily dressed as sailors, was seen off the town. Much curiosity was excited to know who and what she was. She soon came up, with a smart breeze, and was seen to great advantage as she passed the wharves. As she sailed along, one of her juve-
nile crew kept the lead going, and called out in true sailor style. Presently the shrill whistle of the young boatswain was heard, and she put about with all the deliberation and decision of a man-of-war. A midshipman of about fourteen or fifteen was the commander of the craft; and this circumstance, added to the appearance of the vessel, plainly told that she belonged to the naval service. The sight was very gratifying to all who enjoyed it, and the skill of the crew called forth the praises of several veterans of the sea. Upon inquiry we learned that the first cutter of the Delaware had been fitted up as a brig for the purpose of drilling the naval apprentices in the practical details of seamanship. She is about thirty-seven feet long; her crew consists of twenty apprentices; her sails and yards are exercised regularly. When under way she is made to perform all the evolutions of a man-of-war; the boys are taught to reef, furl, heave the lead, steer, &c. The boatswain is a lad of about fifteen, and gives the various notes of command known in a larger vessel.—Norfolk Beacon.

MATRIMONIAL EXPORT.

In the early settlements of Virginia, when the adventurers were principally unmarried men, it was deemed necessary to export such women as could be prevailed upon to quit England, as wives for the planters. A letter accompanying a shipment of these matrimonial exiles, dated London, August 12, 1621, is illustrative of the manners of the times, and the concern then felt for the welfare of the colony, and for female virtue. It is as follows:

"We send you a ship; one widow and eleven maids, for the wives for the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendations.
"In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives till they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our Hon. Lord and Treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen, who, taking into their consideration that the plantation can never flourish till families be planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore having given this fair beginning; for the reimbursing of whose charges, it is ordered that every man that marries them give one hundred and twenty pounds of the best leaf tobacco for each of them.

"Though we are desirous that the marriage be free, according to nature, yet we would not have those maids deceived, and married to servants; but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills."

---*

CONFLAGRATION OF THE STARS.

The astronomical statement below is calculated to rouse the imagination even of the most phlegmatic.

During the last two or three centuries upward of thirteen fixed stars have disappeared. One of them, situated in the northern hemisphere, presented a peculiar brilliancy, and was so bright as to be seen by the naked eye at mid-day. It seemed to be on fire, appearing at first of a dazzling white, then of a reddish yellow, and lastly of an ashy pale colour. La Place supposes that it was burned up, as it has never been seen since. The conflagration was visible about sixteen months. How dreadful! A whole system on fire, the great central luminary and its planets with their plains, mountains, forests, villages,
cities, and inhabitants, all in flames, consumed, and gone for ever. Here we have a presumptive proof of the truth, and a solemn illustration of a singular passage in a very old book—"The heavens will pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the world also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up." What has been, will be again. Our sun, and moon, and stars, and earth, will be destroyed by fire. "It is inscribed in the heavens," says Dr. John Mason Good, "foretold in the Scriptures, and felt in the earth." Such is the text; the comment may be found in 2 Peter iii, 11, 12.—Quincy Sentinel.

HUMAN LIFE.

Human life is a journey which commences for each of us the moment we enter the world, and which terminates at the grave. We are like those who, passengers on the ocean, are wafted by the winds toward the port, while they are asleep in the vessel; and who, insensible of the progression of their course, arrive there before they are aware. It is the same with the whole of life. It runs on, impelled by a continual current, which carries us on unconsciously along with it. We sleep, and during our sleep our brief space of time flies silently over our heads: we wake to a thousand cares, and while struggling with them, life pursues its rapid course at the same rate. We are, here below, only as travellers; every thing rapidly recedes from our view, we leave every thing behind us; we throw a passing glance on the enamelled meads, or the purling brook, or whatever other object may charm our sight; we feel a pleasure in contemplating it, and before we can analyze our pleasure we have already lost sight of it. To charming prospects and a smiling country often succeed rocks, ravines, precipices, and rugged paths;
sometimes infested with ferocious animals, or venomous reptiles; or perplexed with thorns which lacerate the flesh; these things annoy or afflict us for a moment, and the next we are beyond their reach. Such is life; neither its pleasures nor its pains are durable, nor does the road we traverse belong to us, any more than any of the objects with which it is diversified: other travellers have preceded us on it, coming along it at the same time with ourselves, and countless multitudes will follow us.—Basil.

For the Youth's Magazine.

LINES ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF TWO BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES.

"'Twas pitiful to see the early flower
Nipp'd by the unfeeling frost, just when it rose
Lovely in youth, and put its beauties on."

The bright and beautiful, where are they,
Who late were seen, in festive mirth,
To join in the song and dance so gay,
Which heighten the transient joys of earth?
The wreath of death is on each brow:
In the dark grave they slumber now.
The eye which sparkled, and look'd so sheen,
And the lips which would seem to say,
That life should pass like a pleasing dream,
As soft and as sweet away,
Have felt the touch of death's cold chill,
And now are motionless and still.
I miss'd those light ethereal forms,
Which among the young joyous crowd
Glided with beauty and grace along
As man in his homage bow'd.
I look'd, and lo! they had pass'd away,
Like the fresh dews at opening day.
But there is a fair and sunny clime,
Where sorrow and grief cannot come,
Above those orbs which around us shine,
From without their own bright blue home:
Affections there shall not be riven—
There's naught but strains of joy in heaven.

*Cottage Hall, La., 1840.
S. B. T.*

For the Youth's Magazine.

**LINES**

**ADDRESSED TO MISS ANTOINETTE BLISS, ON HER DEPARTURE TO THE NORTH.**

When evening's shades are closing round,
And you watch the sun's last parting ray,
Listening to the wind's low sound,
You'll think of me, though far away.

When friends you love on you do smile,
And passing moments seem to stay,
And e'en life's saddest hours beguile,
Still think of me, though far away.

If sorrow e'er your heart should rend,
And clothed in grief's most sad array,
Remember, then, you have a friend,
E'en though she may be far away.

At morn, at eve, and noon-tide day,
And ever, will I think of thee;
And now, when parting, still I say,
"My dear young friend, remember me."

*Cottage Hall, La., 1840.
C. E. P. T.*

---§---

Sing at your work—'twill lighten
The labours of the day—
Sing at your work—'twill brighten
The darkness of the way.
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---*

TERMS OF THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

The Youth's Magazine will be published monthly on paper, and fair type, with appropriate engravings; one dollar a year, payable in advance.

Any person who will remit us the money in advance, or of expense, shall be entitled to six copies for $5, ten copies for $10, twenty copies for $15, and in the proportion for any greater number; all the numbers the same place to be sent to the address of the person who orders them, by mail or otherwise, as he may direct, to such agent as he may designate, to be distributed to subscribers.

---

POSTAGE.

We were in error in stating the rates of postage on this magazine on former numbers—According to the Post Office Act, [now before us] 1 1-2 cents per sheet for 100 miles, 2 cents over 100 miles, all surplus pages are considered a sheet.

A magazine contains 1 sheet.
Two volumes of this work are now before the public. It was for the special benefit of the youth of both sexes within the bounds of our church and congregations. The arguments urged in favor of commencing it were the following:—“1. Such a work is greatly needed among our people. The older Sabbath school scholars, and those who have just left school, and such teachers as have not much leisure for the perusal of more voluminous works, need something of the kind to interest them, and improve their minds. 2. There is plenty of material in the church to make a periodical of this kind the most respected among any in the world, not excepting the ‘London Youth’s Magazine’ and the ‘Youth’s Instructor and Guardian,’ two very popular and circulated periodicals. 3. There will be no want of support of such a work, if well conducted. Preachers will interest themselves in its circulation; seminaries of learning will encourage it by frequent visits, and by recommending it to the pupils under their care; our young people will hail its monthly visits with pleasure and delight. Charmed by the fascinations of such eloquence, and allured by visions of celebrity and profit, but by the hope of doing good, editors consented to take upon them the additional labour of preparing materials for this work; and the agents, moved by similar considerations and the hope of a large subscription list, consented to put every good thing into active operation, what is the result of this? In the first place, we have received testimonials, the most unequivocal, that the work does not fall below the expectations of our warmest friends, except in one particular only, that is, the want of written original articles. Of the selections we hear no complaint, much in their praise. So far, very good. And in addition to our preachers have interested themselves nobly in the circulation of the seminaries of learning,” and our sprightly and elegant writers and few exceptions, seem to forget us altogether, or rather they that there is such an excellent channel opened through which eloquence might flow to the remotest parts of the Union, and rejoicing the whole wilderness of mind, wherever they might. We see by the cover of one of the London Wesleyan periodicals, in two years from the commencement of the “Cottager’s Friend,” a work by no means equal to our Youth’s Magazine, and circulated amongst the poor of the societies, that their subscription list amounted to thirty thousand, while ours, in the same length of time, amounted only,—but for shame we will not tell, lest our enemies should rejoice. Ah, so would we have it!” If it be true, and in most certainty is, that we have more than seven hundred thousand subscribers, we ought at least to have one hundred thousand subscribers and one hundred contributors to the Youth’s Magazine. Come, brethern, especially, for the love of the souls committed to your care, drive out of the world, as much as in you lies, all those pestilent publications called novels, romances, and comic almanacs, and spread in every place where you preach, tracts or something that shall operate as a lecture silent, but of sovereign power in your absence—something that shall tend to fasten the good which you have preached on the minds of your auditors, or prevent them for the reception of it at your next coming. These you will be coworkers with you in the glorious cause, and will help you in pulling down Satan’s kingdom, and in building up that of the Lord Jesus Christ in the earth.
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THE

YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1840.

From "Conversations on Palestine."

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Charles. The brook Kedron is crossed by a bridge with a single arch; after passing which the traveller soon reaches a plot of ground, pointed out as the Garden of Gethsemane, and occupying the very spot one's eyes would turn to, looking up from the page of Scripture. John xviii, 1.

Mr. Seymour. And here let us pause awhile; for I am sure the name recalls to every mind scenes so hallowed and touching that memory cannot revert to them without awakening deep emotion. From the relative position of the spot, and the uninterrupted transmission of its name, there can be no doubt that it is the place where our Lord underwent that portion of his sufferings called, by way of eminence, his "agony," and where he was betrayed by the treacherous Judas into the hands of his enemies.

"You can let imagination vividly portray the scene, Gertrude," said her mother seriously. "The garden, the midnight hour, the slumbering disciples, the suffering Saviour, the angel visitant, and soon, alas, the treacherous Judas, the armed band, the noise, the confusion, and, strange fact, He, who could have commanded twelve legions of angels to his succour, led passively away, an unresisting victim, to suffering and to death."
Gertrude. I remember some sweet verses referring to this scene.

Mr. Seymour. Repeat them, dear, if you can.

Gertrude.

"'Tis midnight—and, on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shone:
'Tis midnight—in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight—and, from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles 'lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight—and, for others' guilt,
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight—and, from other plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly sooth the Saviour's wo."

Mrs. Seymour. What is the present appearance of Gethsemane?

Mr. H. It is about one-third of an acre in extent, and is surrounded by a coarse stone wall a few feet high. When Mr. Catherwood was there, in 1834, it was planted with olive, almond, and fig trees. Eight of the olive trees are of immense size, and seem as if they might have stood there from time immemorial. They stand at a little distance from each other, and their verdant branches afford a refreshing shade. Viewed as the lineal descendants of those trees which flourished here in the days of our Saviour, it is impossible to look upon them with indifference.
Mr. P. The prospect from the garden of Gethsemane is said to be one of the most pleasing in the vicinity of Jerusalem. The walls of the city are distinctly seen from hence, at the extreme edge of a precipitous bank. Through the trees the bridge over the Kedron is clearly perceptible, and the Turkish burying ground is a marked point, from the tombs being mostly white, with turbans on the top, to indicate the Mohammedan faith of the individuals whose remains are there interred.

From the Theological Library.

E Z R A, T H E S C R I B E.

Concluded from page 159.

To Ezra, and to this occasion, has been assigned, by unanimous Jewish and Christian tradition, the first collection and canon of all the books of Scripture. And to his patient teaching we must impute the generally prevailing knowledge of Scripture among the Jews after their captivity, so strongly contrasted with their ignorance before it, when a high priest and a king were astonished at the contents of the book which they had rescued from a long oblivion. They were too well informed ever after to relapse into idolatry. Thus he prepared a highway for his God. Few teachers and expounders have been blessed with such visible fruits of their labours as was Ezra. As a preacher, he had the satisfaction of turning away the people for ever from their besetting and besotted crime of idolatry. As a scholar, he had rescued God's holy word from all danger of the fate which had fallen it in the days of King Josiah. And may not all scholars of the word of God, though they be not blessed with the same truth of the efficacy of their labours, work on in the same unshaken confidence, with the same ardent
zeal, with the same cheerful hope? If the truth as it is in Christ be their object, verily not one iota of their labours shall lose its reward. He who will not let a sparrow needlessly fall to the ground, will not assuredly suffer any of their precious hours to be consumed in vain. He will bless them, though the world bless them not, he will number them in the precious treasury of the line of his church. How often has he surprised mankind with the unlooked for works of the nurslings of his truth and wisdom! From a closet retired from every worldly eye, from a student overlooked by all surrounding society, has more than once proceeded a volume which has waked as with a shout a slumbering world, and set on fire all the hearts of mankind. From a depth to which no worldly mind could go, he has drawn up waters of so sweet, unwonted freshness, as has made the world wonder at the deliciousness of the draught.

How thankful should scholars be on comparing their blessedness with that of Ezra! Their labours may illustrate the gospel of life and freedom of the spirit, while he pored over the law of penalty and bondage of the letter. They can preach to the world of Christ. He could but exhort the Jew from Moses. In the midst of his labours, which were continually interrupted from without, when he fathomed his mind, and called up his thoughts from their remotest depths and corners, what spirits were they, after all, which came to his call? Dim shadows moving against a curtain, mere outline filled up with darkness: no colour, no feature, did he see. Nothing was particular, all was generality. But the Christian scholar has had this veil updrawn from before his mind. Both the figures and the light are immediately before his eyes. He has his Redeemer's words, deeds, person, exhibited before him, with all the accompanying train of glory, figure rising after figure, feature after feature, gesture after
gesture. Yea, let the Christian scholar look to Ezra, and admire, and be thankful.

Another work, ascribed by unanimous tradition to Ezra, is the re-establishment of the courses of the services of the priests. To furnish a regular supply to the temple, David had divided the priests into twenty-four courses, which served each two weeks. So plentiful a supply left nothing wanting to the magnificence and high scale of splendour which attended every thing belonging to the temple. But this was shorn away together with the rest of its glories. Out of the twenty-four courses, four only returned from captivity. To keep up the same number, each of these was subdivided into six, and had the old names imposed on them. Hence in our Lord's time we hear of the course of Abiah, which was the eighth under David. Thus was a veil drawn over this nakedness of the ministry of the temple, and in a few generations it was only to the prying eye of the scholar that the inward deficiency was visible.

How and where Ezra finished his laborious and useful life, Scripture does not say. That he should have returned to Babylon seems little accordant with his high-minded and godly patriotism. We may, therefore, very reasonably adopt the account of Josephus, who tells us that he died at a very advanced age, and was buried with great pomp at Jerusalem. Thus ended the course of this faithful servant of God. Well were it if all priests belonged to his course, took him for their head and model, and served their little fortnight of existence in God's temple with the same diligence. He was, indeed, one of those bright and burning lights in the church of God, to which posterity turns with reverence and thankfulness, for the blessed radiance of truth and comfort which flows to them from it. The word of the Old Covenant, which we at this day hold in our hands, we mainly owe,
under God, to his diligence and piety. So carefully did he provide for its maintenance and diffusion, so inculcate it into the hearts of the people, that in despite of attacks such as it had never experienced under the old temple, in despite of the bloody attempts of the Syrian kings to blot it out of the catalogue of books, it has never once come, nor been in danger of coming, into the jeopardy which befell it in the days of Josiah. Through him we have the law and the prophets bearing their testimony to our great spiritual Head, and we see Moses and Elias attending upon him. Let us study the example of this great benefactor. He left all for the word of God, as did afterward Andrew and Peter for Christ. He gave up all the comforts of life, a settled home, a civilized people, the leisure enjoyed under a regular government, for an unsettled life amid the revolting turbulence and distraction of a newly settled colony. Like his great predecessor Moses, he preferred suffering with the people of God, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Babylon. When we consider how the habits and cultivated mind of the scholar revolt from the turbulent vulgarity and ignorance of the multitude, how his thoughts are dispersed, his feelings wounded, his time broken up by most occupations which bring him among them, and when we take into the account the reluctance to practical detail produced by his speculative habits, we cannot but admire Ezra's piety, entire self-devotion, and complete surrender of all his desires and all his gifts to the service of God. He was a scholar of the only true school, and therefore his masculine vigour of mind was never in danger of being broken by the effeminate dreaminess, by the moral ricketiness, which is so often the wages of ill-directed literary leisure. The truth of God was his sole aim, the word of God was his study, and wherever these are, there is all the buxom health and
freshness of mind. For there it is uncontracted and unnumbed by unnatural position, unfettered by narrow room, but stretches itself forth in all the graceful freedom of action to the whole extent of its excellent proportions. It is fresh with the life of the life-giving Spirit, it is strong from the manly exercise of spiritual wrestling, it is pure from bathing in the wells of truth. Such is the learned priest of God, such is the Christian scholar, after the model of Ezra. And God be thanked that he hath granted many such shining examples to the church; blessed be his holy name for the many and great benefits which we are at this moment, but too unwittingly, deriving from them! May it please him to prolong the illustrious succession, to maintain his word pure and rightly understood among us! And may we, on looking toward them, count light after light, as lamps of the temple of the living God, and bow our heads in thankfulness to him who hath done so much to prepare us as a peculiar people for his service!

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From the Sabbath School Visiter.

THE VINE AND THE CLUSTERS.

One of our noblest New-England rivers widens at its mouth into a broad and beautiful bay. Upon the shores of this bay, and on the peninsulas that extend into its bosom, are several small seaport towns, whose snow-white dwellings and tall spires give an air of enchantment to the scene. On the very extremity of the largest peninsula is situated one of the loveliest of our many lovely villages. The business part of the town extends quite down to the water, while the neat dwellings of the inhabitants are scattered along, at comfortable distances, on the gently rising back ground. As viewed from a distant position, it
appears like a pure white sea-bird reposing on the bosom of the ocean.

This village is the scene of the following unadorned narrative:

Twelve or fifteen years ago a small evangelical church and society was formed from a large society that had swerved from the truth and denied the Lord that bought them. This was one of the first among the many little New-England flocks that have been exiled from their own altars.

At first they were but a feeble band, embracing but few of the honoured and affluent; and they enjoyed no very warm place in the esteem and affections of those whom they had left behind. For several years, till an increase of numbers enabled them to erect a house of worship, the court house was their only sanctuary. And they were long known by the name—a name not, indeed, of their own selection, or of the choice of their friends—The Court House Society.

Soon after the establishment of this little society, a girl of twelve or thirteen, from one of the higher families in the old society, found her way into the sabbath school that had been formed in the court house. Her parents, naturally very affectionate, and the other members of the family, used all their influence to induce her to abandon the school. But it was all in vain. Persuasion and even ridicule could not divert her from her purpose. As regularly as the sabbath morning returned she was seen wending her solitary way to the court house sabbath school. But the poor child seldom left her home without receiving many a sneering look and reproachful word from her brothers and sisters. Yet none of these things moved her. She received them all with uncomplaining meekness.

She soon began to feel a strange interest in that sabbath school, and in the faithful instructions of her superintend-
et and teacher; and this interest, week after week, continued to increase. That school and those instructions absorbed her thoughts by day, and appeared in the visions of the night. At length she began seriously to think about the state of her soul; and as she considered her latter end, she became greatly alarmed in view of her guilt and danger as a lost sinner. For some weeks she seemed to give herself up entirely to the one thing of securing her salvation. She would often repair, in the morning's earliest hour, to the house of her superintendent, with a countenance indicating the greatest earnestness and anxiety, to seek his counsels and prayers; and she would frequently send him and her teacher notes, pressing her anxious inquiries about the way of salvation. The increasing opposition of her friends served only to increase the earnestness and solicitude of her mind, and more strongly to endear to her heart the meetings and the sabbath school she was accustomed to attend.

Ere long she found joy and peace in believing. And great was the change in her whole character. She became peculiarly mild, amiable, affectionate, and dutiful; she became, in short, every thing a parent could wish a child to be. Grace always sweetens all the social affections, and makes the amiable more amiable and lovely. She now exhibited great decision, punctuality, and conscientiousness, in performing her secret duties, notwithstanding the numerous and oft-repeated devices of her brothers and sisters to allure or drive her from her closet. Sometimes her mother would steal away and listen to the secret devotions of her daughter; and, O, with what astonishment and overwhelming emotions did she hear that child—as though her very heart was breaking—pour out her simple, earnest supplications for her dear parents! "What!" thought the mother, "a child praying for a parent who never prayed for herself or for her children!"
None but a prayerless father or mother, who has listened at the closet door of a praying child, can fully enter into the feelings of this mother on those occasions. Language cannot describe them. To be understood, they must be felt.

The entire and marked change of character which this daughter exhibited,—her meekness under opposition and ridicule, and the punctuality and earnestness of her prayers,—greatly softened the mother's feelings, both toward her child and the people with whom she loved to associate.

The sabbath school now became an object very dear to the heart of this youth. It seemed to her as the garden of God,—the very gate of heaven. She loved her superintendent, she loved her teacher and her associates; yea, even the old court house where they met seemed lovely in her eye. And the sabbath,—O, it was indeed the day of all the week the best. She hailed its earliest light, and rejoiced through all its sacred hours.

The softening influence of her consistent and devoted piety continued to operate on the feelings of her friends, till, before she left the home of her childhood to settle in life, she had the great happiness of seeing her dear mother and one sister both become members of the same church with which she herself was connected.

But these are not all the interesting events—the closely connected chain of which has but recently been discovered—that have followed that little girl's attendance on the court house sabbath school. That family, it should be borne in mind, at the period with which this narrative commences, was fortified with an adamantine wall of prejudice against the entrance of the gospel of Christ. But what now occurs? A child, twelve or thirteen years of age, strays away to an evangelical sabbath school,—and this apparently trivial event, by an inscrutable Providence, which often perfects praise out of the mouth of infancy, is made
The mighty instrumentality of breaking through that wall of adamant, and giving the religion of Jesus an entrance into hearts previously inaccessible by human power. And now the mother and one sister, as we have already seen, had been led to surrender their hearts to the Saviour. Soon after this the daughter was married, and left her father's house,—the home of her childhood. But the work of grace was not stopped by this event. The Saviour, through her instrumentality, had commenced his work of conquest in that family; and he went on from conquering to conquer, bringing one after another of her beloved kindred to the foot of the cross, till her mother, and two sisters, and two brothers, and, last of all, in 1837, her father,—then sixty-eight years of age,—were all led to give up their controversy with their Redeemer, and unite themselves to that very brotherhood of his friends in whom they had once felt so little complacency.

And this is not all. One of those brothers is now pursuing a course of study preparatory for the gospel ministry!

These interesting events having occurred at different times, through a course of twelve or fifteen years, have never till recently been brought together in one continuous series, and traced back to their first cause. And it is with astonishment, and emotions indescribable, that these parents have recently been led to look back and see, in that beloved daughter, the instrument of their own conversion to God, and of the salvation of their household. They now believe that, had that child complied with their wishes and oft-repeated entreaties, and yielded to the various influences which were employed to withdraw her from the court house sabbath school, all of them—parents and children—might have lived and died without a saving knowledge of that Saviour whom to know aright is eternal.
Such is the fruit which clustered on that lovely vine, when it became an exotic in a warmer and more congenial than its native soil.

O, who can estimate the happiness—the ineffable blessings—which that child, through the grace of her divine Saviour, has brought home to that father's and mother's bosom, and to the bosoms of those brothers and sisters! Who can conceive the joy and gratitude with which that family—when gathered, as we trust it will be, an unbroken family in heaven—will make mention of that child's attendance on the sabbath school! And specially what human or even angelic tongue can describe the joy that will swell the bosom of her whose crown of rejoicing will be the souls of a ransomed family,—father, mother, brothers, and sisters.

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POWER OF RELIGION.

One of the most interesting anecdotes, illustrating the power of religion, was related a few days since in a social meeting, by an English clergyman, who was acquainted with the facts.

A nobleman, Lord ——, was a man of the world. His pleasures were drawn from his riches, his honours, and his friends. His daughter was the idol of his heart. Much had been expended for her education, and well did she repay, in her intellectual endowments, the solicitude of her parents. She was highly accomplished, amiable in her disposition, and winning in her manners. They were all strangers to God.

At length Miss —— attended a Methodist meeting in London—was deeply awakened, and soon happily converted. Now she delighted in the service of the sanctuary, and social meetings. To her the charms of Chris-
ianity were overflowing. She frequented those places where she met with congenial minds, animated with similar hopes. She was often found in the house of God.

The change was marked by her fond father with painful solicitude. To see his lovely daughter thus infatuated was to him an occasion of deep grief, and he resolved to correct her erroneous notions on the subject of the real pleasures and business of life. He placed at her disposal large sums of money, hoping she would be induced to go into the fashions and extravagances of others of her birth, and leave the Methodist meetings. But she maintained her integrity. He took her on long journeys, conducted in the most engaging manner, in order to divert her mind from religion; but she still delighted in the Saviour.

After failing in many projects which he fondly anticipated would be effectual in subduing the religious feelings of his daughter, he introduced her into company under such circumstances that she must either join in the recreation of the party or give high offence. Hope lighted up in the countenance of her affectionate but misguided father, as he saw his snare about to entangle the object of his solicitude. It had been arranged among his friends that several young ladies should, on the approaching festive occasion, give a song, accompanied by the piano forte.

The hour arrived; the party assembled. Several had performed their parts, to the great delight of the party, which was in high spirits. Miss —— was called upon for a song, and many hearts now beat high in hope of victory. Should she decline, she was disgraced: should she comply, their triumph was complete. This was the moment to seal her fate! With perfect self-possession she took her seat at the piano forte, ran her fingers over
the keys, singing at the same time, in a beautiful melody, and with a sweet voice, the following stanzas:

“No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hopes or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone!
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?”

She arose from her seat. The whole party was subdued. Not a word was spoken. Her father wept aloud! One by one all of them left the house.

Lord —— never rested till he became a Christian. He lived an example of Christian benevolence, having given to benevolent Christian enterprises, at the time of his death, nearly half a million of dollars!

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EARLY LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

Time would fail me to recount the horrors of the 9th of July, 1755. Washington, emaciated, reduced by fatigue and fever, had joined the army. He implored the general to send forward the Virginia rangers to scour the forest in advance. He besought him to conciliate the Indians. His counsels were unheeded; the wretched commander moved forward to his fate. Washington was often heard to say in his lifetime that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever witnessed was that of the British troops...
on this eventful morning. The whole detachment was clad in uniform, and moved as in a review, in regular columns, to the sound of martial music. The sun gleamed upon their burnished arms, the placid Monongahela flowed upon their right, and the deep native forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on their left. It was a bright midsummer's day, and every bosom swelled with the confident expectation of victory. A few hours pass and the forest rings with the yell of the savage enemy; the advance of the British army, under Colonel Gage, afterward the governor of Massachusetts, is driven back on the main body; the whole force, panic-struck, confounded, and disorganized, after a wild and murderous conflict of three hours, fall a prey to the invisible foe. They ran before the French and Indians "like sheep before the dogs." Of eighty-six officers sixty-one were killed and wounded. The wretched general had four horses shot under him, and received at last his mortal wound, probably from an outraged provincial in his own army. The Virginia rangers were the only part of the force that behaved with firmness; and the disorderly retreat of the British veterans was actually covered by the American militia men. Washington was the guardian angel of the day. He was everywhere in the hottest of the fight. "I expected every moment," said Dr. Craik, his friend, "to see him fall." His voice was the only one which commanded obedience. Two horses were killed under him, and four bullets passed through his garments. No common fortune preserved his life. Fifteen years after the battle Washington made a journey to the Great Kanawha, accompanied by Dr. Craik. While exploring a wilderness a band of Indians approached them headed by a venerable chief. He told them, by an interpreter, the errand on which he came. "I come," said he, "to behold my great father Washington. I have come
a long way to see him. I was with the French at the battle of Monongahela. I saw my great father on horseback in the hottest of the battle. I fired my rifle at him many times, and bade my young men also fire at him. But the Great Spirit turned away the bullets; and I saw that my great father could not be killed in battle.” This anecdote rests on the authority of Dr. Craik, the comrade and friend of Washington, the physician who closed his eyes.

Who needs doubt it? Six balls took effect on his horses and in his garments. Who does not feel the substantial truth of this tradition? Who that has a spark of patriotic or pious sentiment in his bosom, but feels an inward assurance that a heavenly presence overshadowed that field of blood, and preserved the great instrument of future mercies? Yes, gallant and beloved youth, ride fearlessly through that shower of death! Thou art not destined to fall in the morning of life, in this distant wilderness. That wan and wasted countenance shall yet be lighted up with the sunshine of victory and peace! The days are coming, and the years draw nigh, when thy heart, now bleeding for thy afflicted country, shall swell with joy, as thou leadest forth her triumphant hosts from a war of independence.—E. Everett.

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AFFLICTIONS.

As the snow-drop comes amid snow and sleet, appearing as the herald to the rose, so religion comes amid the blight of affliction, to remind us of a perpetual summer, where the bright sun never retires behind a wintry cloud.

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Adversity is the only balance to weigh friends. Religion is the best armour, but the worst cloak. Liberality is not giving largely, but wisely. He who makes an idol of his interest, will make a martyr of his own integrity.
The flamingo has the justest right to be placed among cranes; and though it happens to be web-footed, like birds of the goose kind, yet its height, figure, and appetites, entirely remove it from that grovelling class of animals. With a longer neck and legs than any other of the crane kind, it seeks its food by wading in the waters, using only its bill, which is strong and thick, for the purpose, the claws being useless, as they are feeble, and webbed like those of water-fowl.

The flamingo is the most remarkable of all the crane kind; the tallest, bulkiest, and the most beautiful. The
body, which is of a beautiful scarlet colour, is no larger than that of a swan; but its legs and neck are of such an extraordinary length, that, when it stands erect, it is six feet six inches high. Its wings, when extended, are five feet six inches from tip to tip, and it is four feet eight inches from tip to tail. The head is round and small, with a large bill, seven inches long; partly red, partly black, and crooked like a bow. The legs and thighs, which are not much thicker than a man's finger, are about two feet eight inches high, and its neck near three feet long. The feet are not furnished with sharp claws, as in others of the crane kind; but feeble, and united by membranes, as in those of the goose. Of what use these membranes are does not appear, as the bird is never seen swimming, its legs and thighs being sufficient for bearing it into those depths where it seeks for prey.

This extraordinary bird is now chiefly found in America, but it was once known on all the coasts of Europe. Its beauty, its size, and the peculiar delicacy of its flesh, have been such temptations to destroy or take it, that it has long since deserted the shores frequented by man, and taken refuge in countries that are as yet but thinly peopled. In those desert regions the flamingoes live in a state of society, and under a better polity, than any other of the feathered creation.

When the Europeans first came to America, and coasted down along the African shores, they found the flamingo on several shores on both continents—gentle, and no way distrustful of mankind. They had long been used to security in the extensive solitudes they had chosen, and knew no enemies but those they could very well evade or oppose. The negroes and the native Americans were possessed but of few destructive arts for killing them at a distance; and when the bird perceived the arrow, it well knew how to avoid it. But it was otherwise when
The Europeans first came among them. The sailors, not considering that the dread of fire-arms was totally unknown in that part of the world, gave the flamingo the character of a foolish bird, that suffered itself to be approached and shot at. When the fowler had killed one, the rest of the flock, far from attempting to fly, only regarded the fall of their companion in a kind of fixed astonishment. Another and another shot was discharged; and thus the fowler often levelled the whole flock before one of them began to think of escaping.

But at present it is very different in that part of the world; and the flamingo is not only one of the scarcest, but also one of the shyest birds in the world, and the most difficult of approach.

They chiefly keep near the most deserted and inhospitable shores, near salt-water lakes and swampy islands. They come down to the banks of rivers by day, and often retire to the inland mountainous parts of the country at the approach of night. When seen by mariners in the day, they always appear drawn up in a long close line of two or three hundred together; and, as Dampier tells us, present, at the distance of half a mile, the exact representation of a long brick wall. Their rank is broken, however, when they seek for food; but they always appoint one of the number as a watch, whose only employment is to observe and give notice of danger while the rest are feeding. As soon as this trusty sentinel perceives the remotest appearance of danger, he gives a loud scream, with a voice as shrill as a trumpet, and instantly the whole cohort are upon the wing. They feed in silence; but, upon this occasion, all the flock are in one chorus, and fill the air with intolerable screamings.

From this it appears that the flamingoes are very difficult to be approached at present, and that they avoid mankind with the most cautious timidity. However, it is not
from any antipathy to man that they shun his society; for, in some villages, as we are assured by Labat, along the coast of Africa, the flamingoes come in great numbers to make their residence among the natives. There they assemble by thousands, perched on the trees within and about the village; and are so very clamorous that the sound is heard near a mile’s distance. The negroes are fond of their company, and consider their society as a gift from heaven, as a protection from accidental evils. The French who are admitted to this part of the coast cannot, without some degree of discontent, see such a quantity of untouched food rendered useless by the superstition of the natives: they now and then privately shoot some of them when at a convenient distance from the village, and hide them in the long grass if they perceive any of the negroes approaching; for they would probably stand a chance of being ill treated if the blacks discovered their sacred birds thus unmercifully destroyed.

These birds, as was said, always go in flocks together, and they move in ranks, in the manner of cranes. They are sometimes seen, at the break of day, flying down in great numbers from the mountains, and conducting each other with a trumpet cry, that sounds like the word *tococo*, whence the savages of Canada have given them that name.—*Smith’s Nat. Hist.*

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For the Youth’s Magazine.

**EXPANSIVE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.**

The influence of Christianity upon the moral feelings is obvious, especially to those who are made partakers of the divine nature. It not only dilates the contracted heart, and implants within it a celestial sympathy and benevolence, but it also occupies, properly and appropriately, that vacuity of soul “which the world can never fill.”
not only affords to its spiritual votaries the richest conso-
lation in this life, and the best founded prospect of the
world's restoration to moral beauty and perfection, but it
also throws a radiant light upon that Being who sometimes
seems to us to wear the habiliments of darkness, opens
the eye upon the invisible glories of the heavenly world,
wheres the individual into the presence-chamber of the
high and holy One, and, by anticipation, makes him an
enraptured worshipper in the upper sanctuary. Not only,
however, does Christianity exert an influence upon the
moral, but also upon the intellectual feelings; not, per-
haps, as direct, as sensible, or as generally acknowledged,
but yet equally powerful and expansive. This might be
inferred by reference to individual cases. But it is equally
dear in its illustration by reference to a comparative view
d' nations, or rather to the superiority, in point of civili-
zation, literature, and science, of those nations which
receive and embrace the pure principles of Christianity.
This may be inferred also from the numerous discoveries
and inventions which have been made under the Christian
dispensation; many of which transcend those of other
days, so far as history enlightens us with regard to the
past. The mention of a few of the most prominent will
exhibit our meaning, viz.—The discovery of the continent
of America, which afforded an asylum for the oppressed;
the discovery of the magnetic influence, and its applica-
tion to navigation; the invention of the art of printing, by
which the Scriptures are so copiously multiplied that they
may be borne upon the wings of the wind to every quar-
ter of the globe; the invention of gunpowder, by which
even wars are rendered less cruel, and by which, in its
application to the construction of roads and canals, travel-
ing is greatly facilitated; and, finally, the appropriation
d' steam, by means of which our waters are teeming with
business, life, and animation. These discoveries and in-
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ventions cluster around the dark period of the Reformation as so many supports to bear it up on high, and illustrate to the world the expansive influence of pure and undefiled Christianity, which, like the leaven in the measures of meal, expands the gem of intellect deposited for a season in the casket of mortality, and, like the wheel within the wheel, rolling onward improvements in the various departments of science, till the Creator shall be praised for his workmanship in the superior mental endowments of his intelligent creation. If these remarks are correct, they should commend themselves to every heart, but more especially to those of our land who are in the bloom of youth. O! come and drink at pure religion's holy fount, and the benefit above alluded to will scarcely be told during the ceaseless roll of everlasting years.

_August, 1840._

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**MOZART.**

"Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach."

When only three years old, Mozart's great amusement was finding concords on the piano; and nothing could equal his delight when he had discovered a harmonious interval. At the age of four his father began to teach him little pieces of music, which he always learned to play in a very short time; and, before he was six, he had invented several small pieces himself, and even attempted compositions of some extent and intricacy.

The sensibility of his organs appears to have been excessive. The slightest false note or harsh tone was quite a torture to him; and in the early part of his childhood he could not hear the sound of a trumpet without growing pale, and almost falling into convulsions. His father, for many years, carried him and his sister about to different
cities for the purpose of exhibiting their talents. In 1764 they came to London, and played before the late king. Mozart also played the organ at the chapel royal; and with this the king was more pleased than with his performance on the harpsichord. During this visit he composed six sonatas, which he dedicated to the queen. He was then only eight years old. A few years after this he went to Milan; and at that place was performed, in 1770, the opera of "Mithridates," composed by Mozart, at the age of fourteen, and performed twenty nights in succession. From that time till he was nineteen he continued to be the musical wonder of Europe, as much from the astonishing extent of his abilities as from the extreme youth of their possessor.

Entirely absorbed in music, this great man was a child in every other respect. His hands were so wedded to the piano that he could use them for nothing else: at table his wife carved for him; and, in every thing relating to money, or the management of his domestic affairs, even the choice and arrangement of his amusements, he was entirely under her guidance. His health was very delicate; and during the latter part of his too short life it declined rapidly. Like all weak-minded people, he was extremely apprehensive of death; and it was only by incessant application to his favourite study that he prevented his spirits sinking totally under the fears of approaching dissolution. At all other times he laboured under a profound melancholy, which unquestionably tended to accelerate the period of his life.

The most celebrated of Mozart's Italian operas is "Don Giovanni." The overture was composed under very remarkable circumstances. Mozart was much addicted to trifling amusement, and was accustomed to indulge himself in that too common attendant upon superior talent—procrastination. The general rehearsal of this opera had...
taken place, and the evening before the first performance had arrived, not a note of the overture was written. At about eleven at night Mozart came home and desired his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him to keep him awake. Accordingly, when he began to write, she began to tell him fairy tales and odd stories, which made him laugh, and by the very exertion preserved him from sleep. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could only write while his wife was talking, and dropped asleep as soon as she ceased. He was at last so fatigued by these unnatural efforts that he persuaded his wife to suffer him to sleep for an hour. He slept, however, for two hours, and at five o'clock in the morning she awoke him. He had appointed his music copiers to come at seven, and when they arrived the overture was finished. It was played without a rehearsal, and was justly applauded as a brilliant and grand composition. We ought at the same time to say, that some very sagacious critics have discovered the passages in the composition where Mozart dropped asleep, and those where he suddenly awoke.

A very short time before his death he composed that celebrated requiem, which, by an extraordinary presentiment of his approaching dissolution, he considered as written for his own funeral.

One day, when he was plunged in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced, who requested to speak with him. A person was introduced, handsomely dressed, of dignified and impressive manners.

"I have been commissioned, sir, by a man of considerable importance, to call upon you."

"Who is he?" interrupted Mozart.

"He does not wish to be known."

"Well, what does he want?"
"He has just lost a person whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be for ever dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this mournful event by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a requiem."

Mozart was forcibly struck by this discourse, by the grave manner in which it was uttered, and by the air of mystery in which the whole was involved. He engaged to write the requiem. The stranger continued:

"Employ all your genius on this work, it is destined for a connoisseur."

"So much the better."

"What time do you require?"

"A month."

"Very well; in a month's time I shall return—what price do you set on your work?"

"A hundred ducats."*

The stranger counted them on the table, and disappeared.

Mozart remained lost in thought for some time: he then suddenly called for pen, ink, and paper, and, in spite of his wife's entreaties, began to write. This rage for composition continued several days; he wrote day and night with an ardour which seemed continually to increase; but his constitution, already in a state of great debility, was unable to support this enthusiasm; one morning he fell senseless, and was obliged to suspend his work. Two or three days after, when his wife sought to divert his mind from the gloomy presages which occupied it, he said to her, abruptly, "It is certain that I am writing this requiem for myself; it will serve for my funeral service." Nothing could remove this impression from his mind.

As he went on, he felt his strength diminish from day

* Equal to $200.—Ed.
to day, and the score advanced slowly. The month which he had fixed being expired, the stranger again made his appearance.

"I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word."

"Do not give yourself any uneasiness," replied the stranger, "what farther time do you require?"

"Another month; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it much beyond what I at first designed."

"In that case it is but just to increase the premium; here are fifty ducats more."

"Sir," said Mozart, with increasing astonishment, "who, then, are you?"

"That is nothing to the purpose; in a month's time I shall return."

Mozart immediately called one of his servants, and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, and find out who he was; but the man failed, from want of skill, and returned without being able to trace him.

Poor Mozart was then persuaded that he was no ordinary being; that he had a connection with the other world, and was sent to announce to him his approaching end. He applied himself with the more ardour to his requiem, which he regarded as the most durable monument of his genius. While thus employed he was seized with the most alarming fainting fits; but the work was at length completed before the expiration of the month. At the time appointed the stranger returned, but Mozart was no more.

His career was as brilliant as it was short. He died before he had completed his thirty-sixth year; but in this short space of time he had acquired a name which will never perish so long as feeling hearts are to be found.
WONDERS OF ART.

You behold a majestic vessel bounding over the billows on the other side of the globe; easily fashioned, to float with safety over the fathomless sea, to spread out her broad wings and catch the midnight breeze, guided by a slow, drowsy sailor at the helm, with two or three companions reclining listlessly on the deck, gazing upon the depths of the starry heavens. The commander of this vessel, not surpassing thousands of his brethren in intelligence and skill, knows how, by pointing his glass at the heavens, and taking an observation of the stars, and turning over the leaves of his "Practical Navigator," and making a few figures on his slate, to tell the spot which his vessel has reached on the trackless sea; and he can also tell it by means of a steel spring and a few brass wheels, put together in the shape of a chronometer. The glass with which he brings the heavens down to the earth, and by which he measures the twenty-one thousand six hundredth part of their circuit, is made of a quantity of frit sand and alkali, coarse opaque substances, melted together into a beautiful medium, which excludes the air and the rain, and admits the light by means of which he can count the orders of an animated nature in a dew-drop, and measure the depth of the valleys in the moon. He has running up and down his mainmast an iron chain, fabricated at home, by a wonderful succession of mechanical contrivances, out of rock brought from deep caverns in the earth, and which has the power of conducting the lightning harmlessly down the sides of the vessel into the deep. He does not creep timidly along from headland to headland, nor guide his course along a narrow sea by the north star; but he launches bravely on the pathless and fathomless deep, and carries about him in a box a faithful little pilot, who watches when the eye of
man droops with fatigue, a small and patient steersman, whom darkness does not blind, nor the storm drive from his post, and who points from the other side of the globe—through the convex earth—to the steady pole. If he falls in with a pirate he does not want to repel him hand to hand; but he puts into a mighty engine a handful of dark powder, into which is condensed an immense quantity of elastic air, and when it is touched by a spark of fire will instantly expand into its original volume, and drive an artificial thunderbolt before it against the distant enemy. When he meets another similar vessel on the sea, homeward bound from a like excursion to his own, he makes a few black marks on a piece of paper, and sends it home, a distance of ten thousand miles, and thereby speaks to his employer, to his family, and to his friends, as distinctly as if they were seated by his side. At the cost of half the labour with which the savage procures himself the skin of a wild beast to cover his nakedness, this child of civilized life has provided himself with the most substantial, curious, and convenient clothing, textures and tissues of wool, cotton, linen, and silk, the contributions of the four quarters of the globe, and of every kingdom of nature. To fill a vacant hour, or dispel a gathering cloud from his spirits, he has curious instruments of music, which speak another language of new and strange significance to his heart; which makes his veins thrill; and his eyes overflow with tears, without the utterance of a word—and with one sweet succession of harmonious sounds, sends his heart back, over the waste of waters, to the distant home, where his wife and children sit around the fireside, trembling at the thought that the storm which beats upon the windows may perhaps overtake their beloved voyager on the distant seas. And in his cabin he has a library of volumes—the strange production of a machine of almost magical powers—which,
as he turns over their leaves, enable him to converse with
the great and good of every clime and age, and which
even repeat to him, in audible notes, the laws of his God,
and the promises of his Saviour, and point out to him
that happy land which he hopes to reach when his flag is
struck and his sails are furled, and the voyage of life is
over.—Mechn. Mag.

MISSIONARY SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

I have passed most of my leisure hours in a scene I
certainly did not reckon in anticipation, among the plea­
sures of a visit to Athens—the American missionary
school. We have all been delighted with it from the com­
modore to the youngest midshipman. Mr. and Mrs. Hill
have been here some four or five years, and have attained
their present degree of success in the face of every diffi­
culty. Their whole number of scholars, from the com­
nencement, has been upward of 300; at present they
have 130, mostly girls.

We found the school in a new and spacious stone building,
on the site of the ancient “market,” where Paul, on his visit
to Athens, “disputed daily with those that met with him.”
A large court-yard, shaded partly with a pomegranate tree,
separates it from the marble portico of the Agora, which is
one of the finest remains of antiquity. Mrs. Hill was in
the midst of the little Athenians; two or three serious­
looking Greek girls were assisting her in regulating their
movements, and the new and admirable system of com­
bined instruction and amusement was going on swim­
mingly. There were, perhaps, one hundred children on
the benches, mostly from three to six or eight years of age,
dark-eyed, cheerful little creatures, who looked as if their
“birthright of the golden grasshopper” had made them na­
ture’s favourites, as certainly as in the days when their
ancestor-mothers settled questions of philosophy. They marched and recited, and clapped their sun-burnt hands, and sung hymns, and I thought I never had seen a more gratifying spectacle. I looked around in vain for one who seemed discontented or weary. Mrs. Hill's manner to them was most affectionate. She governs, literally, with a smile.

I selected several little favourites. One was a fine fellow of two to three years, whose name I inquired immediately. He was Plato Petarches, the nephew of the "Maid of Athens," and the son of the second of the three girls so admired by Lord Byron. Another was a girl of six or seven, with a face surpassing, for expressive beauty, that of any child I ever saw. She was a Hydriote by birth, and dressed in the costume of the islands; her little feet were in Greek slippers; her figure was prettily set off with an open jacket, laced with buttons from the shoulder to the waist, and her head was enveloped in a figured handkerchief, folded gracefully in the style of a turban, and brought under her chin so as to show suspended a rich metallic fringe. Her face was full, but marked with childish dimples, and her mouth and eyes, as beautiful as ever those expressive features were made, had a retiring seriousness in them indescribably sweet. She looked as if she had been born in some scene of Turkish devastation, and had brought her mother's heartache into the world.

At noon, at the sound of a bell, they marched out, clapping their hands in time to the instructor's voice, and seated themselves in order upon the portico, in front of the school. Here their baskets were given them, and each one produced her dinner, and ate it with the utmost propriety. It was really a beautiful scene.

It is to be remembered that here is educated a class of human beings who were else deprived of instruction by
the universal custom of their country. The females of
Greece are suffered to grow up in ignorance; one who
can read and write is rarely found. The school has com-
menced, fortunately, at the most favourable moment.

The government was in process of change, and an in-
novation was unnoticed in the confusion that at a later
period might have been opposed by the prejudices of cus-
tom. The king and the president of the regency, Count
Armansberg, visited the school frequently during their
stay in Athens, and expressed their thanks to Mrs. Hill
warmly. The Countess Armansberg called repeatedly to
have the pleasure of sitting in the school-room for an
hour. His majesty, indeed, could hardly find a more use-
ful subject in his realm. Mrs. Hill, with her own per-
sonal efforts, has taught more than one hundred children
to read the Bible. How few of us can write against our
names an equal off-set to the claims of human duty!

Circumstances made me acquainted with one or two
wealthy persons residing in Athens, and I received from
them a strong impression of Mr. Hill's usefulness and high
standing; his house is the hospitable resort of every
stranger of intelligence and respectability.

The next day was occupied in returning visits to the
families who had been polite to us; and, with a farewell
of unusual regret to our estimable missionary friends, we
started on horseback to return, by a gloomy sunset, to the
Piræus. I am looking more for the amusing than the use-
ful in my rambles about the world; and I confess I should
not have gone far out of my way to visit a missionary sta-
tion anywhere. But chance has thrown this of Athens
across my path, and I record it as a moral spectacle to
which no thinking person could be indifferent. I freely
say, that I have never met with an equal number of my
fellow-creatures who seemed to me so indisputably and
purely useful. The most cavilling mind must applaud
their devoted sense of duty, bearing up against exile from country and friends, privations, trial of patience, and the many, many ills inevitable to such an errand in a foreign land, while even the coldest politician would find in their efforts the best promise for an enlightened renovation of Greece.—Willis's Pencillings by the way.

---*

THE COMPANY OF BOOKS.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable communications are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all that will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship: and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best company where I live. Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, and affliction. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof.—Channing.

---*

Envy is a fiend which never totally dies out of this world, and but seldom sleeps; however, as it sometimes falls into slumber, it is highly imprudent to awake it, either by loudly trumpeting forth our own praise, or by doing commendable actions with bustle and noise.
ENGLAND’S DEAD.

Sons of the ocean isle,
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and holy pile
Is rear’d o’er glory’s bed.
Go, stranger, track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England’s dead.

On Egypt’s burning plains,
By the pyramid o’ersway’d,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm trees yield no shade.
But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose fight is done;
There slumber England’s dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges’ banks at night
Is heard the tiger’s roar.
But let the sound roll on;
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone;
There slumber England’s dead.

Loud rush the torrent floods
The western wilds among;
And free, in green Columbia’s woods,
The hunter’s bow is strung.
But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow’s flight be sped!
Why should they reck whose task is done?
There slumber England’s dead.
The mountain storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine boughs through the sky,
Like rose leaves on the breeze.
But let the storm rage on;
Let the forest wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' field is won;
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose,
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice fields close,
To chain her with their power.
But let the ice drift on;
Let the cold, blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done;
There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles!
The men of field and wave!
Are not the roeks their funeral piles?
The seas and shores their graves?
Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread;
Wind may not rove, nor billows sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

Father of light and life! Thou good Supreme!
O teach me what is good. Teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

Thomson.
This periodical was commenced a little more than two years ago by the joint recommendation of the Agents and Book Committee of the church, and the wishes of the publishers, owing, partly to the scarcity of money, and partly to the overwhelming abundance of publications in the newspaper form, and, to some extent, to the cost of postage; yet, wherever it has found its way, so far as we can judge, it has been cordially received, and is highly appreciated. Such a periodical seems necessary for the more advanced classes in schools, and also for those teachers and young persons who have access to larger and more expensive works. Young people of the interesting age of which we speak, generally read with great avidity all that comes in their way, and it is certainly desirable to supply the intellectual appetite with something that shall gratify it without injuring their principles, or endangering their morals.

Two volumes of this work are now before the public, and it is in course of publication; a mere glance at the chapters of either will show that we have not been careless in the selection of those which these volumes are filled. We should have been very glad to have more well written original articles, and take this opportunity of saying, that the pages of this periodical will ever be open to communications on the following subjects: Short biographical notices of young persons eminent for piety and usefulness; essays on scientific, moral, and religious subjects; anecdotes illustrative of providence and grace of God; elegant extracts from new and old publications; illustrations of Scripture; accounts of revivals of religion in sabbath schools and Bible classes; anecdotes, narratives, of the lives of young persons, and anything rare and curious, whether historical, religious, or evangelical.

Our own resources, so far as materials for selection are concerned, are ample; but we often suffer from want of time. Any aid, therefore, that our friends can render us, either in the way of original contributions or judicious extracts, will be thankfully received. As to the execution of the work, its typography, embellishments, paper, &c., we have no hesitation in saying it is one of the cheapest in the country; and we once more express a hope that teachers, Sunday school superintendents and teachers, and our friends generally, will interest themselves in promoting and sustaining its circulation. If the travelling preachers only, throughout our whole connection, each send us ten subscribers, we would not complain; but if those who can conveniently take hold of this enterprise will do so, we will be exceedingly glad.
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When about the year one thousand of our era, the Mohammedans of that section of country afterward called Afghanistan, overran a large portion of India, and gained and maintained political supremacy over the greater part of the peninsula of Hindostan, their first care after the tumult of conquest had subsided, was to infuse the doctrines and spirit of their religion into the minds and feelings of the conquered natives. Various populous cities were embellished with palaces, mosques, and minarets, and the Moslems sought to win the allegiance of the people by splendour in the administration of government and the rites of religion. The number of mosques or churches erected in various parts of Hindostan was immense, many of which are still in a fine state of preservation.

The mosque at Agra, represented in our engraving, is one of the finest in the East, if we except those at Constantinople, and the mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem. It is built chiefly of mica, and "resembles," says Malte Brun, "a casket of precious pebbles." In the interior of the apartments, ornaments of gold and marble, and sculptures executed in red, yellow, and black stone, profusely abound. The floor is thickly covered with carpets of the finest texture and most brilliant colours, and the whole interior is well lighted from the dome.
A brief view of the conquest of India by the Mohamme­
dans—a conquest which opened its vast treasures to the
commercial enterprise of Europe, and paved the way for
the introduction of civilization into that land of pagan
darkness—will doubtless be acceptable to our youthful
readers.

The early annals of the Hindoos are so fabulous, that it
is difficult to separate the truth from fiction; but the really
authentic history of Hindostan commences with the con­
quest of Mahmood Gazni, about the year 1000. His king­
dom had arisen out of that of the Saracens, who, under the
Caliph Al Walid, had extended their conquest both to the
east and the west. Gazna was the capital of this territory,
a city which stood near the source of the Indus. From
this point Mahmood farther contemplated the conquest of
Western India, but death stayed the execution of his de­
signs. But his son conducted the expedition, after making
himself master of ancient Bactria. His first invasion was
in the year 1000, and he proceeded with the avowed inten­
tion of overthrowing the Hindoo religion. For this reason
all the Indian princes from the banks of the Ganges to the
Nerbudda joined in a league against him. But their un­
ited forces were too weak, and in 1008 Mahmood destroy­
ed the great temple of Nagracut in the Punjab country.
Laden with the fruits of great plunder, the conqueror re­
turned home, and at once prepared for another invasion.
This was undertaken in 1011, and for seven years he extend­
ed his conquests in various directions, subduing powerful
princes, and demolishing the most sacred and magnificent
temples in Western India. This prince made two or three
other invasions, and at his death, which occurred in 1028,
he possessed the greater part of Eastern Persia, and all
the provinces from the western part of the Ganges to the
peninsula of Guzerat, and those lying between the Indus
and the mountains of Agemire.
The territory of the Mohammedans acquired by these successive invasions was but little extended till 1194, when Mohammed Gori penetrated into Hindostan as far as Eenares, destroying all the temples that stood in the track of his invasion. In 1205 the several conquered provinces were united, and the Afghan empire was founded by Cuttb, who made Delhi his imperial residence. In 1210, Altumish, his successor, conquered the whole of the peninsula of Hindostan proper. Thus it remained, with the exception of a few rebellions, and an occasional addition of territory by invasion, for nearly two hundred years, when the famous Tamerlane, having conquered all the western part of Tartary, turned his arms against Hindostan, and in the course of five months he received the appellation of "the destroying prince," having, within that time, swept off nearly one hundred thousand men! All India bowed to his authority; and after him a succession of powerful princes ruled this "clime of the sun" for nearly four hundred years. Of these, Akbar was one of the most renowned. He made Agra the capital of his empire, and embellished it with splendid palaces and mosques. It was indeed a "city of palaces and fanes," and exhibited all the magnificence pictured forth in the imaginative literature of the orientals. Our engraving is a representation of the chief mosque that stood near the palace of the vror.

MAXIMS.

Liberality without discretion is profuseness; fortitude without wisdom is rashness; sense without justice is craft; and justice without mercy is cruelty.

He that refuseth to buy good counsel cheap, may buy repentance dear.
"Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt."—Matt. xv, 28.

In how many ways did the great Teacher, when he was upon earth, answer that request of his disciples, "Lord, teach us how to pray"—not only at that time when he gave them that form of sound words, that perfect model of prayer which is now used by his church in almost all languages and countries in which we are permitted to address the God of the universe as "our Father," but he taught them, and us also, by all the precepts which require the performance of this duty, thus interposing his authority in this matter, and making the duty binding on all. He taught them also by those precious promises which he gave to encourage them in the performance of this duty, saying unto them, "Ask, and it shall be given." "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father also give his Holy Spirit to those who ask him?" By his own edifying example, the example of a pure and holy devotion which he himself has left us, continuing sometimes whole nights in prayer to God, when he was about to engage in

* Mr. Newton preached quite a number of sermons in New-York during his brief visit to this country. The editor of the Youth's Magazine had an opportunity of hearing him several times, and always with great pleasure, but on no occasion was he better pleased or more edified than while hearing him in John-street church, a place rendered peculiarly sacred and dear by many considerations. Nor is this hallowed feeling in the least diminished by the circumstance that this sermon was the last he heard in that place, and that the building in which it was preached has been removed to give place to another.
a work of more than ordinary importance. By parables; also, and by those miracles of power and mercy which he wrought in direct answer to prayer. Ah! my brethren, how can we who pray so seldom and with so little fervency, reckon ourselves the disciples of such a Master?

Our text affords us another illustrious example of the efficacy of fervent humble prayer. A poor woman of Canaan, whose ancestors for many generations had been the grossest idolaters, attracted by the fame of his miracles, or driven by domestic afflictions, came unto him on behalf of her daughter, "who was grievously vexed with a devil," and after a painful trial of her faith, obtained of him the blessing which she so earnestly desired. The whole account is highly interesting, and furnishes us with many important and useful observations. Demonical possessions in the days of our Lord were very common. That evil spirit who is alike the foe of God and man, knowing that the time had come when the "seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head," exerted a more than ordinary degree of his malevolent influence in afflicting and tormenting the children of men. In the present instance that tender compassion which dwelt in the Redeemer's breast seems for a moment to have left him, and contrary to his usual habit of answering the cries of the distressed, when this woman laid her case before him, "he answered her not a word." The disciples, to their credit as men, though of another nation, "came and besought him, saying, Send her away, (that is, grant her her request,) for she crieth after us." His answer to them, however, was as discouraging as his silence to her, "I am not sent," said he, "but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Though as the Redeemer of all mankind, I came to save all, yet my personal ministry while on earth must be confined to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. But mark this woman's perseverance: "Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help
me." Jesus answered, referring again to the Israelites, the chosen people of God, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs." Such an answer to an ordinary mind was enough to sink it into despair, but this woman begins to reason with her Lord, thus—"Truth, Lord, I acknowledge the justice of what thou hast said; nevertheless, let me have such kindness as the dogs of any family enjoy. Thou, O Lord, art truth itself; thy word can be no other than truth; thou hast called me a dog, and indeed such I am; a poor outcast, a sinner, a Gentile. Give me, therefore, the favour and privilege of a dog, that I may gather up the crumbs of mercy from under the table whereat thy children sit. I presume not to press to the board; let that be for the children, but to creep under it; deny me not then those crumbs which fall from the children's table, and which if the dogs do not gather them, will be swept away and lost in the dust." "Then Jesus answered her, O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt." This word "then" is emphatic. After so many discouragements, still to persevere, it may well be said, Then Jesus granted unto her to the full extent of her desire.

There are two or three things more deducible from this interesting narrative and the miracle which is here recorded.

1. In connection with other miracles it affords strong evidence of the Messiahship of Jesus Christ, and of the truth of his religion.

2. It may be taken as an evidence of God's purpose of bestowing mercy upon the Gentiles, and if so, then let us who are "sinners of the Gentiles" take encouragement to hope in his mercy.

3. It is directly calculated to encourage us in the exercise of prayer—indeed, this seems to be its principal design. Prayer then is our subject, and we may observe,
(1.) It is as gratifying as it is surprising to meet with praying people where we least expected to find them. Yet so it was in the case of this woman—Gentile as she was—heathen as she was, having heard of the fame of Jesus, or read in the law and the prophets something of his character, or learned some way or other that he pitied the distressed, healed the diseased, and cured the blind, she came to him and besought him to have mercy on her by healing her greatly afflicted daughter. Had she attended the synagogue where the Scriptures were read every sabbath, and compared what is therein written with the character and miracles of Christ, it would not have been so surprising that she should come to the conclusion that Jesus was the true Messiah, but with the few opportunities and slender means of obtaining information which she possessed, it is somewhat wonderful that she attained to such consistent views of the character of the Redeemer, and such strong faith in his goodness and power. And in this view of the matter, how would this conduct of a heathen reprove the pride and unbelief of the Jews: they rejected him—this poor Gentile believed in him. Let us bring the matter a little nearer home and to our own times. Has it not been the privilege of many here present to-day to be taught from their infancy to cry, "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?" Have not many of us been taken by the hand and led along to the house of God from childhood? But ah! how many have in after years resisted the convictions of their early life, restrained prayer, and given themselves up to work wickedness, while others, like this poor Gentile woman, who never, or but seldom having heard of the way of salvation, have, nevertheless, almost at the first hearing of the name of Jesus, as the Saviour of sinners, believed on his name. We learn,

(2.) That a domestic affliction is sometimes in the hand of God a powerful incentive to prayer. The duty of
prayer is always binding, but the obligation is not always felt, not always practically acknowledged. Many there are who bring themselves only once in the week to the performance of this duty, on a sabbath morning perhaps, and even then they do not enter into the spirit of it as they ought. When this is the case, God withdraws those blessings from them which they once used to enjoy, and lays affliction upon some beloved one; then they begin to call upon his name, and to pray more fervently than they ever prayed in their lives before. Then for the first time, perhaps, while praying for another, they discover that they ought to pray for themselves. How many, like David, can say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray?" and how many after they have found mercy in affliction are ready to say to their fellows, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul?" Thus they bless God for affliction, not as affliction, but as the means of bringing them to God.

(3.) We are here very impressively instructed to make the afflictions and sorrows of others our own. I do not know what may be your opinion, but I have long been of the opinion that the virtue of natural affection is most intense and fervent in the maternal breast. None but mothers know what mothers feel. How many pious mothers make the case of an unconverted child their own, and like this woman in the gospel cry out in the anguish of their hearts, "Lord, help me"—Lord, have mercy upon me by showing mercy to my daughter. So a father prays for his prodigal son, and ceases not until he returns to God, and he can say in the joy of his heart, "This my son which was dead is alive again, was lost and is found." So we should feel for our unconverted neighbours. Our language should be, "Lord, this my neighbour, whom I so highly esteem, is unacquainted with thee, have mercy upon me by showing mercy to him." And thus we should feel for
What saith the law in this case? "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;" no matter if he do not live near me, if he be a man, he is a fellow-creature, and I am bound to remember him in my prayers to God always. So Jeremiah remembered his countrymen for good—"For the hurt of my people am I hurt." So St. Paul desired the salvation of all Israel—"Brethren," says he, "my heart's desire and prayer for Israel is, that they might be saved." His heart was in his prayer, and so must ours be in our prayers for all mankind. But why do I refer you to human examples? Did not Jesus pour out his life's blood for all mankind? yes, "for every soul of man!"

(4.) Sincere supplications, whether for ourselves or for others, may meet with sore discouragements, as in the case of the Canaanitish woman. How must her heart have sunk within her at the first repulse, when "Jesus answered her not a word?" She had heard or read, perhaps, in a fragment of a book, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." I have heard of one, even in Zidon, that he opens the eyes of the blind, and even raises the dead, and I supposed that this was he, but surely I am mistaken. I have used the same prayers that others used, and yet he answers me not; surely this cannot be he. Unasked he raised the dead son of the widow of Nain to life. I come to him, not with a dead son, but a living daughter, and yet he answers me not.

Such, my brethren, and much more of the same kind, might have passed in this woman's mind, and at first view we may be ready to wonder at his conduct; but we may rest assured that whatever Jesus does he has good and sound reasons for doing. And let us always remember that delay is not denial! If the blessing be delayed, that is no proof that it is denied. The conduct of the disciples is worthy of notice; they joined their prayers with those of
this poor woman. Ah! my brethren, we cannot tell how many blessings we enjoy in answer to the prayers of the people of God. We may observe, also, the wisdom of Jesus still farther. Had he granted this heathen woman an answer to her prayer at first, the jealous and envious Jews might have been prejudiced against him. Had he granted her request at first, she might not have valued the blessing so highly; for that blessing which is easily obtained is seldom as much valued as that which costs us much labour and toil. And besides, Jesus knew what was in her heart. He knew how much she could bear. He knew the strength of her faith, and thus called it forth for the edification of his disciples, who at this time were but young and weak in the faith. As to affliction, it may be better for us to bear it for a while, than to have it removed; for affliction, when sanctified, "worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The first prayer of many persons in the time of affliction is, "Lord, remove thy hand;" but, my friends, there is another prayer that ought to come before that; it is this, "Lord, let the end of this affliction be answered," for when the end is answered, the affliction will be removed.

(5.) Genuine prayer is always humble and persevering. All her discouragements only served to bring this woman nearer to Jesus, till at last she fell at his feet, crying, "Lord, help me." Mark these expressions, "Lord, help me!" I do not profess to understand the rationality of the sentiment which supposes Jesus Christ to be but a mere man, and yet a good man. What would you think of these my brother ministers, if any one should address such language to them as this woman addressed to Christ, and fall prostrate before them, as she fell prostrate before him? Would you not esteem such conduct idolatrous, for such it would certainly be; but it is not idolatry to worship Christ, for he is both God and man. I am glad to
meet with those doxologies which ascribe equal glory to the Son as to the Father and Spirit, and would say, in the words of the excellent liturgy of the Church, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen." And let all the people say, Amen. [Here the loud Amen was heard from every part of the house.]

(6.) There was an ingenuity as well as humility and fervency in this woman's prayer. Christ had said to her, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it to dogs." And who, my brethren, would have thought that she could extract an argument out of such a seeming repulse as this? Yet so it was: she admits the justice of the decision that the children's portion should not be given to the dogs, but yet claims that portion which, by common consent of all, belongs to them: "Give me the crumbs; I ask no more." This was enough; her suit was gained. "O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt." The treasury of divine benevolence was now open to her. She had not only found the treasury, but the door into that treasury, and the key to open that door, and a hand to turn that key, and open that door, and take out of that treasury a supply of all her wants.

"Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent;
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord hath done for me.'"

TEMPTATION.

Think not that if you were in such a family, under such a ministry, or out of such particular circumstances, the devil would not assault you as he doth; for while Satan's old friend (Corruption) is alive within, he will be knocking at the door without.
The following apothegms, as they may very properly be called, are taken from a work entitled "Mental Discipline; or Hints on the Cultivation of Intellectual and Moral Habits; addressed to Students in Theology and Young Ministers. By the Rev. Henry Foster Burder, A. M.

In these extracts some slight alterations are made, and the words teachers, pupils, &c., are substituted for ministers, people, &c., in order to adapt them to the use of those engaged in Sunday school instruction. The apothegms or sentences are so many heads of chapters, on each of which are to be found in the work some very judicious and appropriate remarks.

MENTAL AND MORAL DISCIPLINE.

1. Reflect much on the indispensable and transcendent importance of personal religion.

2. Aim, with the most conscientious solicitude, at purity of motive in all your engagements.

3. Repress, to the utmost, the feelings of vanity and pride, and the undue desire of popular applause.

4. Let the grand points in religion have their due prominence in your instructions.

5. Aim, in teaching, at the utmost seriousness of manner.

6. Let a deep sense of responsibility, at the divine tribunal, secure fidelity in your work.

7. Let there be in your instructions the utmost clearness and discrimination.

8. Let pointed appeals to the heart, and direct applications to the conscience, frequently be made.

9. Do not aim at any thing to which you are not equal, or which the subject does not require.

10. Study assiduously the best way of access to the minds of your pupils.
11. Endeavour to derive from the subject in hand that spiritual benefit which you wish your pupils to receive.

12. Attach due importance to public worship yourself, and teach your pupils to do the same.


15. Endeavour to adopt the most interesting and efficient methods of conveying instruction to your pupils.

16. Visit your pupils, and keep up a friendly intercourse with their parents.

17. Cultivate, with daily solicitude, spirituality of mind.

18. Manifest a laudable degree of Christian zeal for the general interests of true religion, both at home and abroad.

19. Propose to yourself as a model the great Teacher, the great apostle, or some eminent minister of Jesus Christ.

20. Beware of a sectarian spirit, and cherish feelings of Christian love to all who embrace the faith, and adorn the gospel of Christ.

21. Do full justice to the talents and excellences of others, without envy or jealousy.

22. Make all your studies subservient to the great work of piety and usefulness.

23. Suffer not your public engagements to interfere with private duties.

24. Guard against levity of spirit and demeanour.

25. Cherish the strictest purity of thought, sentiment, and action.

26. Cultivate and display the most delicate sense of honour in your intercourse with other teachers, and with society in general.

27. Remember the pre-eminent importance of prudence and discretion.
28. Study and display that courtesy which is the essence of true politeness.
29. Observe punctuality in all your engagements, and enjoin the same upon your pupils.
30. Do not hastily abandon a situation of usefulness in which you have acquired a moral influence.

PIOUS RESOLUTIONS.

1. I will ever mourn over the distempers of my own heart, which incline me to take an undue delight in creatures, in idols, in vanities.
2. I will bless God for those afflictions and dispensations, be they ever so distressing, by which he is curing these disorders in me.
3. I will account myself happy in the favour of God, although I have no earthly thing to give me any satisfaction.
4. I will reckon any opportunities for being brought into converse with God, as treasures to be preferred above all riches.
5. I will never be in any other than in a restless disquiet of soul, until I find all my ends to be entirely swallowed up in the glory of God.
6. I will relish all my enjoyments, even to my very meat and drink, chiefly, and, if I can, merely, under the notion of my being by them assisted in the knowledge, or the service of God.
7. I will endeavour to be continually abounding in thoughts of God; nor would I be, ordinarily, one quarter of an hour wholly without them.
8. It shall be my pleasure to wait upon God, in all the ways of worship in which I may have communion with him, especially in frequent prayers.—Dr. Cotton Mather.
MR. WILLIAMSON tells an anecdote of an elephant who used to be called the Paugul, or fool, but who vindicated his claim to another character in a very singular manner. He had refused to bear a greater weight upon a march than was agreeable to him, by constantly pulling part of the load off his back; and a quarter-master of brigade, irritated at his obstinacy, threw a tent-pin at his head. In a few days after, as the animal was going from the camp to water, he overtook the quarter-master, and seizing him with his trunk, lifted him into a large tamarind tree, which overhung the road, leaving him to cling to the boughs, and get down as well as he could.

Lieut. Shipp, to try his memory of injuries, gave an elephant a large quantity of Cayenne pepper between some bread. The animal was much irritated by the offence; and about six weeks after, when the unsuspecting joker went to fondle him, he endured the caresses very placidly, but finished the affair by drenching his persecutor with dirty water, from head to foot.

ABSALOM'S PILLAR.

The last number of the Missionary Herald contains some interesting extracts from the journal of the Rev. Mr. Riggs, a missionary in Smyrna, during a journey in Syria, for the benefit of his health, in the course of which he visited Beyroot, Jerusalem, and other celebrated places. On the third day after his arrival at Jerusalem, in company with some friends, he rode around the city, and visited spots of peculiar interest in the environs. He says that continuing his way along the bed of the Kedron, he came to some ancient tombs or monuments situated on its left bank, the most interesting of which, as it was doubtless the most ancient, was the pillar of Absalom, the construction of which is mentioned 2 Samuel xviii, 18. No
doubt is entertained that this is the monument there described. Its architecture is different from any thing which he had before seen. The bottom is cut from the solid rock. This part is perhaps fifteen feet in height, and is surrounded by an antique cornice. The second story, as it may be called, is somewhat less in height, built of heavy blocks of hard limestone, and surmounted by another cornice. Above this is still another story, consisting of a single block of limestone, in the shape of an incurvated cone, the upper part of which is quite slender. The whole is altogether unique, and, even without the aid of tradition, gives one impressions of a very remote antiquity. This is just opposite Mount Moriah, on whose level summit the temple anciently stood.

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THE TRAVELLER’S FRIEND.

In Madagascar grows a singular tree, (Urania,) which, from its property of yielding water, is called the traveller’s friend. It differs from most other trees, in having all its branches in one place, like the sticks of a fan, or the feathers of a peacock’s tail. At the extremity of each branch grows a broad double leaf, several feet in length, which spreads itself out very gracefully. These leaves radiate heat so rapidly after sunset, that a copious deposition of dew takes place upon them; soon collecting into drops, forming little streams, which go down the branches to the trunk. Here it is received into hollow places of considerable magnitude, one of which is found at the root of every branch. These branches lie one above the other alternately, and when a knife, or, what is better, a flat piece of stick, (for it is not necessary to cut the tree,) is inserted between the parts which outlay, and slightly drawn to one side so as to cause an opening, a stream of water gushes out, as if from a fountain. Hence the appropriate name of “traveller’s friend.”
THE WILD HORSE.

The following picturesque and graphic description we take from that brilliant little sheet, the New-Orleans Picayune. It appears in a series, entitled "Prairie Sketches."

We were water-bound at Walnut Creek. The water was too high to admit our crossing, and for three days we had remained listless and idle on the bank of the stream. The fourth day came, and still the water continued rising, and as we could not proceed upon our travel, three of us, weary of idleness, determined to start in pursuit of a buffalo. We discharged the old charges from our fire-arms, and, having carefully loaded again, we mounted and rode off. As yet we had seen but one buffalo, and that was an old bull, with flesh as tough as leather. We started at eight in the morning, and rode two hours and a half without seeing a thing that had life, except the innumerable moschetaoes, flies, and ground insects. We rode through beds of sun-flowers, miles in extent, with their dark seedy centres, and radiating yellow leaves, following the sun through the day from east to west, and drooping when the...
shadows close over them, as though they were things of sense and sentiment. These are sometimes beautifully varied with a delicate flower of an azure tint, yielding no perfume, but forming a pleasant contrast to the bright yellow of the sun-flower.

About half past ten we discerned a creature in motion at an immense distance, and instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes' riding brought us near enough to discover, by its fleetness, it could not be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erected head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us and sped away with an arrowy fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away in another direction, with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We paused—for to pursue him with a view of catching him was clearly impossible. When he discovered that we were not following him, he also paused, and now he seemed to be inspired with as great curiosity as ourselves experienced, for after making a slight turn, he came nearer, till we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear bright eye, and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils.

We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly, for the purpose of scanning him more nearly. We had not advanced far, however, before he moved away, and circling round, approached on the other side. 'Twas a beautiful animal—a sorrel, with a jet black mane and tail. We could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs as he moved; and when, half playfully and half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed—hopelessly, vexatiously longed to possess him.
Of all the brute creation, the horse is the most admired by man. Combining beauty with usefulness, all countries and all ages yield him their admiration. But, though the finest specimen of his kind, a domestic horse will ever lack that magic and indescribable charm that beams like a halo round the simple name of freedom. The wild horse, roving the prairie wilderness, knows no master, has never felt the whip, never clasped in his teeth the bit to curb his native freedom, but gambols unmolested over his grassy home, where nature has given him a bountiful supply of provender. Lordly man has never sat upon his back; the spur and the bridle are unknown to him; and when the Spaniard comes, on his fleet trained steed, with noose in hand to ensnare him, he bounds away over the velvet carpet of the prairie, swift as an arrow from the Indian's bow, or even the lightning darting from the cloud.

We might have shot him from where we stood, but had we been starving we could scarcely have done it. He was free, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him—but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head; he heard the report and the whiz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant rolls, still seeming smaller, until he faded away in a speck on the far horizon's verge.

Just as he vanished, we perceived two dark spots on a hill about three miles distant. We knew them to be buffalo, and immediately set off in pursuit.

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THE LIFE OF THE WICKED.

"The life of the wicked," says one, "is a practical protest that they will bear the prison of hell, the torment of fire, and that for the space of eternity, rather than be friends with God."
The inquiries often arise in the mind, what constitutes man a superior being? In what does he differ from irrational creatures? What prerequisites are essential for the formation of character? And to what source are we to apply for those qualifications which ennoble, elevate, and dignify here, and prepare for an increase and perpetuity of every grace, and for the perfection of every concomitant blessing in heaven? God has richly endowed man; he has implanted in his nature a propensity for the enjoyment of life, and for a participation in all the means of happiness. The position is unequivocally assumed that there are degrees in native intellect; and where much is given, doubtless the more will be expected. All have not a bright genius, or strong memory; yet application strengthens inert nature; perseverance overcomes formidable obstacles, and hastens the consummation of mental discipline. And as man is mortal and time limited, reason would suggest the propriety of an early commencement in cultivating those talents the God of nature has so wisely bestowed upon him. And are there no motives to influence man in the pursuit of knowledge? The pleasures of intellect present strong incentives; the halls of literature invite him to enter; the champions of wisdom welcome him to pluck a laurel in the field of improvement; the hand of art withdraws not her aid; the philanthropy of science presents her telescope through which remote objects are brought within his grasp; revelation steps forward and displays beneath the standard of truth, the much desired stone of unrivalled virtue that turns all into gold, whose transforming power perfects the whole man. Thus favoured, would he not be culpable to let his faculties lie dormant, and permit ignorance and error to overspread the
mind, when there is so ample a provision tendered to stimulate, that he may excel, and free himself from degradation, when his chief end is to glorify God, and then enjoy him for ever?

Here he may become the light of the world, and diffuse those beneficent beams around him which shall shine on benighted travellers, and point out the path of rectitude and bliss. And who dares to say that the activity and expansion of the mind here will not better prepare the energies of the soul for a participation in those delights where we shall know even as we are known? "Knowledge is power," and it is the prerogative of God to know all things. Man, though possessing limited faculties, is a candidate for an endless eternity: he is, as it were, allied to angels, and capable of rising for ever in the scale of being. He has only to understand what he has to do, and then to labour indefatigably. Of vast importance is a good judgment, and how invaluable are the advantages of right reasoning! Let the hope of increased attainments, new disclosures, the satisfaction and pleasure derived from known truths and present acquirements, incite the studious to diurnal sedulity, convinced that life will bequeath them but little without great activity, and remembering human effort will be abortive without divine aid. I would sooner censure the indolence of the sluggard than the intemperance of the martyr, such as put out the life lamp of the lamented Kirke White. Reflection, and being aware of man possessing abilities so inestimable and improving, have made me quite an enthusiast on the side of erudition: yet experience has tempered that enthusiasm, by beholding one whose aptness for learning and tenacious memory amassed much; whose aspiring mind still looked forward to fresh discoveries in latent lore; but in the spring time of his days, he was snatched away by the potent arm of death, and over his early fate, with friends, I have dropped a tear.
O, if he had sought to be endowed with wisdom from on high, providence might yet have spared him, and his fine mind and lucent talents, so laudably improved, might have brilliantly shone in unfurling the gospel banner, and in proclaiming Jesus to a lost world. He had gloried in superiority of intellect, but vain is the boasted celebrity of man; for all the glory of man is as the flower of grass. The almighty mandate came, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." By assiduity he had betimes arisen to an eminence among the literati, and no doubt counted on long years of pleasure here, and to an increased exaltation in the scale of greatness. But alas! he was quite unfurnished for the world to come. With all his accomplishments, with all his study, he had not learned Christ. The thing most essential he had not acquired; his soul was immortal, but it was poor, blind, and unclothed; with the knowledge of salvation by the remission of his sins he was unacquainted. He could not adopt the language of the learned and pious Addison, and say, "See with what composure a Christian can die." When asked of his hopes of heaven, horror was depicted on his countenance, and gloom pervaded his features. His now aged father, who for years had been a minister of the cross, and pointed many a soul to the Lamb of God, saw his idolized son "shrinking from the cold hand of death," without a preparation of heart to meet God. But to the praise of divine grace be it recorded, that a few hours before he expired he bore testimony to a change of heart, and declared to his weeping relatives, "All is bright, all is glorious." Their hopes for him for time were bitterly blasted, but his dear parents' prayers for his soul's salvation were answered, and said his father, "I ask no more."

From this death-bed scene I have been more deeply impressed with the pre-eminent value of the science of religion over every other science. The latter is but
secondary, as intended to bless and adorn our present existence, the former, all important, provides for an immortal being. It is the foundation, the dome, garnishes the structure, compacts the whole, enhances its utility, honours its possessor, magnifies the architect, and transplants the inmate to a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

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EUPHEMIA.

For the Youth's Magazine.

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED BROTHER.

"I had a brother once"—a noble youth—
Who, as he came to manhood's opening years,
Possessing a refined and generous mind,
Gave ample hope of future usefulness.

In the relations of domestic life and the ties of kindred are brought into exercise some of the deepest and finest sensibilities of the human heart. And when these relations are dissolved, and these ties are broken, the wound is proportionally poignant and severe. Especially is this the case when the object is every way worthy of our affections; one around which they cling with fond delight, and yet, in all its loveliness is snatched suddenly and unexpectedly from our embrace. Such was my brother, and such the tender tie that was rent by his sudden removal from the shores of mortality to the world of spirits.

Older by several years than myself, he was the companion of my childhood, and my earliest recollections are associated with his memory. Of an intellectual turn of mind, and generous in his feelings, he possessed that noble expansion of soul which at once commands respect and esteem. He had a proud and manly brow, and his brilliant eye caught a spark of intelligence from the spirit that burned within. He was the pride of the domestic circle,

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and the affection cherished toward him was in turn reciprocated. I was the object of his peculiar regard, and to my latest day I shall remember with sad, but sincere pleasure, the lively interest which he felt in my behalf, the satisfaction with which he saw my advancement in learning, and the sacrifices which he was ready to make for my improvement.

With half paternal care,
He watch'd my tender childhood's growing years,
And sought to bend the mind's first ductile shoot
To science and to virtue.

And even after he had left the parental roof, as he was occasionally with us, he would often cheerfully perform those petty labours that devolved on me, that I might spend the time in study. Several years elapsed after he first left the home of his youth to launch upon the wide world, which he spent alternately in manual labour, in the instruction of youth, and the retreats of the academic hall. During this period he favoured us with occasional visits, and we had frequent epistolary correspondence with him. But at last he took a final leave of us, and bent his course several hundred miles to the far west. He fixed his residence in one of the western states, in a flourishing village near a tributary stream of the great Mississippi. We had with him here, as before, occasional interchange of thought and feeling, by means of pen and paper. Desire brightened into hope, hope ripened into expectation, and expectation, each revolving month, gathered fresh assurance of his future prosperity and happiness in his new-sought home.

While we were thus expecting no gale but that of prosperity, and no tidings but those of welcome joy, a dark cloud suddenly came over our prospects, and shrouded them in almost rayless gloom. When nearly a year from the time he took his final departure had passed thus pleasantly away, as we looked, with anxious eye, for the
accustomed scrap of intelligence from him, we found it indeed, but the address was written by a stranger's hand. It was a silent but sorrowful messenger sent to inform us that he whom we so ardently loved was no more. Ah! who can tell the sudden anguish of that hour? Those who have experienced an unexpected wave of sorrow on similar occasions may perhaps conceive it, but I cannot describe it.

"Can it be?" said I, as my thoughts lingered on the mournful theme; "has our noble, our manly, our much loved brother gone to his long home, and shall I no more see his face below?" It was indeed so. A fatal malady had visited his adopted home. That mortal disease, the cholera, in its wide-spread desolation up that western river, had invaded the place of his residence. In this hour of darkness and distress, he went to the house of the afflicted; and, where many others wavered and shrunk, he threw himself fearlessly into the very midst of the disease, and administered, as far as human hand could do it, "the kind relief." He saw many a one fall, and from the vigour of health become in a few hours a pallid corpse, and yet he himself was untouched. The lips of friends were eloquent in commendation of his fortitude, and brightening hope half promised that he might yet bear up against the tempest, and outride the storm. But when the disease had nearly spent its force, in its last ravings, like the howling blast that speaks the final throe of expiring winter, it marked him for its victim. A few brief hours closed the scene, and he who had alleviated the woes of others, himself heaved the mortal pang. But a ray of hope illumined his path-way into eternity. He was a Christian; and in a letter which he wrote almost with his dying hand, and which was forwarded to us by another, he expressed his resignation to the stroke, and a hope through grace of meeting us in that better world, where
“Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear’d no more.”

And thus, in a stranger’s land he died, without a brother or a sister, in his last moments, to stand around his bed and administer consolation to his sinking soul; but other hands closed his failing eye and smoothed his dying pillow, and “his grave was watered by the tears of strangers.”

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DR. CLARKE’S COMMENTARY.

To those who are not familiar with the Biblical writings of Dr. Clarke, it may be necessary briefly to advert to his preparations for the undertaking of a work of such magnitude, and the obstacles he conquered in the prosecution of a commentary on the Holy Scriptures. His own record of this is simple, lucid, and interesting.

“At an early age I took for my motto Proverbs xviii, 1, ‘Through desire, a man, having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom.’ Being convinced that the Bible was the source whence all the principles of true wisdom, wherever found in the world, had been derived; my desire to comprehend adequately its great design, and to penetrate the meaning of all its parts, led me to separate myself from every pursuit that did not lead, at least indirectly, to the accomplishment of this end; and while seeking and intermeddling with different branches of human knowledge, I put each study under contribution to the object of my pursuit; endeavouring to make everything subservient to the information of my own mind, that, as far as divine providence might think proper to employ me, I might be the better qualified to instruct others. At first, I read and studied, scarcely committing anything to paper, having my own edification alone in view, as I could not then hope that anything I wrote could be of sufficient importance to engage the attention or promote the welfare of the public. But, as I proceeded, I thought it best to note down the result of my studies, especially as far as they related to the Septuagint, which, about the year 1785, I began to read regularly, in order to acquaint myself more fully with the phraseology of the New Testament; as I found that this truly venerable version was that to which our blessed Lord and his apostles had constant recourse, and from which they made all their quotations. The study of this version served more to illuminate and ex-
pand my mind, than all the theological works I had ever consulted. I had proceeded but a short way in it, before I was convinced that the prejudices against it were utterly unfounded, and that it was of incalculable advantage toward a proper understanding of the literal sense of Scripture. About nine years after this, my health having been greatly impaired by the severity of my labours, and fearing that I should soon be obliged to relinquish my public employment, I formed the purpose of writing short notes on the New Testament, collating the common printed text with all the MSS. and collections from MSS. to which I could have access. Scarcely had I projected this work, when I was convinced that another was previously necessary, viz., a careful perusal of the original text. I began this; and soon found that it was perfectly possible to read, and not to understand. Under this conviction, I sat down determining to translate the whole, before I attempted any comment, that I might have the sacred text the more deeply impressed on my memory.

"I accordingly began my translation in June, 1794, and finished it in May, 1795; collating the original text with all the ancient and with several of the modern versions; carefully weighing the value of the most important various readings found in those, and in the most authentic copies of the Greek text. A worse state of health ensuing, I was obliged to remit almost all application to study, and the work was thrown aside for nearly two years: having returned to it, when a state of comparative convalescence took place—I found I had not gone through the whole of my preliminary work. The New Testament, I plainly saw, was a comment on the Old; and to understand such a comment, I knew, it was absolutely necessary to be well acquainted with the text. I then formed the plan of reading, consecutively, a portion of the Hebrew Bible daily. Accordingly, in January, 1797, I began to read the original text of the Old Testament, noting down on the different books, chapters, and verses, such things as appeared to me of most importance; intending the work as an outline for one on a more extensive scale, should it please God to spare my life, and give me health and leisure to complete it. This preliminary work I finished in March, 1798, having spent in it a little more than one year and two months; in which time I translated every sentence, Hebrew and Chaldee, in the Old Testament. In such a work, it would be absurd to pretend that I had not met with difficulties. I was attempting to illustrate the most ancient and most learned book in the universe, replete with allusions to arts that are lost,—to nations that are extinct,—to customs that are no longer observed,—and abounding in modes of speech and turns of phraseology, which can only be traced out through the medium of the cognate Asi-
atic languages. On these accounts I was often much perplexed, but I could not proceed till I had done the utmost in my power to make every thing plain. The frequent occurrence of such difficulties, led me close-
ly to examine and compare all the original texts and versions; and from these, especially the Samaritan, Chaldee Targums, Septuagint, and Vulgate, I derived the most assistance; though all the rest contrib-
uted their quota in cases of difficulty.

"On May 1, 1798, almost as soon as this work was finished, I began my comment on the four Gospels; and notwithstanding the prepara-
tions already made, and my indefatigable application, early and late, to the work, I did not reach the end of the fourth evangelist till Novem-
ber in the following year."

Such is Dr. Clarke's own account of the rise and progress of the work now offered to the public; and as the mind, that could at once perceive and take within its grasp the various difficulties thus specified, must have been deeply impressed with its importance, so the heart that could resolutely set itself to the task of surmounting them, showed a daring rarely equalled in literary toil. The preface alone—though only a tith of what he had contemplated, and exclusive of his Bibliographi-
cal Dictionary, Miscellany, and Succession of Sacred Literature—dis-
plays an instance of varied and extensive reading but seldom exhibited, and is no insignificant proof of his qualifications for the work he had un-
dertaken. While his plan—which is dissimilar to all others—evinces the originality of his mind, the execution of its various parts is an attest-
ation of its acuteness, energy, and comprehensiveness. To the work, as a whole, the complimentary address of David to the priest, in refe-
rence to the sword of Goliah, may be very properly applied—"There is none like" it. Without at all attempting to depreciate the value of others, which possess different degrees of merit, it takes the same stand among the works of other commentators, as Dr. Johnson's and Dr. Webster's Dictionaries occupy among the works of other English lexi-
cographers. Like an Encyclopædia, it is a library of itself.

The learning and criticisms with which the notes abound, render the work a proper companion for the general scholar; of which no other proof is necessary, than the fact of the work being quoted as an author-
ity by the learned—a compliment generally reserved for the great after their demise, but which Dr. Clarke commanded while living, and had it dealt out to him with liberality. The divine, especially, will find himself amply repaid by a perusal of its pages; and though modestly designated by the doctor, "A Help to the better Understanding of the Sacred Writings," he will obtain such aid there, as no other source
can so amply afford. It is a treasury, in which are to be found "things new and old;" a magazine, in which the author has deposited knowledge which he has brought "from afar." Adapted, however, as it is, for the scholar and the Christian minister, it would have been a reflection upon the writer, as well as have greatly curtailed the usefulness of his labours, if he had not had an eye to the general good of man. He has been careful, therefore, not to exclude from among his readers the less educated of his fellow-creatures. The poor man and the poor man's child may take up the work and peruse it with profit in private; the head of a family will find it an admirable means of instruction for his household. In this are perceived both the wisdom and piety of the author. "Having endeavoured to set many things and words in a more striking point of view than is ordinarily done, I have of course been obliged to introduce those words from the originals on which my criticisms are founded. But, in this I have studied to be as plain and intelligible as possible. The most uninformed reader cannot stumble at any thing of this kind he may meet; for, though these terms are printed in the characters of their respective languages, I have taken care to give the true reading of each in European letters; and I introduce nothing without a translation." This renders the work peculiarly valuable, and confers upon it such a character, that it may not be improperly styled, "Every man's book;" and the more so, when it is considered, agreeably to the doctor's own statement, that the controversies among religious people are rarely noticed; having seldom referred to the creed of any sect or party of Christians, and never produced an opinion merely for the sake of establishing it, or appending to it its confutation. "I simply," says he, "propose what I believe to be the meaning of a passage; and maintain what I believe to be the truth, but scarcely ever in a controversial way. I think it quite possible to give my own views of the doctrines of the Bible, without introducing a single sentence at which any Christian might reasonably take offence. And I hope that no provocation which I may receive shall induce me to depart from this line of conduct." Here, then, is a work properly for the Christian world.

The superiority of the present edition over the one already published, will consist in,

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4. Its correctness. “Inform Mr. Tegg,” said the doctor, to his friend, that “it will not be to him a second-hand edition, for the multitudinous emendations and corrections, from the author’s own and last hand, will give him a complete new copyright.” Happily, for the sake of Biblical literature, the doctor had the whole ready for the press a short time before he died; and in that finished state, with all the corrections, and with whatever additional matter he saw proper to introduce, the work is presented to the public.

---*

"WEALTH IN CHRIST."

A LADY of wealth and piety, who had lately met with many afflictions, and was expecting more, related some of her sorrows to a poor but pious woman, whose cottage she entered. The poor Christian, taking the lady to a closet, said, “Do you see any thing?” The lady replied, “No.” She took her to another closet, and repeated the question, to which with some surprise the lady again answered, “No.” “Then, madam,” said the poor woman, “you see all I have in the world. But why should I be unhappy? I have Christ in my heart, and heaven in my eye. I have an unfailing word of promise, that bread shall be given me, and water shall be sure, while I stay a little longer in this vale of tears; and when I die, a bright crown of glory awaits me, through the merits of my Redeemer.”

Blessed confidence! Reader, do you possess this cheering hope?

---*

SUPERSTITION.

ON the road to Magagong, (Bombay,) there is a place where the natives who have lost caste may be observed undergoing various degrees of penance. Among the most remarkable is that of a man who had eaten pork, which is
strictly prohibited among the Gentoos. This man, when I saw him, had held a flower-pot filled with earth, and had then a flower in it, for fifteen years; and I was informed on the spot, he had to hold it for six years more. This poor creature was dreadfully emaciated, and, as may naturally be supposed, the arm and hand which contained the pot were withered, and the nails, which were seven or eight inches long, curled in every direction. Another man who had just completed twenty years' penance of subsisting on a pint of rice-water a day, I have since heard, died in consequence of the change of diet after his liberation.—Narrative of a Traveller.

THE HUMAN RACE.

The whole human race, if collected together in one spot, would not occupy a space equal to that in which our metropolis stands. For suppose the population of the globe to be equal to 1,000,000,000 souls, and the average space occupied by each individual to be one square foot, the whole of the human family collected together in one column would cover a square of 31,620,000 feet, or of about six miles. They would all easily be contained within the circumference of London.—Ward's Miscel.

For the Youth's Magazine.

EARLY PIETY.

BY G. D. YORK.

Like the sweet rose that scents the morn,
And breathes its perfume on the air—
Like the young flowers that spring adorn,
And smile in blooming fragrance fair;
Does youthful piety impart
The early incense of the heart.
Youth's sparkling eye from naught beneath
Such brilliant lustre can derive:
The rosy lips of youth ne'er breathe
Such pureness—such sweet accents give;
As when devotion's song they bear,
Or breathe the soft and silent prayer.

Just as aurora's rosy light,
That brightly gylds the orient sky,
Betokens fast retreating night,
And speaks the opening morning nigh;
The light of early piety
Gives joyous pledge of following day.

As the young blossom on the vine
Gives promise of succeeding fruit;
While 'mid bright leaves the tendrils twine,
That show a sound and healthy root;
So does religion's early bloom
Promise rich fruit in years to come.

The branch may wither on the vine,
Or crawling worm the root devour,
The blossom that did gayly shine,
Be blighted by some hurtful power;
But fruit each branch in Christ shall find,
Unless dissever'd from the vine.

The morning sun may set in clouds,
The rising day be veil'd at noon;
Or if no storm its brightness shroud,
It soon must end in midnight gloom:
But piety's first opening ray
May brighten to eternal day.

Norwich, July 8, 1840.
THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart’s fond view?
In childhood’s sports, companions gay,*
In sorrow, on life’s downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden’s bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown’d the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall’n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stain’d with fear and strife!
In reason’s world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve’s matron smile
In the world’s opening glow.

The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;—

* ["Look at a little child on the meadow, no matter though it has been born in the very heart of a city, and seen nothing but brick walls, and crowds, and rolling carriages, and pavements, and dust; let it once get its feet upon the sward, and it will toss away the most costly playthings, and never gather enough of the butter-cups, and daisies, and other wild flowers which prank the sod. And if it shall start a little bird, which bounces onward with easy wing, as if it were leaping from portion to portion of the sightless air, how it will stretch its little hands, and shout, and hurry on to catch the living treasure, which, in its young, but perfectly natural estimation, is of more value than the wealth of the world. And if the bird perches on the hedge or the tree, and sings its sweet song of security, the little finger will at once be held up by the little ear, and the other hand will be extended with the palm backward, as if a sign were given by nature herself for the world to listen and admire.”—Mudie’s Observation of Nature, p. 35.]
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
    And as we gaze, we know.
Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
    Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
    Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
    They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet
    And come again to-morrow.
Ye fearless in your nests abide—
    Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons undescried
    By all but lowly eyes:
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
    Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
    He taught us how to prize.
Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
    As when he paused and own'd you good;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
    Ye felt it all renew'd.
What care ye now, if winter's storm
    Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
    Ye fear no vexing mood.
Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
    That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
    Of your calm loveliness!
"Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
    To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
    And Heaven thy morn will bless."
1Mazhe eontaioi

abeet.
This periodical was commenced a little more than two years ago, on the joint recommendation of the Agents and Book Committee, though the circulation of it has not been commensurate with the wishes of the publishers, owing, partly, to the overwhelming abundance of publications in the newspaper form, and, to some extent, to the scarcity of money, and partly to the overwhelming multitude of postages; yet, wherever it has found its way, so far as we can discern, it has been cordially received, and is highly appreciated. Such a periodical seems necessary for the more advanced classes in our schools, and also for those teachers and young persons who have access to larger and more expensive works. Young people of the interesting age of which we speak, generally read with great avidity all that comes in their way, and it is certainly desirable to supply their intellectual appetite with something that shall gratify it without conflicting with their principles, or endangering their morals.

Two volumes of this work are now before the public; a mere glance at the chapters of these volumes will show that we have not been careless in the selection of the materials with which these volumes are filled. We should have been glad of a few more well written original articles, and take this opportunity of saying, that the pages of this periodical will ever be open to communications on the following subjects: Short biographical skits of young persons eminent for piety and usefulness; essays on scientific, moral, and religious subjects; anecdotes illustrative of providence and grace of God; elegant extracts from new and ancient authors; illustrations of Scripture; accounts of revivals of religion in Sabbath schools and Bible classes; anecdotes, narratives, dialogues, and any thing rare and curious, provided, always, that nothing be published which is at variance with Scripture, truth, or evangelical piety.

Our own resources, so far as materials for selection are concerned, are ample; but we often suffer for want of time. Any aid, therefore, from our friends can render us, either in the way of original compositions or judicious extracts, will be thankfully received. As to the mechanical execution of the work, its typography, embellishments, paper, presses, and binding, &c., we have no hesitation in saying it is one of the cheapest in the country; and we once more express a hope that our friends, Sunday school superintendents and teachers, and our friends generally, will interest themselves in promoting and sustaining its circulation.

If the travelling preachers only, throughout our whole connection, each send us ten subscribers, we would not complain; but if all who can conveniently take hold of this enterprise will do so, we will be exceedingly glad.
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GRACE KING; or, RECOLLECTIONS OF EVENTS IN THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A PIOUS YOUTH; with extracts from her diary. Price 37½ cents, neatly bound in cambric.

RAROTONGA.

This is a large and populous island of the South Pacific, lying south-west of the Society Isles, and belonging to the group called the Hervey or Cook's Islands. It is in 19 S. lat., and 159 W. long., and contains nearly 6,000 inhabitants. "The island of Rarotonga," says the Missionary Gazetteer, of 1832, "is politically divided into nearly three equal portions, and governed by three principal chiefs. The new school house at Guatangia is ninety feet by thirty-five. Every morning at sunrise it is filled with adults, who, though unable to read, are taught to commit to memory catechisms and passages of Scripture. Many of them can repeat the whole of the first epistle of John. After the adults have left, the house is filled by the children. Twelve of the elder boys can read and write; others are making progress. Those who are able to read and write are placed as monitors over distinct classes.

The chiefs and people are kind toward the missionaries, and have erected for them a comfortable dwelling, which is floored and plastered. The natives are generally improving. They erect more comfortable houses for themselves, improve in the cultivation of their lands, and enjoy great tranquillity. Fishing nets, mats, and bananas, are the only valuable property in the island. Their coconut trees have been nearly all destroyed in former wars, and arrow root is comparatively a scarce plant, but the
people are endeavouring by various means to increase their resources."

A farther account of this island, and of the progress of Christianity there, may be seen in the first volume of "Conversations on the South Sea Missions."

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THE ALLEGHANY RIDGES.

The following is an extract of a letter from a correspondent of the Providence Journal, giving an account of a "tour across the Alleghanies, by the national road."

"From Harper's Ferry, Va., I retraced my steps to Fredericktown, and took the stage over to the old and familiar route of the national road. The road is so well known as to offer few objects of interest which are not familiar to every one. But as you have not personally crossed the Alleghanies at this point, I will endeavour to convey to you some notion of the character of the scenery and towns upon the route.

"Frederick is a very neat inland city, compactly built, mostly of brick, with paved streets and handsome sidewalks; differing from most of the interior towns of the slave states, you see no old dilapidated buildings, falling to decay, on which the tooth of time is permitted to exhibit its slow ravages till the last sill drops into the cellar. It is connected with Baltimore by rail road, contains 7,000 or 8,000 inhabitants, exhibits an air of prosperity, and affords indications of wealth and taste among its inhabitants. With the charming country around it, Frederick (as it is called by its citizens) must be a most eligible place of residence for a person of leisure and fortune.

"The country from Frederick to the base of the Blue Ridge, a distance of twelve miles, extending north and south as far as the eye can reach, is a beautiful plain, appearing like one vast field checkered with the various kinds
of grain and grass. It is one of the richest agricultural districts in the middle states, and the region from which a large portion of the Howard-street flour is derived. When we passed through it, its golden plots of wheat and rye were ready for the sickle, and the harvesters were afield gathering its abundant products. Gangs of labourers were seen in every direction over the vast area, giving life and animation to the scene. I counted twenty-six labourers in one group, making a merry harvest bee over a fifty acre wheat field; their labour seemed turned to sport, and ready hands and joyous hearts were making a short job of the task before them. Ascending the Blue Ridge, and looking back upon this vale of waving fields, you behold one of the most enchanting landscapes which nature can present to the eye.

"Crossing the Blue Ridge, you descend into the Blue Ridge Valley, lying between the latter mountain and North Mountain. This valley extends from the coal region of Pennsylvania to the borders of South Carolina, gradually widening as you progress south. It includes the best lands of Virginia and North Carolina, and forms the most populous and wealthiest portions of those states. Where it is crossed by the national road in Maryland, it is about sixteen miles in width, and is in the highest state of cultivation, and presents in the whole extent which the eye can embrace from the summit of the mountain a scene of unparalleled loveliness and splendour. It is dotted with farm houses, and diversified with the grove, the cornfield, the meadow, and the pasture; over the latter roam innumerable flocks and herds, which in the long vista up and down, the valley is reduced to a miniature panorama of rural life, and the cattle appear like insects moving over the scene. In the centre of this delightful vale stands the beautiful town of Hagerstown. It is the market town of his rich district, and is handsomely and carefully built,
containing four thousand inhabitants, with regular paved streets, neat and tasteful in its aspect; and surrounded by this magnificent landscape, which it overlooks, it is one of the most charming inland towns in the union.

"We crossed the valley at a late hour in the afternoon, with this enchanting view spread out before us, lighted by the oblique rays of the declining sun, and as we wound our way along up the weary ascent of North Mountain, five miles in length, we watched the gathering shades of evening spreading themselves over the valley beneath, gradually obscuring one object after another, till darkness covered the whole scene below; while the distant mountain top beyond, and the summit on which we rested, glittered in the last rays of the departing sun.

"Taking a farewell look of this lovely prospect, just as nature veiled it from sight with her evening curtain, we were carried, during the night, over three successive ridges, known by the names of Negro Mountain, Greene Ridge, and Sidling Hill. These ridges are from 2,500 to 3,000 feet high, covered with dense forests, except upon the apex, where the growth is poor and stunted—with narrow and sterile valleys between them. The road winds along in a serpentine direction up the sides of the mountain, making the distance from three to five miles in the ascent, presenting on one side the high excavated side of the mountain, and, on the other, the abrupt precipice descending, almost perpendicularly, 100 or 200 feet. Around these fearful precipices the stage runs, within a few feet of the edge, and the bold and reckless driver does not hesitate to approach within as many inches of these unguarded brinks, raising a screech of horror and fright from the female passenger, who seizes her nearest companion with an embrace of despair, and implores him, in moving and heartrending strains, to save her from instant destruction. The ascent and descent, on either side, is equally precipitous.
You reach the summit by a slow, creeping pace of two miles an hour; when, at last, the summit is attained, you begin immediately to descend at the Jehu rate of fifteen miles an hour; and once more in the valley, the same tedious process of ascending begins again. After a laborious night's toil, these four ridges, as they are denominated, are surrounded, and you arrive in the morning at Cumberland, 153 miles from Baltimore, situated in a valley at the immediate base of the Alleghanies proper,—what you have already passed being only lateral spurs of the principal chain. Cumberland was, in the old French war, the most distant outpost, and was called Fort Cumberland. It is located in a rich mineral region of iron and coal, upon the north branch of the Potomac, which affords considerable water power that is but partially improved. It possesses abundant resources for a profitable manufacturing business. It is the point of termination of the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal; the town contains about 3,000 inhabitants, and although built upon regular streets, the houses are mostly low, and the place wears a coal-stained, dingy aspect. Here terminates the great MacAdamized turnpike road which forms the continuation of the national road to Baltimore; the former was built by a private corporation, and equals the national structure in beauty and excellence. Immediately back of the town, to the west, the mountain rises nearly perpendicularly to the height of 2,000 feet, looking like a long line of walled ramparts, covered with shrubs and ivy, and arresting all advance beyond them. Leaving the town, and pursuing the road along their base, while their craggy tops seem to rise directly over your head, you search with eager eye for some way of egress from their enclosure; suddenly, upon turning an angle in the mountain, a deep, narrow gap, formed, apparently, by rending the mountain asunder to its very foundation, in some convulsion of nature, opens to the
view, permitting the current of the north branch of the Potomac, here reduced to a mere brook, to pass through the breach, so nearly upon a level with the valley beyond as scarcely to cause a ripple upon its surface. The gorge was of a width just sufficient to admit the passage of this small stream, and when the national road was first located, it was carried in a long, circuitous course, partly over and around the mountain; recently the gap has been enlarged at the expense of much labour, and the road constructed along the borders of the little stream, under the beetling cliffs and overhanging sides of the mountain, appears to be a solid mass of rock, which has been cleft and riven away, in a perpendicular line, to the height of 1,500 feet; its naked and unmossed sides looking as if it was but the work of yesterday, and the heap of broken fragments at the bottom, and the constantly falling pieces of rock, detached by the action of the atmosphere, seem as if the work of destruction was not completed. It strikes the beholder as he enters it as a colossal gateway recently cut by the hand of nature, through this insurmountable mountain, to admit civilized man, with his arts and commerce, to the rich regions of the west beyond. I am surprised that so sublime and magnificent a spectacle of nature's mighty operations, which is here displayed upon one of the greatest thoroughfares of the country, has not been more frequently described. I can account for it only by supposing that it is usually passed by travellers in the night; or if entered in the day time, the eyes of travellers are fast locked in sleep by the fatigues of the day and night riding which they endure to reach it. I passed it myself three times before I heard of it or discovered it.

---

Thou mayest be more happy than ever was Cesar or Solomon, if thou wilt be more virtuous.

3
THE BLESSINGS OF LITERATURE.

Many who have not the advantage of wealth or high standing in society are apt to repine at their situation—to regret that they are debarred from much refined and intellectual intercourse; but this deprivation is in a great measure ideal; there is an intercourse far more intelligent than that of any living society whatever—the great commonwealth of letters, which knows no distinction of persons, admits of no adventitious superiority, where every thing is rated at its real value, and reduced to its legitimate standard. Whatever may have been the rank of authors, the wealth or consequence attaching to their living persons, they exact no farther homage; they are entertained without expense, dismissed without ceremony; they are at once our preceptors, masters, servants; they come or go at our bidding; they speak or are dumb at our pleasure. We open the book, its eloquence streams upon us; we close the leaves, it is instantly sealed in silence. We have the best thoughts of the best men, in the best possible form; we benefit by close communion with great and shining characters, without being annoyed by those foibles and eccentricities which appear to be more particularly inherent in genius. Had we lived in the same time, and possessed the intimacy of Dr. Johnson, we should have been shocked to find that, with all his intelligence and strength of mind, he was contracted in principle, insolent and overbearing in argument. We should have blushed for the tarnished honour of our common nature, to think that so great a mind as Addison’s could have been meanly jealous of contemporary worth. And, as we all know, poor Goldsmith, amidst innumerable follies and foibles, was so great a glutton of praise, that he considered the applause bestowed upon a rope-dancer unjustly diverted from himself, and, in the presence of Dr. Johnson and
several others, actually broke his shins in a clumsy attempt to prove he could surpass him. In books are treasured up the greatest and most cultivated minds; they contain the pure and condensed intelligence of the human mind, without any proportionate alloy of its passions and weakness. Thus the noblest conceptions of our nature are preserved in the odours of language, as formerly the bodies of the great and noble were embalmed in perfumes. In reading history, for instance, we participate in the actions of the illustrious dead, and exchange with pleasure the dull monotony of our own existence for the glorious achievements and enthusiasm of theirs. Under the pen of the historian, the events of time undergo a refining and condensing process; he retains all that is worth preserving, the kernel, without the husks or shell. We thus engage in war without the perils of a wound, and accompany the voyage, without encountering the dangers of the seas.—Calvert.

THE CALLS OF GOD.

God calls in health. He speaks to us when we are well, for he knows we need to be in the full possession of all our powers to attend aright to the great concern. In health we read his calls on the printed page; hear them from the sacred desk; trace them in the events of providence; feel them in our hearts.

And in sickness God calls. He awakens in us apprehensions of danger; turns our thoughts to the past; carries our imaginations to the future; lets us look into the grave; discloses the solemnities of the judgment; gives an earnest of eternal retributions.

God speaks in prosperity, where all is bright and cheering, reminds us that our sun may soon be obscured, "and storms of sorrow fall."

And he speaks in adversity, when all is dark and
gloomy, directs our thoughts to a better world, where sorrow and sighing flee away, and tears are wiped from every eye.

God calls in youth, when the heart is tender, before the world has bound it in iron fetters, and before evil habits are fixed; he says, Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

And in manhood God calls, impresses us with the importance of being ready for early death, and urges the duty of spending the remainder of our days in his service.

And then in old age he calls; reminds us that our sands are nearly run; that soon the silver cord will be loosed and the golden bowl broken; probation ended; destiny fixed.

In seasons of revival God calls. When others are converted and enter the ark of safety, he leads us to think that now is the accepted time, now the day of salvation. He impresses us with the belief that one call will be the last; that there will be a last time; that we may refuse Christ and grieve the Spirit once too often; and he excites the apprehension that now may be our last opportunity, and that if we now neglect to secure an interest in Jesus Christ, we may never have another offer of mercy.

Reader, will you listen to this call of God? It may be your last! Disregard it at your peril! Hear what God says: Therefore will I number you to the sword, and ye shall all bow down to the slaughter; because when I called ye did not answer; when I spake ye did not hear; but did evil before mine eyes, and did choose that wherein I delighted not. Isa. lxv. Read also Prov. i, 24-33.—N. Y. Observer.

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Truth wears well, and sits easy on the wearer; while new fangled errors, like new fashioned clothes, please for a while, but pinch men hard for the sake of the fashion.
THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

From the Colonization Herald.

LIBERIA.

The great fertility of the soil, and the prolific and continuous vigour of the climate, cause a remarkable growth of vegetation in all its endless variety of form. An African forest is thus not only an object of great beauty, but it abounds in the material of wealth, as the large exportations of its gums, spices, and die woods have already shown.

Most of the country lying near the sea has been at one time and another cleared of its wood, and for a season brought under the rude culture of the natives: but as a rapid growth of vegetation immediately supervenes upon the removal of their crop, and covers the field with grass and bushes, it is always abandoned after the first season, and a new clearance made in the woods for the next crop. In a few years the deserted farm becomes a tangled thicket of trees and shrubs, bound together with the interminable lacings of a thousand vines, and almost impenetrable.

Thus a great part of the coast, stripped of its ancient forest, exhibits the appearance of a dense and matted shrubbery, with here and there a scattered tree of partial growth, but wholly destitute of its original characteristics. As we ascend the rivers, however, an entirely different scene presents itself. The primitive forest in all its native grandeur covers the earth; the graceful palm tree waves its feathery branches in the breeze, and the lofty wistmoe and huge mahogany rear high their towering heads to heaven; among the green foliage is seen the gay colouring of flowers which bloom on many a stately tree, and give a magic-like variety to the deep imbowering wood.

The palm is perhaps the most valuable tree found in Africa, certainly more various in its uses than any other. The leaves afford an excellent covering for the simple hut of the natives, and also furnish the material for cordage...
and cloth. Its juice is a pleasant and refreshing drink, called "palm wine;" the nuts, which grow in large clusters, form an article of food extensively used and highly nutritious. Oil is also made from them by expression, which, besides supplying all the demand for home consumption, is exported in large quantities to Europe and America; and to complete the manifold excellences of this invaluable tree, its heart, when boiled, forms an agreeable and wholesome vegetable, resembling cabbage in its flavour, from which it is named "palm cabbage."

The cam wood must be ranked next in importance to the palm tree. This is one of the most costly kinds of die wood, and is an article of extensive exportation from western Africa. That found in the Bassa country is considered much superior to that of the windward coast. About thirty miles inland from Bassa Cove commences the cam wood country par excellence, where, for a distance of fifty miles or more, scarcely any other kind of tree is found. When roads shall be opened to this region, and the waggons of the colonists be substituted for the burden-bearing shoulders of the indolent savage, a rich mine of wealth, now nearly unavailable, will be added to the great resources of Liberia, and a new impulse be given to the enterprise of her citizens.

Bar wood, and other kinds of die wood, are found in different parts of the colony, though in much less abundance than cam wood.

Teak grows in great perfection along the coast and in the interior; it is considered quite equal to live oak for ship building, and is exported for this purpose in large quantities from Sierra Leone to England. The trees are large and of a beautiful appearance.

Mahogany of a quality somewhat inferior to that of St. Domingo is found in considerable abundance. This tree may be appropriately styled the monarch of the forest; it

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lifts its vast body in stately pride among the neighbouring trees, and spreads its magnificent branches abroad in all the pomp of majesty.

Red wood, or, as it is called by the natives, fancy wood, is a fine and beautiful wood, susceptible of a high polish, and much esteemed for elegant cabinet work. It abounds throughout the coast, and is one of the finest trees of the country.

The tamarind is a lofty tree of very rich foliage, and is valuable as well for its ornamental appearance and fine shade, as for its pleasant fruit. I have seen it flourishing in great perfection, and laden with fruit, in the gardens of Monrovia.

The cocoa-nut tree is a species of the palm: though common on some parts of the coast, I have never seen them in Liberia, except in a few instances where they had been introduced by the colonists. They are tall, graceful trees, and make a fine appearance along the side of a walk or street.

Caoutchouc, or the India rubber tree, is common about Bassa Cove, and with a little attention may be rendered an important article of export.

Gum senegal and copal are abundant; great quantities are exported from different parts of the coast.

The water vine. One of the most remarkable provisions of Providence in adapting his bounties to the wants of his creatures is found in this singular vine, which abounds everywhere in the woods. It is hollow and full of pure cold water, which runs out in a stream when the vine is cut. In the dry season, when many of the springs and small streams are without water, the thirsty traveller is always certain of a plentiful supply by applying his knife to the vine.

Coffee, of which several kinds are indigenous, grows everywhere throughout the country. Every one who has
tasted the coffee of Liberia, pronounces it superior to the best Java or Mocha. This valuable article is beginning to receive the attention it deserves from the colonists, and in a few years it will undoubtedly become an important source of wealth to them. Within the two or three last years many persons have made plantations of considerable extent in nearly all the settlements.

Cotton of a beautiful staple is indigenous. Instead of being, as elsewhere, an annual, this plant is here of perennial growth. It bears crop after crop in regular succession for twelve or fourteen years, when it begins to degenerate and needs replanting.

Sugar cane in several varieties is indigenous, and may be cultivated to any extent with very little expense and manifold profit. Within a few years this valuable article has excited considerable attention throughout the colony, and recently a company with a capital of $5,000 has been organized at Monrovia, for the prosecution of this business more vigorously. So we may hope to see Liberian sugar in our market before long.

Oranges, limes, and lemons, of a quality superior to the West Indian, are abundant, and may be raised in any quantities with scarcely an effort.

Plantains and bananas of uncommon size, and of great richness, grow plentifully in all parts of the country.

Pine apples are among the most abundant productions: everywhere along the coast they are found covering whole tracts of land. They are very large and of a delicious flavour, superior to any I ever tasted elsewhere.

Malaguetta pepper, the red pepper, cinnamon, ginger, and many other spices, grow plentifully.

Indigo of a very excellent quality grows wild, and in great abundance.

Pawpaw, sousop, guava, the maunna apple, and many other pleasant and useful fruits, might be added to this
list, already, I fear, too long for the patience of your readers.

Rice is the universal grain of the country. From the luxuriance of its growth, and the great quantities produced in the vicinity of Bassa Cove, that part of the country has obtained the name of “the grain coast.” In its cultivation there is an irrigating process necessary, as in America; it grows equally well on high and low land, and requires no care when once sown, until it is ready for the sickle.

Cassava. Next to rice, this is the article of food most common among the natives. Indeed, though less prized as a luxury, it is more generally depended on as an article of permanent and substantial use. This is chiefly on account of its easier cultivation, not requiring to be replanted oftener than once in three years. It resembles the Irish potato somewhat in flavour, and is very nutricious.

Yams grow in great perfection, and constitute an important item of African horticulture.

Sweet potatoes, of a large but inferior kind, are indigenous; but the Carolina potato, introduced by Gov. Pinney, is even better than it is found in this country.

Indian corn, millet, peas, beans, tomatoes, beets, carrots, radishes, melons, cucumbers, squashes, pumpkins, and cabbage, are cultivated by the colonists, and brought rapidly to perfection. The Lima bean continues bearing, like the grape, for several years in succession. I have eaten beans from a vine which had been yielding its regular semi-annual crops for four years, and at this time gave promise of many more fruitful seasons.

Ivory is one of the principal articles of commerce, and is procured in considerable quantities throughout the whole western coast.

Hides are occasionally brought to the colonies, but, as a general thing, the natives, particularly those in the Bassa
country, prefer eating to selling them. About the Gambia and Pongas rivers great quantities are exported.

Gold abounds to the northward of Liberia, and also to the eastward along the gold coast, but as yet none has made its appearance in our villages as an article of traffic. At Sierra Leone an extensive trade has been carried on for some time in it. Some years their exports of this metal have amounted to sixty thousand dollars.

The natives manufacture rings and other ornaments of gold, which at times exhibit great taste and skill.

Iron ore of a rich quality is found in the high lands a few miles back from the coast. The natives of the interior manufacture their own iron, which is wrought into implements of domestic and warlike uses. They have a method of tempering their blades admirably.

T. B.

"A DEAF AND DUMB BOY'S THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

[Written by a pupil in the West of England Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.]

It is thy command, O God, that I should pray. Prayer drives away the evils of my mind, and makes me capable of receiving thy goodness; and my helplessness tells me I must pray for support and shelter, my ignorance and doubt tell me I must pray for light and courage; and the dangers that surround me, and the crafts of my spirit's foe tell me, with great force, that I must pray for protection and guidance. O, my God! thou knowest, when the false man told me prayer was vain because thou art unchangeable, that my heart was fainting from thee, because I lost my hope in thee. I was filled with despair, because I thought thou wast unapproachable by me; and I was unhappy, because I believed thou didst reject my cry unto thee; but, O God of my salvation! I will glorify thee for ever, because thou didst direct our minds to thy words of truth and of life, and I see there, that thou dost desire us to pray,

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and thou dost promise to answer our petitions, through Jesus Christ. O, my Father! I am poor and can give no alms to my brethren; but I pray thee to pour thy riches upon them; I am sick and cannot go to thy sanctuary, but I may on my bed pray for thy blessings and thy love. I am ignorant, and cannot instruct my fellow creatures; but I can pray that thy Spirit may rest on them, and guide them; and in my supplications unto thee, O God, I am ever cherished and supported by thy promises. When my long attached friend comes to me, I have pleasure to converse with him; and I rejoice to pass my eyes over his countenance, but soon I am weary of spending my time causelessly and unimproved, and I desire to leave him, (but not in rudeness,) because I wish to be engaged in my business; but thou, O my Father! knowest that I always delight to commune with thee in my lone and silent heart. I am never full of thee. I am never weary of thee. I am always desiring thee. I hunger with strong hope and affection for thee, and I thirst for thy grace and Spirit. I see a well of pure water. It is valuable to men for health and comfort; but I see no pipes to take the water to men's dwellings; the good water is there, but it is neglected; it would refresh men, but they do not seek it; and I think about this good well, and I say it is like the rich blessings of my Father's kingdom, and I say, prayer is the means to convey his great mercies to men.

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Death is the friend of grace, a sweet sleep to the Christian. If parents tell their children, who have played all day, that they must go to bed, they are ready to cry; but a labouring man is glad when night cometh, that he may go to rest. So to wicked people death is unwelcome; but a child of God who has laboured and suffered, is glad when death cometh, that he may rest from his labours.
When the city of Troy was taken by the Greeks, after a long and bloody siege, the conquerors caused proclamation to be made, that every free citizen should have the liberty of taking away with him any one thing he desired. Upon this Aeneas carried out with him his household gods; (which were the images of those deities the pagans worshipped in their houses at that time.) The Grecians were well pleased with his piety, and gave him permission to carry out one thing more, whereupon he took his father in his arms, who was very ancient and decrepit, and carried him forth. This so affected the Greeks that they granted
him leave to take away every thing that belonged to him, confessing, at the same time, that nature itself would not suffer them to be enemies, but rather friends to such as preserved so great piety to their gods, and such reverence to their parents.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Whitefield was born an orator. Do we speak too strongly when we say that the history of the world affords not another example in which all the attributes of true eloquence were possessed in equal plenitude? The qualities of the orator made up his whole genius; they were the first mental manifestations of his childhood, but were pent up in his heart, a magazine of energies, until kindled by the influence of religion, when they broke forth like the fires of a volcano.

He was the son of an innkeeper, and struggled with poverty to obtain his education, being a servitor at Oxford. From his boyhood he had a serious anticipation of his ministerial career; and while "washing mops and cleaning rooms" in the tavern, he composed two or three sermons. At Oxford he became one of the most rigid members of the "Godly Club."

Whitefield was no legislator; he acted entirely without a system. Here was his great defect. Had he combined the contriving powers of Wesley with his own effective eloquence, it cannot be doubted that he would have occupied the high place of the latter, or, at least, a similar position in a separate sect holding the tenets of Calvinism. His powers of address were much more immediately effective than Wesley's; and if they had been applied to the establishment of a well-organized system, as were Wesley's, the result would have been immense. He moved like a comet, dazzling and amazing the world, but leave-
ing scarcely a trace behind him. Perhaps his capital fault was his separation from the Wesleys; he certainly was never designed by Providence to scatter so ineffectually his vast powers. John Wesley was the counterpart of his character. They were raised up to co-operate in one great cause—the one to construct its plans, the other to vivify them with the electrical powers of his genius. The one held on his due course, and the results of his steadfastness are developing on a scale of unparalleled grandeur after the lapse of a century. The other deviated; and almost the last vestige of his laborious life has passed away, or blended undistinguishably with the mass of Christianity.

He was a man of boundless soul. Zeal and eloquence were his distinguishing, if not his only powers. He was a host of generous sympathies; and every sympathy, in him, was a passion. This was, perhaps, the secret of his eloquence. The Athenian orator said that action was eloquence. Perhaps antiquity has given undue authority to the remark. The pantomime is not eloquent; but strong passion always is, and always would be, had it the expression of neither hand nor feature, but the tremulous tones of the excited voice coming from an unseen source upon the ear. There is no eloquence without feeling. Even the histrionic orator must feel—not affect to feel, but, by giving himself up to the illusion of reality in ideal scenes, actually feel. Whitefield's whole Christian course showed the prevalence of mighty feelings. While seeking religion, he says, "God only knows how many nights I have lain on my bed groaning under what I felt. Whole days and weeks have I spent in lying prostrate on the ground in silent or vocal prayer." It was the working of his strong sensibility that gave a charm to his preaching, and drew, as by magic, the multitudes after him. Under his first sermon it was reported to the bishop of Gloucester that
"fifteen persons were driven mad," that is, convinced of sin. His popularity was immediate and boundless. Speaking of one place, he says, "The whole city seemed alarmed, and the doctrine of the new birth made its way like lightning into the consciences of the hearers." On visiting Bristol, multitudes came out of the city on foot and in coaches to escort him, and the people hailed him as he passed through the streets. His congregations were so crowded that he could with difficulty make his way to the pulpit. "Some hung upon the rails of the organ loft, others climbed upon the leads of the church, and, altogether, made the church so hot with their breath, that the steam would fall from the pillars like drops of rain. Sometimes, after his preaching, the multitude, little children and old men, went home weeping and wailing through the streets. When he visited Scotland the second time, the people crowded to the shore at Leith, weeping and blessing him; they pursued his coach to Edinburgh, pressing to welcome him when he alighted, and to hold him in their arms." "The effect which he produced," says a distinguished writer, "was maddening." At Cambuslang it was incredible. Says he, "I preached at two to a vast body of people, and at six in the evening, and again at nine. Such a commotion surely never was heard of, especially at eleven at night. For about an hour and a half there was such weeping, so many falling into deep distress and expressing it in various ways, as is incredible. The people seem to be slain by scores. They are carried off, and come into the house like soldiers wounded in and carried off a field of battle. Their cries and agonies are exceedingly affecting. Mr. M. preached, after I had ended, till past one in the morning, and then could scarce persuade them to retire; all night, in the fields, might be heard the voice of prayer and praise." On returning to administer the sacrament, he says—"Scarce ever was such a sight seen in Scotland. There were up-
ward of twenty thousand persons. Two tents were set, and the holy sacrament was administered in the field. When I began to serve at one of the tables, the power of God was felt by numbers; but the people crowded upon me so that I was compelled to desist, and go and preach at one of the tents while the ministers served the rest of the tables. On Monday morning I preached again to near as many; such a universal stir I never saw before. The emotion fled as swift as lightning from one end of the auditory to the other. You might have seen thousands bathed in tears, some at the same time wringing their hands, others almost swooning, and others crying out and moaning over a pierced Saviour.” The cool-headed Scotch divines, unaccustomed to such scenes, wrote a pamphlet to prove they were diabolical, and a day of fasting was actually appointed for his being in Scotland. Such powers of discourse were, perhaps, never before possessed. An ignorant man once characterized his eloquence aptly when he said, “Mr. Whitefield preaches like a lion.”

A. Stevens.

CHARLES WESLEY.

As Whitefield’s most exclusive ability was his eloquence, so that of Charles Wesley was his poetry. Neither of them possessed the versatile powers of John Wesley. Charles was the first who received the name of Methodist, and the first of the brothers who experienced justification by faith; but Methodism would probably have been unknown at this time, had it been intrusted to his hands alone. He opposed almost all the novel measures that John felt himself called providentially to adopt. He objected to band meetings; to a lay ministry, and especially to the ordination of the American bishops. He lived, however, to see the propriety of these measures; and,
though never very active, was always a cordial co-operator with his brother.

His imagination was of the highest order, and, imbued as it was with angelic influence, glowed like fire from heaven. It gave peculiar pathos to his preaching. All the accounts we have of him as a preacher, represent him as far more eloquent than John. "He delivered his thoughts with a rich, copious variety of expression, having a most sweet, savory, spiritual manner." He met courageously the formidable trials which, at that day, beset the itinerant preacher. He suffered in some of the most violent mobs of the times, and on some occasions risked his life. He had many of the eccentricities which usually accompany poetic genius, was apt at repartee, and, though naturally of an irritable temper, was most benevolent, and not unfrequently indulged in hearty humour.

His chief eminence is derived from his poetry. He was, indeed, the sweet singer of Methodism. Its peculiar tenets will live for ever in his verse. Every light and shade of a devotional mind is expressed in his hymns. "He was," says Montgomery, "the sweetest singer of our whole Israel." In the sacred lyric he has not, perhaps, been equalled. Watts excels him in harmonious versification and pathos, "but in composition," says Richard Watson, "he was, in all respects, his inferior—in good taste, classic elegance, uniformity of excellence, correct rhyming, and vigour." Of one of his hymns, "Wrestling Jacob," Watts said it was "worth all that he himself had ever written." Southey says that "no poems have been more devoutly committed to memory, nor quoted more frequently upon a death bed." One of his biographers remarks, that above sixty thousand copies of the Methodist hymn book, which is chiefly his own composition, are sold annually in England. The number is, perhaps, much greater in the United States. The poetic fire burned in his heart to the last; and
a short time before his death he called his wife to his bedside, and dictated, while she wrote those beautiful lines:

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity."

A. STEVENS.

WINTER EVENINGS.

Children, do you wish to be learned, useful to yourselves and fellows, when man shall have taken the place of childhood? Spend your winter evenings in study, in reading, and in some occupation that will give growth to your mind as well as to your body.

Young gentlemen, are reputation and the enjoyment of social relations your aim? Then spend your winter evenings in familiarizing your minds with practical science and business habits—read, reflect, and examine for yourselves—associate only with the good, the wise, the virtuous, and the fair, and you will find in perseverance certain success.

Young ladies, would you have health, friends, good characters, and good husbands? Then spend your winter evenings in acquiring useful, general, and domestic knowledge—let your companions be your mother, industry, neatness, modesty, good books, and worthy suitors, and you will not feel the pangs of "hope deferred."

Parents, would you be honoured in honouring your families, spend your winter evenings in teaching morality, temperance, industry, frugality, economy, friendship, kindness, charity, knowledge, self-education, and self-exertion, by example as well as by precept at your own fireside; and your children shall in due time "rise up and call you blessed."

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EXAGGERATED EXPRESSIONS.

Some time ago a correspondent, whom I would not willingly neglect, requested me to pen a few plain remarks on the common evil of giving utterance to inflated expressions and remarks in common conversation.

It is a somewhat ungrateful task to tell those who would shrink from the imputation of a falsehood that they are in the daily habit of uttering untruths, and yet if I proceed no other course than this can be adopted. It is of no use to adopt half measures; plain speaking saves a deal of trouble.

I love the man who steps along on his toes that he may not tread on the toes or the heels of his neighbours. Some are remarkable for this habitual tenderness to their fellow-creatures, and it does my heart good to see it; but in a case where trifling is losing time, and decision is really necessary, we must run the risk of giving offence if we would really do good.

My correspondent says that I make capital "caps," and that if all those who need them would wear them, my hints would be very profitable. I am, however, sadly afraid that most of the caps I make would fit my own head quite as well as they would fit the heads of my neighbours. But to my task.

The examples about to be given by me of exaggerated expressions are only a few of the many that are constantly in use. Whether you can acquit yourselves of the charge of occasionally using them, I cannot tell; but I dare not affirm for myself that I am altogether guiltless.

"I was caught in the wet last night—the rain came down in torrents." Most of us have been out in heavy rains, but a torrent of water pouring down from the skies would a little surprise us after all.

"I am wet to the skin, and have not a dry thread upon
"He is a shrewd fellow! as deep as a draw-well." There is an old adage that truth lies at the bottom of a well. I am afraid that it does not at the bottom of this draw-well.

"We stood there for an hour: my feet were as cold as ice." If the feet were once as cold as ice, there would be very little heat left in the head or the heart.

"O nothing will hurt him, he is as strong as a horse." Some go even farther than this, and say, "As strong as an elephant;" but both expressions are too strong to be consistent with fact.

"It must have been a fine sight; I would have given the world to have seen it." Fond as most of us are of sight-seeing, this would be buying pleasure at a dear price indeed; but it is an easy thing to proffer to part with that which we do not possess.

"It made me quite low spirited, my heart felt as heavy as lead." We most of us know what a heavy heart is, but lead is by no means the most correct metaphor to use in speaking of a heavy heart.

"I could hardly find my way, for the night was as dark as pitch." I am afraid we have all in our turn calumniated the sky in this manner; pitch is many shades darker than the darkest night we have ever known.

"He ran till his face burned like a fire-coal." Ay, and if every one blushed in the same proportion in which he departed from truth, he who uses this form of speech would have a face ruefully red, though not exactly burning like a fire-coal.

"I have told him of that fault fifty times over." Five times would, in all probability, be much nearer the fact than fifty.

"I never closed my eyes all night long." If this be true you acted unwisely; for had you closed your eyes you might perhaps have fallen asleep, and enjoyed the blessing.
neighbour. There is an uprightness in speech as well as in action, that we ought to strive hard to attain. The purity of truth is sullied, and the standard of integrity is lowered by incorrect observations. Let us reflect upon this matter freely and faithfully. Let us love truth, follow truth, and practise truth in our thoughts, our words, and deeds. 

OLD HUMPHREY.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

A Fragment.

EIGHTEEN hundred and forty is gone! This remark will probably sound stale to some of my readers; be that as it may, I repeat it again with a heavy sigh, eighteen hundred and forty is gone! With it lie buried all the hopes and fears, joys and griefs, which alternately cheered or distressed us during its rapid flight. It has sunk, for ever sunk into a fathomless abyss, from whence it never can arise. Ah! how many would rejoice, could they only hope that the thoughts, words, and actions of that, and some of its predecessors, were sunk beyond recovery, never to be recalled! But no; these are all preserved! In the register of six thousand years, eighteen hundred and forty shall not be left out; and though the few days and weeks of which it was composed are now mingled with those in which the antediluvians lived, yet shall there be no confusion. When the awful volume shall be opened, and its contents read in the hearing of assembled myriads, not one shall stand charged with the crimes of his brother or his friend; the finally impenitent shall not then find mercy, nor shall one righteous soul be overlooked.

Well! eighteen hundred and forty-one has introduced itself to our notice; and while we have been rendering its name familiar to us, taking a review of the past, making
promises and perhaps arrangements for the future, con­
gratulating each other on being favoured with life and
health to begin it, and offering our best wishes that the
smiles of Providence may attend us though this year, and
many more in advance—a portion of it has already
glided by like a shadow; and were it not that our under­
standings refuse a bribe, we should call it a dream—an
empty dream!

But here I would not be understood as considering the
taking a review of the past, and making certain arrange­
ments for the future, an unprofitable employment. On the
contrary, I think a careful examination of our past life has
a tendency to produce humility, as also to excite a lively
glow of gratitude in our souls. How have our mercies
kept pace with our moments! From how many unseen dan­
gers have we been protected! And those mercies which
we too often designate as common, if deprived of either,
how bitter would our cup taste! Surely we must say that
“goodness and mercy have followed us all our days”—yet
what thankless repining creatures are we! If our God
were not a God of long-suffering and great tenderness, he
would long ere this have snatched the vital air from our
nostrils, and have left our senseless carcasses as objects
of his righteous indignation. From this review of the past,
we may also gather many useful hints for the direction of
our conduct during that portion of futurity which is in re­
serve for us. Yet is there something unpleasing in the
retrospect when taken aggregately.

I am a young man; my experience will not, therefore,
be admitted as evidence; but I have inquired of many
men, and women also, at all stages of life, some of whom
have their flowing locks bleached white by time, and their
countenances robbed of the bloom of sprightliness which
once distinguished them. These all agree in affirming,
that they would not desire to live over again any year, or
even month, of their past life, provided the self-same circumstances should again transpire, and the same feelings exist in their breasts, as the unavoidable accompaniments of those occurrences.

This dissatisfaction arising from a contemplation of the past, if I mistake not, accounts for that eagerness and anxiety we all more or less evince relative to the future; though obscured by the veil of uncertainty, we dwell on it as the best and most pleasing subject of the two; and, where measure and probability fail, fancy often steps forward, and, aided by hope, supplies the deficiencies.

In forming plans for our future government, we shall do well to recollect, that life is uncertain as the passing cloud; that we can only lay claim to the present moment; and, unless we begin acting immediately, it is doubtful whether we ever shall commence.

If that portion of our life which is past has been spent unprofitably, and we still go on devising schemes without executing our designs, may we not justly dread, when we shall have no more time allowed us, of being accused by conscience, with not only the folly, but the guilt of such conduct? What will then be our distress, if instead of having acted, we find, to our dismay, that our whole life has been spent in intending to act—and that all we can then do, will be to warn others of the fatal rock on which ourselves are wrecked?

---*

THE THAMES.

This river, so famed in the world, derives its name from a compound of Thame and Isis, and which, in process of time, came under the familiar denomination of Thames. The junction was formed a little above Oxford; but the Isis now is lost in the compound term, as the river is denominated the Thames even to its very source. The
banks of the Thames have long been famed for their beauty of verdure, and the taste with which they are adorned. They are studded with neat cottages, and elegant villas crown the gentle heights; the lawns come sweeping down like carpets of green velvet to the edge of its soft flowing waters; and the grace of the scenery improves until we are borne into the full bosom of its beauty, the village of Richmond, or, as it was anciently called, Sheen. Below London bridge we have Greenwich, and other beautiful scenery of the county of Kent. The opposite bank on the Essex side is flat, and is famed for nothing but Tibury Fort, where Elizabeth, when the Spanish armada threatened this country, received her troops, who were collected to repel the invaders.

FOUR THINGS THAT ANY MAN CAN DO.

The following works require neither talents, nor education, nor worth, nor grace for their performance.

Any man, as he lounges on the bench of a bar-room, can rail at the pilgrim fathers, and talk of witchcraft and blue laws. But to imitate their excellences, or to accomplish what they accomplished for the good of the world, is not in his power.

Any man can denounce the clergy, and can accuse them of bigotry, priestcraft, domineering over the people, and the like. But when he has destroyed the influence of their preaching, he cannot substitute any thing in its place to restrain the headstrong passions of men.

Any man can go about complaining of the deadness, formality, and corruption of the church. But to keep his own heart in a pure, warm, and humble state, and to labour for the peace, purity, and spirituality of the churches in the spirit of unfeigned love, he will find to be an arduous work.
Any man can pull down his father's old house, because it has some faults in its structure and arrangements. But the new house which he attempts to build in its stead may have ten defects where the old one had one.—Ohio Obs.

THE FALLS OF THE CAUTERSKILL.
Near the Pine Orchard, Catskill Mountains.
BY THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

O wondrous nook of earth! where nature's hand
Clusters in one the high, the wild, the steep,
Rock, mountain, cataract, and forest deep!
As nature's worshipper I come and stand,
And in rapt silence see, and hear, and feel:

The glitt'ring stream, the spray with rainbow crown'd,
The dizzy height, the roar, the gulf profound,
Dazzle with splendour, and with fear congeal!
Treading such holy ground, within me dies
Each earth-born thought; my spirit fain would soar,
Beyond the cloud-capp'd peaks that round me rise,
To heaven's eternal throne; and there would pour,
Mid angel choirs, the tribute of her praise
To him, the almighty One, whom nature's self obeys.

BEAUTY.

What is the blooming tincture of a skin,
To peace of mind, to harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No—those at first the unweary heart may gain,
But these, these only can the heart retain!
"Has it come, the time to fade?"
And with a murmuring sigh
The Maple, in his motley robe,
Was the first to make reply;
And the queenly Dahlias droop'd
Upon their thrones of state;
For the frost king, with his baleful kiss,
Had well forestall'd their fate.

Hydrangia, on her telegraph,
A hurried signal traced,
Of treason dark, that fain would lay
Bright Summer's region waste,
Then quick the proud exotic peers
In consternation fled,
And refuge in their green-house sought,
Before the day of dread.

The vine that o'er my casement climb'd,
And cluster'd day by day,
I count its leaflets every morn;
See how they fade away!
And as they withering, one by one,
Forsake their parent tree,
I call each sere and yellow leaf,
A buried friend to me.

"Put on thy mourning," said my soul,
"And, with a tearful eye,
Walk softly mid the many graves
Where thy companions lie;
The Violet, like a loving babe,
When vernal suns were new.
That met thee with a soft, blue eye,
And lip all bathed in dew;
The Lily, as a timid bride,
While summer suns were fair,
That put her snowy hand in thine,
To bless thee for thy care;
The trim and proud Anemone;
The Daisy from the vale;
The purple Lilac towering high,
To guard her sister pale.
"The ripen'd Rose,—where are they now?"
But from the rifled bower
There came a voice,—"Take heed to note
Thine own receding hour;
And let the strange and silver hair,
That o'er thy temple strays,
Be as a monitor to tell
The autumn of thy days."

---*---

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Another year is gone,
How short has been its stay!
And I am hastening on,
To meet my dying day.
Am I prepared? let truth declare,
O God! let me thy glory share!

The summer days have fled,
And wintry blasts are come,
My youthful hours have sped,
And brought me toward my home.
What home, my heart? to heaven or hell,
Ah! serious though—let conscience tell.
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The Youth's Magazine is published monthly, on good paper, and fair type, with appropriate engravings; price $1 a year, payable in advance. It will be understood that subscribers engage to continue their subscriptions for the work, less the publishers are notified to the contrary before the commencement of a new volume.

Agents who procure subscribers, and remit the money advance with their orders, free of expense, or become responsible for the payment, shall be allowed the same discount on the books of our General Catalogue.

Note.—Agents are requested to record the names of the subscribers on the book for periodicals, to be kept on the circulating station, as directed by the late General Conference.

POSTAGE.

We were in error in stating the rates of postage on this magazine on former numbers. According to the Post Office regulations, [now before us,] 1 1-2 cents per sheet for 100 miles, 2 cents over 100 miles; all surplus pages considered as a sheet.

This Magazine contains 1 sheet.
THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

This periodical was commenced a little more than two years since, on the joint recommendation of the Agents and Book Committee of the church, and the wishes of the publishers, owing, partly, to the scarcity of money, and partly to the overwhelming number of public and religious publications in the newspaper form, and, to some extent, to the expense of postage; yet, wherever it has found its way, so far as we can learn, it has been cordially received, and is highly appreciated. Such a periodical seems necessary for the more advanced classes in our schools, and also for those teachers and young persons who have access to larger and more expensive works. Young people at the interesting age of which we speak, generally read with great avidity, all that comes in their way, and it is certainly desirable to supply their intellectual appetite with something that shall gratify it without corrupting their principles, or endangering their morals.

Two volumes of this work are now before the public, and the third is in course of publication; a mere glance at the chapters of each will show that we have not been careless in the selection of articles with which these volumes are filled. We should have been glad of a few more well written original articles, and take this opportunity of saying, that the pages of this periodical will ever be open to such communications on the following subjects: Short biographical sketches of young persons eminent for piety and usefulness; essays on literary, scientific, moral, and religious subjects; anecdotes illustrative of providence and grace of God; elegant extracts from new and selected publications; illustrations of Scripture; accounts of revivals of religion in Sabbath schools and Bible classes; anecdotes, narratives, dialogues, and any thing rare and curious, provided, always, that nothing be published which is at variance with Scripture, truth, or evangelical princi- ples.

Our own resources, so far as materials for selection are concerned, are ample; but we often suffer for want of time. Any aid, therefore, which our friends can render us, either in the way of original compositions or judicious extracts, will be thankfully received. As to the mechanical execution of the work, its typography, embellishments, paper, print, binding, &c., we have no hesitation in saying it is one of the best and cheapest in the country; and we once more express a hope that preachers, Sunday school superintendents and teachers, and our friends generally, will interest themselves in promoting and sustaining its circulation.

If the travelling preachers only, throughout our whole connection, would send us ten subscribers, we would not complain; but if all the friends who can conveniently do so take hold of this enterprise will do the same, we shall be exceedingly glad.
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AIMEO, or EIMEO.

This is one of the Society Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, more commonly called by the natives Morea. It lies a little west of Tahiti or Otaheite. It was formerly independent; but having been subjected by the late king, it afforded a seasonable refuge to his son, when expelled from his proper dominions. It is said to be ten miles or more in length from N. to S., and about half as much in breadth. It has a very narrow border of low land along its coast, from which the hills rise in steep acclivities, except on the N., where a capacious harbour, called Talu, is sheltered from the prevailing winds, and the land has a gradual ascent to the interior. This harbour is situated in lat. 17 deg. 30m. S., and lon. 150 deg. W. In form Eimeo varies greatly from Tahiti, having spacious valleys, and several land locked harbours on its coast. The lower hills are fertile; but the air is thought less salubrious than that of the greater island.

Several missionaries of the L. M. S. having been driven from Tahiti, commenced an establishment on this island at Papetoai, in 1811.

Pomare showed them much kindness; and, in the summer of the following year, he gladdened their hearts by declaring his entire conviction of the truth of the gospel, his determination to worship Jehovah as the only living and true God, and his desire to make a public profession of it.
of his faith by baptism; but notwithstanding many pleasing appearances, they deemed it prudent to defer this ordinance until he should be more fully instructed in the truths of revelation.

During the years 1813 and 1814 an abundant blessing was poured out on this station, so that the missionaries could report that no less than fifty of the natives had renounced their idols, and desired to be considered as the worshippers of the Most High.

At the commencement of the year 1815, the congregation was considerably increased by an influx of strangers from other islands, whose earnest desire to receive religious instruction prompted them from time to time to visit this place. The congregation, in general, consisted of about 300, and the number of persons who had requested their names to be written down as professed worshippers of the true God was increased to upward of 200; the pupils in the schools, of whom the major part were adults, were about 260. Of those who had desired their names to be inscribed as worshippers of Jehovah, four individuals (one man and three women) died very happy about this time. The priest of Papetoai (the district in which the brethren resided) also embraced Christianity, renounced idolatry, and publicly committed his god to the flames. His example was speedily followed by many of the natives; and not only were the former objects of superstitious worship cast into the fire, but the morais and altars were destroyed; and even the wood of which they were composed was used to dress common food, of which different classes, and both sexes, partook indiscriminately, in direct violation of ancient customs and prohibitions.

The brethren at Eimeo having heard that the attention of some of the people in Tahiti [formerly called Otaheite] had been drawn to the subject of religion, some of them went over to ascertain the truth of this report. Upon their
arrival, they found that a prayer meeting had been established in the district of Pare, without the knowledge of any of the missionaries. It originated entirely with two of their former servants, named Oitu and Tuaheine, who had enjoyed the means of religious instruction long before, but remained, according to their own language, among the "greatest and most hardened sinners in the place." Oitu, having felt strong convictions of guilt, in consequence of some expressions which had fallen from the king, applied to Tuaheine for instruction, knowing that he had long lived with the missionaries. This was a means of deepening his convictions. Both these men now agreed to separate from their heathen companions, to converse and pray together. This conduct speedily brought upon them the scoffs and derision of their idolatrous acquaintance; nevertheless, several of the young people joined them. These formed the prayer meeting above mentioned; and they had frequently assembled, amidst much contempt, prior to the visit of the missionaries. Two of the brethren, after having made a tour of the larger peninsula of Tahiti, for the purpose of preaching to the people, returned to Eimeo, and brought over with them Oitu and Tuaheine, and their companions, that they might be more thoroughly instructed in the knowledge of Christianity.

In this island the gospel had now been embraced by about 1,200 persons; and in every district a place had been built for Christian worship, in which the people held prayer meetings three times every sabbath day, and once every Wednesday. Almost every house had family worship daily, and most of the people retired for private devotion twice and sometimes three times a day.

On the 13th of May, 1818, a general meeting was convened, in imitation of the meetings held in London, when about 2,000 of the natives assembled and agreed to form a Tahitian A. M. S., to aid the parents society in England.
in sending the gospel to other nations. Mr. Nott preached on the occasion to this large auditory, who were very attentive; after which the king delivered a sensible and interesting address of considerable length, on the propriety of forming the proposed society. With a view to excite the people to emulation in this good work, he adverted to the formation of similar societies among the Hottentots in Africa, and to their contributions of sheep or other property, in places where they had no money. He also reminded them of the labour which they had performed, and the pains they had taken for their false gods, and showed how trifling the offerings they were called upon to make to the true God were in comparison with those they formerly offered to their idols; observing further, that even their lives were sacrificed to the god that was indeed no God, being nothing but a piece of wood or cocoanut husk! He then recommended that they should collect a little property for the spread of the gospel in other islands, where it was not yet enjoyed. He observed, that although they had no money, they might give pigs, arrow root, cocoanut oil, and cotton, to buy money with. "Yet," said he, "let it not be by compulsion, but voluntary. He that desires the Word of God to grow where it has been planted, and to be taken to countries miserable as ours was before it came here, will contribute freely and liberally toward promoting its extension. He who is insensible to its call, or ignorant of its benefits, will not exert himself with this view. So let it be. Let him not be called an illiberal man, neither let the chiefs, his superiors, be angry with him on that account." Such was the substance of the king's speech. When he drew to the close of it, he proposed that all persons present, who approved of the plan, and were willing to unite in promoting it, should hold up their right hands. A most interesting sight ensued, when in an instant every hand in the assembly was raised to
signify their readiness to unite in the glorious work of spreading the gospel of Jesus Christ among the unenlightened heathen. Pomare then read the rules of the proposed society; persons were appointed as treasurers and secretaries in the several districts of the island, and the people dispersed, apparently highly gratified.

In 1823 a new chapel of coral rock was commenced at the station in this island, now called Roby's Place, Blest Town. A cotton manufactory was also erected. The particulars of the contributions during the year were—10,804 bamboos of oil—being 1,578 more than the preceding year—192 balls of arrow root, 105 baskets of cotton wool, and 17 pigs. The deputation paid their official visit to this island in 1824, and on this occasion thus wrote:

"The church that was organized here in 1820 has greatly increased, and now numbers among its communicants no fewer than 210, who appear to be truly pious and consistent profusers of the gospel, living in great peace and harmony with each other, while their spirit and deportment adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour. Often have we surrounded the table of the Lord with this worthy flock, with inexpressible delight, while we have assisted in the administration of the holy supper. Difference of clime and of colour from ourselves seemed but to endear these our Christian brethren and sisters the more to our hearts. So long as life lasts, we shall remember these sacred seasons, both with this and all the other churches in these islands, with the noblest feelings of Christian affection; while sorrow fills our hearts that we shall break bread and drink wine with them no more, till we shall drink it new in our Father's kingdom. While we have reason to think well of the piety of the members of the church, a general air of seriousness was ever apparent in the whole congregation, who crowded the place on Lord's
days, and on other occasions; and the greatest decency of dress is seen throughout among both sexes, many of whom dress in European clothing."

In the following year the buildings and various apparatus of the cotton factory were completed. On the 1st of March, Mr. Armitage, its superintendent, received the first supply of native cotton, collected by members of the Tahitian A. S. On the 5th of July the operation of carding was commenced; on the 26th of September, that of warping the first web; and on the 30th, the process of weaving. The natives, who were incredulous as to the possibility of producing cloth from cotton, were highly gratified by receiving ocular demonstration of the fact. Since that period, the adult and children's schools have considerably increased as to number, and improved as to diligent application. All the learners are divided into classes, and ranged under proper teachers. Both the schools are now under Mr. Henry's superintendence; Mr. Armitage's engagements, in connection with the cotton factory, having rendered it necessary that he should relinquish the boys' school. Mrs. Henry has taken the girls' school at Bunnel's Place under her immediate charge.

In 1825-6 the buildings of the South Sea Academy were completed: seventeen pupils were received; all with the exception of the young king Pomare, then about seven years of age, children of the missionaries, for whose benefit the institution was founded. The natives also erected a chapel, which was opened on the 8th of May, 1825. Two native schools, one for adults, and another for children, were likewise formed and placed under the care of native teachers. In 1826 the number of youths in the academy, including the young king Pomare, (who departed this life on the 11th of January, 1827, after a few days' illness,) was twenty-seven. The result of an examination was satisfactory.
The inhabitants manifest an increasing attachment to the missionary; and according to their ability endeavour to assist him in his work. The means of Christian instruction have been uniformly well attended; the members of the church continue to live in uniform affection among themselves, and to adorn by their lives the gospel of the Saviour; no instance requiring the exercise of discipline had occurred, and twenty had been (1830) added to the church. In the South Sea Academy there were seventeen boys and six girls. Spinning and weaving cotton had been introduced with encouraging success.

Note.—In the above article L. M. S. stands for London Missionary Society, A. M. S. for Auxiliary Missionary Society, and A. S. for Aux-iliary Society.—Ed.

From Sturm's Morning Reflections.

NEW-YEAR'S REFLECTIONS.

The goodness of my heavenly Father permits me again to behold the commencement of a new year. A little longer on this earth shall I enjoy his mercy, and possess the golden opportunities, which if rightly improved, with increased care and fidelity, I may be better prepared for his celestial kingdom. O, how great a loss I might have sustained if with yesterday the period of my probation for eternity had ended! How great is his goodness, who, for the purpose of promoting my soul's salvation, has permitted me to enter upon another year. I have now time to reflect on the days which, yesterday, fled for ever; those days of probation, which I have not always wisely and profitably spent, or at least not constantly employed in all things according to the will of God. No one of them returns; but the sorrowful recollection of them presents to me my errors in lively colours, and occasions me unspeakable anguish. How many hours and days of this precious sea-

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son of trial have I dissipated and lost either in idleness or culpable enjoyment. O! with what bitter remorse shall I hereafter, when my final hour is come, if I continue to go on in sin, think of this squandered time—how anxiously desire to have it back!

But in order to avoid such grievous torment, I will now devote the first morning of this year to the retrospection of my past life. I will profit by the present hours in order to make a prudent use of the future term of my pilgrimage. Yet how can I speak of future days while the passing moments are so uncertain, and I dare scarcely call the present minute my own property! No; this instant must be as judiciously employed, as I now wish my whole life had been. This minute is short, but yet long enough to display to me my negligence, my insensibility, my unfaithfulness. Gracious Father, grant to me a wise heart to consider the value of time, and a willing heart to use it according to its worth. If I do not prize the moments of my existence, neither shall I regard hours and days; and even on one single minute often depends the fate of the days that are before us. Thou demandest as severe an account of one misspent minute, as of the years that I have spent to no purpose. Here my soul trembles. O my heavenly Father, be gracious unto me! When all the days of my existence rush into my memory; when thou callest me to a reckoning concerning them, and I am obliged to stand mute, in the last hour of my life, under thy strict and decisive judgment, be thou gracious unto me for Jesus' sake. Thou, O God, seest beforehand how many thieves will lie in wait to rob me of my precious time in the year of which I now hail the first morning. Thou foreknowest the dangerous snares and manifold temptations to which I shall be exposed, and the sufferings which I shall have to endure. In all these various circumstances be thou very gracious to me. If I transgress, chastise me not in thy
wrath, but in love rebuke me. When I am tempted, let me not be overcome. When I suffer, have compassion upon me. Be thou my help, my comfort, my aim, and my guide. I commend myself to thy fatherly guidance and protection in life and in death. Be thou my God henceforth and for ever.

For the Youth's Magazine.

THE PERPETUITY OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

At the present day the question is not unfrequently asked—How long will this nation exist as a republic? The subject has not occupied the mind of short-sighted conception alone; the great have paused amid the strife of party and the contending elements of political warfare, and surveying the lofty fabric, have asked, "Will this crumble?" Some have gone further than a mere trembling inquiry. The political skeptic, while he is compelled to admire our loved institutions, is nevertheless boldly prognosticating their speedy overthrow.

Since the interests connected with the perpetuity or downfall of this government are incomprehensibly great, it becomes us to keep an eye to the general as well as particular tenor of all its movements; to uphold, with the vigour of patriots, whatever tends to its prosperity, and crush at the onset whatever tends to its ruin. For if this last effort for human rights fail, freemen may hang their harps upon the willows, as the last vibration of new kindled joy trembles away: if it succeed, nation after nation shall join in rejoicings, as the light of liberty shines away the darkness which ages have gathered around them.

Sagacious men have advanced various opinions as to the causes which will produce either of these results, some of whom have shot most palpably wide of the mark. They reason falsely when they gather together a few frag-
ments of political ethics, and declare that on these are pinioned the nation's destinies. Seemingly they forget that after having formed wise laws, effective means should be employed to force their observance. What use, we inquire, is a sound constitution, unless wisely administered and honestly submitted to? Chains may be forged that will stretch from continent to continent, but control the mighty deep who can? All men allow that we have a constitution unsurpassed in the history of nations, involving principles the most pure and righteous; and that if correctly construed, wisely administered, and submissively acquiesced in, it will secure to this Union an existence coeval with time. The question then to be settled is, how is to be secured this wise administration of law on the part of the governors, and how an obedience to it on the part of the governed.

We answer at once, that correct moral influence is the grand agent. If asked how this influence is to be obtained, we further answer, through the medium of Christianity. Did such an announcement as this come from one of earth's great ones, a multitude of skeptics, or blinded political demagogues, would be amazingly startled; but coming from a more humble source, the notion would be branded as despicably ultra. And yet we believe that these grounds can be successfully maintained. Because statesmen have not given weight to this subject, amid their tenacious adherence to political maxims, does it therefore follow that Christianity is not the great primum mobile that is to elevate this nation, and give stability to its government?

We assume the position that in proportion to the spread of the Christian religion, we may look for the perpetuity of this republic, and on this basis alone! We will glance at a few reasons for this belief. Aside from the great revelation of God to man, we have only to mark the transactions of our fellows around us, and then sit in judgment
upon our own hearts, to be convinced of the utter depravity of man! On every hand we perceive indications of "a being of heavenly form, original, but fallen, and worn, and wasted with enormous wo." It follows from this that all the works and inventions of man must partake of the corruptions of his nature, and bear the marks of his imperfections; and as a particular consequent, that no government can be erected and controlled by unaided man, that does not embrace in its composition the seeds of its own dissolution! Every thing that he rears, whether physical or moral, bears on its front, "prostration or decay." The dwelling which he erects is liable to be swept away by the furious tornado! Towers and monuments crumble by the hand of time! Cities are wrapt in conflagration, while the fire-monarch, enveloped in the red clouds, laughs exultingly, as each crumbling structure sends upward its curling eddies! The seemingly everlasting pyramids, at the lightning's touch may yet be sundered, and their ten thousand atoms scattered to the wild winds! What are all the combinations, confederations, promises, and vows of unaided man? One convulsion, and they are gone! Social, intellectual, and political circles break away as rapidly as they are formed! Encompass the whole of human operations in one view, and what do we behold?—A fretting sea, a tumult of waters, a waxing and waning, an ebbing and flowing, wave dashing against wave, foam commingling with foam, on the noisy billows of which are floating a thousand wrecks of human glory! How uncertain, how frail, on what a slender thread hang the expectations and hopes of men!

"Man on the dubious wave of error toss'd,
His ship half founder'd, and his compass lost,
Sees, far as human optics may command,
A sleeping fog—and fancies it dry land;
Spreads all his canvass, every sinew plies,
Pants for 't, aims at it, enters it, and dies."

Vol. III.—26
Happy would it be if "prostration and decay" were all the evils consequent upon man's existence; but, while the wrecks of his labour pass away, his vices remain still. Happy too would it be, if those vices were buried in his heart; but, alas! the pernicious seed is sown in a too productive soil. It will spring up, and the tree spread abroad its branches, casting the poisonous fruit, with all its blighting influences, into every circle.

No government, then, based on the will of the people, and having the currents of vice ever washing its foundations, can stand. Let vice go abroad unchecked in this our beloved country; let vicious men choose for their legislators those like themselves; let such legislators enact bad laws, or corruptly administer those that are good; then the tide being in motion, we may mourn a farewell to the republic. The fabric that Lycurgus reared was a good one; why did it fail? The degeneracy of the people is the answer. Solon astonished the world by his profound skill in law making, why did his structure crumble? Go ask the people who murdered their Socrates! They thought Rome eternal in the day when her glory emblazoned the world; but the mighty tide of pollution which washed the base on which she stood, became, in the end, too irresistible for any counteracting influence, and then she fell, a grand but mournful wreck! Though in the ruin of most governments we discover directly the result of human folly, yet not in all. The mighty God pours out of the vials of indignation when the cup of iniquity is full; the sword of justice, ever uplifted, has fallen when nations have rioted on his goodness, insulted his law, and dared his vengeance!

Since, then, no government can stand when based upon the caprices of an unguided and corrupt people, does it not follow that moral influence, which can restrain the passions, and subjugate them to the mild sway of virtue, is
the required conservative? How then can this influence be obtained? We affirm that Christianity alone can produce this result. Some say that education in its onward march secures this; but, acknowledging the mighty influence it exerts, we can view it as only a secondary agent. Education may polish the outside, and smooth and ornament the surface, but Christianity alone, by its own potency, can penetrate to the centre of the moral mass. Did not the nations of old enjoy an exalted degree of education and refinement? Were not a thousand systems of philosophy strenuously employed by the profoundest of men, to curb the passions, and check the downward course of devoted mortals? Why did not they succeed? The answer is simple; they could teach their fellow man the depravity of his heart, and that a licentious course would end in ruin; but could not point him to Calvary, where died the Son of God, amid opening graves, a trembling world, and a darkened heaven! Veiled in sorrow and shrouded in gloom, they could not bid him look away to the everlasting hills, where the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! While all systems of morality that have appeared in the world only improve the exterior of nature, Christianity transforms it. It breaks up the fallow ground of the soul. It turns moral night to day, error to truth, vice to virtue.

Let the institutions of our holy religion be jealously guarded; at every attempt of innovation let our people rally at once to their support; let men throw off the threadbare garments of morality, be clothed with righteousness, and become the recipients of divine light, so freely offered them; then having the smiles of God upon us, we may well hope for the duration of our nation, as a republic, till “time shall be no longer.”

We are not without grounds for this hope. Our constitution is based in its spirit on God’s eternal principles of justice: the first great framers thereof were men to whose
reason had been applied the torch of eternal truth: under the guidance of Jehovah, Washington led forth to victory our armies. God's favour, manifested in the day of our struggle, abides with us still. Though when our people have grown infatuated in their enterprises, and dissipated in their prosperity so as to forget their benefactor, He has suddenly scourged them with the pestilence that walketh at noon day, and smitten them with the element that reddens the midnight sky; yet his protecting arm is still extended to us; he yet waits to be gracious, and on every hand are his blessings multiplied. Temporary excitements, ever and anon, triumph through the land, and vice at times, with uplifted crest, seems to tread down opposition to its sway; but Christianity must live. A republican soil is genial to its growth. The tree is becoming more and more deeply rooted—its branches are even now shooting out with vigour, and twining themselves around our political institutions. Our people are becoming more and more enlightened, the claims of God are acknowledged and met, the victories of the cross are numerous and glorious. Roll on then, thou car of reform! Trample beneath thee thine enemies, O Thou who hast trodden the wine press alone! Thou fountain of light! may thy rays which now fall here and there soon be "swallowed up in one glad effulgence, blessing all upon whom they fall, even as the common light of heaven."

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INDUSTRY AND TEMPERANCE.

A GENTLEMAN who keeps bees, and who is an attentive observer of these curious creatures, informed me the other day of a fact concerning them which I do not remember having before met with, which will serve as a beautiful illustration of the disconnection of industry and strong drink.
The fact is this: that the fumes of ardent spirits are exceedingly offensive to these busy artisans, and their presence will irritate them very much. The gentleman assures me that he has several times had visitors whose breath smelt of ardent spirits, who came to see his bees, and that the bees would always come around such with great spite, and sting them, and drive them from the yard, while they were perfectly peaceful to the other persons. He has found by experiments that their abhorrence of ardent spirits is inveterate.

That the bee, by its habits, has in all ages, and in every nation, become the emblem of industry, is universally known, and universal experience has taught us that ardent spirits is the sworn foe of industry. But that these industrious little creatures were, either by observation or instinct, such mortal enemies of strong drink, and that the presence of the rum drinker was considered by them such an intrusion on their industrious community, is a fact probably little known; it is at least a new discovery to me. Such a fact, if known to the rum drinker, would, we should think, be a stinging reproof of his degrading habits, and lead him to see how much above him in wisdom and usefulness are these little insects, and how contemptible does that rational being make himself whom they despise and abhor.—Hartford Observer.

COLONY AT LIBERIA.

Liberia has a population of 4,500 American colonists and 30,000 natives. It has nine settlements or towns—the two most distant being 300 miles apart on the sea coast—the others at various distances, intermediate. Its territory, procured by purchase, contains nearly 500,000 acres of land, and other large tracts can be easily obtained of the native owners in the same way. The government is mo-
deled after our own, and is purely republican—administered almost wholly by colored people. Agriculture is thriving and greatly extending. Four printing presses are in operation. Twenty-one churches are organized—some of them composed of native converts. More than thirty ordained ministers are engaged in religious teaching. Many sabbath schools are regularly attended. And on the whole, the colony never appeared better than now, nor so entirely attractive to its friends on the ground of its great usefulness.—Presbyterian.

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A FACT FOR GEOLOGISTS.

A few months since, the workmen engaged in blasting at the dock of the Dutchess Whaling Company, in this village, discovered, imbedded in the solid rock, a large sized stone pot, evidently the work of human hands. It was found about twelve feet below the surface, and at a distance of two hundred feet from the river's edge. The lid, which is said to be exactly fitted to the pot, is now in the possession of Captain Sherman. The body was thrown out with masses of rock and broken to pieces.

A fair subject for the speculation of geologists! Has this vessel been covered by those gradual changes which are peculiar to the operations of nature, or has it been deposited beneath a superincumbent mass of twelve feet in thickness, by the force of some violent convulsion?—Poughkeepsie Journal.

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Pearls, says Cowper, are not procured but from the bottom of the water; and gold is digged, not from the surface, but from the deep places of the earth. So the joy of God is not to be found but in the inward recesses of a broken and contrite spirit.
MISERABLE as life appears to be in Russia, it is the peculiar praise of the Russian, that he is always contented with his situation—supporting it not only with resignation, but with cheerfulness; indeed, in one respect he has no reason to repine—his earnings, though he be one of the lowest day labourers, are more than sufficient for the supply of his wants—he is warmly if not comfortably clad, and even in the coldest weather is never seen shivering with cold like the inhabitants of other European countries, where the weather is less severe. They possess also a kind of habitual gaiety, which they manifest by songs of a lively description. Indeed, the propensity is common to all ranks in Russia—the postillions sing from the beginning to the end of a stage—the soldiers sing upon their march—the countrymen and labourers in the cities sing during their most laborious occupations, while in the stillness of the evening, when the fatigues of the day are over, the air resounds with the songs of the peasantry seated before the doors of their houses.

"I have heard a great deal of the severity of the cold in
Russia,” said James Leech to Mr. Gorodek one day, after dinner, “but I can scarcely believe it when I feel the warmth of your summer.” “Our summers are hotter,” replied Mr. Gorodek, “than yours in England, and I think when winter comes you will not hesitate to confess that cold is in the same degree more intense than yours; but have you never heard of the palace which Catharine built in the year 1740, on occasion of the marriage of her minister, Prince Galitzin that shows how severe our winter frosts are.” “Yes, sir,” answered he, “all our books of travels mention it as a well-known fact; but I have never seen a description of it.” “When you are better acquainted with our language, you may read a particular account which was published at the time by Mr. Kraft; in the mean time take the following brief detail, which is given by a countryman of yours, who resided a long time with us. I should mention that seven years previous to the erection of the palace an ice castle and garrison had been built upon the river Neva; the ice, however, bent under their weight and that of the soldiers who were stationed in them, which determined Catharine to have the other built upon the land, half way between the admiralty and the winter palace. I agree fully in the remark which is made by your countryman, that it is difficult to determine whether the expense of erecting this palace, or the purpose for which it was intended, as the temporary residence of the prince and his bride, showed the greatest folly.

“The ice palace was constructed of blocks of ice cut out of the winter covering of the Neva, which were from two to three feet in thickness, according to necessity, being properly squared and formed, and laid on in regular courses like masonry; water was poured between them, which, being soon frozen, acted like a cement; so that the whole building may be said to have consisted of one immense mass of ice.
The length of the palace was about fifty-six feet, its breadth seventeen and a half, and its height twenty-one. It was constructed according to the strictest rules of art, and was adorned with a portico, columns, and statues. It consisted of a single story, the front having a door and fourteen windows, the frames of the latter as well as the panes being all formed of ice. The sides of the doors and of the windows were painted in imitation of green marble.

On each side of the door was a dolphin, from the mouths of which, by a particular contrivance, volumes of flame were emitted by night. Next to them were two mortars, equal to eighty pounders, from which many bomb-shells were thrown, a quarter of a pound of powder being used for each charge. On each side of the mortars stood three pieces of cannon, equal to three pounders, mounted upon carriages, and with wheels, which were often used; from one of them a bullet was driven through a board two inches thick, at the distance of sixty paces; a quarter of a pound of powder being also used for the charge.

The interior of the building had no ceiling, and consisted of a lobby and two large apartments, one on each side, which were well furnished, and painted in the most excellent manner, though merely formed of ice. Tables, chairs, statues, looking glasses, and other ornaments, besides tea cups, tumblers, wine glasses, and even plates with provisions, were seen in one apartment, also formed of ice and painted of their natural colours, while in the other was remarked a state bed, with bedstead, curtains, pillows, bedclothes, two pairs of slippers, and two night-caps, of the same cold substance as the building.

Behind the cannon, the mortars, and the dolphins, stretched a low balustrade. On each side of the building was a small entrance, adorned with flowers and orange trees, partly formed of ice, and partly natural. Beyond these were erected two icy pyramids.
of these stood an elephant, which was hollow, so that a person placed within, by means of a tube, imitated the natural cries of this animal. On the left of the other pyramid was a bath, which is said to have been sometimes heated, and even appropriated to use.

"The appearance of the ice palace, it is said, was remarkably splendid when lighted with numerous lamps and candles. Amusing transparencies were hung in the windows to increase the effect, and, together with the dolphins emitting flame, excited the astonishment of the people.

"As might be expected," concluded Mr. Gorodek, "crowds of people were continually visiting this extraordinary structure, which remained entire from the beginning of January almost to the middle of March. At the end of that time, and as spring drew near, the fabric began to melt, and soon afterward it was broken into pieces; which were conveyed to the imperial cellar."—Voyages & Travels, vol. vi.

For the Youth's Magazine.

FAITH, WEAK AND STRONG.

The Christian who takes the Bible for granted is much more consistent than he who is ever dwelling upon its evidences. By this it is not meant that it is better to place a blind faith in the Scriptures, without ever inquiring into their authenticity. Every Christian ought to make himself fully acquainted with the chief arguments on which the claims of God's word are based, so much so as to remove from his mind all doubts as to their divine origin and authority. But we mean that, when this investigation has been candidly made, and the mind has at length settled down on the conviction that the Bible is the voice of God to man, there should be no more wavering, no more
hesitancy in confiding all, body, soul, reputation, to its disposal. Surely, if God should make a visible display of his personal glories before the eyes of men, and should utter his commands with an audible voice, would unbelief venture to rise up and suggest, "It may be that God has not spoken?" And if a man, blind and deaf, who could neither see the divine display, nor tremble at the intonations of the celestial voice, should stoutly affirm that it was all an illusion; who that had both seen and heard, would find it necessary to go back to the place of the Almighty's outbeamings, and look and listen again, in order to be reassured that his own senses are not indeed less accurate than the eyes of the blind, and the ears of the deaf? But how many a Christian there is who fancies himself grounded immovable in the belief of the Bible, but who, when an arrogant skeptic scoffs at it as a puerile book, absurd and contemptible, or when the scientific infidel proclaims abroad that philosophy has at length detected the Christian imposture, trembles and faulters, and finds himself half ready to acknowledge, "I am not sure but I may be deceived!" And now he must go back and review the arguments on which his faith had reposed; or, perhaps, an unqualified assertion, from some one of firmer confidence, that the Bible is true, will be sufficient to reassure him. Is such a faith adequate to the wants of the Christian in our age? There may not be great danger that those of unstable confidence in Christ should be entirely thrown off the foundation of their trust. The arm of infidelity may not be strong enough for this; the great enemy may not, in most instances, expect this; it may be sufficient for his purpose that he is able, by the lofty bearing of his followers, by the hasty and false deductions of science, and by other arts, innumerable, perhaps, to keep the great body of Christians hovering just on the borders of skepticism,
now believing, now trembling. For a church in this state is palsied of its efficiency. All the energies it possesses must be expended in defensive efforts. Like an army besieged, it has enough to do to repel the enemy from the citadel itself, while all the plenteous and whitening harvest abroad is exposed to the ravages of the destroyer.

It is painful to consider how few there are to whom it may not be said, "O ye of little faith!" Such Christians are not the pillars on which the church rests, and which give it firmness and efficacy. Like Peter on the waters, they would sink of their own weight were they not caught and upheld by a more steady arm. The few, in whose hearts a more stable faith has been implanted, are the light of the world, they are the salt of the earth. Does the haughty infidel frown on the meek but firm believer in Christ? He falters not; he cowards not; he does not find it needful to assume in turn the blustering bravado, either for the purpose of intimidating his opponent, or sustaining his own courage. He has in his own heart a divine witness to the faithfulness of God, and the proud skeptic himself soon cowards before the simple exhibition of that faith which works by love, and purifies the heart. Does "science, falsely so called," put on her airs, and talk of the overthrow of religion and the falsehood of the Bible? Well, what does the believer do? Does he hasten to peruse his "evidences," half suspicious that now he shall detect some fatal fallacy which had escaped him before? No; he calmly and humbly raises his eyes to heaven and exclaims, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes!" He may not be able to gainsay the specious arguments of the reasoner, but he finds more direct access to his heart. The flame of divine fervour which glows in his own bosom is more efficient than all subtle disputations. He stops not
to show how Christianity may be defended; he takes the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit, and shows how she can conquer.  

L. L. K.  

Wesleyan University, Nov., 1840.

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LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY.

The following letter was written by a pupil of one of the sabbath schools in this city, a young lady of about twelve years of age. Her object in writing was to improve herself in composition, and to gratify her friends. It was not her desire to have the letter published, but, through the kindness of the friend to whom it was addressed, we are permitted to give it a place in the Youth's Magazine. We hope Harriet will continue in the good work in which she has begun, and that many will imitate her example.—Ed.

New-York, Nov. 12th, 1840.

I started the 20th of July for Sheridan, a village about forty miles south of Buffalo, accompanied by my parents, brother, and sister. It was a beautiful morning, but we could not help feeling a little sad when we parted from our friends at home.

We went on board the steamboat North America, and had a delightful sail to Albany, where we landed about five o'clock. We did not see much of this city, as papa thought it would be more pleasant to spend the night at Schenectada; so we passed directly to the cars, which soon carried us to the desired place. The next morning we resumed our seats in the car, and arrived at Utica in time for dinner. Here we met some acquaintances of papa's, who, in the afternoon, went with us to Trenton Falls, about fifteen miles from this place. The road ascends to quite a height, and affords a beautiful view of the city in the distance, and a rich, flourishing country on
every side. It was quite late before we were prepared to take a walk, so we had to content ourselves (after descending numerous flights of steps) with only a peep at the first fall, a narrow, black looking river which ran at our feet, and the high rocks covered with trees and bushes on either side of us. The next day we resumed our walk along the narrow passage in the side of the cliff, and soon came to a bridge, where we crossed over, and entered a small shanty, from which we had an excellent view of the second fall. We had not time to stop long, so we retraced our steps across the bridge, and after following the rough, narrow path a short distance, another fall, more majestic than either of the others, burst upon our view. The scenery was sublime, and exceeds all description. The passage to the next fall was the most dangerous part of our way. The walk was very narrow, wet, and slippery, and the water dashed against it in a terrific manner. An iron bar, however, was fastened across the place to prevent persons from falling. As we felt very tired, and it was quite late, we could go no further, although I believe there were several falls we had not seen. We ascended some steps to a small house which was near, situated on the side of the bank, sat down, and after refreshing ourselves, returned through the woods to the hotel, where we found the stage waiting for us. We took our seats, and in three hours found ourselves once more in Utica.

After dinner we were obliged to part with our friends, as we started in the car for Syracuse. We arrived there about six o'clock, drank tea at the Syracuse House, then hurried on board a canal boat, where our accommodations were none of the best, and were glad when morning came to find ourselves at Oswego. Here we spent the day. It rained very hard all the afternoon. About five o'clock we went on board the steamboat United States. Although the weather was damp, and cold, we were very comfortable in
the cabin, and slept well during the night, having been awake almost all the previous one. The next morning the wind blew hard, the water was rough, and made us a little sick; however, as soon as we got in Niagara river it was more calm. We soon approached within sight of Lewistown, where the cars were waiting for us, and at twelve o'clock we were at Niagara, the place of which we had heard so much.

If such a man as Bishop Waugh cannot describe these falls, I am sure I cannot. Saturday we crossed the river to the Canada side in a little row boat. After ascending a very steep road, cut in the side of the cliff, we bent our steps to the camera obscura, and then proceeded to the museum, which was filled with stuffed animals of almost every kind. Sister said we must not leave without going on Table Rock; so to Table Rock we went, but it was very unpleasant, for the walking was bad, and the spray was like a shower of rain. We then returned to the hotel, and, after dinner, went in the cars to Buffalo, where we stopped over Sunday. Attended church and heard a discourse from the words, "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" I learned something new. After making a few remarks, the preacher said there were two substances, a soul and a body. I never knew before that the soul was a substance.

Monday morning, bright and early, we started in the stage for my uncle's house at Sheridan, and at two o'clock had the pleasure of seeing our friends. We remained here a week. On the 4th of August we bade adieu to this place, and commenced our journey homeward. After spending the first night at Buffalo, we continued our way in a stage to Batavia, and from thence to Rochester in the cars. The next day we rode to the Mount Hope cemetery, about a mile from the last named city. It is a place well calcu-
lated for a burying ground. Thursday, taking the stage again, we proceeded to Cayuga Bridge, and then went on board the Simon De Witt for Ithaca, where we landed at five o'clock. We returned the next morning to the bridge, where stages were waiting to take passengers to Auburn. In the afternoon a friend took us through the prison. Sunday we went to church in the morning, and again in the afternoon. The sermons were very good. Auburn is a delightful place. We arose at two o'clock the next morning, travelled all day in the car, and arrived at Albany in time to take the evening boat for New-York. We spent a delightful evening on board, slept well, and the next morning found ourselves at home.

Harriet.

"THERE SHALL BE WAR NO MORE."

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance," will soon cease to be the elements of glorious war. Perkins' steam gun, which is capable of throwing a hundred and fifty-eight balls in a minute, with unexampled force; which may be made of every size, and used with equal facility on land and water; is an invention that will soon entirely divest battle of its poetry. By this instrument, continuous showers of balls may be projected with such rapidity, that when the barrel of the gun is slowly swept around in a horizontal direction, the line of shot holes will cut the "wooden walls" of a ship in twain, as if by an invisible saw; and the same force will cut a horizontal gash through the side of a fort, or mow down a regiment in ten minutes. Hence we hold, with a pleasant Pennsylvanian contemporary, that war will soon cease to be attractive, and its "day" go by. To bring destruction thus to its maximum, and to effect in a few minutes results which have heretofore required whole campaigns to accomplish, will be by no
means likely to increase the billigerent spirit. Pugnacity itself will be overawed at such certain slaughter. The joy of battle will be gone. There will be little of the romance with which the trade of human butchery is strangely invested, if battalions are to be blown to fragments by the opening of a steam valve; and if in place of glittering warriors, and plumed troops, and music, feathers, and gold lace, the fate of nations is to be decided by a few swarthy firemen, in red flannel shirts, sweating with blackened brows over the hot and greasy engine; shooting cannon balls by the cart loads from hissing pipes, instead of having recourse to pealing trumpets and rattling drums to blow the sparks of military ardour into a flame. This will be reducing war to its essentials; it will be getting rid of all its fascinating deceptions at once; it will be such an application of the labour-saving principle to the business of thinning population, and of making widows and orphans, that neither nations nor individuals will lightly go in search of such ghastly honour.—Knickerbocker.

FEAT OF SOME SPIDERS.

Mr. Roland Lyman, of this city, jeweller, recently left a gold ring, with a piece of paper, for a label, lying within it, upon his watch bench. The next morning he found that a large black spider, from the ceiling over head, had attached his web to the paper, and raised that and the ring one inch. In the course of a week he raised it eight inches. He was then driven away by a small brown spider. Another black one afterward attached his web to it, and, in three days, raised it to the height of fourteen inches from the table; when, by some means, the web was broken. The weight of the paper and ring was twelve grains.—Lowell Courier.
THE FIVE KERNELS OF CORN.

Those who form a new colony, or establish a regular government where there was none before, have need of patience to endure toil, and wisdom to overcome difficulty. The first settlers of New-England had many dangers to meet, and hardships to sustain. Their voyage over the ocean was long and tempestuous.

They approached the coast during the cold of winter. At their first landing on the rock at Plymouth, December 22d, 1620, the whole appearance of the country was dreary and inhospitable. The thick forests looked dark and gloomy, and the tangled underwood and brambles had never been cleared away, to make a comfortable path for their feet. There was no shelter from the cold winds and storms of snow. Some of their number were delicate women and little children, who had been accustomed to comfortable rooms and soft beds. But here was not a single house, or even a board with which to build one. They were forced to cut down logs, and with them and the branches of trees to construct rude huts for the refuge of their families. The Indians, who were numerous, lived in simple dwellings called wigwams, and were astonished at the arrival of the white strangers. At first they fled away, and viewed them at a distance. Then they became acquainted, and were sometimes friendly and supplied them with corn. But they grew suspicious, and were disposed to consider them as intruders and enemies. So that wars with the natives were among the troubles of our forefathers. They were an industrious and pious people; patient under hardships, and anxious for the right education of their children. Their sufferings were so great, from cold weather, and coarse food, and storms, from which their habitations were too poor to shelter them, that many of them died.
It was not the least of their domestic privations, that for four years no cows were brought to the colony. It is almost impossible for us to realize the inconvenience and suffering which would ensue if no milk was to be procured, even though our tables should in other respects be well provided. But there the weaned infant pined; and the aliment best adapted to its sustenance could not be obtained. The little shivering child hungered and wept for the bread and milk which it used freely to eat in its home beyond the sea. The feeble sick woman languished, and there was no means of preparing for her what might tempt the decaying appetite. There was neither milk, nor sugar, nor eggs, nor chickens. Coarse bread, made of pounded corn, was what they depended upon for nourishment. But they were patient and thankful. And these circumstances are mentioned that children may remember what our ancestors endured, and may learn not to complain if their own food is not always according to their fancy.

But there is a greater evil than being obliged to eat coarse food, namely, not being able to obtain food enough to support nature. This is called famine. This also came upon the colonists at Plymouth, or the pilgrim fathers, as they are styled in history. In 1621, the year after their settlement, they were exceedingly distressed for provisions. For two or three months they had no bread at all. Their friends across the ocean, three thousand miles distant, knew not of their distress, and could not therefore relieve it. Many of the less vigorous were not able to bear it. The flesh wasted away from their bones, and they died. Children with dry and parched lips asked their parents for a little bread, and they had none to give. But they prayed to God, and besought him to have pity on his people in the wilderness. Vessels arrived from England bringing them aid; and summer ripening the corn which they had planted, once more supplied them with food.
In 1623 was another distressing famine. Scarcely any corn could be obtained. At one time the quantity distributed was only five kernels to each person. Only five kernels to each person! These were parched and eaten. This should not be forgotten by the descendants of the pilgrim fathers. The anniversary of their landing at Plymouth is commemorated by public religious exercises. On the 22d of December, 1820, was its second centennial celebration,—that is, the day on which two centuries had elapsed since their arrival. Great pains were taken by pious and eloquent men to impress the minds of a happy and prosperous people with a sense of what their ancestors had sustained in the first planting of this land. At the public dinner, when the table was loaded with the rich viands of a plentiful country, by each plate was placed five kernels of corn, as a memorial of the firm endurance of their fathers.

I have sometimes seen young people displeased with plain and wholesome food, when it was plentifully provided. I have even heard little children complain of what their parents or friends thought most proper for them. I have known them to wish for what they could not have, and be uneasy because it was denied them. Then I regretted that they should waste so much precious time, and even make themselves unhappy for such trifles, and forget the old maxim, that we should "eat to live, and not live to eat."

My dear children, if any of you are ever tempted to be dainty, and dissatisfied with plain food, think of the five kernels of corn, and be thankful.

Mrs. Sigourney.

—*—

You must not be content with spelling and reading a parable, but do as the bees do with a flower, settle upon it and suck out the honey.—Hare.
THE STAR IN THE EAST.

Star of the east, how sweet art thou,
   Seen in life's early morning sky,
Ere yet a cloud has dimm'd the brow,
   While yet we gaze with childish eye;

When father, mother, nursing friend,
   Most dearly loved, and loving best,
First bid us from their arms ascend,
   Pointing to thee in thy sure rest!

'Too soon the glare of earthly day
   Buries, to us, thy brightness keen,
And we are left to find our way
   By faith and hope in thee unseen.

What matter, if the waymarks sure
   On every side are round us set?
Soon overleap'd, but not obscure:
   'Tis ours to mark them, not forget.

What matter, if in calm old age
   Our childhood's star again arise,
Crowning our lonely pilgrimage
   With all that cheers a wanderer's eyes?

Ne'er may we lose it from our sight
   Till all our hopes and thoughts are led
To where it stays its lucid flight,
   Over our Saviour's lowly bed.

There, swathed in humblest poverty,
   On Chastity's meek lap enshrined,
With breathless Reverence waiting by,
   When we our sovereign Master find,
Will not the long-forgotten glow
Of mingled joy and awe return,
When stars above or flowers below
First made our infant spirits burn?

Look on us, Lord, and take our parts
Even on thy throne of purity!
From these our proud yet grovelling hearts
Hide not thy mild forgiving eye.

Did not the Gentile church find grace,
Our mother dear, this favour'd day?
With gold and myrrh she sought thy face,
Nor didst thou turn thy face away.

She too, in earlier, purer days,
Had watch'd thee gleaming faint and far—
But wandering in self-chosen ways
She lost thee quite, thou lovely star.

Yet had her father's finger turn'd
To thee her first inquiring glance:
The deeper shame within her burn'd,
When waken'd from her wilful trance.

Behold, the wisest throng thy gate,
Their richest, sweetest, purest store,
(Yet own'd too worthless and too late,)
They lavish on thy cottage floor.

They give their best—O tenfold shame
On us their fallen progeny,
Who sacrifice the blind and lame*—
Who will not wake or fast with thee!

* Malachi i, 8.
TIME.

TIME! what thousand fleeting things
Poets have compared to thee;
Feign'd thee with untiring wings,
Restless as th' inconstant sea.

Shadows vanishing away,
Vapours rising to the sun,
Dew at the approach of day,
Steeds th' appointed race to run.

Fading flowers—the eagle's flight—
The passing breeze—the lightning's glare—
In vain their various powers unite
Thy rapid progress to declare.

Time! what schemes to speed thy course
Deluded mortals will devise;
To add to thy resistless force
They task their utmost energies.

The festive board, the sprightly dance,
Where thousand lamps their splendours throw,
The high-wrought theme of old romance—
The poet's tale of fancied wo.

The giddy whirl of fashion's throng,
The statesman's dream of envied power,
All, all conspire to drive along
The chariot of the passing hour.

Time! will thy journey n'er be o'er?
The ship ploughs far the trackless sea,
Yet gains at last the destined shore;—
Where is thy port?—Eternity.
That scene which men cannot conceive,
That ocean boundless and sublime,
Will in its vast abyss receive
The shadow of departed Time.

And from its depths is heard to speak
A voice more loud than ocean's roar,
NOW an eternal mansion seek,
To last when Time shall be no more.

N. O.

---

STAR LIGHT FROST.

The stars are shining over head
In the clear frosty night;
So will they shine when we are dead,
As countless and as bright.

For brief the time, and small the space,
That ev'n the proudest have,
Ere they conclude their various race
In silence and the grave.

But the pure soul from dust shall rise,
By our great Saviour's aid
When the last trump shall rend the skies,
And all the stars shall fade!

---

AN ACROSTIC.

Inter cuncta micans Igniti sidera Cæl I,
Expellit tenebras E loco Phoebus et orb E;
Sic cæcas removet JESVS caliginis umbra S,
Viviscansque simul Vero præcordia mot V
Solem justitiae Sese probat esse beati S.

(Translations in verse are requested.)
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—*—

TERMS OF THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

The Youth's Magazine is published monthly, on good paper, and fair type, with appropriate engravings; price $1 a year, payable in advance. It will be understood that subscribers engage to continue their subscriptions for the work, unless the publishers are notified to the contrary before the commencement of a new volume.

Agents who procure subscribers, and remit the money advance with their orders, free of expense, or become responsible for the payment, shall be allowed the same discount in the books of our General Catalogue.

Note.—Agents are requested to record the names of the subscribers on the book for periodicals, to be kept on the circulation station, as directed by the late General Conference.

—*—

POSTAGE.

We were in error in stating the rates of postage on this magazine on former numbers. According to the Post Office (now before us), 1 1-2 cents per sheet for 100 miles, 2 cents over 100 miles; all surplus pages are considered sheet.

This Magazine contains 1 sheet.
This periodical was commenced a little more than two years since the joint recommendation of the Agents and Book Committee; though the circulation of it has not been commensurate with the wishes of the church, and the wishes of the publishers, owing, partly, to scarcity of money, and partly to the overwhelming abundance of publications in the newspaper form, and, to some extent, to the price of postage; yet, wherever it has found its way, so far as we can learn, it has been cordially received, and is highly appreciated. Such a periodical seems necessary for the more advanced classes in Sabbath schools, and also for those teachers and young persons who may have access to larger and more expensive works. Young people in the interesting age of which we speak, generally read with great avidity all that comes in their way, and it is certainly desirable to supply their intellectual appetite with something that shall gratify it without corrupting their principles, or endangering their morals.

Two volumes of this work are now before the public, and the third is in course of publication; a mere glance at the chapters of contents will show that we have not been careless in the selection of articles with which these volumes are filled. We should have been glad of a few more well-written original articles, and take this opportunity of saying, that the pages of this periodical will ever be open to suitable communications on the following subjects: Short biographical accounts of young persons eminent for piety and usefulness; essays on literary, scientific, moral, and religious subjects; anecdotes illustrative of providence and grace of God; elegant extracts from new and scarce publications; illustrations of Scripture; accounts of revivals of religion in Sabbath schools and Bible classes; anecdotes, narratives, dialogues, and anything rare and curious, provided, always, that nothing be furnished which is at variance with Scripture, truth, or evangelical principles.

Our own resources, so far as materials for selection are concerned, are ample; but we often suffer for want of time. Any aid, therefore, that our friends can render us, either in the way of original compositions or judicious extracts, will be thankfully received. As to the mechanical execution of the work, its typography, embellishments, paper, printing, &c., we have no hesitation in saying it is one of the best and cheapest in the country; and we once more express a hope that preachers, Sunday school superintendents and teachers, and our friends generally, will interest themselves in promoting and sustaining its circulation.

If the travelling preachers only, throughout our whole connection, would each send us ten subscribers, we would not complain; but if all others who can conveniently take hold of this enterprise will do the same, we will be exceedingly glad.
THE

YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.


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A person of a reflective mind will never want a subject to muse upon. He will

Find tongues in trees, books in the running stream,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

The prospect now before me was such as seemed enough to create the faculty of thought, for it seemed impossible for any person to look around him without enjoying an intellectual repast,

— a feast of nectar'd sweets.

It would be tedious to describe minutely the several beauties that in succession presented themselves to my eyes, and it would be injustice to the place itself to pass them over in total silence. Besides, people resident in towns may be pleased with that in description, which they cannot enjoy in reality; and others, resident in the country, may find it profitable to be thus led to mark the distinguishing beauties of their several places of abode, and to bless the Being whose wisdom, power, and goodness they so strikingly display.

It may be thought, that as I have already described the form and appearance of the valley,* little else can be said on the subject; but this is erroneous, for I have not yet said a word of the woods that here and there stretched themselves from the foot to the very summit of the hills;

* In the volume whence this account is taken, 118 S. S. & Y. Lib.
the checkered fields of stubble, and meadows of pastur­age; the brook that rippled its crystal waters along the tor­tuous channel at the bottom of the vale; the murmuring hum of wheels at the mill upon the stream; the spiral smoke of two or three distant cottages; the rising spires of faintly discerned churches; the jocund sound from a few rustic swains loading the last wagon with the fruits of a plenteous harvest—all gilded by a fine evening sun: but I can only thus glance at them, and say that I could wish every one of my readers to be placed in the same spot, there to adore the bountiful Author of creative beauty and redeeming grace.

Perhaps there was some danger of my forming an inor­dinate attachment to the things of this world, but so it was; the monitor within seemed to whisper, "Arise, for this is not thy rest." A tarnish, too, was cast upon the glory of the spot, by the recollection that all the beauty we can now behold is but the remains of primitive perfec­tion, of perfection violated and forfeited by the transgres­sion of our fallible progenitors. The thought struck me, What must Eden have been before the fall! A dimness appeared to shroud the prospect before me. I rose from my turfy seat, blessing the Father of mercies that there is "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

I rambled some distance along the sloping side of the hill, when on turning the corner of a little mount, I disco­vered a cottage half hid in a cluster of trees. On app­roaching it yet nearer, I observed an aged figure seated upon a bench at the door, leaning forward upon a staff which seemed to have been the companion of many years. His eye appeared fixed upon a little kitten that was frisk­ing about at his feet, so that I had lifted the latch of the garden wicket before I was perceived by him.
"Will you forgive the intrusion of a stranger?" said I, as I approached him. The old gentleman respectfully rose from his seat, and bade we welcome to the cottage. He was a venerable figure, of about threescore and ten years of age, tall in his person, and of unusually clean appearance. A contraction of one of his legs rendered a stick necessary to support him. His dress was what one does not expect to find in country cottages. The bosom of his scarlet waistcoat displayed his nicely plaited frill, his shoes were polished to a ject black lustre, his beard was clean shaven, and the few remaining curls of his hoary hair were bound together by a black silk riband down his back, while its snowy whiteness formed a striking contrast to the clean-brushed blue coat over which it hung.

The few words that passed between us brought to the door a healthy looking woman of about twenty-five, and two or three ruddy looking children. "Will you walk in, sir?" said the woman. "No, I thank you," I replied, "I prefer resting a few minutes under the shade of this jessamine." "Then I'll reach you a chair," said she. "That is unnecessary," I observed: "with the old gentleman's permission, I will sit by his side upon the bench." The old man took possession of one end of the seat, and I of the other. The woman withdrew into the house, and the children, too bashful to show themselves fully, stole secret glances at us round the door post of the cottage.

"Your cottage is very pleasantly situated," said I to the old man. "Yes, sir," said he, "it is; but age has dimmed my eyes, so that I can hardly discern distant objects. Sir, your eyes are better than mine, and you can see a long way from here; but there is not a spot in sight but I know almost as well as this garden." "You have, perhaps, spent your whole life in this neighbourhood?" said I. "O, no; O, no," replied he. "My first days and my last days have been spent here, but the middle of my life was em-
ployed far from this country. When I was a lad, I led my sheep over every hill and valley hereabouts; but those days are long gone by, and God has granted me a resting place in my old age, in the place I love best of any, and I praise him for it." "Then," said I, "like a soldier after victory, you have returned to enjoy a peaceful home." "A soldier, sir! perhaps I know more of a soldier's life than you do! I beg pardon, I hope no offence, but I served his majesty five and thirty years, and I know something of both war and peace."

The old man uttered these words with an animation that testified that the martial spirit was not extinct; at the same time he erected his head, and drew himself up into quite a military attitude. But nature could not support the excitement for more than a minute or two; he gradually bent down to his former position, as he said, "Yes, sir, I faithfully served my king all the best of my days, and like a good master, he now supports me, and God bless him for it."

From the Temperance Recorder.

A SKETCH.

The delirium tremens is one of the most frightful consequences of intemperance. When the wretched victim, of unbridled appetite, has indulged to a certain extent in his accustomed stimulant, his reeling brain conjures up a multitude of fancies, far more horrible than ever tantalized the wildest maniac. The concluding scene with such an individual is indescribably fearful. Death in all its protean shapes has never affected me with such sensations as I have experienced when standing by the wretched inebriate suffering with this terrible disorder. One case to which my mind reverts, was marked with circumstances of painful interest. It happened upon a stormy night, near the
last of January, during a winter of uncommon severity. The snow was pattering in irregular gusts against the windows, while a neighbouring watch dog howled a dismal accompaniment to the raging north-wester. My family, after partaking of a dish of fine apples around a fire of seasoned beach, rendered doubly cheerful from the gloom without, had one after another retired to rest, leaving the schoolmaster and myself leaning on the mantle, each with a light in one hand, and his upper garments in the other, warming our slippers over the buried but still glowing embers, and debating an unsettled point in theology with dogmatic perseverance. A startling rap with the huge brass knocker upon the front door brought our dispute to an abrupt conclusion. "The squire is crazy!" said an agitated voice, as the door opened and a sudden gust of wind extinguished both the lights. "Hurry over! quick! the family is afraid he won't live till morning!" and without further explanation the messenger turned his horse and rode off at full gallop through the collecting drifts. To readjust my apparel was the work of a moment, and not without a smile at the rueful expression of the schoolmaster's countenance, as he relighted his candle, and said in an exposutorial tone, "Must you go out in such a storm?" I was soon urging my faithful but jaded gray to his utmost speed, in the face of the beating tempest for the residence of the Honorable Jonathan Lang. Esquire Lang was a wealthy gentleman farmer of extensive repute. He was a worthy member of the state legislature, an excellent neighbour, and, in days when a periodical revel was rarely accounted an evil, a man of irreproachable moral character. Few, even in his own domestic circle, referred the bloated corpulency of his naturally large system, and the fiery flush of his full face, to the legitimate cause. His was one of those sponge-like systems that will soak up a quart of brandy a day, and exhibit no symptoms of inebriation, and as he was
never seen drunk except upon public occasions, he passed for a strictly temperate man. Indeed, an incident occurred which caused him to lay aside even this practice. About five years previous to the date of events imbedded in the subsequent narrative, his eldest son was carried home from a fourth of July dinner in a "glorious" state of "jollification." "O John! John!" exclaimed his alarmed mother. "Don't say a word, mother," hiccuped John, "father's ten times drunker than I!" Esquire Lang never set the example of public inebriety afterward. His daily drams of Cogniac, and his regularly retiring to bed every day after dinner, were the only practices which the most scrupulous whispered to his discredit.

But abused appetite forces us sooner or later to pay the forfeit. Esquire Lang was arrested in his intemperate course by a strong fit of apoplexy. He had been partially recovered by the energetic application of the usual restorants, and all stimulating food and drinks strongly interdicted as certain hindrances to entire convalescence. His brain, now tortured with emptiness as it had before been with plethora, was giving birth to all the wild and horrible imaginings of delirium tremens. I tied my horse under one of his ample sheds, and entered without ceremony. He sat bolt upright in his bed, and his countenance was the image of despair. His eyes were alternately fitfully glancing, or fearfully rolling in their strained sockets, as if in pursuit of ever changing objects, now advancing, now retreating, and now flitting with electric rapidity over the field of vision. Startled at my entrance, he looked up and vehemently exclaimed, "Would you rob me?" Again, recoiling from my proffered hand, he shrieked, "You would murder me!" and sprang from the opposite side of his couch with superhuman energy. The injudicious opposition of his friends to his whims had phrenzied him to an alarming degree. He utterly and obstinately refused
anodynes, and was only restrained by force from leaping from the windows of his apartment to escape these visionary, yet to him real tormentors. Grasping the clothes convulsively as we replaced him in bed, he buried himself beneath half a dozen blankets. "Ha! there yet?" he muttered in stifled tones, and flung the covering from himself to the floor with startling suddenness. Soothing words calmed him occasionally, but he seldom lost sight for a moment of the phantoms dancing attendance upon his unthroned imagination. Now, terror beamed from every lineament. "Fiends!" he exclaimed, shrinking backward and elevating his hand for defence. Again his face exhibited every mark of strong loathing and disgust. "Snakes!" said he, "see them crawl!" "See! they are on my bed!" "Keep them off!" raising his voice with each successive exclamation. Now his eyes rapidly traversed the circumference of a circle of which he was the centre, and the diameter of which was rapidly lessening. "See! they are on me!" he exclaimed, when his person was embraced within the narrowing limits. "Why don't you keep them off?" The expression of his features, his intense agitation, his motions were all those of one upon whom ten thousand reptiles were trailing their scaly bodies. Again, fixing his eyes upon a retired corner of the room, he shook with an unearthly shudder, as if some new horror had greeted his vision. "What do you see there?" inquired his anxious and distressed wife. "Two!" he whispered. "Two what?" said I. "Two horrid, horrid fellows!" He shuddered convulsively. "Keep them away!" said he faintly, after another half hour of anxious silence. Our hopeless task of beating the air was resumed with usual success. "Take them away!" he groaned, "they are coming! they are coming!" I threw myself into a posture of defence. He grew calm for a few moments. Then suddenly starting up, he clenched his fists, raised them to
his right shoulder in boxing attitude, glared fear and fury from his bloodshot eyes, howled in agony, "They come! they come!" struck three several times with appalling energy at the approaching phantoms, and fell back upon his couch—a ghastly corpse!  

E. W Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, Sept., 1840.

From the Imperial Magazine.  

THE CENT.  

BY AN INDIGENT AUTHOR.  

"—winds now this way, and now that;  
His devious course uncertain."—Cowper.

I had to write for my dinner. I was very hungry; and, what was worse than all, in my present circumstances, I knew not on what subject to write. The paper lay before me, but not a word appeared on it; and I knew that if that were the case long, I must suffer even worse than I had hitherto done. So I placed my forehead upon the palm of my right hand, while my elbow rested upon the table, and thrust my left into my pantaloons pocket, in order that I might collect my thoughts. Though the right hand was nearest the seat of the soul, it was the left by which these thoughts were helped with a subject; for there lay a solitary cent at the bottom of my pocket. I therefore resolved to write about this coin, and accordingly, drawing it from its concealment, and placing it before me, thus began:—  

"A cent! How many people there are who think nothing at all about it, who neither know nor observe the use or value of a cent to some of their fellow creatures. There is the child who thinks it his highest delight to gain a coin like this, that he may go and have the pleasure of spending it. Tops, gingerbread, and apples, float before his fancy, when he gets it well clutched in his hand, and he runs
off laughing with unaffected glee to purchase with it some anticipated treasure. We laugh at him for so doing; we put down his actions in this case to his puerile ideas, and say within ourselves, The time will come when higher subjects will engage his attention, and when he will place his happiness in something greater or more worthy of his mind. It may be so; it is to be hoped it will be so: but if this world, or any thing within it, is to be the prime occupier of his thoughts, it will not. Were a rich man to behold a child thus acting, he would be the first to tell us of the paltry nature of the thing which that child values so highly: and were this rich and wealthy personage to be one who placed in these riches his chief good, it would by no means alter his opinion; for he would so desire to possess a vast sum, that such a small one would appear nothing to him. Now, here is a cent, a coin which will purchase that which the child wants. He only values it as far as he thinks that purchase will minister to his pleasure. But here is one who scorns such a paltry thing, and yet heaps together money,—coin,—silver and gold,—which, as to value, are but the multiplication of cents; not for purposes either of gratification or happiness, but merely to say that he is a rich man, and to behold himself possessed of a certain multiplied number of these cents. Is not the conduct of the child superior to that of the man, and is he not more silly and more weak, who, with superior sense and much more experience, can also act much more foolishly?

“A cent! Here is a beggar; he petitions you to give him a cent; a poor miserable creature, who, with a few cents, contrives some way or other to drag himself through life. Give him one; it may relieve his distress by procuring for him a meal. Refuse it him; he will inevitably consider you as uncharitable, and then will be forced to hobble on his crutches to the door of some other Christian
who has more charity than yourself. Perhaps you may satisfy your conscience by saying, 'He may be a vagabond.' He may be so truly; but it is your duty, not being certified of the circumstance, to give him the pittance he requires; and if he be not, this poor paltry cent will come up in future judgment, to scare you with its presence. We think little of a cent when we possess it, but when we have to part with it, we think much; ay, and oftentimes we fumble in our pockets for this poor miserable piece of coin to give in lieu of something of more value. Love your neighbours as yourselves, is a rule which very few people think of. It appears in their Bibles, but never in their conduct. For ourselves we can spend shillings, and dollars plenteously enough; but if it be for our neighbours, we look at a cent with an avaricious glance.

"There is Charles D——; I was walking with him a few weeks ago, and we beheld an object of charity, who bore the marks of extreme poverty, and who was lame to boot. We both felt the force of his demand upon our purses: I will not say what I did in such a case,—but Charles put his hand into his pocket, felt most carefully about, and cried, 'I've got no change.' Now here was an intention in the first place to relieve the distress of the man, and then that good intention was frustrated. By what? The having nothing in the pocket to give? No! The having no copper coin about him. I will venture to say the poor fellow had heard the same excuse a hundred times.

"A cent! Why, 'tis nothing says the spendthrift. He can throw away hundreds and thousands of them, and when they are gone, he would (if he could) throw after them hundreds and thousands more. And yet there is, after all, some value even in a cent; and the reason that the spendthrift has become povertystricken is, because he never considered that value; and the reason he will never
become possessed of wealth again is, that he will never consider it. He prides himself upon the circumstance that he is not selfish, that he does not value that upon which some people place their happiness. Now the fact is, that he is selfish. Were he not so, he would save his money for occasions of liberality, that he might do effectual good to his fellow creatures: but instead of that being the case, he lavishes it upon himself, and employs it all for his own exclusive benefit. But then he tells you, that he is benevolent, and squanders away money on other people's account as well as his own. Truly he does. But as it relates to himself, that makes him none the less selfish. He gratifies an itching desire that he has to get rid of his property, and it matters not to him whether the occasion be one of benevolence or of prodigal profusion. 'But (say the advocates of this character) how easily can he be turned to good! How easily can he be persuaded to do laudable actions!—Very true: but he can be as easily persuaded to do actions which are not laudable; and if, on the one hand, it can be said that he can with little trouble be drawn from the path of wrong, he is equally liable to be drawn from the path of rectitude; and he will be as unstable in the way of virtue as in the way of vice.'

I will give no more of the essay, but finish by the mental application I made of the subject to myself.—A cent! It is all my treasure; and while those who plod in the dusty mines of business have bread enough and to spare, I am poor and hungry. They say it is always the case, and perhaps it should be so; for there is far more real pleasure in literary pursuits, than in the accumulation of wealth by traffic. Thus things are balanced in this world. And yet, after all, I am not quite so badly off, said I, as I ate the dinner which the essay had procured for me.

Vol. III.—29
THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

A PERFECT WIFE.

BY EDMUND BURKE.

(Intended as a description of the character of Mrs. Burke.)

She is handsome, but it is a beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape; she has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight, it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her features are not perfectly regular; that sort of exactness is more to be praised than loved, for it is never animated. Her stature is not tall; she is not made to be the admiration of every body, but the happiness of one. She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy: she has all the softness that does not imply weakness. There is often more of the coquet shown in an affected plainness than in a tawdry finery; she is always neat without preciseness or affectation. Her gravity is a gentle thoughtfulness, that softens the features without discomposing them; she is usually grave. Her smiles are inexpressible. Her voice is a low, soft music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage, you must come close to her to hear it. To describe her body is to describe her mind; one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes. She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do.
vers the right and wrong of things not by reasoning, but
sagacity; most women, and many good ones, have a close-
ness and something selfish in their dispositions; she has
a true generosity of temper; the most extravagant cannot
be more unbounded in their liberality, the most covetous
not more cautious in the distribution. No person of so
few years can know the world better; no person was ever
less corrupted by that knowledge. Her politeness seems
to flow rather from a natural disposition to oblige than
from any rules on that subject; and therefore never fails
to strike those who understand good breeding, and those
who do not. She does not run with a girlish eagerness
into new friendships, which as they have no foundation in
reason, serve only to multiply and imbitter disputes; it is
long before she chooses, but then it is fixed for ever; and
the first hours of romantic friendships are not warmer than
hers after the lapse of years. As she never disgraces her
good nature by severe reflections on any body, so she
never degrades her judgment by immoderate or ill-placed
praises; for every thing violent is contrary to her gentle-
ness of disposition, and the evenness of her virtue; she
has a steady and firm mind, which takes no more from the
female character than the solidity of marble does from its
polish and lustre. She has such virtues as make us value
the truly great of our own sex; she has all the winning
graces that make us love even the faults we see in the
weak and beautiful of hers.

* *

With reference to future events prepare for the worst,
but hope for the best. To distress our minds with imagi-
nary fears before a trouble arrives is, (as the Spanish pro-
verb words it,) "to feel our evils twice over." Why should
we call in supernumerary ills, and destroy the duty and hap-
piness of the present time with superfluous fears of futurity?
EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION.

A THRILLING story is going the rounds of the papers, taken from the "Naval and Military Magazine," which, stripped of all embellishment, is to the following purport: On the day of the ever memorable battle of Waterloo, Captain Walter Leslie's young bride, Helen, with feelings more easily to be imagined than described, took her seat at a window overlooking the field of that dreadful conflict; but being within reach of random shot, she, with the other inmates, retired to a barn as a place of more safety, and there remained in anxious suspense during the whole day. Some time in the night Capt. Bryan was brought to the barn, badly wounded. Helen, with the necessaries which her forebodings had suggested, tenderly dressed young Bryan's wounds, and, after his revival, ventured to inquire after her Walter. Bryan's evasive answer but too fatally portended the worst. She begged him to tell her the circumstances, for she knew her husband was dead. Bryan then stated that just before going into action, Capt. Leslie thrust a small Bible into his bosom, charging him that if he fell in action, faithfully to deliver the sacred relic to his beloved Helen. But few moments elapsed before he did fall. After learning from Bryan the spot at which Walter fell, she went alone in the night, lantern in hand, into the field of the dead and dying, amidst the plunging of wounded horses and other frightful sights, in search of the remains of her beloved. On the point of returning, in despair of finding the object of her anxious search among such a mass of carnage, her attention was drawn to an outstretched hand on which was found the well-known ring of her husband, who was partly buried beneath a pile of other bodies. While alone engaged in the release of the object of her affection, two soldiers, sent by Capt. Bryan, came to her assistance, and bore "Acastor's dear remains" to
the same room with the wounded captain. The surgeon, applying a glass to the lips of Leslie, declared that he yet lived. The shock of joy was too great for the delicate system of Helen; one vacant stare, and she fell senseless on the floor. Several hours were spent in restoring her to sensibility, and the embrace of her fond Walter. The small Bible was presented to Leslie by Helen on their wedding day, neither of them dreaming that the holy book was to be the salvation of the captain's temporal life. The ball aimed at his bosom spent its force in the folds of the Bible, which is now religiously preserved in the family, as a perpetual memorial of that extraordinary providence.

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WHAT IS POETRY?

The Louisville Journal thus eloquently answers the question:—

"A smile, a tear, a glory, a longing after the things of eternity! It lives in all created existence, in man and every object that surrounds him. There is poetry in the gentle influence of love and affection, in the quiet brooding of the soul over the memory of early years, and in the thoughts of that glory that chains our spirits to the gates of paradise. There is poetry, too, in the harmonies of nature. It glitters in the wave, the rainbow, the lightning and star; its cadence is heard in the thunder and the cataract, its softer tones go sweetly up from the thousand-voiced harp of the wind, the rivulet, and forest, and the cloud and sky go floating over us, to the music of its melodies. There's not a moonlight ray that comes down upon the stream or hill, not a breeze, falling from its blue air, thrown to the birds of the summer valleys, or sounding through the midnight rains its mournful dirge over the perishing flowers of spring, not a cloud bathing itself like
an angel vision in the rose bushes of autumn twilight, nor
a rock glowing in the star light, as if dreaming of the Eden
land,—but is full of the beautiful influence of poetry. It is
the soul of being. The earth and heaven are quickened
by its spirit; and the great deep, in tempest and in calm,
are but its accent and mysterious workings.”

DESTROYING INSECTS BY CAMOMILE.

In the Irish Gardiners’ Magazine, it is stated, not only
that decoctions of the leaves of the common camomile
will destroy insects, but that nothing contributes so much
to the health of a garden as a number of camomile plants
dispersed through it.

No green-house or hot-house should ever be without
camomile in a green or dried state; either the stalks or
the flowers will answer. It is a singular fact, that if a
plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out
of ten it will recover if you place a plant of camomile
near it.

A NEW KIND OF TABLE.

A new arithmetical table has just been published. It
is said to be curious and extremely correct, and contains
several very minute divisions of time, which have been
found necessary, in consequence of the extreme velocity
at which we were going ahead. The following is the
new method, viz.:—50 slacks, 1 idea; 20 ideas, 1 notion;
60 notions, 1 calculation; 2 calculations, 1 guess; 4
guesses, 1 probability; 2 probabilities, 1 second; 60 se-
conds, 1 minute.—Connecticut Athenæum.

A good education is a better safeguard for liberty than
a standing army or severe laws.

3
Extract of a Letter from Bartle Smith to James Leech.

It was with feelings of great interest I found myself on the spot which had been the scene of the death and burial of one of the best men, who, like his great Master, "went about doing good," and finally fell a sacrifice to his exertions for the welfare of others in a foreign country.

The tomb is situated near the village of Dauphiny, about five versts from Cherson, a spot, as I learned, previously chosen by himself as the place he preferred for his remains to be interred in.
On our arrival at the spot, we were for some time at a loss to ascertain which was the tomb of Howard, for before us stood two pyramids, built of the limestone of the country, perfectly similar in height and form. We walked around them both for some time, eagerly examining them, until at length we discovered that some kind hand had scratched on the plaster of one of them the words, “John Howard.” These were sufficient to fix our attention; but we could not avoid regretting to see so plain and insignificant a piece of masonry erected to the memory of such a man. It stands in a plain surrounded by bleak hills; the ground on which it is placed formerly belonged to a French gentleman, Francois Dauphine, from whose name the adjacent village took its appellation.

While we were conjecturing to whom the second monument was raised, a Russian officer passed by, to whom we put the question. “I have a right to know,” answered he, “for I saw a countryman of yours laid in the grave underneath; he was Captain Newman, who lived for many years in this neighbourhood, a worthy man, who made friends for himself of all around him, and after his death was laid here by a near relation, Steiglitz, who had then a lease of the salt lakes in the Crimea, and at his own expense erected this pyramid.” I inquired why he chose the spot close adjoining Mr. Howard’s. “I know not,” answered the officer; “they were acquaintances, I believe, but I never heard of any particular friendship between them. Mr. Steiglitz, I should think, chose it, because he knew the ground where Mr. Howard lay would be respected by persons of every nation, and therefore thought he had found there a safe resting place for the remains of his friend. It was in the course of the following year that he had this pyramid built.”

I cannot describe to you how much I felt on looking upon the solitary spot where Howard rests—like his life, it ap-
pears to shun observation, for who can tell all the actions of his useful life! The record is on high; he braved danger of every kind, of climate, of war, of crime; nothing deterred him from his benevolent exertions. His last illness was occasioned partly by fatigue and wet, and partly by a case of fever he was attending. He had been entreated to visit a lady about twenty-four miles from Cherson, who was dangerously ill, but objected to undertaking such duty, as he seldom prescribed for any but the poor, who had not even a friend to relieve them. Hearing, however, that she was in danger, he consented: he accordingly went, prescribed for her, and returned, telling her friends that they might send for him again, provided she got better; but that he did not expect it, the hand of death being on her, as he thought.

A few days afterward a letter came, saying she was better, and begging he would go to her without loss of time; upon receiving it, he resolved to go with all possible speed, although the weather was extremely tempestuous, and very cold; the rain fell in torrents on the day he set out, yet so great was his impatience to fulfil what he thought his duty, that, finding some difficulty in getting conveyance, he mounted an old dray-horse, and rode off without a surtout coat. The journey was a fatal one to him; he took the infection from the sick person, his wet clothes and fatigue increased the illness, and he returned to Cherson in a high fever. To a friend, an Englishman, Admiral Priestman, who visited him, he talked of his approaching dissolution. "Death," said he, "has no terrors for me. I have always looked forward to it with cheerfulness; I feel now I have but a short time to live: a man that has lived full, may sometimes get rid of a fever by refraining from meat and wine, and such nourishing diet; but I for years past have been content to live on vegetables and water, a little bread or a little tea; I could not
therefore make my diet of a less nourishing kind than it has always been, and have no way of lowering my fever by a change in my food.” He then desired Admiral Priestman to lay him in this very spot of ground near the village of Dauphine, describing it accurately to him, and requesting that his funeral might be as private as possible. “Let me beg of you, Priestman,” said he, “as you value your old friend, not to allow any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor any monument or monumental inscription to mark where I am laid, but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten.”

Soon afterward he made his will, and having got Admiral Priestman to sign it, intrusted it to his servant, with a solemn charge to bring it to England as soon as he saw him interred. He was now, though with great difficulty, persuaded to see a physician, but it was of no use—it was too late—he lingered for a few days and expired. I inquired if his funeral was as private as he had desired. The funeral, replied my informant, was indeed as quiet as possible, for every one was in too much grief to say a word, but it was anything but private.

Such was the account I collected from our Cherson acquaintance; and I can only say, that giving full credit to those who erected the pyramid, I am sorry that his directions were in any particular departed from. His virtues deserved every distinction, but it was not, as I truly believe, the praise of man he sought after, and it would, therefore, have been more in harmony with the modesty of his character, and the unostentatious usefulness of his life, to have laid nothing over him but the green sod, with a sun-dial as he directed, just to mark the progress of time to that period when all mankind shall behold the resurrection of the just.

On our return to Cherson we visited another monument which had been raised to Howard by order of the empe-
ror Alexander. It is a simple pyramid with poplars around it, and is enclosed by a high circular wall, with an iron gate, which was locked. I copied the inscription on the pedestal, of which the following is the translation:

HOWARD
DIED ON THE 20th JANUARY,
IN THE YEAR 1790,
IN THE 65th YEAR OF HIS AGE.

A bronze medallion is to be placed on the side of it, containing the portrait of Howard: on the medallion are these words:—"I was sick, and ye visited me."—Voyages and Travels, vol. vi.

THE BIBLE.

It is a book of laws, to show the right and wrong.
It is a book of wisdom, that condemns all folly and makes the foolish wise.
It is a book of truth, that detects all errors.
It is a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death.
It is the most compendious book in all the world.
It is the most authentic and entertaining history that ever was published.
It contains the most ancient antiquities, remarkable events, and wonderful occurrences.
It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and lower worlds.
It explains the origin of the angelic myriads, of human tribes, and infernal legions.
It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic, and the profoundest artist.
It will teach the best rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skilful arithmetician.
It will puzzle the wisest anatomist, and the nicest critic.
It corrects the vain philosopher, and confutes the wisest astronomer.
It exposes the subtle sophist, and drives diviners mad.
It is a complete code of laws, a perfect body of divinity, an unequalled narrative.
It is a book of lives.
It is a book of travels.
It is a book of voyages.
It is the best covenant that ever was agreed to, the best deed that ever was sealed.
It is the best evidence that ever was produced; the best will that ever was made.
It is the best testament that ever was signed.
It is wisdom to understand it; to be ignorant of it, is to be awfully destitute!
It is the magistrate’s best rule.
It is the housewife’s best guide, and the servant’s best instructor.
It is the young man’s best companion.
It is the school-boy’s spelling book.
It is the learned man’s masterpiece.
It contains a choice grammar for a novice, and a profound mystery for a sage.
It is the ignorant man’s dictionary, and the wise man’s directory.
It affords knowledge of all witty inventions, and it is its own interpreter.
It encourages the wise, the warrior, and the over­comer.
It promises an eternal reward to the excellent, the conqueror, the warrior, the prevalent;
And that which crowns all is, that the Author,
Without partiality, and without hypocrisy,
"With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," is GOD.
Of the general character of the subject of this sketch, whose name fills so large a space both in the political and literary annals of Great Britain, little need be said. He was born at Dublin, Jan. 1, 1730, and died July 8, 1797. In his political career, he was a member of parliament, pay-master-general, and a member of the council. He made a strenuous and eloquent resistance to the impolitic contest with America; and his Reflections on the French Revolution, published in 1790, exhibited his foresight of the result, and his hostility to the doctrines of that infatuated nation. His compositions have been collected in sixteen volumes, 8vo.

The following tribute is from the Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge:—"In private life, Burke was amiable and benevolent; in public, indefatigable, ardent, and abhorrent of meanness and injustice. As an orator, he ranks among the first of modern times; and as a writer, whether we consider the splendour of his diction, the richness and variety of his imagery, or the boundless stores of knowledge which he displays, it must be acknowledged that there are few who equal, and none who transcend him. Burke was a sincere believer in Christianity, and his noble mind was moulded and elevated by its pure and generous sentiments. Unlike some of his greatest contemporaries, he made neither the bottle nor the dice his household deities; he had no taste for pursuits that kill time rather than pass it: "I have no time," said he, "to be idle." His fame is spotless. Although in the judgment of the world, he was the greatest statesman and orator of his own, and perhaps of any age, his humility was even more rare and remarkable than his genius. He declined the honour of an interment in the great national receptacle of Vol. III.—30
illustrious men, Westminster Abbey, and even forbade it in his will; assigning as his reason, 'I have had in my life but too much of noise and compliment.' To the approach of death he submitted with a calm and Christian resignation, undisturbed by a murmur, hoping, as he said, to obtain the divine mercy through the intercession of a blessed Redeemer, which (in his own words) 'he had long sought with unfeigned humiliation, and to which he looked with a trembling hope.' The first clause in his will marks, in a manner equally striking, his deliberate views and deepest feelings on this great subject, and is a sort of testamentary witness to the world of the truth and value of the gospel of Christ. 'According to the ancient, good, and laudable custom of which my heart and understanding recog­nize the propriety, I bequeath my soul to God, hoping for his mercy only through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. My body I desire to be buried in the church at Beaconsfield, near the bodies of my dearest brother, and my dearest son, in all humility praying that as we have lived in perfect unity together, we may together have a part in the resurrection of the just.'

“There never was a more beautiful alliance between virtue and talents. All his conceptions were grand, all his sentiments generous. The great leading trait of his character, and that which gave it all its energy and its colour, was that strong hatred of vice which is no other than the passionate love of virtue. It breathes in all his writings; it was the guide of all his actions.”

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When Philip Henry once went to the throne of grace upon a very important occasion, he said:—“If the Lord will be pleased to grant my request this time, I will not say as the beggars at our door used to do, 'I'll never ask any thing of you again'; on the contrary, he shall hear oftener from me than ever.”

3
ASTRONOMY.

ASTRONOMY as a study is very interesting, and there are also many pleasures connected with this science. How delightful it is to wander out at the decline of day, and witness the setting sun! What a scene of magnificence and splendour, that even art, exerting all the power of her magic wand, can never equal! How calm and peaceful he sinks behind the western hills, a fit emblem of the Christian as he sinks to rest! Who has not gazed with pleasure upon the pale and silvery queen of night, and the brilliant and ever-shining stars! There is something strikingly beautiful in their appearance, beaming forth in the darkness and solitude of night, when all is wrapped in silence and rest, each little star moving in its appointed sphere, and in time accomplishing its respective journey. Our knowledge of their existence from the beginning of time, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," makes them still more interesting. There is also a sublimity connected with this science which no other has. The stars, which appear to us as mere specks of light, are distant worlds, suns perhaps of systems not less magnificent than our own. Who can contemplate, without emotions of gratitude to the Giver of all good, Jupiter and Saturn, with their belts, and rings, and numerous satellites, together with the numberless stars that sparkle in the firmament? In one quarter of the heavens we behold the far-famed Hercules, renowned for his exploits in the fabulous mythology of Greece and Rome, and also the proud warrior Orion, together with the sister Pleiades, once seven in number, the light of one being dimmed, as fable tells us, on account of having married a mortal. The Milky Way, which presents to the eye of the beholder such a beautiful appearance, is said to be composed of
numberless minute stars, whose feeble light occasions that whitish lustre, which is so plainly seen in the absence of the moon on a clear evening. A knowledge of this science dispels the clouds of superstition and ignorance, which formerly hung over the minds of the greater part of society. In ancient times eclipses were considered as ill omens, and comets were thought the harbingers of evil, and they were looked upon with terror by all classes; but those days of ignorance and superstition are past, and while with feelings of gratitude we gaze on those brilliant orbs, the only objects which man and his descendants may look upon that can outlive the destroying hand of time, may we at the same time think of that Being who so wisely and beautifully formed them; and although time is laying his destroying hand upon this earth, and causing kingdoms and empires to crumble into dust, yet the stars remain and appear the same to us as they did to our first parents in Eden, and to Noah and his family when they came from the ark, to dwell in this desolate and uninhabited world. The same constellations sparkle in the firmament that led David to exclaim, “When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?”

Gertrude.

From a Western Paper.

THE PIASA.

AN INDIAN TRADITION OF ILLINOIS.

No part of the United States, not even the Highlands of the Hudson, can vie in wild and romantic scenery with the bluffs of Illinois. On one side of the river, often at the water's edge, a perpendicular wall of rock rises to the height of some hundred feet. Generally on the opposite
shore is a level bottom or prairie, of several miles in width, extending to a similar bluff that runs parallel with the river.

One of these ranges commences at Alton, and extends with few intervals for many miles along the left bank of the Illinois. In descending the river to Alton the traveller will observe, between that town and the mouth of the Illinois, a narrow ravine through which a small stream discharges its waters into the Mississippi. That stream is the Piasa. Its name is Indian, and signifies, in the language of the Illini, "the bird that devours men." Near the mouth of that stream, on the smooth and perpendicular face of the bluff, at an elevation which no human art can reach, is cut the figure of an enormous bird, with its wings extended. The bird which this figure represents was called by the Indians the Piasa, and from this is derived the name of the stream.

The tradition of the Piasa is still current among all the tribes of the Upper Mississippi, and those who have inhabited the valley of the Illinois, and is briefly this:—"Many thousand moons before the arrival of the pale faces, when the great magolynx and mastadon, whose bones were dug up, were still living in this land of the green prairies, there existed a bird of such dimensions, that he could easily carry off, in his talons, a full-grown deer. Having obtained a taste of human flesh, from that time he would prey upon nothing else. He was as artful as he was powerful; would dart suddenly upon an Indian, bear him off into one of the caves in the bluff, and devour him. Hundreds of warriors attempted for years to destroy him, but without success. Whole villages were nearly depopulated, and consternation spread through all the tribes of the Illini. At length, Ouatoga, a chief whose fame as a warrior extended even beyond the great lakes, separating himself from the rest of his tribe, fasted in solitude for the space of 30* *
a whole moon, and prayed to the great Spirit, the Master of life, that he would protect his children from the Piasa. On the last night of his fast, the great Spirit appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to select twenty of his warriors, each armed with a bow and poisoned arrow, and conceal them in a designated spot. Near the place of their concealment another warrior was to stand in open view, as a victim for the Piasa, which they must shoot the instant that he pounced upon his prey. When the chief awoke in the morning, he thanked the great Spirit, and returning to his tribe, told them his dream. The warriors were quickly selected and placed in ambush as directed. Ouatoga offered himself as the victim. He was willing to die for his tribe. Placing himself in open view of the bluff, he soon saw the Piasa perched on the cliff eyeing his prey. Ouatoga drew up his manly form to its utmost height, and planting his feet firmly upon the earth, began to chant the death song of a warrior. A moment after the Piasa rose into the air, and swift as a thunderbolt darted down upon the chief. Scarcely had he reached his victim, when every bow was sprung, and every arrow sent, to the feather, into his body. The Piasa uttered a wild, fearful scream, that resounded far over the opposite side of the river, and expired. Ouatoga was safe. Not an arrow, nor even the talons of the bird had touched him. The Master of life, in admiration of the generous deed of Ouatoga, had held over him an invisible shield.”

In memory of this event, the image of the Piasa was engraven on the bluff. Such is the Indian tradition. Of course I do not vouch for its truth. This much, however, is certain; the figure of a large bird, cut into the solid rock, is still there, and at a height that is perfectly inaccessible. How and for what purpose it was made, I leave for others to determine; even at this day an Indian never passes that spot in his canoe without firing his gun at the
figure of the bird. The marks of balls on the rock are almost innumerable.

Some time in March last, I was induced to visit the bluffs below the mouth of the Illinois, and above that of the Piasa. My curiosity was principally directed to the examination of a cave connected with the above traditions, as one of those to which the bird had carried his human victims. Preceded by an intelligent guide, who carried a spade, I set out on my excursion. The cave was extremely difficult of access, and at one point of our progress, I stood at an elevation of more than one hundred and fifty feet on the face of the bluff, with barely room to sustain one foot. The unbroken wall towered above me, while below was the river. After a long and perilous clambering, we reached the cave, which was about fifty feet above the river. By the aid of a long pole, placed on the projecting rock, and the upper end touching the mouth of the cave, we succeeded in entering it. Nothing could be more impressive than the view from the entrance of this cavern. The Mississippi was rolling in silent grandeur beneath us: high over our heads a single cedar hung its branches over the cliff, on the top of which was seated a bald eagle. No other sound or sign of life was near us. A sabbath stillness rested upon the scene. Not a cloud was in the heavens; not a breath of air was stirring. The broad Mississippi lay before us, calm and smooth as a lake. The landscape presented the same wild aspect as it did before it had met the eye of the white men.

The roof of the cavern was vaulted, the top of which was hardly less than twenty-five feet in height. The shape of the cave was irregular, but so far as I could judge, the bottom would average twenty by thirty feet. The floor of this cave through its whole extent was a mass of human bones. Sculls and other bones were mingled together in the utmost confusion. To what depth they ex-
tended I am unable to decide: we dug to the depth of three or four feet in every quarter of the cavern, and still we found only bones. The remains of thousands must have been deposited here. How, and by whom, and for what purpose, it is impossible to conjecture. J. R.

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**POLITICAL AMBITION—ITS END.**

While the presidential election is the all engrossing topic, it is fitting that we should try to bring valuable instruction from it. And we know not in what way we can do it better, than by pointing to the end of all successful ambition in politics. John Q. Adams declared in congress, that the four years of his presidency were the most unhappy years of his life. And an article which is going the rounds of the papers, makes one of Mr. Van Buren's friends say, that the cares of office have so exhausted his frame that he appears like a man recovering from a long and severe sickness. Here then is a true picture of the happiness gained by reaching the highest post of political honour. The elevation to that honour, which so many of our leading politicians are sighing, and making such immense sacrifices to gain, is only a plunge into an ocean of cares and vexations.

And yet with the undoubted knowledge of this fact, there are thousands of the leading minds in the world, who would be willing to assume that post, though it were in a degree tenfold what it is, a bed of thorns. Thus, we see that ambition charges the mind with a spirit at war with its own peace, and seeks gratification by rushing, with open eyes, right into a scene of wretchedness. It is a fever of mind, or rather a delirium, which seeks to alleviate itself by painful inflictions. As the man possessed of the devil was found cutting himself with stones, to relieve his anguish, so these show themselves possessed with
a spirit similar to that of him who caught a fall from hea-
ven to hell, by seeking to climb higher and take the throne
of God.

And the spirit which actuates all office-seekers, high or
low, is the same, and from the same source, and tending
to the same unhappy results. So far as the present politi-
cal agitations are made by the struggles of ambitious men
for office, they present the spectacle of thousands of the
most gifted men of the nation contending for the prize of
wretchedness, and the privilege of making themselves
unhappy. Truly "what shadows we are, and what
shadows we pursue!"—Puritan.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

It is stated in the Union Evangelist, that at the Wolf
Creek Salt Works, in Mercer county, Penn., there is a
well 730 feet deep, out of which issues a strong current of
gas, sufficient in quantity, when ignited, to boil down wa-
ter enough to make thirty barrels of salt per day! These
works have been in operation one year, and yet one-third
of the steam has been amply sufficient for fuel. The gas
which is consumed enters the furnace by a small tube,
filling it the whole length with a bluish flame, covering a
surface of about 120 feet.

The force of the upward pressure of this fluid is suffi-
cient to raise a column of water 400 feet in length. The
gas and the salt water issue from the same tube in the
well, and are conveyed into a reservoir, where they are
separated.

The proprietor invites the attention of scientific men for
an explanation of this phenomenon.—Zion's Herald.

Benevolence is the light and joy of a good mind. It
is better to give than to receive.
ON THE DIFFUSION OF BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE.

In the distant eastern climes,
Where the human race began,
Light arose in early times,
For the common good of man:
Yet it linger'd—ages past
Ere it reach'd our shores at last.

Though it shone with partial rays
On a dark and dismal void,
Yet, it changed our fathers' ways,
Till their idols were destroy'd:
Then, to God with holy hands,
They were join'd in willing bands.

When the light had been withdrawn
From the once illumined east,
Still its beams on Britain shone,
Still the power of truth increased:
Superstition died away,
Yielding to its mighty sway.

After an Egyptian night,
Error spreading wide and far,
Rose a day, both fair and bright—
Wiclif was the morning star!
Tindal chased the shades away,
Adding lustre to the day—

Holy martyr! sainted name!
Glory of that faithful line!
When committed to the flame,
What a heart of love was thine!
Prayer ascending to the skies,
Open'! 'e thy country's eyes!
Now what glorious things we see,
   In the view of all display'd!
God hath spoken, "Let it be,"
   And the world receives our aid!
Light came not to us in vain;
   Lo! we send it back again!

As the waters fill the deep,
   So must knowledge fill the earth:
Zeal and love then cannot sleep,
   Till that day receives its birth,
When, submissive to his throne,
   All mankind their Saviour own.

Hail, approaching day of grace!
   When our earth with joy shall see
All the glorious things take place,
   Pointed out in prophecy:
Then shall peace and truth prevail,
   Nor shall love and mercy fail.

Happy they who most abound
   In this work of faith and love!
While they scatter blessings round,
   Sweet the path in which they move!
He who loves this sacred cause,
   Feels a joy no other knows.

——*——

THE MOTHER'S BIBLE GIFT.

BY MRS. CORNWALL B. WILSON.

When in future distant years
   Thou shalt look upon this page,
Through the crystal vale of tears,
   That dim our eyes in after age;
Think it was a mother's hand,
   Though her smile no more thou'lst see,
Pointing toward that "better land,"
   Gave this sacred gift to thee!
Lightly thou esteem'st it now,
   For thy heart is young and wild,
And upon thy girlhood's brow,
   Naught but sunny hope hath smiled!
But when disappointments come,
   And the world begins to steal
All thy spirits early bloom,
   Then its value thou wilt feel!

To thy chamber, still and lone,
   Fly,—and search this sacred page,
When earth's blandishments are gone,
   Every grief it will assuage!
Close thy door against the din
   Of worldly folly—worldly fear—
Only let the radiance in
   Of each heavenly promise there!

When the bruised spirit bends
   'Neath the weight of sorrow's chain,
When of all life's summer friends,
   Not one flatterer shall remain;
Lay this unction to the wound
   Of thy smitten, bleeding breast,
Here the only balm is found
   That can yield the weary rest!

Not alone in hours of wo
   "Search the Scriptures," but while joy
Doth life's blissful cup overflow,
   Be it oft thy sweet employ;
So, remembering in thy youth
   Him whose Spirit lights each page,
Thou shalt have abundant proof,
   He will not forget thine age!
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The Youth's Magazine is published monthly, on good paper, and fair type, with appropriate engravings; price $1 a year, payable in advance. It will be understood that subscribers engage to continue their subscriptions for the work, unless the publishers are notified to the contrary before the commencement of a new volume.

Agents who procure subscribers, and remit the money advance with their orders, free of expense, or become responsible for the payment, shall be allowed the same discount on the books of our General Catalogue.

Note.—Agents are requested to record the names of the subscribers on the book for periodicals, to be kept on the circuit or station, as directed by the late General Conference.

POSTAGE.

We were in error in stating the rates of postage on this magazine on former numbers. According to the Post Office, [now before us] 1 1-2 cents per sheet for 100 miles, 2 cents over 100 miles; all surplus pages are considered a sheet.

This Magazine contains 1 sheet.
This periodical was commenced a little more than two years since the joint recommendation of the Agents and Book Committee; though the circulation of it has not been commensurate with the wishes of the church, and the wishes of the publishers, owing, partly, to scarcity of money, and partly to the overwhelming abundant publications in the newspaper form, and, to some extent, to the scarcity of postage; yet, wherever it has found its way, so far as we can tell, it has been cordially received, and is highly appreciated. Such a periodical seems necessary for the more advanced classes in schools, and also for those teachers and young persons who may have access to larger and more expensive works. Young people of the interesting age of which we speak, generally read with great avidity all that comes in their way, and it is certainly desirable to supply their intellectual appetite with something that shall gratify it without conflicting with their principles, or endangering their morals.

Two volumes of this work are now before the public, and the third is in course of publication; a mere glance at the chapters of contents will show that we have not been careless in the selection of articles, with which these volumes are filled. We should have been glad of a few more well-written original articles, and take this opportunity of saying, that the pages of this periodical will ever be open to suit communications on the following subjects: Short biographical accounts of young persons eminent for pietiness and usefulness; essays on literary, scientific, moral, and religious subjects; anecdotes illustrative of providence and grace of God; elegant extracts from new and superior publications; illustrations of Scripture; accounts of revivals of religion in Sabbath schools and Bible classes; anecdotes, narratives, dialogues, and any thing rare and curious, provided, always, that nothing be published which is at variance with Scripture, truth, or evangelical principles. Our own resources, so far as materials for selection are concerned, are ample; but we often suffer for want of time. Any aid, therefore, that our friends can render us, either in the way of original composition, or judicious extracts, will be thankfully received. As to the execution of the work, its typography, embellishments, paper, prin-
THE
YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. III. MARCH, 1841. No. 11.

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1841.
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JOPPA.

This is one of the most ancient sea-ports in the world; its traditional history stretches far back into the twilight of time. Joppa was a border town of the tribe of Dan, and is situated in a fine plain, on the coast of the Mediterranean, thirty miles south of Cesarea, and forty-five north-west of Jerusalem. It owes all the circumstances of its celebrity, as the principal port of Judea, to its situation with regard to Jerusalem. As a station for vessels, its harbour is one of the worst on the coast. Josephus speaks of it as "not fit for a haven, on account of the impetuous south winds which beat upon it; which, rolling the sands that come from the sea against the shores, do not admit of ships lying in their station: but the merchant ships are generally there forced to ride at their anchors on the sea itself." D'Arvieux, however, is of opinion, that this port was anciently much superior to what it is at present. He observed, in the sea, south of the present port, the vestiges of a wall, which extended to a chain of rocks at some distance from the shore, by which the port was formed, and protected against the violence of the south-west winds. "This port," he remarks, "was, no doubt, sufficiently good before it was filled up, although its entrance was exposed to winds from the north. At present it is so shallow, that only insignificant vessels can enter it. There was a quay, faced with hewn stone, fronting the port: it has been
ruined purposely; what remains of it at each end shows that it was very handsome." As this port was used by Solomon for receiving his timber brought from Tyre, and by the succeeding kings of Judah, as their port of communication with foreign nations, they would unquestionably bestow upon it all the advantages within their power.

The present town called Jaffa is seated on a promontory, jutting out into the sea, and rising to the height of about one hundred and fifty feet above its level, and offering on all sides picturesque and varied prospects. Toward the west is extended the open sea; toward the south spread fertile plains, reaching as far as Gaza; toward the north, as far as Carmel, the flowery meads of Sharon present themselves; and to the east, the hills of Ephraim and Judah raise their towering heads. The town is walled around on the south and east toward the land, and partially so on the north and west toward the sea. The walls are irregular and weak, and were built apparently at different periods. A modern traveller describes the approach to Jaffa as quite destitute of interest. The town, seated on a promontory, and facing chiefly to the northward, looks like a heap of buildings crowded as closely as possible into a given space, and, from the steepness of its site, the buildings appear in some places to stand one on the other. The most prominent features of the architecture from without, are the flattened domes by which most of the buildings are crowned, and the appearance of arched vaults. There are no light and elegant edifices, no towering minarets, no imposing fortifications; but all is mean, and of a dull and gloomy aspect. The interior of the town corresponds with its outward mien, having all the appearance of a poor village. The streets are very narrow, uneven, and dirty, and are rather entitled to the appellation of alleys than streets. The commerce of the town consists chiefly in the importation of grain, particularly of rice from Egypt, and the ex-
port of cotton and soap. In Pococke's time, a considerable trade in soap was carried on here; this article is made of olive oil and ashes. Egypt was supplied chiefly from this port. The inhabitants are estimated at between four and five thousand, of whom the greater part are Turks and Arabs; the Christians are stated to be about six hundred, consisting of Roman Catholics, Greeks, Maronites, and Armenians. The Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, have each a small convent for the reception of pilgrims.

The high antiquity attributed to the town of Joppa, as well as the remarkable circumstances connected with its history, excites a laudable curiosity concerning it. In the time of Pliny and Jerome, they pretended to exhibit the marks of the chains with which Andromeda was fastened to a rock. The skeleton of the huge sea-monster to which she was exposed, is said by Pliny to have been brought to Rome, by Scaurus, and there carefully preserved. The editor of Calmet supposes that this fable probably referred to a pirate vessel, of considerable bulk, which ravaged the coast, and being driven on shore by superior force, was here wrecked, and the country delivered from its exactions. From this port the prophet Jonah embarked to flee to Tarsus from the presence of the Lord; and it is more than probable that the profane account of the sea-monster may have some connection with the sacred one of the large fish that swallowed up the disobedient prophet. This conjecture, coupled with the fact of a whale having been from the earliest times an object of worship at Joppa, gives the appearance of some affinity between the accounts of the Jews and Gentiles respecting this spot. This place is frequently mentioned in the Apocrypha. 1 Mac. x, 74; 2 Mac. xii, 3–7; and also by Josephus.

The history of Joppa, in the days of the apostles, is more familiar to us, and the vision of Peter, who saw a sheet descending from heaven, full of animals, clean and
unclean, and heard a voice saying, “Rise, Peter, kill and eat,” as well as the raising of Tabitha, or Dorcas, the female disciple, from the dead, and the reception of the messengers from the house of Cornelius of Cesarea there, need only be mentioned to be remembered.

Joppa was necessarily a contested point with the crusaders, as the port of debarkation for Jerusalem, and it therefore figures in all the naval operations of their wars. In the third crusade, after the surrender of Acre, and the departure of Philip Augustus of France, the English Richard, Cœur de Lion, led the crusaders to the recovery of the sea-coast, and the cities of Cesarea and Jaffa were added to the fragments of the kingdom of Lusignan. After the last crusade of Louis IX. of France, Jaffa fell, with the other maritime towns of Syria, under the power of the mamelukes of Egypt, who first shut up the Franks within their last hold at Acre, and soon after closed, by its capture, the bloody history of those holy wars.

In 1776 it suffered again all the horrors of war, having its population, young and old, male and female, barbarously cut to pieces, and a pyramid formed of their bleeding heads, as a monument of the monster’s victory. Its history since that period is numbered among the events of our own day; and will long be remembered as giving to the world one of the earliest pledges of Bonaparte’s disregard to the fate of his associates in arms, when his own safety could be purchased by their sacrifice.—Scripture Magazine, vol. iii, p. 550.

—*—

Aristotle observing a proud and self-conceited, but empty youth, strutting along with an affected gait and lofty looks, stepped up to him and whispered these cutting and heart-humbling words into his ear:—“Friend, such as thou thinkest thyself to be, I wish I were; but to be as thou art, I wish only to mine enemies.”
How many snares do those persons escape who commence serving the Lord in youth. Satan as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour. The young and inexperienced are an easy prey to his allurements. But there is a Being far mightier than Satan; one who has promised to be the guide of our youth, and who, if we love and obey him, will enable us to resist the tempter’s power. The earlier we begin to live for God, the more easy it will be for us to overcome temptation as we advance in life. We will be better able to subdue our naturally evil dispositions, and those passions which grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength.

How many more opportunities we will have for doing good, if we enter upon the work in due time! “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.” If we put off seeking religion, we may become so engrossed with the pleasures and pursuits of the world, that the concerns of our immortal souls may be neglected until it is too late. The Bible says, “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.”

Death is no respecter of age. We are as likely to die in youth as at any other time; and should we not be prepared to go whenever the Lord sees fit to take us? Many expect to get ready on their death-bed; but people die very suddenly sometimes. One week we see them in health, and the next we hear that they have gone to their long home. Several during the past year have had scarcely a moment’s warning before they were called away. A gentleman not long since wished to take the morning train of
cars at Newark. Being a little too late, he reached the cars after undergoing considerable exertion and anxiety of mind, and was in the act of putting his foot on the step, when he fell down and immediately expired. The nature of our disease may be such as to deprive us of the use of our senses; consequently, the opportunity on which we relied for obtaining our salvation will be lost. If we are favoured with a protracted illness which will allow us to make our peace with God before we die, there is a possibility of our saving our souls. But does it not seem unreasonable, to live all our days in disobedience to the commands of God, in the service of Satan, resisting the influence of the Holy Spirit, regardless alike of invitations and threatenings, and when we find we can no longer live, begin to make up our minds on the subject, and cry to God for mercy? How much happier we would be if instead of having then to prepare for death, we could look back on our past lives, and think, that although we had served the Lord imperfectly, yet it was our desire to live for his glory, and that we had been the instruments of doing some good to our fellow-creatures?

We find in the Bible these encouraging words:—"I love them that love me: and those that seek me early shall find me." "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."— Harriet.

New-York, January 9th, 1841.

Those inactive and dilatory creatures who are still essaying and purposing, but never acting and proceeding, resemble St. George, who is always on horseback, but never moves forward.
SPORTS ON THE PRAIRIES.

Some time since we alluded to the return of the party of officers of the army, who, in August last, took their departure from this place for Missouri, and the prairies of the far west, to enjoy the sport of buffalo hunting. We have since, in frequent conversations with one of the hardy sportsmen, obtained a more particular account of this interesting expedition, and have much pleasure in laying it before our readers.

The party, consisting of Lieut. Col. Greenwood, Capt. Ridley, Capt. Leicester, grenadier guards; Capt. Windham, Capt. Vansittart, Coldstream guards; Mr. Fairholme, 71st light infantry; and Mr. Warre, aid de camp to the commander of the forces which had been originally formed at Quebec, started on the first of August from Montreal. They proceeded by the usual route, up the St. Lawrence to Prescott, where they crossed to Ogdensburgh and took the American steamboat to Niagara. From thence they went by rail road to Buffalo, where they again took steam through Lake Erie to Detroit, and through Lake Huron to Michilimackinack, which is described as having much the appearance of Quebec, on a smaller scale. Entering Lake Michigan by the straits of Mackinaw, they continued till the severity of the weather drove the steamer into the Manitoulin Islands, where they were detained thirty-six hours, in consequence of which they did not reach Chicago till the 13th August. On that and the following day, having been out on the beautiful and extensive prairies in the neighbourhood, they succeeded in bagging thirty-six brace of grouse or prairie chicken.

On the 14th of August the party took an "extra" to Peoria, where they again took steam, passing down the beautiful river Illinois, into the magnificent Mississippi, and
arrived at St. Louis on the 17th. It was not till the 22d that all the arrangements were completed, though they were kindly assisted by several American gentlemen resident at St. Louis, as well as by General Patterson, of Philadelphia, who was invited and consented to join the party. On the 23d the cavalcade moved forward, up the banks of the Missouri. The party now consisted of ten French Canadian voyageurs, who had been accustomed to this sort of life, and a half-caste as cook, who had formerly been with General Clarke, during his voyages, and a capital artiste in his way, seven British and one American officer, each having three horses and three wagons, with about twelve mules, presenting a goodly appearance, as they moved through the beautiful forests on the banks of the Missouri.

At Jefferson city, Capt. Leicester, who had been very unwell for some time, to the great regret of all the party, gave up the idea of proceeding, and returned to Quebec. Mr. Fairholme was also extremely ill from fever, and took the steamboat as far as Westport. In consequence of the excessive rain, and the badness of the roads, the party were delayed eighteen days making the three hundred and fifty miles to Westport, and it was not till the 15th of September that they found themselves on the vast and magnificent prairie of the west. Being reinforced with two ox-wagons, containing corn for the horses and some little luxuries for themselves, they continued their course in a south-west direction for about three hundred miles, being partially delayed by the extreme illness of Col. Greenwood and Mr. Fairholme.

On the evening of the 29th September they came in sight of some few of the long-looked-for buffalo. They continued on nearly the same route for fifty miles, when they struck the broad and rapid river Arkansas; and then they had the satisfaction of seeing the vast plains, to all
appearances, covered with these savage-looking brutes. Nothing, it is said, can exceed the excitement of the sport—galloping at a fair hunting pace, over the roughest possible ground, covered with holes, after these animals, and when in the chase of hundreds, or, at one time as the party were, of nearly three thousand. The dust, the noise—like the falling waters of Niagara—and the pace combined, completely obliterated any slight degree of annoyance which might have been occasioned by so long a journey, and living, in all weathers, so completely in the open air.

The cows are nearly twice as fat, and their flesh so much better, that they are consequently more sought after, but are not near so savage as the old bull, who, when wounded, will turn upon his opponent; but his efforts are vain, the horse being so much swifter. Should the sportsman not meet with an accident, from the numerous inequalities of the ground, there is no real danger. But it requires two or three days' training to make the horse go near enough to the formidable-looking animal, and to bear the firing off his back. The party was very successful, and none more so than the American gentleman, General Patterson. The number killed was about one hundred; but there were many others doomed to die a lingering death from the balls not hitting the right spot to give the mortal wound. Besides the buffalo, they had more or less success in the chase of elk, antelopes, wolves, deer, turkey, prairie chicken, and wild fowl of every description, in great abundance. They also saw a few wild horses.

On the 14th of October they turned their faces once more toward the settlements, and keeping nearly the same track, they arrived at Westport on the 30th, having narrowly escaped losing all their things by a tremendous prairie fire, which burned severely two of Captain Windham's horses and a mule; the rest of the horses, and the tents, wagons, &c., being saved with great difficulty. It was a
magnificent sight, but not a pleasant one, at such close quarters. They met the cause of their disasters the next day, consisting of a party of the Kansas and Shawnee Indians, who fired the prairie for the purpose of driving the game into the narrow creeks. They continued to meet different parties of Indians for two or three days, moving to the west, to take up their winter quarters among the buffaloes. Nothing can exceed the wild appearance of these citizens of the woods, dressed, or rather half covered, with buffalo hides.

They were perfectly friendly till the last party had passed, and then one night they made an attempt to steal the horses, which was fortunately frustrated, with the exception of one pony, (Mr. Warre’s,) which they succeeded, after a short chase, in escaping with. The prairie was burned, and they were obliged to pass through parts still burning for the remainder of the journey, one hundred and fifty miles, till they reached the settlements, where they sold off all their horses, wagons, &c., and paid off most of their men. As there was no steamer, they embarked on the Missouri in a large flat-boat, and succeeded in reaching Glasgow, two hundred and ten miles from Westport, in thirty-two hours, without accident; there they found a steamer, which took them on to St. Louis. Here the party broke up with many regrets on all sides.

Captain Ridley proceeded to the West Indies. General Patterson was detained by business; and the remainder took the steamboat up La Belle Riviere, the Ohio, which faithfully deserves its name, to Wheeling; from thence, crossing the Alleghany Mountains, they proceeded to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New-York. At the last place, the party was again divided, Colonel Greenwood and Captain Vansittart going to England by the British Queen, and Captain Windham, Mr. Fairholme, and Mr. Warre, returning to their different duties in Canada, all
much gratified with the expedition, and more particularly obliged to those gentlemen at St. Louis, through whose kindness their views were much forwarded, and at the hospitality and kindness they met with among the rough backwoodsmen of the far west.

BEYROUTH.

Some account of this place having been given in the second volume of the Youth’s Magazine, we doubt not that the following particulars, taken from the New-York Observer, will be interesting to our readers.—Ed.

LATE MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

Wonderful preservation of the mission property in Beyroot during the bombardment of the city.

When it was known in this country that Syria was the seat of war, intense anxiety was for a season felt for the five mission families at Beyroot. It was, however, some time since ascertained that three of them had left the city and gone to Jerusalem, where, in comparative safety and peace, they were enabled to pursue the study of the Arabic language, in which they were then engaged, and under circumstances as favourable as at Beyroot. The Rev. Messrs. Thompson and Wolcott remained in the neighbourhood. But a large amount of mission property, the houses of the missionaries, their furniture, an invaluable library, philosophical apparatus for the schools, printing presses, &c., were all exposed.

At the time that the British fleet arrived in the harbour of Beyroot, the United States ship, the Cyanne, was lying there, having proceeded thither for the protection of American citizens at Beyroot, and its commander generously tendered an asylum in his vessel to the missionaries, which offer was gratefully accepted by Messrs. Thompson and Vol. III.—32
Wolcott. The city was captured, as is well known, after a bombardment which seemed to leave little of it but a heap of ruins.

The missionaries proceeded to Cyprus in the Cyanne, where they arrived on the 18th of September.

On the 10th of October Mr. Wolcott returned to Beyroot, and he gives the following particulars of the unexpected and most providential preservation of the mission property, as we learn from communications made at the late monthly concert.

"We had learned in Cyprus that the English were meeting with success in their Syrian campaign; that they had taken Sidon, Tyre, and Caipha; had distributed all their arms to the mountaineers, and were pushing on their plans with a determination which made it certain that Beyroot would not be able to hold out long. We had also received from our consul, who remained in one of the English ships, information of the destruction of his property. His house was on the wharf, and contiguous to one of the castles, and from its exposed position had received several shots before we left; but a greater injury had since been inflicted by the pasha's soldiers, who had pillaged it. Every thing valuable and portable they had carried off, and what they could not take away they had wantonly ruined. His chairs, tables, mirrors, &c., were broken to pieces. Hitherto we had indulged a hope, faint indeed, that our property would be respected; but we entertained it no longer. If the house of our consul was thus entered and plundered, almost beneath the guns of the enemy, what was to protect our private dwellings, distant in the suburbs, and surrounded by a profligate and unrestrained soldiery? It was an additional argument for one of us to be on the spot, ready to embrace the first opportunity of looking after our affairs, and saving what was possible from the wreck.

"As I drew near the mission house I was encouraged
by seeing the American flag, which I had hoisted, still floating over it, and soon met my janissary, who informed me that he had remained through the whole, placing as many thicknesses of stone wall as he could find between himself and the range of the ships, when they fired. He assured me, to my unspeakable relief, that although the soldiers had encamped in my garden, and the pasha had withdrawn his guards immediately upon our leaving it, it had not been pillaged. After showing me a pile of cannon balls which he had picked up on the premises, he proceeded to point out the avenues which some of them had opened through the house. Two, one a sixty-eight pounder, had entered the bed-room, and after piercing the outer wall of solid stone, one had rebounded from the opposite wall into the apartment, and the other had passed through into the court of the house. A third had gone through the kitchen and an adjoining store-room into the garden. A fourth, also a sixty-eight pounder, had penetrated the basement, which is appropriated to the boys' seminary, and lodged in one of the rooms, after forcing a passage through four stone walls, each twelve inches in thickness. Two or three other balls had grazed the house, and two bombs had burst in the yard, carrying away the stone gate posts; and the trees and fences around all bore marks of the storm. The furniture in the house was uninjured; not an article, either of Mr. Hebard's or my own, or belonging to the mission, had sustained the least harm. The perforations in the walls, which can easily be closed, were the sole and trifling damage.

"We had trembled for the library, on account of the delicate and costly apparatus of the seminary which it contained, and on account of its valuable manuscripts and books, especially the writings of the Christian fathers in eighty folio volumes, from which Mr. Bird drew such convincing arguments, and the loss of which to the mission
would have been irreparable. But when I entered the room, it wore the same quiet air as when I left it.

"With a grateful heart I now proceeded to Mr. Thompson's house. The wall in front of it had been raised to double its height, and used as a breast-work by the soldiers. The consular janissary had fled, but another native guard, whom Mr. Thompson placed in the house, had remained. Though much exposed, it had wholly escaped, nor had the 'smell of fire passed on it.' Its basement, which has been converted into a native chapel, was filled with goods which the natives had brought thither for safety, and these and all which it sheltered had lain undisturbed. The situation of this house is perhaps the finest on the cape, and the view from its open court never seemed more delightful.

"My tour was not yet completed, and I accordingly hastened to Mr. Smith's house, recently occupied by Mr. L. Thompson and Dr. Van Dyck. The field around it had been ploughed up by cannon balls, but on entering the enclosure all traces of war vanished. The beautiful cypresses were still standing there, and the orange and lemon trees were bending beneath their rich load. The janissary had remained, and the house was untouched. The basement of this is used for the printing establishment; and the press, together with the types, which, with no small reason, we had feared would be transmuted into bullets, were unharmed, and all, above and below, had been free from molestation.

"In looking forward to the point where I now stood, in the morning, it had seemed to me inevitable that I should sit down and weep; but I was permitted to look back from it with a mind unburdened and joyful. The blasts of the tornado had swept harmlessly over us. Such an expectation we had not cherished; there was no earthly basis for it. The vigilance of our guards, who had remained, to my
surprise, was doubtless a principal means of our escape; but it would have availed nothing, had not the violence of man been restrained by God. His interposition I gladly recognized, and thought of the declaration, 'He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee; in famine he shall redeem thee from death, and in war from the power of the sword.'"

SABBATH EVENING.

"The sabbath," says the Saviour, "was made for man, and not man for the sabbath." Man needs a day of rest. He is doomed to labour, toil, and to the endurance of many sorrows. He lives in a world where avarice, pride, inhumanity, and oppression abound. Such are the avaricious dispositions of men, that were the sabbath abolished, man would tax himself with more than he could endure, and would require others to labour beyond the ability of their physical strength. Were the avaricious dispositions of men permitted to go unrestrained by this institution, what an amount of suffering, misery, and wretchedness would be inflicted on a large proportion of the human race! Says Jehovah, Six days shalt thou labour, and after this thou shalt rest. Actual experience has taught the world that six days are sufficiently long for any man to labour without a day of rest. Thus we see the wisdom of God in the appointment of this institution.

The sabbath is a time for the public worship of God. Mankind are sinners. They need religious instruction. What place so suitable for this as the place dedicated to the worship of God? Here the rich and the poor meet together. Here pride and haughtiness are abased; all are placed on the same level, as sinners before Him "who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity;" the loftiness of man
is humbled, the poor are raised from the dust, and the Lord alone is exalted. Here cleanliness and decency of apparel are seen, and human nature appears, both in its physical and moral grandeur. Here civility of deportment, and kindly affections are generally displayed. Abolish the sabbath, and how soon would the knowledge of the true God and his institutions disappear! Infidelity, with all its gloom and horror, crime and wretchedness, would soon cover the earth.

The sabbath is peculiarly a day for religious contemplation, meditation, and reflection. Scenes of amazing import and grandeur on this day come up before us. Multiplied are the objects suitable for our contemplation. The mind can dwell on the amazing plan of redemption, the glories it unfolds, and the blessings which it offers. It can range through the scenes of time, and dwell with unabated interest on the grand realities of the life to come. Such are the cares, perplexities, anxieties, and laborious employment of life, that but little time could be exclusively devoted to meditation and serious reflection, were it not for the Christian sabbath. But what an opportunity is here presented for fixing the mind on the great object of life, and man's eternal destiny beyond the grave; for prayerfully considering the sublime and important truths of revealed religion, and the influence they are destined to exert upon a fallen world!—Zion's Herald.

Mr. Dodd used to say, "Many would live in large houses; but will they be able to pay the rent? Most people would have large fortunes, and great estates; but are they willing to answer the reckoning at the great day?—for the more we have, the more we have to account for."
HAVING satisfied their curiosity at Ispahan, our travellers began to find their time hanging rather heavily on their hands, when a royal courier arrived with a despatch from the Persian court to Captain Blisset, informing him that the king was then at Teheran, about four hundred miles north of Ispahan, and had expressed his desire that he should follow thither with the despatches, and also with the soldiers sent to discipline his army, and, as orders had been given on the different stations to provide them with horses, they were soon on the road. The journey was not interesting, and we might, therefore, bring our travellers safely to their destination without remark, but that, on the way, they had an opportunity of observing, for the first time, a flight of locusts. On the second day, they were seated in their tents, about noon, when they heard a very unusual noise, that sounded like the rushing of a great wind at a distance, and, on looking out, observed an immense cloud, which spread itself over the sky, and, at intervals, shadowed the sun; this they found to be a flight
of locusts; for numbers of these insects soon fell around them, and were immediately picked up by the poor of the country, who roast and eat them; illustrating, as Captain Blisset remarked to William, that passage in Holy Scripture where John the Baptist’s food is said to have been locusts and wild honey. Wherever these insects settle, they soon eat up every thing green; but providentially in this instance this swarm was carried off by a strong wind to some more distant region.

On approaching Teheran, Captain Blisset was met by a body of cavalry, commanded by a nobleman of high rank. He was mounted upon a fine horse, and surrounded by a numerous body of running footmen; one bearing his pipe, another his shoes, another his cloak, a fourth his saddle cloth, &c.; the number being proportioned to his rank. The troops, who were well mounted, went through various evolutions, as the procession advanced, dividing into parties, and going through the different movements of a mock engagement.

On their arrival in Teheran, they found the English ambassador to the court of Persia ready to receive them at his own house; where those who know how gratifying it is, in a distant land, to meet a countryman, will readily believe they fixed their abode most willingly. On the following day they proceeded to the palace, and had a private audience of the king. He was seated on an embroidered carpet, in the corner of a small room, raised higher than the floor on which they were, and at some distance. When they perceived him, they immediately bowed with due respect, and continued to approach, until they were stopped at about thirty paces in front of him, where they left their shoes, and walked on the bare stones, Captain Blisset holding up the letter of which he was the bearer: the king then said, “You are welcome, come up,” when they mounted a narrow flight of steps, that led at once into the room.
Opposite to him stood his prime minister, and the governor of the city; and, on one side, four pages richly dressed; one bearing his crown, a second his sword, a third his bow and arrows, and a fourth his shield and battle-axe. The king then desired Captain Blisset to sit down; which he did, on the ground; after which ensued a conversation in which his majesty expressed the high esteem he entertained for the British, and also his gratitude for the men whom the governor-general of India had sent to Persia, assuring him that during their stay they should be well treated, and, at their departure, amply rewarded. He asked Captain Blisset many questions concerning his own ambassador's conduct while in England, and appeared highly pleased with the account which our traveller had thus the opportunity of giving of his friend. He immediately ordered him to be called, and when he appeared, said to him, "Well done, well done, Abul Hassan, you have made my face white in a foreign country, and I will make yours white in this; you are one of the noblest of the families in my kingdom, and shall be raised to the highest dignity I can confer." At which words, Abul Hassan knelt down, after the Persian manner, and touched the floor with his forehead. At the conclusion of the audience, Captain Blisset received a present from the king of a most valuable shawl and a diamond ring; and William, the servant, a purse, containing ten golden coins, each valued at about three pounds sterling.—*Voyages and Travels*, vol. x.

**Philip Henry** used to say that, as tradesmen take it ill when those who are in their books go to another store, so God takes it ill, if his people, who have received so much from him, and are indebted so much to him, do apply unto any creature for relief more than to him.
A DAY IN A TROPICAL FOREST.

The naturalist, who is here for the first time, does not know whether he shall most admire the forms, hues, or voices of the animals. Except at noon, when all living creatures in the torrid zone seek shade and repose, and when a solemn silence is diffused over the scene, illuminated by the dazzling beams of the sun, every hour of the day calls into action another race of animals. The morning is ushered in by the howling of the monkeys, the high and deep notes of the tree-frogs and toads, the monotonous chirp of the grasshoppers and locusts. When the rising sun has dispelled the mists which preceded it, all creatures rejoice in the return of day. The wasps leave their long nests which hang down from the branches; the ants issue from their dwellings, curiously built of clay, with which they cover the trees, and commence their journey on the paths they have made for themselves, as is done also by the termites, which cast up the earth high and far around. The gayest butterflies, rivalling in splendour the colours of the rainbow, especially numerous hesperiae, flutter from flower to flower, or seek their food on the roads, or, collected in separate companies, on the sunny sand-banks of the cool streams. The blue, shining Menelaus, Nestor, Adonis, Laertes, the bluish-white Idea, and the large Eurylochus, with its ocellated wings, hover like birds between the green bushes in the moist valleys. The Feronia, with rustling wings, flies rapidly from tree to tree; while the owl sits immovably on the trunk with outspread wings, awaiting the approach of evening. Myriads of the most brilliant beetles buzz in the air, and sparkle like jewels on the fresh green of the leaves, or on the odorous flowers. Meantime, agile lizards, remarkable for their form, size, and brilliant colours; dark-coloured, poisonous, or harmless serpents, which exceed in splendour the ena-
mel of the flowers, glide out of the leaves, the hollows of the trees, and holes in the ground, and, creeping up the stems, bask in the sun, and lie in wait for insects and birds. From this moment all is life and activity. Squirrels, and troops of gregarious monkeys, issue inquisitively from the interior of the woods to the plantations, and leap, whistling and chattering, from tree to tree. Gallinaceous jacus, hocos, and pigeons, leave the branches and wander about on the moist ground of the woods. Other birds, of the most singular forms, and superb plumage, flutter singly, or in companies, through the fragrant bushes. The green, blue, or red parrots assemble on the tops of the trees, or, flying toward the plantations and islands, fill the air with their screams. The toucan, sitting on the extreme branches, rattles with his large hollow bill, and in loud, plaintive notes, calls for rain. The busy orioles creep out of their long, pendent, bag-shaped nests, to visit the orange trees; and their sentinels announce with a loud screaming cry the approach of man. The fly-catchers sitting aloof, watching for insects, dart from the trees and shrubs, and, with rapid flight, catch the hovering Menelaus, or the shining flies, as they buzz by. Meantime, the amorous thrush, concealed in the thicket, pours forth her joy in a strain of beautiful melody; the chattering manakins, calling from the close bushes, sometimes here, sometimes there, in the full tones of the nightingale, amuse themselves in misleading the hunters; and the woodpecker makes the distant forests resound while he picks the bark from the trees. Above all these strange voices, the metallic tones of the urapanga sound from the tops of the highest trees, resembling the strokes of the hammer on the anvil, which appearing nearer, or more remote, according to the position of the songster, fill the wanderer with astonishment. While thus every living creature by its actions and voice greets the splendour of the day, the delicate humming-birds, rivaling in beauty and
lustre, diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires, hover around the brightest flowers. When the sun goes down, most of the animals retire to rest; only the slender deer, the pecari, the timid agouti, and the tapir, still graze around; the nasua and the opossum, the cunning animals of the feline race, steal through the obscurity of the wood watching for prey; till at last the howling monkeys, the sloth, with the cry as of one in distress, the croaking frogs, and the chirping grasshoppers with their monotonous note, conclude the day; the cries of the macuc, the capueira, the goat-sucker, and the bass tones of the bull-frog, announce the approach of night. Myriads of luminous beetles now begin to fly about like ignes fatui; and the blood-sucking bats hover, like phantoms, in the profound darkness of the night.—Caldcleugh's Travels in Brazil.

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From the Ladies' Repository.

THE BOOT.

Boot! a title so unattractive, and a subject apparently so unfruitful, that many readers will perhaps pass it by as unworthy of notice. From those, however, who are gifted with the virtue of patience—a scarce yet necessary article—I may hope for some attention to my worn topic; especially as the subject of inspiration lies before me. But why this long preamble? say you; and I must here repeat my caution, "Read not unless you possess patience."

Almost every thing under the sun has been at some period the theme of composition; and why, pray, should we neglect so serviceable a friend as this, unless man's perverse nature prompts him to cancel debts of gratitude by forgetting the benefactor.

Let us for a moment review some of the qualities, and number some of the good deeds which entitle the boot to
a place among the literary portraits of the day. Well, then to our painting; and before us rises in prospective sole enough to shame many of the noblest of creation; and among its noble attributes are,

First, dauntless courage—the possession of which we infer from the fact of its plunging unhesitatingly into danger.

Second, unwavering friendship. What better evidence do we find of friendship, than zeal in shielding us from a contact which would occasion unpleasant feeling? And where is this test applied with more uniform success than to our friend the boot?

Third, fidelity and perseverance in the walks of duty. "Be not weary in well doing," seems to be its practical motto, and one which it has vainly endeavoured to teach faulty man. Here appears the contrast between man and things most insignificant, with respect to the fulfilling the design of their creation. He often forms an object possessing in large measure those characteristics, which, while they constitute the brightest ornaments of his own nature, he passes by as comparatively unimportant. How often do we begin with vigorous resolve to perform a work of benevolence or self-gratification, but ere the task is half accomplished, some trifle allures, and causes us to add another and another proof of fickleness to the list already too long.

Fourth, cheerfulness, despite its hard fortunes. Unlike merry-andrews and laughing maidens, it is never known to obtrude its merriment upon others, but always carries along with it a covert smile. Destroy its upright position, and you see amidst its smiles a row of teeth, which, in point of solidity and regularity, might vie with some of the best in our own race.

Fifth, brotherly kindness—a feature so distinct that it cannot fail to attract the notice of the most careless observer. As David clung to Jonathan, so does the boot to

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its amiable companion; choosing to suffer the same evils, and share a severe lot rather than part. One of the most common vices of humanity is to be lavish of favours to those who enjoy the sunshine of prosperity, but the instant misfortune sheds its withering blight on a fellow-being, to withdraw those sympathies so grateful to a troubled heart, and leave the sufferer to extricate himself unaided. This is never the case with the original of our portrait. No sooner does his fellow-traveller become involved in difficulty, than the strength of his attachment is manifested by the prompt assistance he renders.

Sixth, benevolence. The boot is a faithful auxiliary in all good causes. It accompanies charity to the abodes of misery and want; ascends the pulpit with him who dispenses the word of life to a fallen world, and supports the missionary of the cross in all his weary wanderings through the wilderness. It is familiar with the walks of science; retires with the student to his seclusion; is near the judge on the bench, the lawyer at the bar, and the physician at the bedside of his patient.

Seventh, long-suffering, without whose delicate shading our picture would be imperfect. We know that mortals may possess all the other requisites of a noble character, and yet be deficient in this. The rarity of the attribute increases its lustre and value to a degree, which at once elevates it to the highest rank among the graces. Month after month do we find this silent preceptor enduring the caprice and ill humour of its thoughtless proprietor, without an upbraiding word, till premature old age cuts short its existence and terminates its career—a career which, unnoticed though it be in the lowly boot, would be sufficient to shed a halo of light around our path through life, and reflect glory on our memory long after death has claimed us as his prey.

Eighth, forgiveness, the crowning excellence. What a
pity that man, with so noble an intellect, should be compelled to yield the palm of one of the brightest moral graces to this unpretending moralist! Though constantly trodden upon by the arrogant and haughty, it is ever found returning good for evil, and imparting comfort alike to friend and foe. There is one instance, and only one, in which it is known to murmur and give signs of great dissatisfaction. It will bear every thing but the tortures of a dandy's foot, under the pressure of which it will even shriek in agonies.

I close by saying, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

MORAL.

There is no object, however insignificant, from which the thoughtful may not draw lessons of instruction.

FANNY.

THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY.

"The ministry is a work," 1 Timothy iii, 1. Hence ministers are compared to rowers who take pains at their oars; to labourers, and that in harvest; to fishermen, and that in the tempestuous sea of this world; and to stars, which are in perpetual motion. It is no easy calling, (as some imagine,) if rightly followed. The sweat of the brow is nothing to that of the brain. This made Luther affirm, that a minister labours more in a day many times than a husbandman doth in a month; and that if it were lawful for him to leave his calling, he would with more ease and pleasure dig for his living, or do any other hard labour, rather than undergo a pastoral charge.—Rev. Thomas Hall, 1657.
ASTRONOMY.—BY G. A. N.

NO. I.

Among the various displays of the incomprehensible attributes of the Deity, there is, perhaps, no one which can present to the mind a field of more sublime and elevated speculation than that of astronomy.

In the following brief remarks, I do not mean to enter into anything abstruse or difficult in that interesting subject. My object shall be to deduce from the plain and fundamental principles of astronomy such inferences as shall tend to show how the study of the celestial phenomena may be made—not a mere detail of interesting appearances, with which we have no other concern than that of curiosity, but an inexhaustible source of sublime and glorious truths—a school of wisdom, by which many of the great mysteries of creation may be reduced to the capacities of beings, limited, as we are, to a speck of the mighty system we contemplate, while in a deeper and more permanent humility we may be taught to exclaim, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou Creator of the ends of the earth!"
The advantages arising from the study of astronomy, when properly directed, are very great indeed, even when taken in no other light than the vast accession it makes to the sum of human knowledge. In order to bring this into a proper state of observation, however, it is necessary to form a correct idea of the value of knowledge, generally, and of its influence in softening and subduing the savage, untutored habits of man, and fitting him for enjoying and imparting the advantages of civilized society. Whatever has a tendency to produce these effects, must have a tendency to promote happiness, and ought to be obtained even at the expense of labour and study.

"That the soul should be without knowledge, is not good," is a saying of the inspired philosopher of old, (Prov. xix, 2,) a saying which, although chiefly applicable to religious knowledge, is true of sound, wholesome knowledge, in every shape and lineament. In order that the advantages derivable from any department of mental cultivation may be fully and satisfactorily developed, it is necessary only that such a department shall be sufficiently explored, and it may be most suitably observed also, that the more extensive the field, and the more genial the climate and soil, its harvests will be the more abundant, and its fruits the more valuable. Now, it is generally granted, that of all the departments in science, that of astronomy is by far the most sublime, and opens up to the inquirer, not only the most extensive field of observation, but furnishes many of the grandest and most interesting facts, by the wide range of creation which it takes in, and hence as a means of promoting the advancement of wisdom and virtue, it must ever hold a conspicuous place with the wise and intelligent. That "knowledge is power," is a saying of Bacon, the father of modern philosophy. The metaphor is a good one, and it may also be observed, that every addition made to the number and extent of the sciences, supplies new power.
with which to render nature subservient, and new means of promoting the happiness and interests of mankind.

To the objections sometimes made to the cultivation of science by the prejudiced supporters of ancient ignorance, on the ground that knowledge has often been productive of misery, let it be replied, that such results only exemplify the misapplication, or perversion of knowledge, without, in the remotest degree, bearing against the advantages arising from its possession. Objections, exactly similar, have been made to almost every thing valuable or sacred.

That navigation has been the cause of many shipwrecks, and the consequent loss of life and property, can never be brought as a reasonable objection to the study of that valuable and interesting branch of science; neither to the magnificent discoveries of Columbus, or of Captain Cook, that some people perished in the enterprise, or that the aboriginal inhabitants of any new country suffered moral deterioration from the evil habits and examples of Europeans. Such evils did, indeed, exist, but they were not the necessary fruits of geographical discovery, but the baneful consequences of insatiable avarice and depravity of heart. It must be granted, no doubt, that many individuals who, endowed with the most fertile genius, and the loftiest capacities, have gone forward in the path of intellectual glory with a rapidity that has been the cause of admiration, have, nevertheless, descended to wallow in the very sinks of moral impurity, and to mingle in the very lowest haunts of libertinism. These unhappy associations of talents and depravity, however, do not form the remotest argument against the laying up in the mind every item of useful knowledge with which it can be supplied. Such examples should, nevertheless, inspire every lover of mental cultivation with watchfulness and humility—with prayerful devotion and thankfulness to that Being who is able to preserve his people from temptation, lest, becoming vain
and puffed up, their knowledge should become a curse instead of a blessing to them. It is from the gross perversion of knowledge, however, not knowledge itself, that such evil can possibly arise. Now, if this be true of knowledge, generally, it must be peculiarly so of that derived from the study of astronomy in particular. The sublime and interesting truths which it lays before the mind, cannot be supposed, even by the most tortuous ingenuity, either to produce misery or foster vice. It therefore must stand less exposed even to the illogical objections of the caviller or the dubious than any other of the sciences. To be continued.

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BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

The rose, though so lovely and fragrant, is short lived. Scarcely are its colours displayed, and its beauties seen, before it begins to wither, and to droop its head. So it often is with the young. Though interesting in their appearance, amiable in their dispositions, promising in their talents, and fragrant in their lives, yet they are often snatched away from the circle of their friends at the moment they are blooming in all their charms. Their parents gaze, perhaps, with fond expectation and with inexpressible delight, when suddenly the flower bends its head, it withers and it dies. Man is of few days. His life is shorter than a span, swifter than the wind, fleeting as a shadow, brief as a flash of lightning, and insignificant as a little point made with the finest pen. "Behold," says the psalmist, "thou hast made my days as a hand-breadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee. As for man, his days are as grass; as the flower of the field, so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."—Bond's "Flower cut down."
THE YOUTH'S MAGAZINE.

From the London Youth's Magazine.

THE VIOLET.

The cheering sun had chased the gloom
Which winter's aspect wore;
And lovely spring return'd in smiles,
Lost blessings to restore.
All nature gladdened at the sight,
Fields, birds, and flowers in praise unite.

Invited thus by music's voice,
I rose to taste the air;
And, 'mid a morning's gentle gales,
Walk'd through the gay parterre:
Dew-drops, like pearls, still deck'd the ground,
And odours every beauty crown'd.

Passing along, in thoughtful mood,
'Mid natures soft retreats;
A humble violet I perceived,
By its emitted sweets:
'Neath rudest thorns content it bloom'd
And, hid from all,—it all perfumed.

Expressive emblem this, thought I,
Of modest, humble worth,
Delighted in the shade to bloom,
So it may bless the earth;
Whose cheering influence thousands own,
And love the hand, though scarcely known.

Engaging motive this, to sooth
The miseries of distress;
And by beneficence unask'd
The suffering to redress:
Let violets preach, then, from this hour,
"A lecture silent, yet of power."

3
May lessons taught by nature's works,
(How sweet such teachers are!) Lead us to Him who form'd their frame
So exquisitely fair:
The great Supreme, and Lord above,
Deserves our best, our earliest love.

His pencil gives the various tints
Which in our gardens glow;
His tender mercies are the spring
Whence all our comforts flow:
For him the beautiful violet blooms,
And zephyrs waft their rich perfumes

All things to speak his glory tend,
But we should higher soar;
Since for our use all nature thrives,
And gathers in her store.
Would youth be wise ere age dismay?
Religion speaks, "Begin to-day."

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From the London Youth's Magazine.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God," Col. iii, 1.

If with Thee my soul is risen,
If my love is fix'd on thee,
If, escaped from sin's dark prison,
I thy glorious image see;
Claim me for thy habitation,
Let me see thy people's rest,
Know th' extent of thy salvation,
And with all its joys be blest.
Thus with friends, or parents parting,
Weeping o'er the silent dust,
While my bleeding heart is smarting,
Still on thee my soul shall trust.
And when time its race hath ended,
Sun and moon no more shall shine,
Let my praise with saints be blended,
And my songs with angels join.

From the Knickerbocker.

The author of the following magnificent poem is Wm. Pitt Palmer, Esq., of New-York. "Filling a toilful and responsible situation in a public office, he gains leisure but seldom to embody his beautiful conceptions; but, when we find at our desk a small slip of refuse office-paper, in the hand writing of Mr. Palmer, unaccompanied by ostentatious self-criticism, or solicitation of any kind, we always anticipate a rich intellectual treat, and are never disappointed. In this wise came the following; which in affluence of thought, beauty of imagery, and melody of language, we have rarely seen surpassed."

A HYMN OF LIGHT.

I.

From the quicken'd womb of the primal gloom
The sun roll'd black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencil'd the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.
II.
I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green;
And mine were the dies in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art on her trustful heart
Had fasten'd its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear,
To the trembling earth I fell.

III.
When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth among the dead;
With the wondrous gleams of my braided beams,
I bade their sorrow cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

IV.
Like a pall at rest on a pulseless breast,
Night's funeral terror slept,
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains
Their lonely vigils kept;
When I flash'd on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man!

V.
Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile the blest smile of a friend:
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings;
At the crysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings!

VI.
The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms;
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her bowers,
And lead the young day to her arms:
And when the gay rover seeks eve for his lover,
And sinks to her balmy repose,
I wrap their soft rest by the zephyr-fann'd west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

VII.
From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the synosure star of the mariner
Is blotted from the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compassless bark, lone, weltering, dark,
To the haven home safely he brings.

VIII.
I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in my matinal sheen.
O if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile!

W. P. P.
This periodical was commenced a little more than two years since, at the joint recommendation of the Agents and Book Committee; although the circulation of it has not been commensurate with the wants of the church, and the wishes of the publishers, owing, partly, to the scarcity of money, and partly to the overwhelming abundance of publications in the newspaper form, and, to some extent, to the price of postage; yet, wherever it has found its way, so far as we can learn, it has been cordially received, and is highly appreciated. Such a periodical seems necessary for the more advanced classes in sabbath schools, and also for those teachers and young persons who may have access to larger and more expensive works. Young people, the interesting age of which we speak, generally read with great avidity all that comes in their way, and it is certainly desirable to supply the intellectual appetite with something that shall gratify it without corrupting their principles, or endangering their morals.

Two volumes of this work are now before the public, and the third is in course of publication: a mere glance at the chapters of contents will show that we have not been careless in the selection of articles with which these volumes are filled. We should have been glad of a few more well written original articles, and take this opportunity of saying, that the pages of this periodical will ever be open to suitable communications on the following subjects: Short biographical accounts of young persons eminent for piety and usefulness; essays on literary, scientific, moral, and religious subjects; anecdotes illustrative of providence and grace of God; elegant extracts from new and select publications; illustrations of Scripture; accounts of revivals of religion in sabbath schools and Bible classes; anecdotes, narratives, dialogues and any thing rare and curious, provided, always, that nothing be wished which is at variance with Scripture, truth, or evangelical piety. Our own resources, so far as materials for selection are concerned, are ample; but we often suffer for want of time. Any aid, therefore, our friends can render us, either in the way of original compositions or judicious extracts, will be thankfully received. As to the mechanical execution of the work, its typography, embellishments, paper, print, binding, &c., we have no hesitation in saying it is one of the best and cheapest in the country; and we once more express a hope that preachers, Sunday school superintendents and teachers, and our friends generally, will interest themselves in promoting and sustaining its circulation. If the travelling preachers, only, throughout our whole connection, would each send us ten subscribers, we would not complain; but if all of those who can conveniently take hold of this enterprise will do the same, we will be exceedingly glad.
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VOLUME III.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY GEORGE LANE,
FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AT THE CONFERENCE OFFICE,
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1841.
Cain stands out in infamous celebrity as the first man who practically illustrated both the heinousness and penalty of Adam's transgression, by taking the life of his brother. And Esau no less exhibits in himself the ignoble model after which have been formed all they who care not for the blessing of a Redeemer, and despise the promises of God. His example is an awful warning to every child of Adam. His character is not marked by any grievous viciousness, as that of Cain's. On the contrary, it is equal to that of the generality of men, and superior to that of many. It is marked with much kind and generous feeling, and especially with that rare and redeeming quality, the forgiveness of injury. In his case the wrong was gross and irreparable, and the more stinging, from the base fraud through which it was wrought. Yet this only makes the warning more fearful. In every case, indeed, middle characters are most instructive, because with much to warn, they have also something whereby to stimulate.

Esau's exterior was savage and rough, and his pursuits were in accordance with it. He became a cunning hunter, a man of the field, as Scripture expressively terms it. The chase absorbed all his mind, occupied all his thoughts. Such a life was irreconcilable with high religious feelings: There is no mode of life more adverse to them. The man is thus brought down to the level of the brutes.
which he pursues. To outwit them is the highest exertion of his understanding. He adapts his mind to theirs, and glories in unravelling the doublings of their little cunning. His animal instincts and lower faculties are indeed quickened by the shifts and expedients of such a life. But this is always at the expense of the higher. They cannot coexist. They are the separate possessions of rude and of civilized man. The continual variety attending such a pursuit creates an impatience and caprice which is utterly opposed to the calm, steady character of the servant of God and ruler of fellow-men. He must be formed in a very different school. God and man must be the objects of his pursuit, and the Spirit of God and the mind of man, being ever tracked by his mind, continually will lead it to higher and higher ground. Such was the school of Jacob, who, in utter contrast to the man of the field, was a dweller in tents. He was a domestic man, a contemplative man. He was forming himself for the due exercise of the privileges of the first-born. His habits were qualifying him for the duties of the civil and religious head of the family, and especially as a suitable transmitter of the glorious promises of God, which he had learned to appreciate. Esau on the contrary was as studiously disqualifying himself. He was frank and generous, as most hunters are; but he was also thoughtless, as they commonly are. He was an affectionate son; but he made his duty subservient to his favourite passion. He regularly supplied his father with food from the chase; but his duty went no higher. He saw no more in Isaac than what any of the unbelievers saw in their fathers. He beheld in him a just object of all his care and fond cherishing. But he saw not in him the channel of unspeakable spiritual blessings, which himself in due time should as heir transmit to posterity. Ever abroad as he was among the beasts of the field, how should he be taken from such company to be priest, and prophet,
and king? How should he rule and instruct? How should he intercede in prayer and sacrifice? How should he be the conservator of oracles which he cared not to understand? Thus was he preparing the way for his own deposition; and it shortly took place in a manner more disgraceful than has ever befallen deposed monarch since.

He came in one day weary and faint with the chase, and meeting Jacob with some pottage in his hand, entreated of him to give him that pottage. Jacob insisted on having his birthright in exchange; and so little did Esau appreciate it, (nay, perhaps, looked on its domestic and spiritual duties as a burden gladly to be put on another's back,) that he immediately sold it, and ratified the sale with an oath.

The very first thing which Esau did, on arriving at his father's age of marriage, was to take two wives from among the Hittites, a Canaanitish tribe. This caused great grief to his parents. But Esau was precisely that son which is the scourge of parents. He was utterly thoughtless. Such a character is too often too lightly dealt with. It is very commonly conceived to have great disinterestedness. This, however, is merely an appearance, arising from the person seeming so often his own enemy. Was he, or could he, ever be another's friend, (in the true sense of that word?) In fact, this is a case of the extreme of selfishness, which contracts even self to the self of the present moment. For the man of the next it has no thought. The apostle (Heb. xii, 16) has called Esau a fornicator and profane man, and well does he deserve the title. This act of his was a repetition of the buying the mess of pottage. Immediate gratification was all he sought. He cared not what evil, spiritual or moral, he brought into his family. He thought not of the offspring of his marriage. He thought not of the sorrow and displeasure of his parents. He thought not of God's will and commandments. A second time, there-
fore, he threw away his birthright. He could not wait to go to the country of his own family, and thence take a believing wife, as his father had done. He must at any rate incontinently indulge his passion. His marriage, therefore, was unblest by father, and by mother, and by God. It was unlawful in every way; it was in reality no marriage. If he were fruitful and multiplied, then he replenished the earth with an idolatrous offspring. It was no other than fornication and profaneness.

When Isaac was one hundred and thirty-seven years old, and his sight had failed him, being in daily expectation of death, he one day sent for Esau, and told him to go to the chase and procure him some venison, that he might eat, and bless him before he died. He still looked upon him as his successor in Abraham's blessing. He had indeed disobeyed his injunctions, and brought a slur upon his title by his marriage; but God had not declared his displeasure, and the sale of his birthright was most probably never known to Isaac. While Esau was absent upon his errand, Jacob, at his mother's instigation, disguised himself as to touch, and the smell of his garments, so as to pass for Esau. He brought him savoury food, and received the blessing of his first-born. "God give thee of the dew of heaven, and of the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine. Let people serve thee, and nations bow down to thee. Be lord over thy brethren, and let thy mother's sons bow down unto thee. Cursed be every one that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee," Gen. xxvii, 28. Shortly after this had been irrevocably bestowed, Esau entered with his dish. On this ensued a scene of painful recognition. Isaac trembled exceedingly when his mind misgave him, and he found out the cheat which had been put upon him, and Esau burst into a lamentable cry of despair, when he found that the blessing had gone from him. He had returned faint and weary.
from the chase, yet delighted with the thoughts of gratifying his aged father, and of receiving the blessing. He found himself forestalled in both. Well indeed may he weep and raise a bitter cry, and ask, "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? bless me also." But the blessing which carried on the promises made to Abraham was beyond Isaac's power of recall. One portion, it is true, Esau had in common with Jacob, the fatness of the earth and of the dew from heaven; the grossness he received, but none of the dignity or spirituality. His person was not made sacred, as was Jacob's, by the prayer, "Cursed be he that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee." On the contrary, he was to be, like Ishmael, a robber; he was to live by his sword: and, therefore, to have every man's hand against him. Jacob was invested with royal and priestly sacredness, as the progenitor of the great King and Priest, and Esau was allotted the adventurous and perilous life of the soldier of fortune. This was all which was left for him. Nothing better could he obtain. No wonder that his wrath was kindled against his brother, and was the more fierce, because he had been supplanted by disingenuous artifice. A wrong, committed by fraud, insults the understanding, at the same time that it wounds the heart. It is therefore less tolerable than one offered through open violence. Here, however, breaks out a good trait in his character, which shows a frank and generous temper. Although he determined, in the heat of his anger, to kill his brother; yet he did not coldly and resolutely make up his mind to it. He did not keep it secret and rankling at the bottom of his heart until occasion offered. He did not dissemble, and fondle his brother, so to dispel his fears, and keep him within reach until the favourable moment: lying in ambush like the tiger, with his eye ever upon his victim, until the time for the fatal spring. But he gave his fiery indignation vent in words which were
overheard and gave warning. So that it was a mere threat, the overboiling of the wrath of his heart: and not a resolution fixed at the bottom of it. His heart was relieved by the vent thus given of its rankling bile: and a little time and absence would restore it to its former calmness.

After this we find Esau settled in Seir, a rocky district which lay south of Canaan: how he obtained it, whether by his sword, according to the prophecy, or by other means, is not said. While he was here he received messengers from Jacob, who was now returning from Padanaram, along the east of the Jordan, and making for Mamre. The message imported that he was become wealthy during his absence, and now wished to return into favour with him. Esau immediately set out to meet him with four hundred men. The object of this force does not seem to have been either to awe or to slay Jacob, nor to guard against treachery on his side; it may rather be gathered from Esau’s proposal afterward to Jacob to leave some of his men with him, (Gen. xxxiii, 15,) that it was to afford a safe conduct to his brother through a wild and imperfectly settled country. The report of such a force very much alarmed Jacob, who instantly made dispositions for the escape of some of his party, and sent a magnificent present to his brother. When, next morning, he heard of his close approach, he drew up his people in order, and putting himself at their head, and advancing, bowed himself to the ground seven times before him. Full of generous affection, Esau ran forward to meet him, embraced him, and fell upon his neck and kissed him; and they wept. Yet how different must have been their feelings! Jacob had grievously injured his brother, and, by the grace of God’s Holy Spirit, was thoroughly sorry for that his misdoing. He was now seeking to make all reparation in his power, and, if need be, to surrender his life into his hands. He had thrown himself entirely into his power, to deal with him as he
chose. When therefore he was so fondly clasped in his arms, and looked up into his frank and forgiving countenance, how must his heart have burst in twain, how must he have sobbed with the remembrance of the injury which he had done him, and almost sunk to the ground with remorse and shame! Plenteous must have been the bitterness which mingled with the sweetness of this meeting. Esau, on the other hand, being of a generous though hasty temper, had from long absence lost the sting of his injury. His wrath had yielded to a longing for his once-loved brother. Perhaps he had been long pitying him, entering into his bitter feelings of repentance, and desiring to assuage them. As he little understood the real and spiritual value of the blessing which he had lost, and had obtained, and was now enjoying in Seir, a good earnest of the carnal blessing which he had received, he had less reason than ever to keep up his angry feeling. When, therefore, he lifted up his eyes, and saw him once again, all his wrongs were instantly forgotten. Thus with different feelings the two brothers hung upon each other and wept. It is the first fraternal reconciliation which meets us in Scripture. But their quarrel had not been the first. And this scene is doubly pleasing on that account. Death, violent death, closed the first breach of brotherly love. But now grace, and mercy, and love, overcame all other and worse affections, and effected a reconciliation.

After this, Esau departed and went to Seir, expecting Jacob to follow him. Jacob, however, instead of going southward toward Seir, made straightway for the Jordan, and after having tarried for some time on its hither bank, at a place named Succoth, so called from the boothis which he set up there for his cattle, crossed the river, and pushed forward to Shechem, and there established himself, building an altar for religious worship, according to the custom of his grandfather Abraham, who, in this very
neighbourhood, raised one of those altars by which he ever consecrated his place of abode. A third time they met, and it appears to have been the last. Isaac died in extreme old age, having reached his one hundred and eighty-first year, at Mamre, where his father and mother had also died, and were buried. Jacob and Esau met, as Isaac and Ishmael had before, to bury their father. The inheritor and the disinherited met to pay the last sad rites. Such are bitter meetings. The wounds of brotherly affection bleed afresh. Here, however, the dispossession of Esau was not so visible as in the common cases of worldly ejectment. The possession of the land was distant, not to come for several generations, and of the spiritual bequest Esau had too little apprehension to be much concerned about its loss. They parted as brothers and friends; and their children met as enemies. This was the second and last time that the family of Abraham branched off into two separate portions of mankind, one of which carried the great spiritual blessing, the other only an earthly blessing. Both were to be mighty nations. But one was to be a holy nation of spiritual priests and kings; the other a nation of wild men who lived by their sword. But the posterity of Esau were afterward reunited to the children of Jacob; they were incorporated into God's church, and shared in the joy of the Redeemer's coming. They even gave a king to Judah in the person of Herod. They bore with their faithful brethren, in due time, the cross of redemption; while the seed of Ishmael is at this day bearing the crescent of apostacy. The two brothers now once again parted on their different destinies, to the right hand and to the left, the one in all the glory of spiritual exaltation, the other in the shame of degradation. And so have many brothers parted since on their different directions of life: this to wealth, and that to poverty; this to honour, and that to dishonour; this to godliness, and that to un-
godliness. The same home sent forth, alas! on what opposite courses, the believing and the unbelieving Her­berts;* the sweetest songster of God’s temple, and the foulest blasphemer of his honour; the first-born threw away in contempt his spiritual birthright, and his younger brother succeeded in his place.

In Esau we see too common a character. He was one of those thoughtless men who are said to have no harm in them, and yet do themselves and their friends more harm than open enemies ever could do. They are frank and open from utter carelessness. They are unsuspicuous from want of observation and reflection. They are generous not upon principle, but from want of principle: they are in consequence capricious and fickle, continually led away from the straight line of duty to this side and to that, by whatever inducement comes in their way: they have neither past nor future: they are, there­fore, ready to forget and forgive, but not to repent and amend; they are forward to trust, but not to provide. The present hour is all with them, and all beyond it, both on this and on that side of the grave, both temporal and spiritual, is completely out of sight. They are the continual victims of temptation, the constant dupes to the designing, and, if they bring not ruin on themselves and their friends, yet keep them in perpetual and wearisome anxiety, looking at their course with the same painful feeling as they would see them running blindfold over ground beset with frightful chasms and precipices. They are a thorn in the side of all who are interested in them. Very many such lose their earthly birthright. Alas! how many their hea­venly! Such are the Esaus of the moral world. None of us can adequately prize the privileges to which we have been born in Christ, or hold them sufficiently near in view,

* Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, and the Rev. George Herbert, the poet.—Ed.
so as not sometimes to prefer some nearer and less spiritual prize. To keep them ever in mind, and at their due value, requires long experience and reflection, much painful reading of the word, habits of earnest and frequent prayer. Beelzebub will not drive out Beelzebub, nor will all our worldly prudence, judgment, and discrimination, assist us in putting on the proper value. We must shut out the spirit of the world, and obtain the indwelling of the Spirit of the light and life of the world to come. What then must be the case with those who have never taken thought upon the value of their spiritual privileges, who are almost as little conscious of them as they are of the sensation which they felt when the baptismal water was poured upon them! What must their life be but a continual barter of God's sure and certain promises for the fleeting things of this life! When too late, when the spiritual world is forced upon the view, then is suddenly seen the preciousness of its privileges, and the dreadful penalty of having forfeited them, and there is found no place for repentance. Nor prayers nor tears can restore the loss. With serious resolutions of redeeming the time while yet it be allowed us, let us accept from the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews his fearful application of Esau's rejection; and whenever the pleasure or interest of the world points one way, and our love and duty to our crucified Master another, let us remember Esau.—Rev. R. W. Evans.

KNOWLEDGE AND IGNORANCE CONTRASTED.

Ignorance is injurious; knowledge is advantageous. Ignorance is the parent of error—knowledge is the nurse of truth. Ignorance engenders crime—knowledge strengthens virtue. Ignorance fosters barbarity—knowledge promotes civilization and refinement of manners. Ignorance
leaves the amazing powers of the mind unoccupied—knowledge is the fruit of their exercise. Ignorance debases human nature—knowledge exalts and ennobles it. Ignorance proportionably deprives us of happiness—knowledge is a source of the most refined enjoyment. Ignorance is a fruit of the fall, and consequently a part of our punishment—knowledge is therefore a partial recovery of our primeval glory. Ignorance is akin to brutality—knowledge assimilates us to angels. Ignorance is subservient to sophistry and the purposes of a low and degrading infidelity—knowledge detects and exposes them. Ignorance is the tool of oppression—knowledge breaks the iron yoke. Ignorance occasions contempt—knowledge commands respect. Ignorance is darkness—knowledge is light. Ignorance perplexes—knowledge directs. Ignorance contracts the mind—knowledge expands it. Ignorance incapacitates us for extensive action—knowledge qualifies us for abounding usefulness. Ignorance is weakness—“knowledge is power.”—Rev. I. Cox.

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PARENTAL KINDNESS ACKNOWLEDGED.

The fathers in Madagascar generally carry their little boys on their shoulders, where the latter are seated erect, and held by the father’s hand. Mothers carry their children, according to the usages of the country, on their backs, or their side, resting on their hip; and a custom prevails in the island, which marks, in a pleasing manner, the operation of filial affection; children are in the habit of occasionally presenting their mothers with a piece of money called fofondamosina, “the remembrance of the back,” as a sort of grateful acknowledgment for the kindness of the parent in having so often borne the infant on the back.—Ellis’s Travels.

Vol. III.—35
FESTIVALS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

It would be well if domestic anniversaries were more regarded. They furnish rallying points for the hope and love of childhood—pictured scenes, where memory may fondly linger, in future years, or in a far-off clime. The birth-day of a parent, or a grand-parent, of a brother, or sister, or a favoured domestic, might be made seasons of pleasant household gratification. They might cause the blood to flow more briskly through the bounding veins of children, as flowery spots by the wayside—seasons of seeking the happiness of others, rather than their own. The preparation of simple gifts exercises both their ingenuity, their judgment, and their affections. Their little secret consultations on such subjects, and the rich pleasure they feel in surprising some dear one with an unexpected gift, should be respected. As far as possible these gifts should be the production of their own hands, or the purchase of their earnings. The latter result is not so difficult as might be imagined. There are many kinds of needlework and of domestic occupation, for which a mother might feel it both pleasant and proper to compensate her daughters. Thus she might aid in confirming habits of industry, while she supplied the aliment for tokens of friendship and deeds of charity.

A mother once told me, that from the time her little girl was first able to hem a handkerchief neatly, she had allowed her a regular price for whatever she had done for the family. She commenced a little book, in which she taught her to record her receipts and expenditures, with mercantile punctuality, and perhaps this laid the foundation of an accuracy in accounts and capacity for business which distinguished her when she became a woman. Having an affectionate disposition, she made a list of the birth-
days, not only of her immediate relatives, and the members of the household, but those of her pastor, her teachers, and her most intimate friends. At the return of these anniversaries, they were often delighted to receive from her an affectionate note, or some article of her own manufacture, or a book purchased from the purse, into which she never put her hand without a pleasant consciousness that the contents were the fruits of her own industry, and would impart happiness to those whom she loved.

A man of wealth once allotted a portion of his ample garden to his young sons. They were to cultivate it as they pleased, with a right to ask the advice of the gardener, but not to claim his personal assistance. For the sallads which they proudly brought to the table, the strawberries that enriched the dessert, the ears of corn gathered by their own hands into the garner, they received a fair payment. To induce habits of punctuality and exactness, their father required them to keep an account of every production with the correspondent dates, and to present him a bill, in due form, at the close of their harvest seasons. At receiving the annual amount, their first pleasure was to allow their little sister an equal portion with themselves. The remainder was strictly their own, but with an understanding that it was not to be expended in selfish gratifications. Many benefits were secured by this wise paternal arrangement; the delight of horticulture inspired the boys with a love of home, drew them from the risk of sports with promiscuous companions, and taught them the manly consciousness of useful industry, not often tasted by the children of the rich; neatness of penmanship, and accuracy in accounts, were collaterally aided; while fraternal affection, generosity, and benevolence, were alike gratified. All these were but the different forms of happiness.

The sacred festival of Christmas, the ancient one of New-Year, and the annual thanksgiving appointed in many
of our states, are periods in which the young should be particularly incited to remember the poor; especially at the hallowed celebration of His lowly birth, whose mission was to "seek and to save the lost," should their minds be directed to the destitute family, the neglected child, or the benighted heathen. In furnishing the basket for the sick or famishing, garment for the shivering sufferer, or the volume of instruction for the ignorant, I have seen fair brows lighted up with a more joyous and eloquent beauty than the most splendid gift could have imparted. With the latter, there would have been the momentary thrill of reception, or the pride of exhibition, both centring in self; but with the former would entwine the lasting remembrance of having caused the heart of the sorrowful to sing for joy.—Youth's Companion.

CHEAP WORDS.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

SIR,—Allow me to ask if you know what you are doing! You are selling, on an average fairly taken from your five first numbers, thirteen thousand six hundred and eighty-four words for a penny!!! Surely words are now the cheapest things in the world. Your readers may be interested by some other calculations which the above has induced me to make. In five numbers of the Penny Magazine there are forty thousand nine hundred and thirty-two words, averaging eight thousand one hundred and eighty-six to each number. Now eight thousand one hundred and eighty-six words for a penny is reasonable enough, but certainly you have gone further in the march of cheap information, as you give five-sixths of that quantity for half the price. The Saturday Magazine appears not to have quite so many words as the Penny Magazine. But I
was most struck with the contrast exhibited by a volume of one of "the (so called) cheap" libraries of the day, which lay before me, it would be invidious to say which: here I found only after the rate of one thousand eight hundred words for a penny!

I have said that "words" are now the cheapest things in the world; certainly bad words are among the worst things in the world; but yours, I rejoice to see, are words of truth and soberness, and though cheaper than those other publications, they may be considered more valuable, inasmuch as they have a more decided reference to religious truth.

May you be encouraged to proceed in this course, for "words" are also among the most important things in this world. He who is truth itself declared that by our words we shall be justified or condemned. Matt. xii, 37. Remember that the more your words have reference to His words, they are "pleasant words," and that they will prove "acceptable words," and such that they will be "words in season." With one "word," in reference to your pictorial embellishments, I will conclude. "A word fitly spoken," and printing is giving utterance far more widely than by the lips, "is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," Prov. xxv, 11, or, as I am told the original means, like the fine golden fruit, citrons, in net-work of silver,—a beautiful object of nature, heightened by the embellishments of art. Do not forget this, but continue in this respect also as you have begun.

—*-—

MR. INCREASE MATHER said to his children on his death-bed, "Let not my children put too much confidence in men; it may be, such as they have laid under the strongest obligations of gratitude, will prove the most unkind to them. I have often had experience of this."

35* 3
ANECDOTE OF A WELSH CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. Henry Davies was a clergyman of great zeal and diligence. He laboured for some time as a curate at Llandowrer. During this period it is said that as he was walking early one Sunday morning to the place where he was to preach, he was overtaken by a brother clergyman on horseback, who complained that he could never get more than half a guinea for a discourse. "O, sir," said Mr. Davies, "I preach for a crown." "Do you?" replied the stranger; "then you are a disgrace to the cloth." To this abrupt declaration Mr. Davies meekly replied, "Perhaps I shall be held in greater disgrace in your estimation, when I inform you that I am now going nine miles to preach, and have but sevenpence in my pocket, to bear my expenses out and in; and do not expect the poor pittance remitted that I am now in possession of; but I look forward to that crown of glory which my Lord and Saviour will freely bestow upon me, when he makes an appearance before an assembled world."

This laborious minister died in the Lord about the end of March, 1770, and was interred in his parish church, his spiritual children kneeling around his grave, and bedewing it with tears of unaffected sorrow. J. T.

ETERNITY.

Eternity! Ah! know you what it is? It is a time-piece whose pendulum speaks, and incessantly repeats, two words only, in the silence of the tomb; ever, never—never, ever—and for ever. During these fearful vibrations, the lost soul cries out, "What is the hour?" And the voice of a fellow-wretch replies, "Eternity!"—Bridaine.
This is a very singular and celebrated species, universally admired over the United States, for its favourite call in spring; yet, personally, he is little known. The notes of this solitary bird seem like the voice of an old friend and are listened to by almost all with great interest. At first they issue from some retired part of the woods, the glen, or mountain; in a few evenings, perhaps, we hear them from the adjoining coppice—the garden fence—the road before the door—and even from the roof of the dwelling-house, long after the family have retired to rest. He is now a regular acquaintance. Every morning and evening his shrill repetitions are heard from the adjoining woods; and when two or more are calling at the same time, the noise, mingling with the echoes of the mountains, is really surprising. These notes seem pretty plainly to articulate the words whip-poor-will, the first and last syllables being uttered with great emphasis. When near, you often hear an introductory cluck between the notes.
Toward night they generally become silent, unless in clear moonlight. During the day they sit in the most retired, solitary, and deep-shaded parts of the woods, where they repose in silence. Their food appears to be large moths, grasshoppers, and such insects as frequent the bark of old rotten and decaying timber.

The nest is built like that of the night hawk, on the ground; the young have very much the same appearance, though the eggs are much darker.

When disturbed, the whip-poor-will rises and sails low and slowly, through the woods, for thirty or forty yards, and generally settles on a low branch or on the ground. Their favourite places of resort are on high and dry situations; in low marshy tracts of country they are seldom heard; in this they differ from the night hawk, which delights in extensive sea marshes. Their flight also is very dissimilar. The whip-poor-will has ranges of long and strong bristles on each side of the mouth; the night hawk is entirely destitute of them. The bill of the whip-poor-will is twice the length of that of the night hawk. The wings of the whip-poor-will are shorter by more than two inches than those of the night hawk. The tail of the latter is forked, that of the former is rounded. The two species differ also in size and colour.

Though this celebrated bird has been so frequently noticed by name, yet personally it has never yet been described by any writer with whom I am acquainted.—Wilson.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.
BY MARIA JAMES.

The ring-dove's note, in eastern climes,
May wing with speed the sultry hours,
And England's boasted nightingale
May charm with song her native bowers;—
Yet there is one, and only one,  
Whose note is dearer far to me;  
Though his is not the gorgeous plume,  
Nor his the voice of harmony.

He shuns the crowded haunts of men,  
And hies to forests far away,—  
Or seeks some deep, secluded vale,  
To pour his solitary lay,—

Or, haply at some cottage door,  
At fall of night, when all is still,  
The rustic inmates pause to hear  
The gentle cry of "Whip-poor-will."

How often in my childish glee,  
At evening hour my steps have stray’d,  
To seek him in his lone retreat,  
Beneath the close embowering shade.

With beating heart, and wary tread,  
I stretch’d my hand to seize the prey,—  
When, quick as thought, the minstrel rose,  
Blithe, warbling as he sped away.

He flies the abodes of luxury,  
Nor heeds the frown, nor courts the smile,  
But nightly seeks the rural scene,  
And sings to rest the sons of toil.

* Rhinebeck, Nov. 15, 1833. *

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**MAXIMS.**

Despise no enemy merely because he seems weak; the fly and locust have done more hurt than bears and lions ever did.

Slanders, like soap, may besmear and sully for the present, but they often make way for whiteness in the end.
By the term, education, is generally understood the training of youth. As soon as a child begins to understand any thing, its education commences. If children are allowed to grow up unrestrained, they will acquire evil habits, which cannot be overcome without great difficulty. It is therefore necessary that the mind should be early directed in the right way. There are two kinds of education, mental and physical. We understand by mental education, the training of the mind, and by physical, that of the body. In olden times, the latter received the greater attention. In the performance of their military duties, the ancients required much physical vigour, because the effect of the weapons then employed depended almost entirely on the force and dexterity with which they were used. Their games were like schools, to educate them in this art. These were principally wrestling, boxing, leaping, and racing, which demanded much agility and strength of body; therefore, the competitors for the reward underwent a strict course of diet and exercise, in order to ensure the greatest amount of physical strength.

As the world becomes more civilized, the scale gradually turns, and more particular attention is paid to mental education. Our advantages, in the United States, are very great. Schools are generally scattered throughout the country, and every person has the opportunity of gaining the rudiments of knowledge. In most of the countries of Europe, the higher classes are, indeed, learned; but the lower classes are sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance. In Prussia the people generally are better instructed than in any other country, because parents are obliged, by law, to send their children to school during a certain portion of their lives. Literature being patronized by the crown,
learned men of all nations are accustomed to resort thither. New-England is the best educated part of the United States. Its schools and colleges, especially those of Massachusetts, are superior to any in the Union.

If we did not educate our senses, we would know nothing. When Caspar Hauser first saw light, after being confined in darkness from infancy, it appeared to him as if every thing was within his reach. He thought that he could even touch the sun. He had to learn to judge the distances of objects from him, by the sense of feeling, which he had improved in his dark chamber.

We cultivate some of our senses more than others, according to our various tastes and circumstances. A musician would detect a discordant note in a piece of music, which a person with a less practiced ear would not notice. A painter would point out the faults in a painting which would pass unobserved by a less criticising eye. Peter, the wild boy, although void of intellect, could tell those roots and herbs good for food, better than any who had diligently applied themselves to that study. He could also tell whether rain, hail, or snow, was going to fall, two or three hours before the storm took place, by certain feelings in his body. The Indians, brought up from infancy to the habits of savage life, can distinguish traces on leaves, and even rocks. An Indian returning from hunting, missed a piece of venison which had been hanging by the side of his wigwam. He went directly to a white settlement, and inquired if any person had seen a short, old, white man, with a long gun, carrying a piece of venison. A man who answered to the description was soon found, and the stolen property returned. The Indian knew that the man was short, because he was obliged to stand upon something to reach the meat; that he was old, because his steps were faultering; that he was white, because in walking his toes turned out; that he had a long gun, because it had been
placed against a tree, and the muzzle had rubbed the bark.

A person is much more happy if he possesses wisdom, because his sphere of usefulness is enlarged, he can impart his knowledge to others, and thus by benefiting his fellow-creatures, he is improving the talents God has given him.

“Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting, get understanding.”

“Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom’s costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.”

New-York, Jan. 16, 1841.

HARRIET.

AN INDIAN’S VIEWS OF THE WAY OF SALVATION.

A North American Indian, and a white man, being at worship together, were both impressed so deeply under the same sermon as to commence seeking their salvation. The Indian soon rejoiced in the hope of divine forgiveness. The white man remained in deep distress of mind, until, after sinking almost in despair, he also, at length, found peace in believing. Some time afterward, meeting his red brother, he thus addressed him:—“How is it that I should be so long under conviction, when you found comfort so soon?” “O, brother,” replied the Indian, “me tell you; there come along a rich prince, he propose to give you a new coat; you look at your coat, and say, ‘I don’t know, my coat pretty good; I believe it will do a little longer.’ He then offer me new coat; I look on my old blanket; I say, this good for nothing; I fling it right away, and accept the new coat. Just so, brother, you try to make your old righteousness do for
some time, you loath to give it up; but I poor Indian had none; therefore I glad at once to receive the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ."—Burder's Missionary Anecdotes.

A BOY IN MADAGASCAR.

As I stood one day by Mr. Jeffreys, says Mrs. Jeffreys, the widow of a missionary at Madagascar, in her journal, catechising the children, I asked them which of the commandments was the most difficult to observe. One, after a long pause, mentioned one, and another a different precept; till at last a boy, about twelve years old, said, "The last is the hardest." Mr. Jeffreys asked, "Why is it so, my boy?" He replied, "Because for one who is poor to see another possessing a great deal of money, a great deal of clothes, and much cattle and rice, without wishing for some of them, is very hard; I think no person can keep this commandment."

AN ORPHAN GIRL.

An orphan girl of Edgar county, Illinois, was an example of persevering industry. When twelve years old she knew not how to read. In a few weeks she learned; and during the summer repeated a considerable part of one of the gospels. The energy and activity with which she despatched her daily labour was remarkable. This energy and this activity she carried into the study of the Bible. While spinning, she fixed the open Bible upon the side of the log cabin, in front of her, and thus learned to repeat one verse after another, without stopping her wheel. Many scholars who are behindhand with their lessons will do well to learn from this little girl; and, like her, to be diligent in business, while they are also attentive to the study of the Bible.

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The hawthorn, [Crataegus,] is an extensive genus of hardy trees and bushes, the different species of which are cultivated in England, for the sake of their ornamental appearance, especially when loaded with brightly-scarlet-coloured fruit. It belongs to the pomeous division of the rosaceous order, and is very nearly allied to the apple, from which it differs in the fruit containing a variable number of stones, as the medlar does; from the medlar it is known by its fruit being closed, not spread open, at the apex.—Penny Cyclopædia.

ON GATHERING A HAWTHORN BRANCH IN SPRING

BY JOHN HOLLAND, OF SHEFFIELD, (ENGLAND.)

On yonder hawthorn, sweet and long
The linnet pour’d its mellow note;
I paused awhile to hear the song,
That issued from so rich a throat.

At my approach away it flew,
And brush’d the branches with its wing;
Shook to the ground a shower of dew,
The moisture of a morn in spring.

I pluck’d the songster’s thorny perch,
Adorn’d with numerous crimson studs;
And then indulged a moment’s search
Among the curious bursting buds.

Leaves, blossoms, fruit;—the folded germ
Conceal’d in embryo from my quest;
Waiting till summer’s hastening term,
Should deck it with its leafy vest.

Was it the little fluttering bird
That woke the vegetative juice?
Or was the minstrelsy I heard
The sounds which did the buds produce?
—Omnipotence had touch’d its root!
The voice of God in nature spoke;
Adorn’d with vernal germs each shoot,
The latent sap throughout awoke.

There are, to whom that thorny spray
Had seem’d the emblem of his power
Who desolates the winter’s day,
Who decorates the summer’s bower.

There are, whose cold and faithless glance
Nor power nor wisdom there had seen;
The shoot of wild, unerring chance,
Had deem’d it—as no God had been.

Yet though the skeptic’s withering breath
May blast the soul’s divinest bloom;
And plant a deadlier flower than death,—
Eternal nightshade o’er the tomb;

He cannot call, or bid retire
One leaf that trembles on the tree:
Shrink in the field one grassy spire,
Or bid one perish’d blade to be.

I’d rather read on every bough,
And be deceived—There is a God,
Than dread,—or wish,—or dare to know,
My all of life, a breath—a clod!

I’d rather falsely deem each flower
With resurrection beauty fraught,
Than think at death’s approaching hour,
I then must tremble into naught.

Ah! who would darkly wish to grope,
Aimless, through life’s bewildering maze?
Unlighted by the star of hope,
Uncheer’d by faith’s diviner rays!
Can reason's clearest, cloudless moon,
Chase the dark midnight of our fears?
The brightest intellectual noon
Fades with the sure decline of years.

Faith sees, beyond life's visions dim,
Another world of glory roll;
—At death, with wings of seraphim,
Plumes for that better world the soul.

This branch, now drooping in my hand,
Shall perish ere the parent tree,
Which may alone memorial stand,
When suns have shone their last for me.

That tree, when evermore from time
Hath he who sung it pass'd away,
Shall flourish with perennial prime,
As early, fragrant, and as gay.

Yet shall its slow decaying shoots
Then perish to revive no more;
When age hath stricken through its roots,
And rottenness consumed its core.

That voice which bade it bud and bloom,
Unheard when spring revived the earth;
That voice—shall wake me in the tomb,
To second—to immortal birth.

I hear that voice: e'en from this bough
It seems to speak, while in my hand:
—"Art thou prepared for judgment now?"
—Lord, how shall I in judgment stand!
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