

tain the relative expense of different inflammable substances for the production of light, and the results were, that a good wax candle, properly snuffed, and burning with a clear bright flame, consumed 100 parts in weight; a good tallow candle, burning under the same circumstances, consumed 101; but a similar tallow candle burning very dim from the want of snuffing consumed 229; so that the consumption of more than double the quantity of combustible matter yielded less light. This latter circumstance proves the advantage of snuffing candles frequently, both as regards the quantity of light, and the economy of the practice.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

UPON this page—this breathing page—
The brilliant forms of past renown,—
The warrior, statesman, monarch, sage—
The wither'd wreath; and crumbled crown—
Virtue neglected, yet sublime—
And wild ambition's comet track;—
From the dim depths of parted time,
All fling their bright reflection back.
The sacred land where Maro sang;
Gives up no echoes of its dead;
Hush'd are the tones of Tully's tongue;
The pomp of Caesar's sway is fled;
The sun of fame is set, which shone
Where stern Lycurgus gave his laws;
The Turk bears rule in Macedon;
And ruin sits where Carthage was.
The voice of battle's 'laram sound
Is mute o'er far-famed Marathon;
And from Plataea's conflict ground
Its steel-clad combatants are gone;
The proud Aegean's classic wave
Repeats no story of its brave;
Pharsalia's plain—the Granic flood—
Mark not their heroes' path of blood.
Yet o'er this page, the muse divine
The radiance of their fame hath flung—
Hath given each lofty deed, a shrine—
Each glorious sepulchre, a tongue;
And here, beneath her magic pen,
The buried conqueror mounts his cur,
And bids dead armies rise again,
To hurl the thunderbolts of war.
Here, sleeping nations start to life—
Egypt and Carthage, Rome and Greece—
Agon to raise th' embattled strife,
Again to ply the arts of peace.
Once more, admiring millions throng,
To swell the victor's Pean song—
And 'listening senates' in suspense,
Hang on the lips of eloquence.
Record of buried ages! here
Greatness hath found an altar-place,
Where high and hallowed hands could rear
A shrine which time can not deface.
Here glows each forgotten thing,
Which ancient wisdom schem'd or wrought—
A thousand storied names which fling
A grandeur o'er the swelling thought.
On to its final ocean home,
Time's hurrying stream may bear away
Successive ages as they come
To breathe, and bustle, and decay:
The sceptred despots' pomp and power—
Each trace and trophy of the brave—
Ambition's deeds, and Glory's dower,—
May sink alike within its wave.
Yet here, by hands of genius caught
From dark oblivion's baleful shade,
Proud deeds, and scenes with grandeur fraught,
Will live till earth itself shall fade:
And here, shall wisdom—valor—art—
(Like beacon's through the mists of time)
E'er beam, to light each noble heart
To lofty aims, and thoughts sublime.

AN ADVENTURE.

As Mr Thomson, with his companion, was proceeding across the uninhabited desert in South Africa, he met with the following adventure:
"We proceeded on our course, over extensive plains sprinkled with numerous herds of game—quaggas, kudu's, gnus, koodoos, hartebeests, gemsboks, and smaller antelopes, the movements of which helped to relieve our lonely journey. The gnus here was of a larger size, and apparently different from that on the other side of the Craddock, being of a dark blue colour, and having a black bushy tail, instead of a white one. I observed also two sorts of hartebeests. As we travelled along, I observed my Hottentot continually looking out for the *spoor* (track) of human feet, being exceedingly anxious to get to some kraal before night; but the only tracks he could discover were those of the wild animals above mentioned, and of their pursuer, the lion. The foot-prints of the latter were so frequent and so fresh, that it was evident these tyrants of the desert were numerous and near to us. Frederick also remarked to me, that wherever such numbers of the

large game were to be seen, we might be certain lions were not far distant. The numerous skeletons of animals scattered over the plain, presented sufficient proofs of the justness of our apprehensions, and these were soon confirmed by ocular evidence. We were jogging pensively along, the Hottentot with two horses about ten yards before me, I following with the other two. Frederick was nodding on his saddle, having slept little, I believe, the preceding night. In this posture, happening to cast my eyes on one side, I beheld with consternation, two monstrous lions, reclining under a mimosa bush, within fifteen yards of our path. They were reclining lazily on the ground, with half-opened jaws shewing their terrific fangs. I saw our danger, and was aware that no effort could save us. If these savage beasts should be tempted to make a spring. I collected myself, therefore, and moved on in silence, while Frederick without perceiving them, rode quietly past. I followed him exactly at the same pace, keeping my eyes fixed upon the glaring monsters who remained perfectly still. When we had got about seventy or eighty yards from them, I rode gently up to Frederick, and, desiring him to look over his shoulder, showed him the lions. But such a face of terror I never beheld, as he exhibited, on perceiving the danger we had so narrowly escaped. He was astonished, too, that he had not previously observed them, being like most of his countrymen, very quick-sighted. He said, however, that I had acted very properly, in not speaking or evincing the least alarm, while passing the lions; for, if I had, they would probably not have let us pass so quietly. Most likely, however, we owed our safety to their hunger being satiated, for they appeared to have been just devouring some animal they had killed, a quagga, as it seemed to me, from the hurried glance I had in passing."

THE ODD FAMILY.

In the reign of William the Third, there lived in Ipswich, in Suffolk, a family, which, from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the *Odd Family*. Every event remarkably good or bad happened to this Family on an odd day of the month, and every one of them had something odd in his or her person, manner, and behavior; the very letters in their Christian names always happened to be an odd number. The husband's name was Peter, and the wife's Rahab; they had seven children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by accident, James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was borne with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was hump-backed: all these, except David, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was six feet two inches high at the age of nineteen; the stump-footed Jonas and the hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girl would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white, yet every one of the children's was red. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep sawpit, where he was staved to death in the year 1701, and his wife, refusing all kind of sustenance died in five days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered. Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David, died at different places on the same day in 1713, and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames, in the year 1723.

FROM SERMONS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY. CIVIL REASONS FOR THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

Now, dismissing men's reveries, and mistakes, and superstitions, let us come to the rational and useful view of this matter, and inquire into the true grounds of our own practice, which I take to be that of a voluntary separation of one day in seven, the first day in the week, for moral, intellectual, and Christian purposes. There are three motives to such a practice: the first civil or political; the second, moral or religious; and the third, peculiarly Christian. They all draw in the same direction. It is good that, one day in seven, there should be a cessation of labour; it is good that one day in seven, reflective people should meet together for the purposes of public worship and instruction; and it is good that this day should be a day so deeply interesting to us as Christians, so associated with the most momentous of all facts, so rich in past recollections and future hopes, as that day of the week on which Jesus rose from the dead.

1. It is good that, one day in seven, labour should be suspended. There is a social, civil, political expediency in the recurrence of a day of rest; at about that interval. A community has a right to make such a regulation for the advantage of

its members. A government has a right to enforce it with the powers of government. Those powers have rarely been more usefully exerted. I do not mean that a government should ordain its religious consecration. I deny the right of human authority for religious legislation. Its assumption is an usurpation. And still worse than the direct assertion of such a claim, is the hypocrisy of endeavouring to procure reverence for its enactments, by investing them with a fictitious divine authority. But the simple question of cessation from labour is strictly within the province of civil government. Moreover, if put on this ground, such exceptions may be made, or tolerated, as common convenience requires. The right of regulation extends over the whole and all its parts. The law of rest, so far as we are now considering it, is properly a human law, and a wise and beneficent one. It is a happy immunity for all industrious classes, the master's best solace, and the workman's best protection. What would the condition of the poor be, if the day of rest were abolished?—at least where there is a large population, and an eager competition for work. They would be crushed to the very earth. Incessant toil would extinguish the mental light that is in them, and wear out the more rapidly their physical strength. They would not earn the more. Competition would keep down their own portion of the produce of their labour to that which would just subsist them. They would still earn only their daily bread by the sweat of their brow; but they would be seven days earning it, instead of six. Unvaried and unbroken toil is brutalizing. Even the provision for mere cessation is something for rationality, something for political freedom, something for morality. Without it, labourers would go far back towards the state of slavery. It is a breach of their prison wall which lets in the light of intelligence. On this ground, as a public institution, let it stand. Let there be no interference of conscience. Let there be no pretensions to divine authority. Let it be law for the public good. 'without partiality and without hypocrisy.' When Moses instituted the Jewish Sabbath, divine authority was interposing to break the power of superstition and lead men on, till the dictate of power should become the impulse of reason. Be his memory blessed as God's Agent for human good; but not honoured by ill-timed imitation, and unwarranted pretension. Ever may the right of the poor, and the good of all, be consecrated by the legislative sanction of a day of rest.

2. I come to the moral or religious motive; and here we must look to a different set of persons. We have shown the foundation on which the state should act; there is one equally broad and firm for the religionist, for the church. How are the truths of religion to be made known; how its social worship practised; how its duties enforced on the conscience; how its consolations ministered to the distressed, how its spirit excited to an energy which shall influence the heart and life; how its dominion extended over mankind; but by the stated assembling of ourselves together, and inviting others to join us; and thus encouraging one another to love and to good works? We must have periodical meetings, and frequent ones. If men have to do so much for the physical support of themselves and families that they cannot be called together more frequently than once in seven days, they ought not, for the very reason that they are so deeply involved and so intensely occupied in such matters, to be called together seldom more than that. Did the laws of the land legitimate unceasing labour through the day, at least the evening should be seized and redeemed, at such an interval. This is what the Christians did, till the Legislation of imperial Rome enabled them to take the day. Such we may infer was the meeting at Troas, where Paul prolonged his speech till midnight, and their subsequent conversation, a farewell one, as they all knew, held on to the break of day. We cannot give less than this to purposes so important. Man's strength would fail in his worldly conflict, and his spirit faint within him, without this ever-recurring stimulus. He cannot be wholly ignorant, when once a week knowledge is proffered to his mind. He cannot be wholly animal, when every week brings one appeal to what is higher and better in his nature. He cannot be wholly selfish, when every week reminds him of his neighbour, and draws around men the bond of fraternity. He cannot sink into an unbroken dream of this world, when the very lights of heaven which measure his days cease not to bring him tidings of a world to come. He cannot be entirely without God in the world, when every week begins with the acknowledgment of Him who made the world, rules it by his Providence, blesses it by his grace, and promises by his word immortality to its inhabitants. He who appreciates these mercies, for himself and others, will welcome the day of political rest, as the day of religious exercises and instruction. He will rejoice to hear, and to say. 'Come now, and let us go up into the house of the Lord.' How superior is the voluntary association, thus redeeming the time, to the Jewish people in the authoritative restriction of their sabbath! Without that, as a preliminary, this might never have been; but the latter is held now that the spirit hath given life. Religionists thus reasoning, and acting, think not of things to be obtained from, but of things to be done. Their consciences are not beset with snarls, and only engaged in the tremulous avoidance of what may be sinful, made so not by its nature but by positive appointment; but they go straightforward to the work of improvement. To be so employed is ever man's best and happiest course. It is not by being afraid all the day that this or that (innocent at other times) may be a desecration and a sin, and make God angry, that good is realized. It is by pursuing the object. It is by seeking instruction. It is by cultivating devotional feeling. It is by entering into the very spirit of religious observances. It is by coming with full purpose of heart to our professor and honest aim. This will realize the end most effectually. It will make the Sunday, in the thoughts and feelings it produces during the week, as a fountain of living and running waters, sparkling in the sun, and fertilizing the earth, and having on