☞ The following is the inaugural address of General Anaya, who has been elected President of Mexico for a few months :—

"Without being deluded as to our situation, on the contrary fully aware and overwhelmed with its difficulties, and ready to face new misfortunes, if such be our destiny, I have come to this place, with the firm resolution never to seal the dishonor of my native land. God alone can look into the future; as to public men, it suffices, that they know their duty and fulfil it. The nation is aware that I never deceived her, that my oaths are always loyal; and that my blood, my life, and my reputation belong to her. Called in her name, I have come to occupy of all situations, that most contrary to my inclinations. May God bless and cause to be fulfilled the ardent desires of the man who has not and is incapable ofentertaining any other desire than that of the liberty and honor of his unfortunate country."

From Mexico.—The late advices from Mexico are somewhat conflicting in their character, but enough is received to show that the nation is subjugated, that General Scott is exercising authority over the richest and most populous portions of that country, and will be able to retain possession and continue a stern military government over the people, as long as it may be deemed expedient. It is evident that the Mexican government is but a shadow, and such is the feeling of anarchy that prevails among the citizens, that its decrees cannot be respected—and a treaty negotiated by the President, and approved by the Congress, could hardly be carried into effect. The efforts of Santa Anna to organise a large army will not probably be sussessful. But if that General should declare in favor of peace, and with his army, throw his influence into the scale of Congress, he may recover the power which he seems to have lost, triumph over his military rivals, and really *deserve* enconiums from Mr. Polk, when he pens his next annual Message to Congress. At present there does not seem to be any prospect of peace.—*Boston Journal.*

☞ The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore American has seen a letter from Generaf Taylor, in which the writer says he regards himsel as already nominated by a portion of the people in their primary assemblies, and that he regards himself as already committed by such nominations.—The people are at liberty, he says, to vote for him or not, as they think best, but he shall not decline, not even in favor of Mr. Clay, as has been suggested, though believing most sincerely that many whom he could name, Mr. Clay among the number, are far better fitted than himself to perform the duties of the high office of President of the United States.—*Boston Journal.*

From Tampico.—The schr. Charron, Capt, Golding, arrived on Saturday, from Tampico, which she left on the 40th ult. Capt. G. reports that the Indian population in the neighborhood of Huajutla had risen upon the troops stationed there and the white inhabitants; that in the insurrection many had been killed and wounded, and that the Indians had been successful and had imprisoned a large number of their adversaries.

This news reached Tampico on the 28th ult., and Col. Gates, the Governor, immediately despatched to the scene of the disturbance two companies under command of Capt. West. His command left on the 30th ult.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

New Loan.—The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes that the Committee on Ways and Means has been urged by the Secretary of the Treasury to report, without delay, a Bill authorizing a loan of seventeen millions. The Committee have addressed inquiries to him as to the specified purposes for which the money is to be used. He adds—"The Committee will report the Bill, I suppose, but some say they will embarrass it with a provision for levying direct taxes, in order to make the people feel the burden of the war."

The Warehouse System.—The New York Courier & Enquirer, in an article on the subject of the warehouse, says a very considerable trade is growing up between the Canadas and New York under this act. Since the 22d of November, about 9000 bbls. of flour and 7000 bushels of wheat have been received into the public stores, from Canada West, and now remain subject to the decision of the owner, who can either export them on payment of the charge for storage and labor, or enter them for consumption on payment of the duties, 20 per cent. *ad valorem*, in addition to the storage. The charge for storage and labor amounts to between five and six cents. per barrel, for flour, if not over a month in store—if longer, from two to three cents per barrel are added for storage. The operations of this trade necessarily will be, that where the Canada dealer sells his cargo, he will buy his supplies—so that New York will not only export, but import, for Canada West.—*Merc. Journal.*

☞ It is a remarkable fact, that among the colporteus employed by the Evangelical Society of France, 102 are converted Roman Catholics. It is estimated by the Committee of the Foreign Aid Society, that within the past three or four years, 20,000 souls have been rescued from the influence of Romish superstition in France, and gathered into evangelical congregations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Five Negatives.

It is known that two negatives in English are equivalent to an affirmative. They destroy each other. But it is not so in Greek. They strengthen the negation; and a third negative makes it stronger still, and so a fourth and a fifth. How strong *five* negatives must make a negation! But do five ever occur? Whether they ever occur in the Greek classics I do not know; but in the Greek of the New Testament there is an instance of this kind. And what is that? Are the five negatives used to strengten any threatening? No; they are connected with a promise, one of the "exceeding great and precious promises" which are given unto us. The case occurs in Heb. xiii. 5, "for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." There five negatives are employed. We translate but two of them; but there they all are, as any one may see who looks into his Greek Testament.—Now, they need not all have been there. They are not all necessary to express the simple idea that God will never forsake his people. There must have been *design* in multiplying negatives so. I do not believe the phraseology was accidental, and I think it not difficult to guess the design. God meant to be believed in that thing. He would secure the confidence of his children in that particular.

He knew how prone they were to doubt his constancy,—how strongly inclined to that form of unbelief—and how liable to be harrassed by the dread of being forsaken by him; and he would therefore make assurance more than doubly sure. So instead of saying simply, "I will not leave thee," which alone would have been enough, he adds, "nor forsake thee;" and instead of leaving it thus, "I will not leave thee, I will not forsake thee," he uses language equivalent to the following: "I will not, I will not leave thee—I will never, never, never forsake thee." There is a stanza, which very faithfully, as well as beautifully expresses it—

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul though all hell should endeavour to shake
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

How in earnest God appears to be in this matter! How unworthy it is in his children, after such an assurance as this, to suspect that he will forsake them! He *cannot*. It is *impossible* for God to lie. Here one who was never known to break his word, assures his people, each of them individually, and five times over in a single sentence, of his continued presence with them. Under similar circumstances, what man of reputed veracity would be discredited? and shall not the God of truth be believed in a like case?—*Nevins.*

The Heavenly Temple.

I find a beautiful description of the heavenly state in the statement of St. John, that he saw no temple there. It tells me there is no keeping of the earthly Sabbaths, for all its days alike are holiness to the Lord; and telling me this it also tells me, that if once admitted within the gates of pearl, and privileged to tread the streets of gold, I shall be free from every remainder of corruption; I shall no longer need external ordinances to remind me of my allegiance, and strengthen me for conflict; but that, made equal to the angels, I shall ove God without wavering, and serve God without weariness. It tells me that eternity is one unbroken Sabbath; and one unbroken Sabbath it could not be to me, if I were not endowed with the noblest powers, immeasurably removed from all that hath intercourse with sin, and circled by scenery, and mingling with companions, and presenting no impress but that which burns and breathes of Deity. It could not be that every day and every moment throughout unnumbered ages should be one of that perfect dedication to our Maker, which is faintly imagined by the holiest services of the earthly Sabbath, if it were not that I should be imperishable and spiritual, myself a temple, immortality oneness with the Saviour. Therefore, however a human pencil, striving to delineate the heavenly Jerusalem, might have intermingled sanctuaries and palaces, and crowned the city with that diadem of towers which tells of dwelling places, reared for Him whom the universe cannot contain; there is more, far more, to me in the total want of sacred architecture, than the rich profusion of dome and steeple with which man would have crested the heavenly metropolis. And though poetry, if bidden to pour its melodies on the home of the saints, might have drawn its imagery from what is most celestial on earth, and have spoken of the *courts* of the Lord's house, and the *tabernacles* crowned with the mystic insignia of a present Deity—nothing could have been so eloquent to me of the deep tranquillities and purities of heaven, and nothing could have so told me of one uniform, cloudless, blessed Sabbath, as the simple announcement of St. John "And I saw no temple there."—*Melville.*

Charity Rewarded.--A Fact.

B—— was a native of Alsace; and on a journey he made to K——, he married. He inhabited a small house without the gates of the town; and his employment barely subsisted him, though he constantly worked for rich and respectable people in the city. He was a painter and gilder. Every evening he was accustomed to bring bread home with him for his family, from the prudence of his work. It happened, however, once, that he did not receive his money. Although God has expressly commanded, "that the sun shall not go down before the laborer receives his hire," yet the degenerate christian pays but little attention to the commands of his Maker. Very many, and clergymen amongst the number, are not even acquainted with all his written commands, more especially those of the Old Testament, notwithstanding Jesus Christ has absolutely declared it in Matthew v. 18, that all shall be strictly observed, and that not a jot or tittle thereof shall fail.

Now could the poor gilder no longer get paid by his employers. For some time, however, he was enabled to carry home bread with him as usual, to his hungry family; but at length every source was exhausted. Throughout the day, during his work, he put up an inward prayer to God that he would graciously dispose the hearts of his masters in his favor, so that they might not allow him to go home penniless; but the day passed, the term of labor finished, and the poor husband and father had nothing, nothing at all to take home with him! Melancholy and sad he entered the suburbs where he lived, with a heavy heart and downcast eyes. Some one going towards the city, met him, saluted him as he passed, and slipping a piece of silver into his hand, glided by him. B. stood stock still, astonished; and shouting aloud, with eyes uplifted, tears ran down his cheeks; and he bitterly reproached himself for his vile unbelief in that God who feeds the ravens, and numbers the very hairs of our heads.

Passing onwards, his way lay between two hedges where he heard a faint voice in a mournful, complaining strain; and as he looked around him to know from whence it proceeded, he saw a young man, who had the appearance of a traveller, lying on the grass, pale, weak, and emaciated. "What is the matter, my friend?" asked the poor painter. "Sir I am a travelling mechanic, and am going towards home. I have yet far to go. As my money run short I was obliged to act with the utmost frugality, and expended daily only what my most urgent necessities demanded; notwithstanding my money is all gone.

The whole of this day have I pursued my journey without tasting food; and my strength is so entirely exhausted, that I can go no further." What was poor B. to do? He had nothing but the small piece of silver; should he give him that? But what should remain for his hungry children? Perplexed, confounded almost mechanically, without knowing what he said, he demanded of the young man if he had no small money even of the most trifling value to give him in exchange for his little piece of silver. "Oh, my dear sir, would I had; I should not lie longer here."

The heart of poor B. felt a terrible conflict. At last, shrugging his shoulders with sorrow, and heaviness of mind, he pursued his way, but went not far; his piece of money burned like fire in his pocket; he hastily turned back, gave it to the poor traveller, and with great agitation turned away quickly, weeping, sobbing, and almost reeling like a drunken man. He had not proceeded far, before he met a man with several loaves of bread, which he carried under his arm, coming directly towards him. As they approached each other, the man saluted him in a friendly manner; and passing him, slipped one of the loaves under his arm, and putting a dollar into his hand hastened away. The poor painter threw himself upon the grass and wept aloud.

Who can read without the deepest emotion, this wonderful relation of the gracious providence of God towards the necessities of his children! The worthy painter acted with such pure humanity, and the hand of God so visibly interposed, that while we are compelled to betsow our warmest approbation on his conduct, we are led to offer our humble adoration at the throne of grace. Such tales as these are like apples of gold in dishes of silver; and though at all times, yet in our days more especially, a word in season. If the poor christian is led to further perseverance in his confidence in God, who hears and answers prayer, and the weak believer taught to blush for his unbelief, this memorable instance of God's paternal care will not have been recorded in vain.—*Swiss Magazine.*

Christian Peace.—Have any of you happened to see the effect of a breeze on a pool of deep water in a sheltered valley! The wind may be sharp enough to ruffle the face of the water for a while; but its depths are at peace.—So is it with the Christian. The cares and worries of life cannot pierce below the spirit; for he is lying beneath the shelter of his Saviour; and so the depths of his heart are safe from every common trouble and annoyance. Nothing earthly can shake his soul, unless it be one of those heavy storms and whirlwinds of affliction with which it sometimes pleases God to try the patience of his servants. But God never tasks his children beyond their power; so that, when he tries them with some heart-searching grief, he at the same time sends them strength to bear it. Apart however from these heavy heart-searching woes, which befall us, God be praised very rarely, the Christian enjoys great peace.

To a mind like his, a mind at ease in itself and feeding on the promises of its God and Saviour, what matter those outward grievances and distresses, which harass and trouble the children of this world? Truly they are little more to him, than the rattling of the hail on the tiles to a man sitting by a good fire with a plentiful meal before him. If the man takes notice of the storm out of doors, it is only to say how glad he is to be out of it. So, if the Christian notices those cares and crosses, which his worldly neighbours make so much of, it is only to thank God for having called him to a covert from the gales of life, and placed him in a safe and sheltered haven.—*Hare.*

A Rage for Fiction.—'I want a paper that's got long stories in it,' said a young lady; and she added 'I don't want a paper for anything else.' Poor girl, much to be pitied, and a pitiful appearance she will make through life, at the present rate. She wants nothing serious, no acquaintance with the history of her own times, no intellectual cultivation—nothing but newspaper novels; empty heads they must be that can find room every week for some ten columns of a sham story. Yet these are the heads for which the weekly press toils and groans, throwing off by the ten thousand its sheets of shallow, insipid, and disgusting fiction, and for this an amount of money is paid which a sound literature utterly fails to command. Yes, Christian fathers and mothers buy this vile trash for their sons and daughters, and so minister to their ignorance and destitution of all taste and fitness for life's duties. Doubtless the periodical press does more than any other one instrumentality to decide the opinions, habits of thought, and general character of the age. A family will very soon begin to show a sympathy with its weekly paper, and the parent and child will become assimilated to it in sentiment and feeling; and as families are, so is the community at large.—Blind and stupid, therefore—yea, worse, are those parents who tolerate in their houses a class of papers which are, first good for nothing, then bad—made up of the writings of silly, ignorant scribblers, who would be 'at the foot' in a town school, and much more in a school of good morals. Such are the teachers of half the present generation.

Obsequies of a Lost Soul.—"What," says Hall, "were it lawful to indulge such a thought, what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where should we find tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle? Or would we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to hide its light, and the moon her brightness?—to cover the sea with mourning, and the whole fabric of nature to become vocal, would it be possible for it to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?"

☞ Dr. Johnston compares a man who goes unmarried on account of the cares of wedded life, to one who would amputate a leg to save the toes from corns.