

mortal one. Their creed admitted an independent exercise of their freewill and pleasure in the disposal of their lives:

*Ipsa Deus, simul atque volam me solvet—  
Moriar. Mors ultima linea rerum est.*  
HORACE, Epist. 16.

But the Christian has a higher motive for submitting himself to the will of Heaven, and for taking his sufferings patiently. He believes, that the present life is a life of probation only, and, that what he now endures, may be a necessary trial of his faith and obedience; and that, by a merciful dispensation, the great Creator may make use of pain as an instrument, by which he would detach him from this beautiful world, in which Infinite Goodness he had set him down only for a temporary sojournment, intending him for another and a better existence hereafter. Of the great number to whom it has been my professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised, that so few have appeared reluctant to go to 'the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns.' Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die, from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But, I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but even cheerful in the hour of death; I never quitted such a sick chamber without a wish, that "my last end might be like theirs."—*Sir Henry Hallford's Essays.*

**THE REFORMATION.**—The Reformation of 1517 was the first successful example of resistance to human authority. The reformers discovered the free use of reason. The principle came forth with the Lutheran revolution; but it was so confused and obscured by prejudice, by habit, by sophistry, by inhuman hatred, and by slavish prostration of mind, to say nothing of the capricious singularities and fantastic conceits which spring up so plentifully in ages of reformation, that its chiefs were long unconscious of the potent spirit which they had set free. It is not yet wholly extricated from the impurities that followed it into the world. Each reformer has erected, all his followers have laboured to support a little papacy in their own community. The founders of each sect owned, indeed, that they had themselves revolted against the most ancient and universal authorities of the world; but they, happy men, had learnt all truth; they, therefore, forbade all attempts to enlarge her stores, and drew the line beyond which human reason must no longer be allowed to cast a glance. The popish authority claimed by Lutherans and Calvinists was, indeed, more odious and more unreasonable, because more self-contradictory than that which the ancient church inherited through a long line of ages; inasmuch as the reformers did not pretend to infallibility, perhaps the only advantage, if it were real, which might, in some degree, compensate for the blessings of an independent mind, and they now punished with death those dissenters who had only followed the examples of the most renowned of Protestant reformers by a rebellion against authority, for the sake of maintaining the paramount sovereignty of reason. The flagrant inconsistency of all protestant intolerance is a poison in its veins that must destroy it. The clerical despotism was directly applicable only to works on theology; but as religion is the standard of morality, and politics are only a portion of morality, all great subjects were interdicted, and the human mind, enfeebled and degraded by this interdict, was left with its cramped and palsied faculties, to deal with inferior questions, on condition, even then, of keeping out of view every truth capable of being represented as dangerous to any dogma of the established system. The suffering of the Wickliffites, the Vaudois, and the Bohemians, seemed, indeed, to have fully proved the impossibility of extinguishing opinion by any persecution in which a large body of men can long concur. But the two centuries which followed the preaching of Luther, taught us, by one of the most sanguinary and terrific lessons of human experience, that, in the case of assaults on mental liberty, Providence has guarded that paramount privilege of intelligent beings, by confining the crimes of mankind, as has been fit, for a season, to allow that their virtues should be circumscribed. Expiration is

the only persecution which can be successful, or even, not destructive of its own object. Expiration is conceivable; but the extermination of a numerous sect is not the work of a moment. The perseverance of great bodies in such a process, for a sufficient time and with the necessary fierceness, is, happily impracticable. Rulers are mortal. Shades of difference in capacity, character, opinion, arise among their successors. Aristocracies themselves, the steadiest adherents to established maxims and revered principles of rule, are exposed to the contagion of the times. Julius aimed at Italian conquest; Leo thought only of art and pleasure; Adrian burned alike with zeal for reforming the clergy and for maintaining the faith. Higher causes are in action for the same purpose. If pity could be utterly rooted out, and conscience struck dumb; if mercy were banished, and fellow feeling with our brethren were extinguished; if religion could be transformed into bigotry, and justice had relapsed into barbarous revenge; even in that direful state, the infirmities, nay, the vices of men, indolence, vanity, weariness, inconstancy, distrust, suspicion, fear, anger, mutual hatred, and hostile contest would do some part of the work of the exiled virtues, and dissolve the league of persecution long before they could exterminate the conscientious.—*Sir James Macintosh History of England.*

**CONNECTION BETWEEN DUTY AND THE FINER AFFECTIONS.**—Delicacy and modesty may be thought chiefly worthy of cultivation, because they guard purity; but they must be loved for their own sake, without which they cannot flourish. Purity is the sole school for domestic fidelity, and domestic fidelity is the only nursery of the affections between parents and children from children towards each other, and through these affections, of all the kindness which renders the world habitable. At each step in the progress the appropriate end must be loved for its own sake; and it is easy to see how the only means of sowing the seeds of benevolence, in all its forms may become of far greater importance than many of the modifications and extensions even of benevolence itself. To those who will consider this subject, it will not long seem strange that the sweetest and most gentle affections grow up only under the apparently cold and dark shadow of stern duty. The obligation is strengthened, not weakened by the consideration, that it arises from human imperfection, which only proves it to be founded on the nature of man. It is enough that the pursuit of all these separate ends leads to general well-being, the promotion of which is the final purpose of the creation.—*Encyclopædia Britannica, new edition, Sir James Mackintosh's Dissertation.*

**GOOD PILOTAGE.**—Nothing is more amusing than the agility of Irishmen in getting into scrapes, and the happy naivete and blunders by means of which they endeavor to extricate themselves. A captain of a man-of-war, newly appointed to a ship on the Irish station, took the precaution, in 'beating out' of harbour, to apprise the pilot that he was totally unacquainted with the coast, and, therefore, he must rely entirely on the pilot's local knowledge for the safety of his ship. 'You are perfectly sure, pilot,' said the captain 'you are well acquainted with the coast?' 'Do I know my own name, sir?' 'Well, mind I warn you not to approach too near to the shore.' 'Now make yourself easy, sir; in truth you may go to bed if you please.' 'Then shall we stand on?' 'Why, what else would we do?' 'Yes, but there may be hidden dangers which you know nothing about.' 'Dangers!—I like to see the dangers dar hide themselves from Mick Sure, don't I tell you I know every rock on the coast?' (here the ship strikes) 'and that's one of 'em.'—*Metropolitan.*

**ANECDOTE.**—The late Mr. Abernethy would never permit his patients to talk much. He could not succeed in silencing a loquacious lady but by the following expedient:—'Put out your tongue, Madam.' The lady complied. 'Now keep it there till I have done talking.' An old lady very much inclined to be prosy once sent to him, and began by saying, that her complaint commenced when she was only three years old. The professor rose abruptly and left the house. It was observed to Mr. Abernethy, that he appeared to live much like other people, and by no means to be bound by his own rules. The professor replied, 'That he wished to act according to his own precepts, only that he had such a devil of an appetite.'—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

**NEWS FROM HOME.**—At so great a distance from Europe, how interesting is an English newspaper; how

anxious are we for news from home! What a sensation is created by the arrival of a ship, and how eagerly does every one enquire for letters! Never shall I forget the emotion with which I always broke the seals of mine; the tumultuous throbbing of the heart with which I pored over the welcome contents; and the mingled feelings of delight and regret which the dear letters occasioned. Imagination for a time, annihilated the dreary space between me and my beloved family; I fancied I had been conversing with my dear father and sister; I beheld their countenance in idea,—I almost thought the sound of their voices vibrated on my ear,—then, how busy was memory in depicting many a scene of past happiness, and recalling the dreams of other days!—pleasing, yet mournful to recollection! Absence certainly renders our attachment to the friends from whom we are separated too painfully intense; we become trembling alive to every thing that concerns them, and are in danger of making idols of those earthly objects which we would enshrine in our hearts: the absent, we think, never can be too fondly loved, or too warmly cherished,—and we torture ourselves with imagining all possible evils befalling them, if we are a longer time than usual without receiving intelligence of their welfare.—*A Lady's Recollections of the Mauritius.*

**ANECDOTE OF CLEANTHES.**—Cleanthes, when one of his followers would pay court to him by laying vices to the charge of his most formidable opponent, Arcesilaus, the academic, answered, with a justice and candour, unhappily, too rare, 'Silence.—do not malign him;—though he attacks virtue by his arguments, he confirms its authority by his life.' Arcesilaus, whether modestly or churlishly, replied, 'I do not choose to be flattered.' Cleanthes, with a superiority of repartee, as well as charity, replied, 'Is it flattery to say that you speak one thing and do another?'—*Encyclopædia Britannica, new edit., Sir James Mackintosh's Dissertation.*

**A SAILOR'S FEELINGS.**—We truly make the ship our home,—we have no other thoughts of the professional duty of our happiness but what are connected with the vessel in which we swim,—we take a pride in her very looks, as we might in those of a daughter, and bring up her crew to honorable deeds, as we should wish to instruct our sons.—The rate of sailing of each ship in a fleet, is a subject of never ending discussion amongst all classes of the officers, midshipmen, and crews, every one of whom considers his own individual honor involved in all that his ship does or is capable of doing. This is true, almost universally,—but it is more striking, no doubt, in our first ship, which like our first love, is supposed to drink up, from the opening flower of our young feelings, the richest drops of sentiment, never to be outdone, or ever equalled, by future attachments! I owe, indeed, much good companionship and many sincere obligations to other vessels,—yet I am sure if I live to be Lord High Admiral, the old Leander must still remain the nearest and dearest to my nautical heart. I remember every corner about her, every beam, every cabin, every gun. I even look back to the strict school on board of her, with much of that affectionate sort of interest with which I observe Eton men regard the place of their education. Whenever any of the old set meet, who were shipmates together at the happy time I speak of, every other topic is swept from the board, and, for hours together, the boyish adventures, and even the most ordinary events of the dear old ship, form, out of all sight, the most delightful subject of conversation. It signifies nothing, that every one of the party has gone over the same stories and jokes, in the same company, fifty times; they invariably come back again, recommended by increasing interest, and by that genuine freshness of spirits, so redolent of joy and youth, it breathes a second spring.—*Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*

**FALLING IN LOVE WITH A LARGE FAMILY.**—There was a certain Lady Mapleberry, with six unmarried daughters,—one of those large, lively, good-humoured, singing, dancing, riding, chatting families, where a young man seeking a wife is apt to fall in love with the joint stock merit and animation of the whole group; and to feel quite astonished, after his union with Harriet or Jane, how moderate a proportion he has received in his lawful sixth of the music, information, accomplishments, and good-humoured gossiping of the whole tribe.—*Pin Money; a Novel.*

**RECIPE FOR SCALDS AND BURNS.**—Lime seed oil and lime water each equal parts—the bottle to be shaken previous to the application, as the ingredients will separate.—Put on a piece of linen to be applied to the burn, and kept constantly saturated with the mixture.