

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## The British Magazines.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

## THE TWO NEIGHBORS.

JULY, 7.—What diversity in the unity of humanity! Man is one. Men are innumerable—a series, a chain, a procession of uncounted individuals, each an organism—according to Plato, a world—having his own peculiarities, traits, characteristics, habits, idiosyncrasies; yet all obviously, anatomically, metaphysically, united with one common origin, root, stem, race! It is the harmony of discord, the unity of 'number without numbers infinite,' the great soul of one family of sons and daughters, whose aggregate number would baffle the figure of a celestial Babbage, yet whose individual unities call Adam 'father,' and Eve 'mother.' And what a mystery is the human heart! In one person it is hard, cold, stern, unimpressible. In another it is soft, warm, yielding, sensitive. Some men never shed a tear; others are moved deeply by the mere whimpering of a child. Some are ignorant of the idea of self; others are unconscious of any idea but self; and between these extremes there are as many varieties as would belt the old earth and make another ring for Saturn. Now, as my diary is a sort of quiet confidential friend, to whose bosom I can commit anything grave or gay, in the certainty that, according to the Scotch newspaper advertisement, it will 'not be repeated,' I shall amuse myself for an hour by a slight sketch of the two neighbors.

They live in the same town and in the same street, but opposite sides; they are both caterers for the wants of the human body, but they tend its opposite members, one caring for the head the other patronising the feet; according to their own showing, both are patriots, but they take opposite sides at every contested election; they sit in the same church, but at opposite sides of the gallery; both respect the Minister, but one selects the doctrinal, the prizes the practical part of his sermons; and both are men of influence in the burgh, but Thomas Milbank succeeds by utterances of the heart, Peter Rees by appeals to the understanding. Oddly enough, these men are fast friends, although of course they are continually disputing. How can such men be friends? asks Philosophy, she having laid it down as an axiom that friendship supposes similarity. Well, let her answer her own question. I recollect the fact as anybody who knows the parties will attest. Thomas quietly smiles at Peter's eccentricities and obstinacy, for he will not submit to be conquered at an argument; and Rees utters an uproarious laugh at Milbank's simplicity, who prefers drying a tear to sacking a city. Thomas is afraid to open a newspaper, lest his eye should fall upon some 'alarming accident,' 'serious occurrence,' 'fatal casualty,' or 'painful circumstance.' Peter with a long pipe in his month and the police reports before him is always at home. When Thomas sits down to a good dinner, prepared by his thrifty wife, whom he married for the antiquated reason that he loved her, it would frequently stick in his throat, to use his own expressive vernacular, when he thinks of 'many a better man destitute of the necessities of life.' When Peter is similarly employed, with his haughty dame, whom he married for the improved modern reason that she had money, at the head of his table, he thinks of nothing but his superlative self. Thomas cannot enjoy the comforts of a warm fireside during the severity of winter, because of the oppressive feeling that the poor are shivering in wretched huts, whilst the forest winds are making melancholy music through their crevices. Thomas is a man of feeling, Peter is a thinker. The motto of the former, literally understood, is 'Do good unto all men, as ye have opportunity.' The motto of the latter, wretchedly apprehended, is, 'Do thyself no harm.'

Such are two specimens of our common humanity! Look on this picture—and on this! Thomas is often the victim of canting hypocrisy, and Peter chuckles with intense satisfaction. Peter is sometimes overmatched by an ingenious device, and Thomas wishes very quietly that the lesson may tend to his profit. And, finally, Thomas is saving money every year, with all his liberality, and notwithstanding his marriage to a penniless girl; whilst Peter is losing an annual percentage, with all his attentions to 'number one,' and notwithstanding his union to five thousand pounds.

I went to the house of Thomas Milbank yesterday afternoon. The weather was sultry, and the state of the atmosphere indicated the approach of a storm. On entering, I perceived some little agitation, as if there had been one of these domestic arguments which sometimes mar fireside tranquility, and which, according to a certain fair authority, tend to relieve the monotony of married life. The usual mutual enquires respecting health and friends satisfactorily answered, 'Mrs Milbank very gravely said, "I daresay, sir, you will smile at my question, though I hardly like to ask it, yet I should very much like your opinion."

'Pray, what is it?' I enquired. I perceived that her worthy husband was deeply interested; and anxious myself to hear the weighty problem about to be submitted for solution, my expectations of something sublime were driven violently in collision with the ridiculous when the lady solemnly asked, 'Well, sir, is it wrong to kill flies?'

It is not polite to laugh at a question proposed by a lady, except the laugh proceed from her husband, which in this case it did, and happily relieved me from the choking sensation which had suddenly visited me.

'I daresay, Mrs Milbank,' I replied evasively, 'were a public meeting of flies summoned to decide your question, they would answer in the negative.'

'A public meeting, sir; they hold public meetings from morning till night in every corner and cupboard in the house, and that is the thing against which I protest.'

'You are the best of wives, my dear,' interposed her husband, 'but the nature of your protest being nothing short of capital punishment, appears to me too severe.'

'And you are the most tender hearted of husbands, dear; for it is literally true that you would not hurt a fly, although they would eat, or rather poison, everything in the house if I would let them. The fact is, sir,' she continued, turning to me, 'Mr Milbank and I have had a warm discussion in this very hot weather about these nasty things. If it be wrong to kill them, I certainly wish they were all transported.'

By this time the copious and refreshing rain had begun to fall, and the servant announced Mr Rees, who, as he entered, said with mock formality, 'May a stranger find refuge in the house of one who is reported never to have refused an act of kindness to man, woman or child.'

'Then,' said Milbank, 'he shall not spoil his character by beginning with you. Be seated.'

'Nay, neighbor, there is nothing like *leather* when the streets are flooded,' said Mr Rees.

'Then I judge you have *felt* the storm,' said Milbank.

'For once I am answered, and, as our worthy minister is here, I had as well confess it,' said the latter, with a subdued smile.

It struck me, during the varied conversation which followed, that something disagreeable troubled the mind of Mr Rees. He frequently appeared absent and uneasy; and notwithstanding the courteous attention of Mrs Milbank, and the use of the 'soothing weed'—bah! the barbarism!—it was obvious that the mercury in his mental glass was sinking. Milbank noticed these symptoms of anxiety also, and having communicated his purpose to me by the silent telegraph of the eye, by which soul speaks to soul, he said aloud, 'Come, Mr Rees, this is unusual; what is the matter? You are dull. I don't press for the cause but I'm sorry to see the consequence.'

'Spoken like you, Mr Milbank! Kindness without curiosity. Sympathy with visible trouble without prying into its causes. Well, it may be feminine—beg pardon, Mrs Milbank—it may be even foolish, it may be ridiculous, but I confess I sometimes admire it when I despise it.'

'Good,' said Milbank looking towards me; 'I fancy our friend Rees is approaching a transition state. But I wish you would take advantage of the half confession he has just made, and say something which might be useful to us all.'

'My sentiments,' I replied, are well known to you all, my friends. The language of the heart is, in my judgment, the most beautiful, melodious, poetical, and precious of all languages; and it has one vast advantage above the thousand tongues of the nations, that it is universal. It is the same everywhere. The labor of translation is not necessary. Many years ago, an effort was made to introduce the language of signs. It had, like every other scheme which promises any advantages to the human family, several enthusiastic advocates, but the thing suffered the fate of many a fine sounding speculation before and since. But the language of the heart—no matter though I be met with the objection that good men sometimes suffer loss by listening to it—is neither met by the difficulty of the symbolic speech, nor liable to the gross errors of ignorant translators. It speaks in the bosom of the African mother as eloquently as in that of the affectionate mother now hearing me; and when it is baptised by the spirit of religion—I mean the religion of Christ—it becomes a holy and a heavenly thing. It is the power, the life of all practical christianity. It is the charity of a St. Paul, otherwise the love which the Gospel infuses into the human heart. Without it there is no real religion; but with it even a deficiency of doctrinal perception is seldom very injurious. The highest intellectual attainments can never prove a substitute for this God-like attribute, and the grand design of Christianity will never be realised until men everywhere speak this sanctified language of the heart. I may illustrate my meaning by the two men now hearing me. Nay, start not, Mr Rees, I must be faithful. Unfaithful ministers are a curse to any country, and, by the blessing of God, I shall never be afraid of shrinking from any duty, even at the risk of offending the objects of my solicitude. But in this case I have no such fear. For I fall back upon your understanding, which is both keen and correct, generally speaking. Now to proceed with my illustration. The two gentlemen hearing me are both virtuous; no person can charge either of them with immorality. They are both men of strict integrity; they cannot be charged either with a voluntary breach of promise or an intentional fraud. Both are consequently respected in the town in which they live, and those who know them only superficially see no difference between them. It so happens, however, that one of them is loved and the other is not by those who know them intimately. Here is the first loss, and it is no small one, which Mr Rees sustains because he systematically refuses to speak the

language of the heart. His virtues are all of the selfish class. Yes, selfish virtues—interrupt me not. That is to say, doing right, not from supreme love to right itself, but in consequence of the mental perception, that to be virtuous is most conducive to one's health, long life, and personal prosperity. Now, mark, I don't fall into the absurdity of calling this sin. I have called it selfish virtue; but it is not religion, it is not practical Christianity, it is not one of the fruits of the Gospel. The same reasoning applies to integrity and fidelity. They are in the case supposed, nothing but modifications of selfishness. And there is one thing more—an acquaintance with the doctrines of revealed religion. This may be accurate and extensive, as in the case of Mr Rees; and yet, after all, 'knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.'

'Well sir, you have read my chapter,' said Mr Rees, rather sharply.

'And you are angry. But with which are you offended, the character or the preacher?'

'Both. But let us hear Milbank's homily. His picture, doubtless, will be perfect.'

'Yes, it shall be a perfect likeness of the man, but I am sorry to say it will not be the likeness of the perfect man. Milbank knows himself too well to put in a claim for perfection, and he would despise me if I taught him that he was faultless. But to proceed, he is, like, Mr Rees, a virtuous man, but, unlike Mr Rees, his virtue is unselfish; it is a thing of principle, the growth of deep conviction, the fruit of a purified heart, and ever associated with the most humble thoughts of himself. So of his fidelity and integrity; they are the outbreathing of principles of light within the man. They are not the result of calculation at all; he has struck no bargain with them; he would hold by them if they brought him to the workhouse; in short, he would swear to his own hurt and not change.' The world might call such a man a fool, and he might reply, 'I am a fool for Christ's sake;' for it is in the school of the Great Teacher that men learn such lessons. But Mr Milbank is deficient in his estimate of character sometimes, and consequently unprincipled persons impose upon him and injure him. Truthful himself, he credits the statements of others too readily; yet, upon the whole, I will venture the opinion that the cautious, intellectual and doctrinal Rees has lost more money by rogues in ten years, than the generous, credulous and benevolent Milbank.'

'I have,' said Mr Rees, rising and extending his hand to me, whilst he expressed thanks for what he had just heard. 'Only this morning I received intelligence that the dashing captain Rosefield, to whom I lent a hundred pounds a month since, at ten per cent. interest, is in the Gazette. Fool that I was to be captivated by show and glitter.'

'And I,' said Milbank, 'received last week a most gratifying letter, enclosing a cheque of fifty pounds, which I advanced three years ago to poor William Morton, never expecting to see a penny returned. But with that money and the blessing of heaven, he has succeeded well. He is now a well paid reporter on one of the London daily papers.'

'Is it possible?' said Mr Rees. 'Morton likewise applied to me for help, but I refused him.'

'I know you did,' said the other, 'and did it not sound somewhat selfish. I should say I am glad you did, for the extreme gratification I have received from his long and well-written letter would have been denied me, had you listened to what our pastor has called the language of the heart.'

'You owe part of that gratification to me, Mr Milbank,' said I.

'To you, sir. How is that?'

'In young Morton's distress, he called on me for advice. I was convinced from his conversation and manner that the fear of God was in his heart. Unable to give him money, I advised him to call on you, but charged him not to say so. I wished your charity to be voluntary. It was so, and you are rewarded.'

'The rain is over,' said Mr Rees. He wished to be alone. Solitude aids reflection.

## THE IPSWICH MUSEUM:

## CULTIVATION OF SCIENCE AMONG THE LABORING CLASSES.

At the annual festival of the Ipswich Museum, in December last, some of the most eminent naturalists of the age attended, as Professors Owen, Sedgwick, and Henslow, Captain Ibbetson, Messrs. Bowerbank, Waterhouse, and Gould. It was stated that the Museum is one of natural history, intended chiefly for the working classes, and that it received last year sixty five thousand visits. It seems to be the result of a happy harmony of feeling between the upper and working classes at Ipswich, much special gratitude being due, we believe, to the public spirited family of the Ransomes of that town, as well as to the late sincerely lamented Bishop of Norwich. Mr Bowerbank stated the following curious particulars as an encouragement to those who connect themselves with such institution—'It had been,' he observed, 'his good fortune since the age of eighteen, to be connected, until within a very short period, with a society of a similar description: he alluded to the old mathematical society of Spitalfields. In 1717, a few poor handloom weavers associated together, for the purpose of studying mathematics and natural history. These men used, after their daily labor, in the summer time, to pass into the fields and pursue the objects of their peculiar researches. Others, during the meeting of the society, were assiduously studying mathematics under the assistance of those better skilled in the

science than themselves. The result of it was, not only the establishment of a high degree of good order among them, but it led to the benefiting of the community at large, by the scientific results which could never have been contemplated from the first association of such a body of men. He would mention one or two instances in connection with that little society. We were all familiar with the admirable Euclid, published by Simson. Simson's Euclid was to this day one of the best introductory works in mathematics. Now, Simson was a poor laboring weaver of Spitalfields. He acquired the whole of his mathematical knowledge after the labors of the day had passed, in the bosom of the little society to which allusion had been made; and after publication of his work he still pursued his craft as a handloom weaver; but he was subsequently appointed Professor of Mathematics at the Military College at Woolwich. The use of achromatic glasses in telescopes was suggested by a Spitalfield weaver, John Hall, a member of the Mathematical Society. The elder Dollond was a member of that society, and the suggestion was immediately adopted by him, and subsequently carried out to the extent which had produced for us the unrivalled combinations which we now possess in our microscopes and telescopes.

## LAWS OF NATURE.

WHEN we use the term *law*, we do not really explain anything, we simply proclaim a fact, although it may be a very general fact. Some persons greatly impose upon themselves in reference to this subject. They speak of the laws of nature in such a manner as if they considered them endowed with power or efficiency capable of producing the effects; but laws are nothing, and can do nothing in themselves; they are merely modes of operation, and necessarily imply and involve too the existence of an intelligent agent. Even of the most general of physical laws—the law of gravitation—Bishop Berkeley has remarked, with admirable sagacity—'Attraction cannot produce, and in that sense account for the phenomena, being itself one of the phenomena to be accounted for.' We are, therefore, conducted to the inference so well expressed by Dr Samuel Clarke—'The course of nature, truly and properly speaking, is nothing but the will of God producing certain effects in a continued, regular, constant, and uniform manner.' And here, you will perceive, inquiries of this description, which are somewhat denounced as speculative and metaphysical, nevertheless, when fully and fairly carried out, lead to results which most exactly harmonise with the first principles of natural and the authoritative declarations of revealed religion. They teach us that all the objects, and all the changes existing and transpiring around us, and within us, are not produced by any mere general laws, capable, when once set in motion, of acting independent of the law-maker; but from the entire absence of any intrinsic power in the laws themselves that each individual effect must be resolved into an immediate violation of the supreme being as its efficient cause; who having been pleased to prescribe to himself one uniform mode of proceeding, does in reality, and in that manner, constitute and continue what we designate the course or laws of nature. The conclusion of the whole matter, therefore, is, that it is not figurative language, but a literal truth, that 'in him we live, and move and have our being.—Mr Spender's Lecture on Digestion, reported in the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.'

From Hogg's Instructor.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Among the beneficent designs of the great Creator in his dealings with our fallen world, there is none that appears to us so beautifully merciful as the instructive love of offspring which pervades the whole animated kingdom. From the monarch of the forest down to the tiniest order of sentient nature, this principle is all pervading and universal. The piteous wail of the songster of the grove, whose nest ruthless hands have despoiled of her young, and the angry, yet mournful roar of the lioness, ringing over mountain and valley, when robbed of her cubs, alike give living evidence of the majesty of love. And it matters not what may be the order of being, whether that class which by some is supposed to have instinct alone for its guide, or the superior class of animals which others place within the boundary line of reason, in all it is the same.

But if this undoubted power of natural affection for offspring is so universally illustrated among the inferior orders of animal being, how ennobled and God-like does it become when, purified by reason, it is presented to the eye in the mirror of a mother's love.

A mother's love! what thrilling melody is in the sound! Ourselves are beginning to grow old, and many long years have rolled away since we wept at the newly-closed grave of the best of mothers. How many there are who must sympathise with us in this recollection! But the finitude of time will have become infinity ere we can forget the gentle hand that smoothed our early pillow, the sweet voice that soothed our childish sorrows, and the indulgent heart that found an excuse for every folly, and a palliation for every fault, under the sacred sanction of a mother's love.

The love of a mother for her child is the finest and most ardent emotion of the human breast. It is second only to that love which is felt by the Creator for his children of the human family. 'Can a woman forget her sucking child?' 'She may forget.' The assertion is not that she *does* forget; but the emphatic enunciation is, 'She may forget,' and appears to us intended, under a powerful