

PRECIOUS THOUGHTS
OF
MASTER MINDS.

A request to the Reader.

IF out of the many passages comprised in this little volume, a few (even one or two) have impressed your mind and done your heart good, my earnest request is that you will ask your friends and relatives, to give, say, five minutes of each day for the perusal of its pages, By this simple means you will be helping on the noble cause of imparting unto others the sound advice and precious thoughts of master minds.

R. J. L.

* بنام ایزد بخشاینده بخشایشگر مهربان *

PRECIOUS THOUGHTS
OF
MASTER MINDS.

A COLLECTION OF PASSAGES

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

R. J. LALCACA.

Retired Superintendent of Post Offices,

Gujarat, Ahmedabad—Khanpur Road.

“I look upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current”. *Middleton.*

1914.

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AHMEDABAD.

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DEDICATED

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

MY BELOVED SON

MATAL RUTTONJI JEMSEDJI LALCACA,

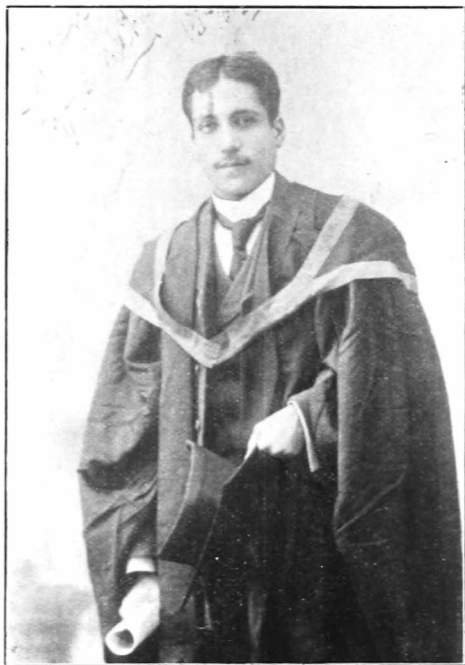
M. A., LL. B.

IN TOKEN OF AFFECTION.

R. J. L.

“ Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country. Good books are not in everybody’s reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than know them only here and there, yet it is a great work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every book-worm, when in any fragrant scarce old tome discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it”.

Coleridge.



Manchershaw Ruttonji Jamsedji Lalcaca,
M.A., LL.B.

**Manchershaw Ruttonji Jemsedji Lalcaea,
M. A., LL. B.**

Manchershaw (known by the pet name of "Matal" amongst his relatives and friends) to whom this book is inscribed, was born at Ahmedabad on the 13th December 1881. He was the fifth son of his parents. His father, Ruttonji Jemsedji Lalcaea of Ahmedabad, is a Retired Superintendent of Post Offices, Gujarat, (Ahmedabad). His mother is Bai Gulbai, the eldest daughter of Seth Franji Pestonji Vakil, of the well-known Vakil family of Ahmedabad. He received his early education in the Mission High School at Ahmedabad and later on in the St. Xavier's School at Bombay from 1892. In 1893 he returned to Ahmedabad and joined the Ahmedabad High School and from there he passed the Matriculation Examination in 1897, with Latin for his second language, which is considered particularly difficult for an inhabitant of India. In the Ahmedabad High School there was no one to teach him Latin. He had confidence however in his own endeavours to learn it somehow and managed with the kind help of the good Jesuit Fathers of the Convent at Ahmedabad to learn Latin required at the Matriculation Examination and to pass successfully therein. In all subsequent Examinations

he kept up Latin as his second language. After passing the Matriculation he joined the Elphinstone College at Bombay and passed the B. A. Examination of the University of Bombay in 1902, with Latin for his second language and Literature as his optional subject.

While he was in the B. A. Class the Honourable Sir Evan James wrote to his father from London in 1902, "I hope your son in the B. A. Class is making good progress and that he will not only be a B. A., but an M. A. Mind you write and tell me how he fares in his Examination". He passed the B. A. Examination the same year and Sir Evan James again kindly wrote from London as follows :—

"Give my congratulations to your boy in having successfully passed the B. A. More power to his elbow. I trust he will take the M. A. Examination in his stride". Accordingly he vigorously applied himself to his studies and passed the M. A. Examination immediately in 1903. Moreover he studied the law and in 1906 successfully passed his L. L. B. Examination.

In the year 1894 while he was at Bombay Mr. C. Frusher Howard, Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters, and Art, London, Author of "Art of Reckoning" came to India to deliver a series of lectures on his "Art of Reckoning" and visited Bombay. The aim of that Book was "to make business calculations with ease, accuracy, and speed by new, original and easily-acquired methods and

to make the learner a good calculator with the greatest possible economy of time and study, transforming the drudgery of calculation into a pleasing pastime". Finding the required skill and ability in Manchershaw, who had a good retentive memory, (he was barely 13 at the time) the gentleman was much pleased with his abilities and predicted a bright future for him, which prediction Manchershaw fully justified in his career.

Professor Howard made him work some examples with ease and facility before a large audience in Bombay. He then accompanied him to his parents' house at Ahmedabad as their guest, although he had arranged to go direct from Bombay to Calcutta. At Ahmedabad also he delivered some lectures on the subject and made young Manchershaw work some examples before the audience according to his new and easy method and formed a friendship with him. He even wished to take him to England with him for his education under his care, but as he was very young, not even thirteen, his parents did not send him with him.

Manchershaw was placed as an articled clerk in the well-known firm of Messrs. Ardesbar Hormasji and Dinshaw, Solicitors, Bombay and he had qualified himself to appear for the Solicitors' Examination. Afterwards he practised as a High Court Pleader at Bombay and then was appointed in Government Service as Prosecuting

Police Inspector, B. B. & C. I. Railway, with Head Quarters at Bombay. Here he had good prospects of rising but unfortunately while engaged in a prosecution case at Amalner, on the Tapti Valley Railway, he was seriously affected by the excessive heat of the month of May, having in the zealous discharge of his duty, gone to the Court walking from the Railway Station, no carriage being obtainable and he would not get the case postponed to another date notwithstanding he was in indifferent health at the time. He stuck to his work but finding himself at last unable to hold on any longer, he returned to his parents' house at Ahmedabad and arrived there on the morning of the 22nd May and within 24 hours, on the morning of the next day 23rd May 1913, (Parsi Roj Gos Yezd, Maha Adar Amsaspand Sehenshai, 1282 Yezdezardi) he breathed his last at the early age of 31 in spite of all that eminent medical skill and help could do, leaving his aged parents to mourn his untimely and premature loss when they were thinking of his marriage. The loss of their loving and best brother to his sisters and brothers is incalculable and cannot be measured.

He was of a very social and amiable disposition, and of fine physique. Hundreds of telegrams and letters of sympathy and condolence poured in,—one from Bombay from Khan Bahadur Jamshedji Ardeshar Dalal M. A., L.L.B., retired Suba (Collector) of Baroda is subjoined :—

“ I and Mertai are extremely sorry and grieved to read in the papers here today of the sad death of your beloved son, Manchershaw. We can well imagine the great sorrow and grief in which this terribly sad event must have plunged you and your good wife Gulbai. He is cut away from you in the blooming period of his life, by what appears to be a fateful accident. He saw us twice recently and his conversation spread such a sunshiny light that we remember now the occasions with saddened hearts. May God Almighty give both of you courage and resignation to suffer the terrible blow is what we now wish for you. With great sympathy and sincere condolence”.

His immediate superior Mr. G. H. White, Superintendent of Police, B. B. & C. I. Railway wrote as follows in his No. C/4808, dated the 2nd June 1913 :—

“ The undersigned presents compliments to Mr. Rutonji Jemsedji Lalcaca and learns with regret of his son's death :—

“ Though Mr. Matal Lalcaca had only 8 months' service in this Department, he had shown zeal and ability, and the undersigned had every hope of his becoming a very capable Police Officer and a loyal and faithful servant to Government ”.

His former superior Mr. R. Mactier, Commissioner of Police, Bombay, wrote to his father :—

“ I was very sorry to read in the papers of the death of your promising son. I have not yet heard however what the cause of his death was. He was apparently quite well on the Thursday and was dead next day. It must have been very sudden. I sympathise with you in your loss ”.

The Head of the Police Department, Mr. Michael Kennedy, C. I. E., Inspector-General of Police, Bombay Presidency, kindly wrote to his father as follows :—

“ I am very grieved to hear of the sad loss you have sustained, and, in common with you, our service, and beg to offer you my very sincere sympathy and condolence. Your son had a bright future before him, of which in his zeal, I am sure, he intended to make full use. However the ways of the Almighty are inscrutable. Time alone will soften the blow for you, but I hope that the sympathy of your friends and his, will, to some extent, soften your sorrow ”.

His professor Mr. O. V. Muller, M. A. (Cantab.) and Acting Principal, Elphinstone College, Bombay, speaks highly of him as follows :—

“ Mr. Matal Ruttonji Lalcaca, M. A., LL. B., was a student of this College for a number of years. He had a very distinguished and successful career. I knew him intimately and have always had the very highest opinion of him as an able and very energetic young man. I have

watched his career with great interest since he left College and he has kept in complete touch with me, always looking me up when in Bombay. I have great pleasure in recommending him *most* strongly for the post he is seeking under the Bandora Municipality. I consider him from his attainments, energy, great powers of persuasion and family and social position, very fitted for the post (Chief Officer). He is a grandnephew of the Honourable Mr. Nowroji Pestonji Vakil, C. I. E., of Ahmedabad and a cousin of the late martyred Dr. Cowas Lalcaca ”.

Mr. H. J. Stanyon, Bar.-at-Law and Additional Judicial Commissioner, Nagpur, C. P., wrote as follows :—

“ This is to certify that I know Mr. Matal Ruttonji Lalcaca and the family to which he belongs. He is an M. A., LL. B., and a Vakil of the High Court of Judicature at Bombay. He is a well-educated, well-connected and well-mannered young man, and I am glad to hear he has been appointed a Police Prosecutor in the Bombay Presidency. He should do very well ”.

He was a promising young man and his good, genial and social disposition and winning manners always attracted a good company of cultured and respected people wherever he went. He had gained a high opinion of all with whom he came in contact. He was fond of collecting old postage stamps and old coins. He was of a religious

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turn of mind, and had given up meat and wine. He had ¹ a very deep and strong filial affection for his parents. He ^f was however not destined to live long. God was pleased to call him away from this world so suddenly. May his pious soul rest in peace in Heaven !

Ahmedabad, }
1914.

R. J. L.

PREFACE.

THIS little publication is an abridged edition of my "Selections from Eminent Authors" and it is believed it would prove useful to those who could spare no time to go through the larger edition. "The only end of writing," says Dr. Johnson, "is to enable the reader, better to enjoy life or better to endure it". If the publication serves to any extent that purpose or helps to diffuse innocent and rational pleasure among the public, I shall feel much gratified.

To quote Dr. Johnson again, "He that writes upon general principles, or delivers universal truths, may hope to be often read, because his work will be equally useful at all times, and in every country". The Selections are of the above nature and the volume, spoken of favourably about thirty years ago by eminent persons, is still received in the same appreciative spirit by equally eminent people. From the above circumstance I may fairly expect for the Selections the same appreciation thirty years hence from the next generation, if only I were to place them on a firm and permanent footing as, *Deo Volente*, I hope to do.

The learned Rev. Dr. R. Scott, D. D., M. A., Professor,

English Literature, Wilson College, Bombay, says "The aim and end of poetry is to awaken and cherish in the soul the love of what is noble or beautiful in life". If the collection of poetry and poetic prose passages, containing solid reasoning, tends to do this, be it ever so little, I shall consider myself compensated a hundred-fold for the little trouble taken in this very pleasing matter.

To enable persons of limited means (who are not able to pay the full value) to take advantage of the Selections and enjoy the benefit and pleasures of invigorating and refreshing English literature "Selections from Eminent Authors" as well as "Precious Thoughts of Master Minds" will be given to them at reduced prices.

Ahmedabad, }
1914. }

R. J. LALCACA.

(Books of universal truths, useful at all times).

HE that writes upon general principles, or delivers universal truths, may hope to be often read, because his work will be equally useful at all times, and in every country; but he cannot expect it to be received with eagerness, or to spread with rapidity, because desire can have no particular stimulation; that which is to be loved long must be loved with reason rather than with passion. He that lays out his labours upon temporary subjects, easily finds readers, and quickly loses them; for what should make the book valued when its subject is no more.

Johnson.

We hold that a good book which gives people food for thought, which strengthens and clears their minds, and enables them to grasp truths which they have dimly felt but could not formulate—we hold that such a book does a real, substantial good.

H. P. Blavatsky.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

Byron.

An unbroken succession of the greatest masters have not hesitated to affirm as the endeavour of their lives the effort to make men "wiser and better" as well as happier.

—

Rev. Dr. R. Scott.

(Pope's panegyric on Addison's works.)

+ + + + —In all Charles' days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays;
And in our own (+ + + +)
No whiter page than Addison's remains.
He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.

—————
Pope.

(Johnson's panegyric on Addison's works).

All the enchantment of fancy and all the cogency of argument, are employed (by Addison) to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision; sometimes appears half veiled in an allegory; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy; and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

—————
Johnson.

(Cunningham's panegyric on Johnson's works
and uses of Biography).

“Biography” says this greatest of biographers, (Johnson) “is of the various kinds of narrative writing that which is most eagerly read and most easily applied to the purposes of life”. This was said long before the “Lives of the Poets” were even thought of, and it is in this application of others' lives to the purposes and nicer uses of our own, that the essential value of Johnson's work

may be said to consist. The secret of Johnson's excellence will be found in the knowledge of human life which his 'Lives' exhibit; in the many admirable reflections they contain, varying and illustrating the narrative without overlaying it; in the virtue they hold up to admiration, and in the religion they inculcate. He possessed the rare art of teaching what is not familiar, of lending an interest to a twice-told tale, and of recommending known truths by his manner of adorning them. He seized at once the leading features, and though he may have omitted a pimple or a freckle, his likeness is unmistakable—defined yet general, summary yet exact.

Cunningham.

(Johnson's panegyric on Shakespeare's works).

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shapes and polished into brightness. Shakespeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, delated by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

Johnson.

IN the course of study we place on one side all the studies that belong to mathematics, physics, biology, and astronomy, and we add to these the studies of language and history. We then place on the other side the single branch of study known as literature. We speak of the numerous studies in the first group as relating to nature and mind in general, but we contrast all these with literature, and assert that the branch of study set by itself over against that group, namely the gems of poetry and *belles-lettres*, is one that does more to give us a knowledge of human nature than all others combined.

Thus in old age a man is apt to say of his studies in the elementary school; "What I learned of arithmetic, geography, grammar, and history has been useful to me, but it has not proved to be so thoroughly practical as the selections from literature which I read in the school readers; for in them I learned to observe and express the feelings and emotions of the heart. I learned to trace these mere feelings in their growth into convictions and clear ideas. They became principles of policy, and finally inspired and guided the acts and deeds of my life. In conning our reading, we learned how a blind instinct becomes an emotion, then a well reasoned thought; later on a conviction, and then an action; and last of all a habit. We noted all this in the lives of others and also in ourselves. We came to know human nature in this important respect".

————— Dr. W. J. Harris.

PRECIOUS THOUGHTS OF MASTER MINDS,



Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise ;
He who defers his work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay, [gone,
Till the whole stream which stopp'd him should be
Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever will run on.

Cowley.

TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day ;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?
Out of Eternity
This new day is born ;
Into Eternity
At night will return.
Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did ;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
 Another blue day ;
 Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away ?

Thomas Carlyle.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of her land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain :
 Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;

All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine !
 The Muses* still, with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair :—
 Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves.

Thomson.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good
 Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !
 Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

“ Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ! for ye behold Him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle His throne rejoicing ; ye, in Heaven ;
 On Earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end !

* The nine fabled Goddesses, who preside over literary, artistic and scientific matters.

“ Fairest* of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling Morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

“ Thou Sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
 In thy eternal course; both when thou climb'st.
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.

“ Moon! that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
 And ye five other wandering fires†, that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.

“ Air, and ye Elements! the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

“ Ye Mists and Exhalations! that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise;

* The planet Venus.

† The five planets then known *viz.*:—Mercury,
 Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn.

Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance His praise.

“ His praise, ye Winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

“ Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls: ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and your notes His praise.

“ Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep!
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

“ Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now Light dispels the Dark!”

Milton.

The members of Johnson's literary club, which met on every Tuesday evening through the year and over which Johnson presided, were, besides himself, the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Mr. Clavier, Sir John Hawkins, and some others.

It gradually became a formidable power in the world of letters. Macaulay writes of it "The verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new books were speedily known all over London, and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or condemn the sheets to the service of the trunk-maker and the pastry cook".

A correspondent of a paper.

As a teacher of wisdom, Addison may be confidently followed. He religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous, nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed (by Addison) to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision; sometimes appears half veiled in an allegory; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy; and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses and in all is pleasing.

Johnson.

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

Johnson.

From the "Spectator" No. 543.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our senses. It is a particular system of Providence, that lies in a narrow compass. The eye is able to command it,

and by successive inquiries can search into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us curious and well contrived a frame as that of a human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony, in all and every of its parts, as what we discover in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and providence in the work of the creation. A Sir Isaac Newton, who stands up as the miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system; consider it in its weight, number, and measure; and draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of a human body.

But to return to our speculations on anatomy. I shall here consider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, shows the hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontestable principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual unifor-

mity and consistence with itself. If one should always fling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less, or five times more, in number than the throw which immediately preceded it; who would not imagine there is some invisible power which directs the cast? This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will observe how many of the works of nature are published, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetitions among several species, that differ very little from one another but in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such, that we may observe innumerable divisions running upon the same ground. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets, as of stones, vegetables and other sublunary parts of the creation. In a word, Providence has shown the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only

in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of descents which it has made on every original species in particular.

But to pursue this thought still further : every living creature considered in itself has many very complicated parts, that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One eye would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an animal ; but in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers ; when we see one-half of the body entirely correspond with the other, in all those minute strokes, without which a man might have very well subsisted ; nay, when we often see a single part repeated a hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires ; sure a man must have a strange cast of understanding, who does not discover the finger of God in so wonderful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted,

though not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an all-wise contriver; as those more numerous copyings, which are found among the vessels of the same body, are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for a human eye: and if we consider how the several species in the whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence; it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice should be casually thrown a hundred million of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concurrence of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration yet further, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblances to each other, and those particular distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There are many more demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent wisdom, power, and goodness, in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth book of the poem entitled Creation, where the anatomy of the human body is described with great per-

spicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this Speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others. *Addison.*

A writer who obtains his full purpose loses himself in his own lustre. Of an opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceases to be examined. Of an art universally practised, the first teacher is forgotten. Learning once made popular is no longer learning; it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes. *Johnson.*

CÆSAR'S LAMENTATION OVER POMPEY'S HEAD.

Oh thou Conquerer,
 Thou glory of the world once, now the pity;
 Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
 What poor fate followed thee and plucked thee on
 To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian? *
 The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger
 That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
 Nor worthy circumstance showed what a man was?—
 That never heard thy name sung but in lanquets
 And loose lascivious pleasures?—to a boy •
 That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
 No study of thy life to know thy goodness?—
 And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,

* Pompey having fled to Egypt after his defeat at Pharsalia, was murdered on the shore by the ministers of Ptolemy Dionysius, then a minor.

Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee—
 In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey,
 If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee,
 Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
 My love and mercy.

* * * * *

Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
 Built to outdure the sun, as you suppose,
 Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
 Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
 Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
 No pyramids set off his memories,
 But the eternal substance of his greatness,
 To which I leave him. * *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S WILL

By Grecian annals it remained untold,
 But may be read in Eastern legend old,
 How, when great Alexander† died, he bade

* On this passage Hazlitt remarks, "It is something worth living for to write or even read such poetry as this."

† Persia was conquered by Alexander the Great in 331 B.C. Alexander was the son of Philip, king of Macedon. On the assassination of his father in 336 B.C., Alexander ascended the throne of Macedon in his 20th year, and soon distinguished himself by a series of world-renowned conquests. At the age of 22 he invaded Persia and inflicted three signal defeats on the Persians under their king Darius Codomanus. Darius was slain by one of his own satraps, 331 B.C., and the great Persian empire founded by the illustrious Cyrus about 560 B.C. succumbed to the Greeks after a feeble struggle. *D. N. Wadia.*

That his two hands uncovered might be laid
 Outside the bier, for men therewith to see—
 Men who had seen him in his majesty—
 That he had gone the common way of all,
 And nothing now his own in death might call ;
 Nor of the treasures of two empires aught
 Within those empty hands unto the grave had brought.

Trench.

Some pleasures live a month, and some a year,
 But short the date of all we gather here,
 Nor happiness is felt, except the true,
 That does not charm the more for being new.

Cowper.

(Blushing of aged cheeks).

O call not to this aged cheek
 The little blood which should keep warm my heart.

Dryden.

The blush is Nature's alarm 'at the approach of
 Sin—and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.

Fuller.

Manners, and not dress, are the ornaments of a
 woman.

Addison.

From the " Spectator " No. 231.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to
 virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate " feeling " in
 the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself
 from everything that has danger in it. It is such an

exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of everything which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the history of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were seized with an unaccountable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent the self-murder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, that if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corpse should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most public manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madness and despair. The fear of shame in the fair sex was in those days more prevalent than that of death.

Addison.

Modesty has a great influence over our actions and is in many cases an impregnable fence to virtue.

Addison.

If you banish Modesty out of the world she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

Addison.

By penance, charity, and truth,

* They kept each sense controlled,

* The Brahmans of Ayodhya.

And, giving freely of their store,
Rivalled the saints of old. *R T.H. Griffith.*

To bring the passions under sober sway,
And give the moral springs their proper play.
Couper.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it ; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.
Madame de Staël.

I have somewhere met with the epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the words, but the sense of it is to this purpose :
“ What I spent I lost ; what I possessed is left to others ; what I gave away remains with me ”.
Addison.

A pious acquaintance, remarkable for the quaint shrewdness of his observations, one day, when walking in a garden, having pulled a flower of exquisite loveliness, after expressing, in his own characteristic way, his admiration of its various beauties, took up a clod of the soil in his other hand and naively, but emphatically, exclaimed, “ what but Almighty power could extract that from this ? ” If there was anything ludicrous in the manner, there was nothing but truth and sublimity in the sentiment. Every thing in the operations of the Creator is worthy of devout admiration, but I scarcely know any thing in the inanimate world which brings together and concentrates so many wonders of designing wisdom and benevolence, as the structure and qualities of

a flower,—and assuredly not a little is added to the surprise and pious feeling with which this delightful production is contemplated, when we think of the crude materials from which it is elaborated. The beauty of form and colour, the sweetness of the fragrance, the delicate and skilful nature of the organization, the careful provisions, the forethought, the contrivance, the suiting of parts, as regards the propagation of the species, the adaptations to the subsistence and enjoyment of the insect tribes,—all produced by the artificial union of a few simple and apparently unfit substances cannot fail to excite in the reflecting mind the most lively sentiments of astonishment, and to force upon it the conviction, that here, without doubt, is the finger of God. *Duncan.*

I seldom see anything that raises wonder in me which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I had seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the insignificancy of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought, I considered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing-star, as a sky-rocket discharged by an hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was four score millions of miles in length.

What an amazing thought is it to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity and, at the same time, wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it that it should move in such an inconceivable fury and combustion, and, at the same time, with such an exact regularity? How spacious must the universe be, that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it? What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of ether, and running their appointed courses! Our eyes may, hereafter, be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time, they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention.

Aldison.

When we read the lives of distinguished men in any department, we find them almost always celebrated for the amount of labour they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Caesar, Henry IV. of France, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte—different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities—were all renowned as hard workers. We read

how many days they could support the fatigue of a march ; how early they rose ; how late they watched ; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court ; how many secretaries they employed ; in short, how diligently they worked.

Hanwell.

Colonel Gardiner was habitually so immersed in intrigues, that if not the whole business, at least, the whole happiness of his life consisted in them ; and he had too much leisure for one who was so prone to abuse it. His fine constitution, than which, perhaps, there was hardly ever a better, gave him great opportunities of indulging himself in these excesses ; and his good spirits enabled him to pursue his pleasures of every kind, in so alert and sprightly a manner, that multitudes envied him, and called him, by a dreadful kind of compliment, " The happy rake. " Yet still the checks of conscience, and some remaining principles of so good an education, would break in upon his licentious hours ; and I particularly remember he told me, that when some of his dissolute companions were once congratulating him on his distinguished felicity, a dog happening at that time to come into the room, he could not forbear groaning inwardly, and saying to himself, Oh that I were that dog ! Such was then his happiness, and such, perhaps, is that of hundreds more, who bear themselves highest in the contempt of religion, and glory in that infamous servitude which they affect to call liberty.

Doddridge.

What is our duty here ? To tend
 From good to better—thence to best—
 Grateful to drink life's cup—then bend
 Unmurmuring to our bed of rest ;
 To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
 Scattering our fragrance as we go :
 And so to live, that when the sun
 Of our existence sinks in night,
 Memorials sweet of mercies done
 May shrine our names in memory's light,
 And the blest seeds we scattered bloom
 A hundred-fold in days to come. *Bowring.*

From the "Spectator" No. 225.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate

design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant, as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest and how to pursue it by proper methods. *Addison.*

When bearing down upon the enemy at the battle of Trafalgar; (1805), Nelson hoisted his celebrated signal—
“England expects every man to do his duty.”

D. N. Wadia.

The consciousness of his own folly pierced him deeply, and he was long before he could be reconciled to himself. “The rest of my time,” said Rasselas, “has been lost by the crime or folly of my ancestors, and the absurd institutions of my country; I remember it with disgust, yet without remorse: but the months that have passed since new light darted into my soul, since I formed a scheme of reasonable felicity, have been squandered by my own fault. I have lost that which can never be restored; I have seen the sun rise and set for twenty months, an idle gazer on the light of heaven: in this time the birds have left the nest of their mother, and committed themselves to the woods and to the skies: the kid has forsaken the feat, and learned by degrees to climb the rocks in quest

of independent sustenance. I only have made no advances, but am still helpless and ignorant. The moon, by more than twenty changes, admonished me of the flux of life; the stream that rolled before my feet upbraided my inactivity. I sat feasting on intellectual luxury, regardless alike of the examples of the earth, and the instruction of the planets. Twenty months are passed, who shall restore them?"

Johnson.

From the "Spectator" No. 317.

But if we look into the bulk of our species they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they have never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity, than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason.

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew showed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of

action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it ; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, *eight o'clock*. I put on my clothes and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee strings, and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the North. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plums, and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind, S. S. E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *eight o'clock*. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *eight o'clock.* Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands, but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the North. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before anybody else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine next morning.

THURSDAY, nine o'clock. Staid within till two o'clock for Sir Timothy, who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Set down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small beer sour. Beef overcorned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a message to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club to night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home, and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones; second, ox check, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three o'clock. Over-slept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter, Grand Vizier certainly dead, &c.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet, if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing oneself in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a

true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for. *Addison.*

It is a shame

To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, and live
In idleness. *Shakespeare.*

Streams never flow in vain ; where streams abound.
How laughs the land with various plenty crowned !
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind. *Couper.*

The wise for cure on exercise depend ;
God never made his work for man to mend. *Dryden.*

The village all declared how much he (village master) knew ;
'T was certain he could write and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge ;
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew. *Goldsmith.*

STEEL'S FIRST DRAMATIC PRODUCTION.

The *Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, was played at Drury Lane in 1702. It is very sprightly and full of telling hits.

Sydney Smith delighted in the following passage, and used to think it Addison's, but it was no doubt Steel's own. It occurs in a scene where the undertaker reviews his regiment of mourners, and singles out for indignant remonstrance one provokingly hale, well-looking mute. "You ungrateful scoundrel, did I not pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? Did I not give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty shillings a week to be sorrowful? And the more I give you, I think the gladder you are!"

Quarterly Review.

One self approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels. *Pope.*

Sound, sound the clarion : fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life,
Is worth an age without a name *Scott.*

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. *Wordsworth.*

From the "Spectator" No. 293.

It is a great presumption to ascribe our successes to our own management, and not to esteem ourselves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of Heaven, than the acquisition of our own prudence. I am very well

pleased with a medal which was struck by Queen Elizabeth a little after the defeat of the invincible Armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the king of Spain, and others who were enemies of that great princess, to derogate from her glory, ascribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of storms and tempests, than to the bravery of the English. Queen Elizabeth instead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herself upon such a signal favour of Providence, and accordingly in the reverse of the medal above-mentioned, has represented a fleet beaten by a tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inscription, *Annuit Deus et dissipatur*, "He blew with his wind, and they were scattered." *Addison.*

One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me, has the same corporeal necessities with myself; he is hungry, and crops the grass; he is thirsty, and drinks the stream; his thirst and hunger are appeased; he is satisfied and sleeps; he arises again, and is hungry; he is again fed, and is at rest. I am hungry

and thirsty like him, but when thirst and hunger cease I am not at rest ; I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy ; I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken my attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and the singer, but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome tomorrow. I can discover within me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification ; or he has some desires distinct from sense which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the paiace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he "are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself ; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity ; for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free ; I fear pain when I do not feel it ; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated. Surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments. *Johnson.*

“That, I want nothing,” said the prince (Rasselas) “or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint; if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would excite endeavour, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountain, or lament when the day breaks and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment showed me what I never had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much; give me something to desire.” The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. “Sir,” said he “if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state.” “Now,” said the prince, “you have given me something to desire: I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness.” *Johnson.*

Bliss of Contemplation.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and were he free to choose,

Would make his fate his choice ; whom Peace, the fruit
 Of Virtue, and whom Virtue, fruit of Faith,
 Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
 Content indeed to sojourn while he must
 Below the skies, but having there his home.
 The World o'erlooks him in her busy search
 Of objects, more illustrious in her view ;
 And occupied as earnestly as she,
 Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the World.
 She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;
 He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
 He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
 Pursning gilded flies, and such he deems
 Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
 Therefore in Contemplation is his bliss,
 Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
 She makes familiar with a world unseen,
 And shows him glories yet to be revealed. *Couper.*

Fix on that course of life which is the most excellent,
 and habit will render it the most delightful.

Pythagoras.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well :—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis heaven itself, that points out an Hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in, must be happy.
 But when! or where!—This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures—This must end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on the sword.*]

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
 My bane and antidote are both before me:
 This† in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this* informs me I shall never die.
 The soul secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

† His sword.

* Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul.

Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me ?
This lathergy that creeps through all my senses ?

Nature, oppressed and harassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I 'ill favour her,
That my awakened soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt for fear
Disturb man's rest : Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die. *Addison.*

The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by
grimace ; but what voice or gesture can hope to add
dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato * ? *Johnson.*

PROLOGUE TO ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold ;—
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age ;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wondered how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;

* Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul, see page 43.

In pitying love we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed: for dying laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes ;
 Virtue confest in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But, what with pleasure heaven itself surveys,
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state !
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
 Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
 Ev'n then proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Showed Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state.
 As her dead father's reverend image past,
 The pomp was darkened, and the day o'ercast,
 The triumph ceased—tears gushed from every eye,
 The world's great victor passed unheeded by ;
 Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
 And honoured Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend : be worth like this approved,
 And show you have the virtue to be moved.

With honest scorn the first famed Cato viewed
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued,
 Our scene precariously subsists too long
 On French translation, and Italian song :
 Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,
 Be justly warmed with your own native rage :
 Such plays alone should please a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdained to hear. *Pope.*

From the "Spectator" No. 39.

As a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments—"A virtuous man (says Seneca) struggling with misfortune, is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with pleasure."; and such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, soothe affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence. *Addison.*

The tragedy of 'Cato,' which contrary to the rule observed in selecting the works of other poets, has by the weight of its character forced its way into the late collection, is unquestionably the noblest production of Addison's genius. Of a work so much read, it is difficult to say anything new. About things on which the public thinks long, it commonly attains to think right. *Johnson.*

An old writer tells us of a great lord in his time who kept a fool in his house for his pleasure, according to the fashion of the period. To this fool the lord gave a staff, and charged him to keep it till he should meet with some person who was a greater fool than himself, and if he met with such a one, to deliver it over to him. Not many years after, the great lord fell sick, and indeed was sick unto death. His fool came to see him, and was told by the dying man that his departure was at hand. "And whither art thou to go?" asked the fool. "Into another world," said his lord. "And when wilt thou come again? wilt thou come within a month?"—"No!"—"Within a year?"—"No!"—"When then?"—"Never, never!"—"And what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment wither thou goest?"—"None at all!"—"What," said the fool, "none at all? Here take my staff! Art thou going away for ever, and hast taken no care how thou shalt speed in that other world whence thou shalt never return? take my staff; for I am not guilty of any such folly as this." *M'Culloch.*

What shall I do to be for ever known?

Thy duty ever.

This did full many who yet sleep unknown—

Oh never! never!

Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown,

Whom *thou* know'st not?

By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is blowu:—

Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?—

Discharge aright

The simple dues with which each day is rife ;

Yea, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,

Will life be fled ;

While he who ever acts as conscience cries,

Shall live, though dead. *Schiller.*

Take one more example where the purpose is to set forth the relation between the finite and the infinite. An older poet (Vaughan) describes eternity as presented to him in a vision,

“ Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
As calm as it is bright.”

In this vision the elements of vastness and perfectness are completely gathered together, and a mental idea is embodied in a concrete figure. It is a triumph of language. Shelley carries it a step further. He is setting forth the relations of the Universal and the individual, of eternity and time, of God and a human life.

“ The one remains, the many change and pass,
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly,
Life, like a dome of many coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.”

Think first of the great dome of heaven filled with white light—an emblem of eternity ; and then of the dome of a temple of ours with roof of stained glass—emblem of

time: and then see the light of the eternal streaming through, falling in broken colours, red and green and blue and yellow, upon the floor or benches of this temple of earth; and then reflect how elements of the divine—the true, the good, and the beautiful—enter in fragments and in disguises into the passions and experiences of our life. Here then the poet's work is to illuminate a deep and subtle truth. His effort is to gaze into the heart of things so as to trace the meaning of the mystery of life, and having grasped an inner law—he embodies his conception in a living picture, that must continue to live before our eyes.

Rev. Dr. R. Scott.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep;
 All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
 Both day and night. *Milton.*

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them, how we will. *Shakespeare.*

ARGUMENT FOR THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

*Retire:—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home;—
 Imagination's airy wing repress;—
 Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir!—
 Wake all to reason:—let her reign alone;
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,
 As I have done; and shall inquire no more.
 In Nature's channel, thus the questions run:—*

"What am I? and from *whence*?—I nothing know
 But that I *am*; and, since I *am*, conclude
 Something *eternal*; had there e'er been *nought*,
Nought still had been; *eternal* there *must* be,—
 But what *eternal*?—Why not *human race*?
 And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
 That's hard to be conceiv'd, since every link
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail.
 Can every *part depend*, and not the *whole*?
 Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties rise,
 I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
 Whence *Earth*, and these bright *orbs*?—*Eternal* too?
 Grant *matter* was eternal; still these *orbs*
 Would want some other father;—much design
 Is seen in all their *motions*, all their *makes*;
Design implies *intelligence*, and *art*;
 That can't be from *themselves*—or *man*: that art
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
 And nothing greater yet allow'd than *man*,—
 Who, *motion*, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
 Who bid brute *matter's* restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
 Has *matter* *innate* motion? then each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form an universe of dust;
 Has *matter* *none*? Then whence these glorious forms
 And boundless flights, from *shapeless*, and *repos'd*?

Has matter *more* than motion? has it thought,
 Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
 In *mathematics*? Has it fram'd *such* laws,
 Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
 If so, how each *sage* atom laughs at me,
 Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man*!
 If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
 And that with greater far than human skill,
 Resides not in each block;—a Godhead reigns.”

Young.

What an immense workman is God! in miniature as well as in the great. With the one hand, perhaps, He is forming a ring of one hundred thousand miles in diameter, to revolve round a planet like Saturn, and with the other is forming a tooth in the ray of the feather of a humming-bird, or a point in the claw of the foot of a microscopic insect. When He works in miniature, every thing is gilded, polished and perfect, but whatever is made by human art, as a needle, &c., when viewed by a microscope, appears rough, and coarse, and bungling.

Bishop Law.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream!
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
 Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.
 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to day.
 Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.
 In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !
 Trust no future, however pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !
 Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;
 Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait. *Longfellow.*

QUIET WORK.

One lesson, Nature,* let me learn of thee,
 One lesson which in every wind is blown,
 One lesson of two duties kept at one
 Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
 Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity !
 Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
 Far noiser schemes, accomplished in repose,
 Too great for haste, too high for rivalry !
 Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
 Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
 Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
 Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;
 Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
 Labourers that shall not fail when man is gone.

Mathew Arnold.

* Nature or the external world has two principal aspects. She is, as has been finely said, both "sleeping as a picture" and "labouring as a machine". It is this latter aspect of which the poet is thinking. The machinery of nature working regularly according to nature's laws is always going on, never ceasing like the continually interrupted work of man, and it goes on noiselessly, unlike the noisy labour of human beings.

A Member of the Indian Educational Service.

From the "Spectator" No. 415.

Not to mention the Tower of Babel, of which an old author says, there were the foundations to be seen in his time, which looked like a spacious mountain; what could be more noble than the walls of Babylon, its hanging gardens, and its temples to Jupiter Belus, that rose a mile by eight several stories, each story a furlong in height, and on the top of which was the Babylonian observatory? I might here, likewise, take notice of the huge rock that was cut into the figure of Semiramis, (queen) with the smaller rocks that lay by it in the shape of tributary kings; the prodigious basin, or artificial lake, which took in the whole Euphrates, until such time as a new canal was formed for its reception, with the several trenches through which that river was conveyed. I know there are persons who look upon some of these wonders of art as fabulous, but I cannot find any grounds for such a suspicion, unless it be that we have no such works among us at present.

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In Egypt we still see their pyramids, which answer to the descriptions that have been made of them; and I question not but a traveller might find out some remains of the labyrinth that covered a whole province, and had a hundred temples disposed among its several quarters and divisions.

The wall of China is one of these eastern pieces of magnificence, which makes a figure even in the map of

the world, although an account of it would have been thought fabulous, were not the wall itself still extant.

We are obliged to devotion for the noblest buildings that have adorned the several countries of the world. It is this which has set men at work on temples and public places of worship not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the Deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous works might at the same time open the mind to vast conceptions, and fit it to converse with the divinity of the place. For everything that it majestic imprints an awfulness and reverence on the mind of the beholder, and strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul.

Addison.

Think not the works of God have here an end,
 Perhaps the sun, the brilliant orb of day,
 And all the bodies that on him depend,
 The planets which around him ever play,
 The comets and the moons beneath his sway,
 In common with some other systems, veer
 Around an unknown centre far away—
 Ah! endless are Thy works, Thou who didst rear,
 With skill unmatched, the glorious firmamental sphere.

B. E. Modi.

NATURE AND THE GLORIOUS WORKS OF GOD.

Then with a glance of fancy to survey,
 Far as the faculty can stretch away,
 Ten thousand rivers poured at His command,
 From urns that never fail, through every land

These, like a deluge, with impetuous force,
 Those winding modestly a silent course ;
 The cloud-surmounting Alps, 'the fruitful vales ;
 Seas on which every nation spreads her sails ;
 The sun, a world whence other worlds drink light ;
 The crescent moon, the diadem of night ;
 Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
 Fast anchored in the deep abyss of space :
 At such a sight to catch the poet's flame,
 And with a rapture like his own exclaim,
 These are Thy glorious works, Thou Source of good !
 How dimly seen, how faintly understood !—
 Thine, and upheld by Thy paternal care,
 This universal frame, thus wondrous fair ;
 Thy power divine, and bounty beyond thought,
 Adored and praised in all that Thou hast wrought
 Absorbed in that immensity I see,
 I shrink abased, and yet aspire to Thee ;
 Instruct me, guide me to that heavenly day,
 Thy words, more clearly than Thy works, display,
 That, while Thy truths my grosser thoughts refine,
 I may resemble Thee, and call Thee mine ! *Cowper.*
 Great sources of day ! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round !
 On Nature write ; with every beam His praise.

Thomson.

The unwearied sun from day to day

Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand. *Addison.*

NATURE UNIMPAIRED BY TIME.

The Almighty Father surer laid
 His deep foundations, and providing well
 For the event of all, the scales of Fate
 Suspended in just equipoise, and bade
 His universal works, from age to age
 One tenour hold, perpetual, undisturb'd.
 Hence the prime mover wheels itself about
 Continual, day by day, and with it bears
 In social measure swift the heavens around.
 Not tardier now in Saturn than of old,
 Nor radiant less the burning casque of Mars.
 Phœbus, his vigour unimpaired, still shows
 The effulgence of his youth nor needs the god
 A downward course, that he may warm the vales,
 But ever rich in influence, runs his road,
 Sign after sign, through all the heavenly zone.

Couper.

Well,—What are ages and the lapse of time
 Matched against truths as lasting as sublime?
 Can length of years on God himself exact,
 Or make that fiction which was once a fact?

Couper.

Ye forests, that yield me their sweetest repcse,
 Where stillness and solitude reign,

To you I securely and boldly disclose
 The dear anguish of which I complain.
 Here, sweetly forgetting and wholly forgot
 By the world and its turbulent throng,
 The birds and streams lend me many a note
 That aids meditation and song. *Cowper.*

But oars alone can ne'er prevail,
 To reach the distant coast,
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost. *Cowper.*

Addison possessed an unclouded imagination, alive to the first objects of nature and of art. He reaches the sublime without any apparent effort. When he tells us, "If we consider the fixed stars as so many vast oceans of flame, that are each of them attended with a different set of planets, and still discover new firmaments and new lights that are sunk further in those unfathomable depths of æther so as not to be seen by the strongest of our telescopes, we are lost in a labyrinth of suns and worlds, and confounded with the magnificence and immensity of nature"; the ease with which this passage rises to unaffected grandeur, is the secret charm that captivates the reader. *Arthur Murphy.*

From the "Spectator" No. 420.

Nothing is more pleasant to the fancy, than to enlarge itself by degrees, in its contemplation of the various proportions which its several objects bear to each other,

when it compares the body of man to the bulk of the whole earth, the earth to the circle it describes round the sun, that circle to the sphere of the fixed stars, the sphere of the fixed stars to the circuit of the whole creation, the whole creation itself to the infinite space that is everywhere diffused about it; or when the imagination works downward, and considers the bulk of a human body, in respect of an animal a hundred times less than a mite, the particular limbs of such an animal, the different springs which actuate the limbs, the spirits which set these springs a-going, and the proportionable minuteness of these several parts, before they have arrived at their full growth and perfection. But if, after all this, we take the least particle of these animal spirits, and consider its capacity of being wrought into a world, that shall contain within those narrow dimensions a heaven and earth, stars and planets, and every different species of living creatures, in the same analogy and proportion they bear to each other in our own universe; such a speculation, by reason of its nicety, appears ridiculous to those who have not turned their thoughts that way, though, at the same time, it is founded on no less than the evidence of a demonstration. Nay, we might yet carry it farther, and discover in the smallest particle of this little world, a new inexhausted fund of matter, capable of being spun out into another universe. *Addison.*

Falsely luxurious! will not man awake,

And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song? *Thomson.*

KNOWLEDGE UNIVERSAL INSPIRES ADORATION.

Happy is he who lives to understand
 Not human nature only, but explores
 All natures,—to the end that he may find
 The law that governs each ; and where begins
 The union, the partition where, that makes
 Kind and degree, among all visible beings ;
 The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
 Which they inherit,—cannot step beyond,—
 And cannot fall beneath ; that do assign
 To every class its station and its office,
 Through all the mighty commonwealth of things ;
 Up from the creeping plant to sovereign man.
 Such converse*, if directed by a meek,
 Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love ;
 For knowledge is delight ; and such delight
 Breeds love ; yet, suited as it rather is
 To thought and to the climbing intellect,
 It teaches less to love, than to adore ;
 If that be not indeed the highest love.

Wordsworth.

Man is not weak, knowledge is more than equivalent
 to force. The master of mechanics laughs at strength.

Johnson.

* Intercourse.

What is strength, without a double share
 Of wisdom? Vast, unwiely, burthensome,
 Broudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties; Strength's not made to rule,
 But to subserve, where wisdom bears command.

Milton.

What is man,
 If his chief good, and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed? A beast; no man.
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason
 To fust in us unused.

Shakespeare.

The noblest minds their virtue prove
 By pity, sympathy, and love;
 These, these are feelings truly fine,
 And prove their owner half divine.

Couper.

THE MIND IS THE STANDARD OF THE MAN.

My friend, forbear to call him blest
 That only boasts a large estate;
 Should all the treasures of the West*
 Meet, and conspire to make him great,—
 Should a broad stream with golden sands
 Through all his meadows roll,—
 He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
 That wears a narrow soul.

* Treasures of Mexico and Peru.

Were I so tall as to reach the pole,
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,
 I must be measured by my soul ;
 The mind's the standard of the man ! *Isaac Watts.*

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air. *Gray.*

I shall here set down that noble allegory which was written by an old author called Prodicus, but recommended and embellished by Socrates. It is the description of Virtue and Pleasure, making their court to Hercules under the appearances of two beautiful women.

“ When Hercules (says the divine moralist) was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air and graceful deportment, her beauty natural and easy, her person clean and unpotted; her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial

white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mein, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stopped before the other lady, (who came forward with a regular, composed carriage,) and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner:—

“ My dear Hercules, (says she,) I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life you ought to choose: be my friend, and follow me; I’ll lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and inquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in a readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business —”

“ Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner,

desired to know her name ; to which she answered. ‘ My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness ; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.’

“ By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

“ ‘ Hercules, (says she,) I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the diety, you must be at the pains of worshipping him ; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them ; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness.’ ”

“ The goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse : ‘ You see, (said she,) Hercules, by her own

confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy.'

“ ‘ Alas, (said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity,) what are the pleasures you propose ? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self ; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age. As for me, I am the friend of gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artisan, an household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, and associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious ; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years ; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country and (after the close of their labours) honoured by their posterity.”

We know, by the life of this honourable hero to which

of these two ladies he gave up his heart : and I believe, every one who reads this will do him the justice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the speeches of these ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of an heathen ; but am particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two goddesses. Our modern authors have represented Pleasure or Vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters : here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all false and borrowed : and by that means, composes a vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great Britain ; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable state of non-existence, and whom I most earnestly entreat to come into the world. Let my embryos show the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them, that, like the hero in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out monsters, and destroy tyrants ; but, as the finest author of all antiquity has said upon this svery occasion Though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

Addison.

A LEWD young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father (says he,) you are in a very miserable condition, if there is not another world."—"True, son, (said the hermit,) but what is thy condition if there is?" Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather, for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second, permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two lives it is our chief interest to make ourselves happy? Or, in other words, Whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and, at its utmost length, of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But, however, right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life, as though it were never to have a beginning.

Addison

VERSES OCCASIONED BY MR. ADDISON'S TREATISE
ON MEDALS.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears:
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!

The very tombs now vanished like their dead !
 Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age ;
 Some, hostile fury ; some, religious rage ;
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal, conspire ;
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.

Perhaps by its own ruins saved from flame,
 Some buried marble half preserves a name ;
 That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sighed. She found it vain to trust
 The faithless column and the crumbling bust ; [shore,
 Huge moles whose shadow stretched from shore to
 Their ruins perished, and their place no more !
 Convinced, she now contracts her vast design ;
 And all her triumphs sink into a coin.
 A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
 Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps ;
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile and Rhine :
 A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
 And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Through climes and ages bears each form and name.
 In one short view, subjected to our eye,
 Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties lie.
 With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
 The inscription value, but the rust adore :

This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes ;
 One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams ;
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devoured,
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scoured ;
 And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine :
 Touched by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine ;
 Her gods and good-like heroes rise to view,
 And all her faded garments bloom anew.
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage ;
 These pleased the fathers of poetic rage ;
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
 And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame ?
 In living medals see her wars enrolled,
 And vanquished realms supply recording gold ?
 Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face ;
 There warriors frowning in historic brass
 Then future ages with delight shall see,
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree :
 Or in fair series laureled bards be shown,
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
 Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)

On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine ;
 With aspect open shall erect his head,
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
 " Statesman, yet friend to truth ! in soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
 Who broke no promise, served no private end,
 Who gained no title, and who lost no friend ;
 Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
 And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved." *Pope.*

Neither after death

Shall we be sorted into languages

And tints,—white, black, and tawny, Greek and Goth,

Northman and offspring of hot Africa : *Southey.*

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremendous !

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dumbly ;

Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune ;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy !

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,

But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou can'st recollect—

To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either Pyramid that bears his name?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?

Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden

By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—

Then say, what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?

Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles

Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,

Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;

Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat.

Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,

A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,

Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,

For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed

Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:

Antiquity appears to have begun

Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue

Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,

How the world looked when it was fresh and young,

And the great deluge still had left it green;

Or was it then so old, that history's pages
 Contained no record of its early ages ?
 Still silent, incommunicative elf !

Art sworn to secrecy ? Then keep thy vows ;
 But prythee tell us something of thyself,

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
 Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered, [ed?
 What hast thou seen—what strange adventures number-
 Since first thy form was in this box extended,

We have above ground, seen some strange mutations ;
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,

New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
 Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,

When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
 Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,

And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,

The nature of thy private life unfold ;

A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,

And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd ;

Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face ?

What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !

Imperishable type of evanescence !
 Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning-
 Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
 Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
 In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

Horace Smith.

THE DYING MAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !
 Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
 The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ? *Popø.*

Say not that any crime of man
 Was e'er too great to be forgiv'n.
 Can we within our little span,
 Engrasp the viewless mind of Heav'n ?
 Shall we attempt with puny force
 To lash back ocean with a rod ?
 Arrest the planets in their course ?
 Or weigh the mercies of a God ?

Say not that any crime of man, &c.

Our mercies, like ourselves, may be
 Small, finite, and ungracious ever ;
 May spurn a brother's bended knee,
 But God forsakes the contrite, never !
 Vast as Himself they shine above ;
 To eyes that look through sorrow's tear ;
 Great though the crime, great is the love,
 If those who seek it are sincere.

Say not that any crime of man, &c.

Dr. Makay.

To have the power to forgive,
 Is empire and prerogative,
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,
 To grant a pardon than condemn. *Butler.*

ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me: useless, though my soul more lent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide;
 "Doth God exact day labour, light denied?"

I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait. *Milton.*

O, fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know ere long,—
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong. *Longfellow.*

Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee.
Johnson.

From the "Spectator" No. 387.

This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay on human understanding, to a moral reason in the following words:—

“ Beyond all this, we may find another reason, why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him, with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.” *Addison.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Shakespeare.

From the “Tatler” No. 122.

When we see the footman and his lord diverted by the same jest, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honour of the other. *Addison.*

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war. *Milton.*

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England!

That guard our native seas;

Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,

The battle and the breeze!

Your glorious standard launch again

To match another foe!

And sweep through the deep,

While the stormy winds do blow;

While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers

Shall start from every wave !—

For the deck it was their field of fame,

And ocean was their grave :

Where Blake and mighty Nelson* fell,

Your manly hearts shall glow,

As ye sweep through the deep,

While the stormy tempests blow ;

While the battle rages loud and long,

And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,

No towers along the steep ;

Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,

Her home is on the deep.

With thunders from her native oak,

She quells the floods below,—

As they roar on the shore,

When the stormy tempests blow

When the battle rages loud and long,

And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England

Shall yet terrific burn

* Lord Nelson died of a shot on board the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805.

Till danger's troubled night depart,

And the star of peace return.

Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !

Our song and feast shall flow

To the fame of your name,

When the storm has ceased to blow ;

When the fiery fight is heard no more,

And the storm has ceased to blow. *Campbell.*

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet* and a flowing sea,

A wind that follows fast,

And fills the white and rustling sail,

And bends the gallant mast.

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,

While, like the eagle free,

Away the good ship flies, and leaves

Old England on the lee.†

“ Oh ! for a soft and gentle wind ! ”

I heard a fair one cry ;

But give to me the swelling breeze,

And white waves heaving high.

The white waves heaving high, my lads,

The good ship tight and free,

The world of waters is our home,

* A sail. † The lee is the side or direction opposite to that from which the wind comes.

And merry men are we,
 There's tempest in yon horn'd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 And hark the music, mariners.—

The wind is wakening loud,
 The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free ;
 The hollow oak our palace is,

Our heritage * the sea. *A. Cunningham.*

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE, AT CORUNNA, 1809. §

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

* As the greatest sea-power England claims the sea as her heritage—her own permanent possession.

§ Sir John Moore was Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in Spain. When he heard that Napoleon had taken Madrid he resolved to retreat towards the shore of Galicia. Corunna is a sea-port of Galicia, where a desperate battle was fought in which the French were defeated. Sir John Moore was however mortally wounded in the hour of victory.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes up'raid him ;—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory ! *Wolfe*

VERSES. *

(Supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk,
during his solitary abode on a desert Island.)

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

Oh, Solitude ! where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts, that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,

* These verses are put in the mouth of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who quarrelled with his family and went to sea. His Captain, to punish him for insubordination, "marooned" him, *i.e.*, left him on the desert Island of Juan Fernandez, where he lived in solitude for more than four years till he was brought home (in 1711) by Captain Rogers who published an account of his life. At the time of his rescue he had lost the use of speech, which it took him long to recover. His career probably suggested the idea of Robinson Crusoe to Daniel Defoe.

A member of the Indian Educational Service.

They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man,
 Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going-bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-wing'd arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair,
 But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot. *Cowper.*

THE INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

AND seems it nothing in a father's eye,
 That unimproved the hours of boyhood fly ?
AND is he well content his son should find
 No nourishment to feed his growing mind
 But conjugated verbs, and nouns declined ?
 Perhaps a father, blest with any brains,
 Would deem it no abuse, or waste of pains,
 To improve this diet, at no great expense,
 With savoury truth and wholesome common sense ;
 To lead his son, for prospects of delight,

To some not steep, though philosophic height,
 Thence to exhibit to his wondering eyes
 Yon circling worlds, their distance, and their size ;
 The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball,
 And the harmonious order of them all ;
 To show him in an insect, or a flower,
 Such microscopic proof of skill and power,
 As, hid from ages past, God now displays,
 To combat atheists with in modern days ;
 To spread the earth before him, and commend,
 With designation of the finger's end,
 Its various parts to his attentive note,
 Thus bringing home to him the most remote ;
 To teach his heart to glow with generous flame,
 Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame :
 And more than all, with commendation due,
 To set some living worthy in his view.
 Whose fair example may at once inspire
 A wish to copy what he must admire,
 Such knowledge gained betimes, and which appears,
 Though solid, not too weighty for his years,
 Sweet in itself, and not forbidden sport,
 When health demands it, of athletic sort,
 Would make him—what some lovely boys have been,
 And more than one perhaps that I have seen—
 An evidence and reprehension both
 Of the mere schoolboy's lean and tardy growth.

Couper.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O' that those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same, that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 " Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ;
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own :
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she

My mother ! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then. life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ?—It was—Where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.

May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return ;
 What ardently I wished, I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived.

By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child,
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learnt at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplored thee ne'er forgot. *Couper.*

Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky! *Pope.*

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot* and hern*,

I make a sudden sally,

And sparkle out among the fern,

To bicker† down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,

Or slip between the ridges ;

By twenty thorps‡, a little town,

And half a hundred bridges ;

Till, last, by Philip's farm I flow

To join the brimming river,

For men may come, and men may go,

But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,

In little sharps and trebles§,

I bubble into eddying bays,

I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my bank I fret

By many a field and fallow,

And many a fairy foreland set

With willow-weed and mallow,

I chatter, chatter, as I flow

To join the brimming river,

* Water-birds. † Move swiftly. § Hamlets.

¶ 'Treble' is the highest of the four principal parts in music.

For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,
 And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me as I travel
 With many a silvery water-break
 Above the golden gravel,
 And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on for ever,

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots *
 That grow for happy lovers.

I siip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses ;

* Beautiful blue flowers considered the emblem
 of fidelity.

I linger by my shingly† bars ;
 I loiter round my cresses§ ;
 And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men many come, and men may go,
 But I go on for ever. *Tennyson.*

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself ;
 Stop here, or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain ;
 O listen ? for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.
 No nightingale did ever chant
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands :
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard,
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas,
 Among the farthest Hebrides.
 Will no one tell me what she sings ?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

† Gravelly.

§ Cresses—A kind of plant.

For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago :
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day :
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again !
 Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending :
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;—
 I listened, motionless and still ;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more. *Wordsworth.*

LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West !
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
 And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,
 He rode all unarm'd and he rode all alone !
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar ?
 He stayed not for brake*, and he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Esk river where ford there was none,
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late :

* A thicket.

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—
“Ho! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?”

“I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
Who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!”

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine,—and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh—
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, “'T were better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear, [near;
 When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood
 So light to the croupe * the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 "She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur† ;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.
 There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see !
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar !
Sir Walter Scott.

THE PALM TREE.

It waved not through an Eastern sky,
 Beside a fount of Araby ;
 It was not fanned by southern breeze
 In some green isle of Indian seas,
 Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
 O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.
 But fair the exiled Palm-tree grew
 'Midst foliage of no kindred hue ;
 Through the laburnum's dropping gold
 Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
 And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
 Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

* The place behind the saddle. † Steep rocky bank.

There came an eve of festal hours—
 Rich music filled that garden's bowers,
 Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
 On sparks of dew soft colours flung,
 And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
 Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one; 'midst the throng,
 Seemed reckless all of dance or song;
 He was a youth of dusky mien,
 Whereon the Indian sun had been,
 Of crested brow, and long black hair—
 A stranger, like the Palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
 Glittering athwart the leafy glooms:
 But when to that sole Palm he came,
 Then shot a rapture through his frame.
 To him, to him its rustling spoke;
 The silence of his soul it broke!

His mother's cabin-home, that lay
 Where feathery cocoas fringe the bay;
 The dashing of his brethren's oar;
 The conch-note heard along the shore;
 All through his wakening bosom swept:
 He clasped his country's Tree and wept.

Oh! scorn him not!—the strength, whereby
 The patriot girds himself to die,
 The unconquerable power which fills

The freeman battling on his hills,—
 These have one fountain deep and clear—
 The same whence gushed that child-like tear.
Mrs. Hemans. 11

THE PARROT.

A True Story.

A parrot from the Spanish Main,
 Full young, and early caged, came o'er,
 With bright wings, to the bleak domain
 Of Mulla's * shore.

To spicy groves, where he had won
 His plumage of resplendent hue,
 His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
 He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
 A heathery land and misty sky,
 And turned on rocks and raging surf
 His golden eye.

But fretted, in our climate cold
 He lived and chattered many a day;
 Until with age, from green and gold
 His wings grew gray.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb
 He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
 A Spanish stranger chanced to come
 To Mulla's shore;

* Mulla.—The Island of Mull, west of Scotland.

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* Mulla.—The Island of Mull, west of Scotland.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
 The bird in Spanish speech replied,
 Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,
 Dropt down, and died. *Campbell.*

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN * .

On Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser†, rolling rapidly.

But Linden showed another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet-sound arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade ;
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven ;
 And, volleying like the bolts of heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder still these fires shall glow
 On Lidden's hills of purpled snow ;
 And bloodier still shall be the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

* A village in Bavaria, Germany.

† A tributary of the Danube near Hohenlinden.

'Tis morn ! but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun§,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun*,
 Shout 'mid their sulphurous canopy.
 The combat deepens : On, ye brave !
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !
 Wave, Munich† ! all thy banners wave
 And charge with all thy chivalry !
 Few, few shall part where many meet !
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre ! *Campbell.*

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA||.

Half a league, half a league,	Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death	Rode the Six Hundred.
'Charge,' was the captain's cry;	Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,	Theirs but to do and die,
Into the Valley of Death	Rode the Six Hundred.
Cannon to right of them,	Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them	Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell	Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,	Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the Six Hundred.	

§ Dark. * The Austrians. The Austrians and the Bavarians were defeated by the French, 3rd December, 1800.

† The Capital of Bavaria, on the Iser.

|| South of Crimea, in Russian War, 25th October, 1854.

Flashed all their sabres bare Flashed all at once in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while All the world wondered :
 Plunged in the Lattery-smoke ;
 Fiercely the line they broke; Strong was the sabre-stroke,
 Making an army reel Shaken and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not— Not the Six Hundred.
 Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell, They that had struck so well
 Rode thro' the jaws of Death, Half a league back again,
 Up from the mouth of Hell, All that was left of them,
 Left of Six Hundred,
 Honour the brave and bold! Long shall the tale be told,
 Yea, when our babes are old— How they rode onward.

Tennyson.

What Cicero says of philosophy is true likewise of
 wit and humour, that "time effaces the fictions of opi-
 nion, and confirms the determinations of Nature."

Johnson.

In moral questions the philosophers in the gown and
 in the livery differ not so much in their sentiments as in
 their language, and have equal power of discerning right,
 though they cannot point it out to others with equal ad-
 dress.

Johnson.

From the "Spectator" No. 185.

I would have every zealous man examine his heart

thoroughly, and, I believe, he will, often find, that what he calls a zeal for his religion, is either pride, interest, or ill-nature. A man who differs from another in opinion, sets himself above him in his own judgment, and in several particulars pretends to be the wiser person. This is a provocation to the proud man, and gives a keen edge to what he calls his zeal. *Addison.*

From the "Spectator" No. 409.

Conversation with men of a polite genius is another method of improving our natural taste. It is impossible for a man of the greatest parts to consider anything in its whole extent, and in all its variety of lights. Every man, besides those general observations which are to be made upon an author, forms several reflections that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking; so that conversation will naturally furnish us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other men's parts and reflections as well as our own. This is the best reason I can give for the observation which several have made, that men of great genius in the same way of writing seldom rise up singly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body; as they did at Rome in the reign of Augustus, and in Greece about the time of Socrates. I cannot think that Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boileau, la Fontaine Bruyere, Bossu, or the Dacier would have written so well as they have done, had they not been friends and contemporaries. *Addison*

I must earnestly press my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, that he was more obliged to Aristotle who had instructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words, at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

Alexander to Aristotle, greeting.

“ You have not done well to publish your books of *Select Knowledge*; for what is there now in which I can

surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to everybody? For my own part, I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than in power." "Farewell."

We see, by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in possession of them. *Addison.*

Read any poem of description or narration and you will see that incidents or sayings are omitted or inserted in obedience to the ruling idea of the author's mind. Take as an example Scott's description of Flodden. The battle is very real, and all the salient features are emphasised, but the story is made to revolve round Marmion, a knight who never existed, whose words and deeds are accordingly fictitious. And the climax is reached when that imaginary hero, wounded and dying, waves round his head his broken sword, and shouts in triumph, Victory! In a single picture are imaged the strength, the passion, the closeness and the issue of the fight. The poet breaks a minor truth to establish a major truth. He uses fiction

for a high end. Truth is said to be stranger than fiction ; and fiction is often truer than truth. And a problem alike for poet and for critic is to know the limits and the law or license of poetic truth. *Rev. Dr. R. Scott.*

The aim of poetry, said Ben Johnson, is " to inform men in the just reason of living, " to teach the true way of life. This also I take to be the meaning of the most distinguished English critic of our time, the late Mathew Arnold, when he styled poetry a ' criticism of life '. Life, or how to live, is the problem that transcends all others ; and the application to this problem of profound and noble ideas was in that brilliant writer's maturer judgment the supreme requirement of poetic genius. This view, however unlike the former, is also plausible. I hear an objector say that not poetry, but morality instructs us how to live. Science, morality, art are separate provinces related respectively to the true, the good, and the beautiful. But we may ask in return, Are these qualities then separate and distinct ? Is not the good in itself beautiful, and is it not by its beauty that we are moved to appreciate it ? Or is it not true, as Goethe, the great thinker and poet of Germany, has said, that the beautiful includes the good ? All beauty is of the mind and life, and its kernel is morality. You say there is beauty in the rose, on the neck of dove or humming-bird, in the human face and form divine. What is colour ? A certain length of wave or rapidity of vibration. What is form ? Some mathematical equation or a series of equations. This is not cynicism.

There is doubtless, in the beauty of nature some objective element, some symmetry or correspondence or proportion. But be assured that the soul and life of beauty is in the human mind; that the beauty which you see around you is the creation of a power within you. Nature, we may without presumption deem, exists for man. In poetry, at all events, nature is subservient to mind. And such poetry of nature as is not related to the higher functions of human life is but the idle sport of an idle fancy.

Rev. Dr. R. Scott.

There is another aspect which Burke, referring to the same Aristotelian text, accentuates. It is the intellectual side. Our passions (he says) "instruct our reason". We are "alarmed into reflection". And the result is a purifying of the mind; an enlightening and ennobling of the mental faculties. The aim of tragedy, then, may be regarded as a mental discipline, saturated with pleasure, as deeply as calamity can allow. Comedy, which is the drama of common life, and of character rather than of action, instinctively makes for mirth and merriment. It abounds in pleasantry and lives in laughter. So far its aim would seem to be a pleasure not altogether noble. But the exhibition of character involves, as an essential, though it may be an unconscious element of its aim, the study and also the education of character.

Rev. Dr. R. Scott.

Now consider these contrasts. The one extreme,

(Fine Arts) appeals to sense—refined and cultivated sense; the other (Philosophy) to intellect or to reason in its highest reach; in the one the object is beauty with occasional glimpses of the sublime, in the other truth intellectual and moral, with the apprehension of wisdom and right: in the one the aim is predominantly pleasure, in the other knowledge or instruction. But in its character and method poetry is intermediate; appealing directly to the imagination (including ordinary intelligence and affection), but indirectly to sense in its concrete images, picturesque descriptions, and musical cadences, and though unsystematically, to the highest reason in its lofty visions and penetrating judgments and original creations. And as it is intermediate in character so also is it (as we judge) in object and in end. It blends beauty and truth; it unifies pleasure and thought. As it is the crown of literature and the perfection of speech, so it is a harmony of philosophy and art. *Rev. Dr. R. Scott.*

I have spoken of taste and sensibility, judgment and inventiveness, and combining or assimilating power. There is one thought more; what is called *ideality*. I have sought already to emphasise the fact that the poet's own idea and not the external appearances is the determining and formative power. From idea comes the conception of an *ideal*, something transcending reality, the aim and goal of mental desire. The supreme work of the poet is to idealise. Hear how Bacon in one brief but immortal paragraph at once fastens on this as the root and

heart of the poet's vocation. "Agreeable to the spirit of man", he says, there is in poetry a "more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things." And so in these three ways, representing things as more heroic, more in accordance with righteous government and law, and of more surprising variety, the poet promotes "magnanimity, morality, and delight." Thus, says Bacon, by making nature and human action bend to the mind's desires the poet exercises a sort of divine prerogative. This language of a philosopher is fully confirmed by the poets themselves as when Keats talks of the sun and the stars and the heavens as materials out of which he will create still greater works, or when Shelley, enraptured with the beauty of nature, says of the poet that therefrom "create he can, forms more real than living man, nurslings of immortality." *Rev. Dr. R. Scott.*

And we who are not poets may add that he not only gives shape and colour, he gives form and loveliness. He beautifies, he ennobles, he transfigures, he glorifies. Under his pencil things live anew in a new and golden light. We began with an instinct of sense: let us end with an instinct of mind. For though the poet is ever acquiring he is substantially what nature made him. He is not a scholar or a moralist, not a man of science or of letters, but something embracing and transcending all. The poet is born not made. He is a child of taste. He is a of man genius. *Rev. Dr. R. Scott.*

Now near to death that comes but slow,
 Now thou art stepping down below ;
 Sport not amongst the blooming maids,
 But think on ghosts and empty shades ;
 What suits with Pholoe in her bloom,
 Gray Choloris, will not thee become ;
 A bed is different from a tomb.— *Horace.*

From the "Spectator" No. 219.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of quality, which, considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first is that which consists in birth, title, or riches ; and is the most foreign to our natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality arises from health, strength, or beauty ; which are nearer to us and more a part of ourselves, than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its rise from knowledge or virtue ; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The quality of fortune, though a man has less reason to value himself upon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of quality which makes the most shining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the most reasonable or genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation o

some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the Pope ; majesty to kings ; serenity or mildness of temper to princes ; excellence or perfection to ambassadors ; grace to archbishops ; honour to peers ; worship or venerable behaviour to magistrates ; reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families, such attributes of honour are generally correspondent with the virtues of that person to whom they are applied ; but in the descendants they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination still continues, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost.

The death-bed shows the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on ; and is asked by a grave attendant, how his Holiness does ? Another hears himself addressed to under the title of Highness or Excellency, who lie under such mean circumstances of mortality as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation ; true quality is neglected, virtue oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character ; ranks will be then adjusted and precedency set right.

Me thinks we should have an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and outshine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a state which is to settle the distinction for eternity. *Addison.*

Short bounds of life are set to mortal man ;

'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.
Virgil.

Dr. Johnson's fame excited the curiosity of the King. (George III.) His Majesty expressed a desire to see a man of whom extraordinary things were said. Accordingly, the librarian at Buckingham-house invited Johnson to see that elegant collection of books, at the same time giving a hint of what was intended. His Majesty entered the room ; and, among other things asked the author, " If he meant to give the world any more of his compositions ? " Johnson answered, " That he thought he had written enough ". And I should think so too, replied his Majesty, " if you had not written so well ".

Arthur Murphy.

In the course of the conversation he asked, whether any of the family of Faden the printer, were living. Being told that the geographer near Charing-cross was Faden's son, he said, after a short pause, " I borrowed a guinea of his father near thirty years ago ; be so good as to take this, and pay it for me ".

Wishing to discharge every duty, and every obligation, Johnson recollected another debt of ten pounds,

which he had borrowed from his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer, about twenty years before. He sent the money to Mr. Hamilton, at his house in Bedford-Row, with an apology for the length of time. The Reverend Mr. Strahan was the bearer of the message, about four or five days before Johnson breathed his last. *Arthur Murphy.*

From the "Spectator" No. 93.

I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas, but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures, Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short *Addison.*

From the "Rambler" No. 49.

He that thinks himself poor, because his neighbour is richer; he that, like Cæsar, would rather be the first man of a village, than the second in the capital of the world, has apparently kindled in himself desires which he never received from nature, and acts upon principles established only by the authority of custom. *Johnson.*

It is of importance for young persons that they should accustom themselves from their earliest years to trust as little as possible to others for what they want. They should learn to put on their own clothes, to wash themselves, to take their food with their own hands, and not to expect that their mothers or servants are always to

do these things for them. They should learn to read, to write, to cast accounts and should store their minds with knowledge, in order that they may be able, as soon as possible, to go into the world and earn their own bread. At the proper time they should be prepared, if necessary, to commence learning some art, trade, or profession, by which they may maintain themselves through life. *Chambers.*

What are the moral lessons of the telescope and microscope? Chalmers replied; "The one leads me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom". *The Indian Spectator.*

THE TELESCOPE.

The telescope may be considered as a vehicle for conveying us to the distant regions of space. By the aid of Dr. Herschel's telescope, which magnifies 6,000 times, we can view the magnificent system of the planet Saturn as well as if we had performed a journey 800,000,000 miles in the direction of that globe, which, at the rate of 50 miles an hour, it would require a period of 1,800 years to accomplish; by the same instrument we can contemplate the region of the fixed stars, their arrangement into systems, and their immense numbers, with the same amplitude of view as if we had actually taken a flight of 4,000,000,000,000 miles into these unexplored regions, which could not be accomplished in several millions of years, though our motion was as rapid as that of a ball projected from a cannon. This instrument has therefore

been justly described, when it has been called "a providential gift bestowed upon mankind, to serve as a temporary substitute for those powers of rapid flight with which seraphim are endowed, and with which man himself may be invested when he arrives at the summit of moral perfection."

McCulloch.

THE MICROSCOPE.

Not less wonderful are the discoveries of the *microscope*, an instrument constructed on similar principles, for the purpose of examining minute objects. When and by whom this instrument was invented is not certainly known; though it is believed that Drebell, a Dutchman, who had one in 1621, was either the inventor or an early improver of it. By means of this optical contrivance we perceive a variety of wonders in almost every object in the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms. We perceive, for instance, that every particle of matter, however minute, has a determinate form—that the very scales on the skin of a fish are all beautifully interwoven and variegated like pieces of network, which no art can imitate—that the points of the prickles of vegetables, though magnified a thousand times, appear as sharp and well polished as to the naked eye—that every particle of the dust on a butterfly's wing is a beautiful and regularly organized feather—that every hair of our head is a hollow tube, with bulbs and roots, furnished with a variety of threads or filaments—and that the pores in our skin,

through which the perspiration flows, are so numerous and minute, that a grain of sand would cover a hundred and twenty-five thousand of them. We perceive animated beings in certain liquids, so small that fifty thousand of them would not equal the size of a mite; and yet each of these creatures is furnished with a mouth, eyes, stomach, blood-vessels, and other organs for the performance of animal functions. In a stagnant pool, which is covered with a greenish scum during the summer months, every drop of the water is found to be a world teeming with thousands of inhabitants. The mouldy substance which usually adheres to damp bodies exhibits a forest of trees and plants, where the branches, leaves, and fruit can be plainly distinguished. In a word, by this admirable instrument we behold the same Almighty hand which rounded the spacious globe on which we live and the huge masses of the planetary orbs, and directs them in their rapid motions through the sky—employed, at the same moment, in rounding and polishing ten thousand minute transparent globes in the eye of a fly, and boring and arranging veins and arteries, and forming and clasping joints and claws for the movements of a mite!

M'Culloch.

ON THE PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

Recollect some of the extraordinary discoveries of mechanical philosophy. Is there any thing in all the idle books of tales and horrors, with which youthful readers

are so much delighted, more truly astonishing than the fact, that a few pounds of water may, without any machinery, by merely being placed in a particular way, produce an irresistible force? What can be more strange, than that an ounce weight should balance hundreds of pounds, by the intervention of a few bars of thin iron?—Observe the extraordinary truths which optical science discloses! Can any thing surprise us more, than to find that the colour of white is a mixture of all others; that red, and blue, and green, and all the rest, merely by being blended in certain proportions, form what we had fancied rather to be no colour at all than all colours together?—Chemistry is not behind in its wonders. That the diamond should be made of the same material with coal; that water should be chiefly composed of an inflammable substance; that acids should be almost all formed of different kinds of air; and that one of those acids, whose strength can dissolve almost any of the metals, should be made of the self-same ingredients with the common air we breathe; these, surely, are things to excite the wonder of any reflecting mind—nay, of any one but little accustomed to reflect.—And yet these are trifling when compared to the prodigies which astronomy opens to our view: the enormous masses of the heavenly bodies; their immense distances; their countless numbers, and their motions, whose swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination. *Brougham.*

CREATOR, HIS INFINITE WISDOM AND GOODNESS
IN ALL HIS WORKS.

The highest of all our gratifications in the study of science remains. We are raised by science to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness which the Creator has displayed in all his works. Not a step can we take in any direction without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design ; and the skill every where conspicuous is calculated in so vast a proportion of instances to promote the happiness of living creatures, and especially of ourselves, that we can feel no hesitation in concluding, that if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would appear to be in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, however, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible of being able to follow, as it were with our eyes, the marvellous works of the great Architect of Nature, and to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited in the most minute as well as in the mightiest parts of his system. *Brougham.*

THE UNIVERSE.

To us who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can anywhere behold ; but to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it looks no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances, it entirely disappears.

That which we call alternately the morning and the

evening star, as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn, is a planetary world, which, with the five others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life. All these, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on the sun, receive their light from his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun which seems to us to perform its daily stages through the sky, is, in this respect, fixed and immoveable; it is the great axle about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though apparently smaller than the dial it illuminates, is immensely larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions.

Are we startled at these reports of philosophers? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame!" Let us attend our philosophic guides, and we

shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming. The sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glittera upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day; so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a ratinue of worlds irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence,—all which are lost to our sight. That the stars appear like so many diminutive points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball shot from a loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel at this impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While beholding this vast expanse I would learn the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishingly grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck hardly preceptible in the map of the universe! It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole

compass of nature any more than a grain of sand upon the seashore: their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works. If, then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country—what are a few lordships, or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions; but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure. They shrink into pompous nothings. *Addison.*

THE QUANTITY OF MATTER IN THE UNIVERSE.

THE earth is a globe about 8,000 miles in diameter, and 25,000 is circumference; and, consequently, its surface contains nearly two hundred millions of square miles,—a magnitude too great for the mind to take in at one conception. In order to form a tolerable conception of the whole, we must endeavour to take a leisurely survey of its different parts. Were we to take our station on the top of a mountain of a moderate size, we should perceive an extent of view stretching 40 miles in every direction, forming a circle 80 miles in diameter, and 250 in circumference, and comprehending an area of 5,000 square miles. In such a situation, the scene around us, consisting of hills and plains, towns and villages, rivers and lakes, would form one of the largest objects which the eye, or even the imagination, can steadily grasp at one time.

But such an object, grand and extensive as it is, forms no more than the *forty-thousandth part* of the terraqueous globe; so that, before we can acquire an adequate conception of the magnitude of the world, we must conceive 40,000 landscapes of a similar extent to pass in review before us; and, were a scene of equal magnitude to pass before us every hour, and were twelve hours a day allotted for the observation, it would require 9 years and 48 days before the whole surface of the globe could be contemplated, even in this *general and rapid* manner.

These remarks apply to the earth as a mere superficies. But the earth is a solid globe; and its solid content is no less than 259,332,805,350 cubical miles,—a mass of material substance, in proportion to which all the lofty mountains which rise above its surface are less than a few grains of sand when compared with the largest artificial globe. Were the earth a hollow sphere, surrounded merely with an external shell, 10 miles thick, its internal cavity would be sufficient to contain a quantity of materials *one hundred and thirty-three times* greater than the whole mass of continents, islands, and oceans, on its surface, and the foundations on which they are supported. We have the strongest reasons, however, to conclude, that the earth, though not a solid mass from the surface to the centre, has, at least, a solid exterior crust of two or three hundred miles in thickness. What an enormous mass of materials, then, is comprehended within the limits of that globe on which we tread! How great must be the power

of that Being who commanded it to spring from nothing into existence, who "measures the ocean in the hollow of his hand, who weigheth the mountains in scales, and hangeth the earth upon nothing!"

When we contemplate, by the light of science, those magnificent globes which float in the concave of the sky, the earth, with all its sublime scenery, stupendous as it is, dwindles into an inconsiderable ball. If we pass from our globe to some of the other bodies of the planetary system, we shall find, that one of these stupendous orbs is more than 900 times the size of our world, and encircled with a ring which would nearly reach from the earth to the moon; and that another is of such a size, that it would require 1,500 globes of the bulk of the earth to form one equal to it in dimensions. The whole of the bodies which compose the solar system (without taking the sun and the comets into account) contain a mass of matter about 2,500 times greater than that of the earth. The sun himself is 520 times larger than all the planetary globes taken together; and one million three hundred thousand times larger than the terraqueous globe.

If we extend our views from the solar system to the starry heavens, we have to penetrate, in our imagination, a space which the swiftest ball that was ever projected, though in perpetual motion, would not traverse in ten hundred thousand years. In those trackless regions of immensity we behold an assemblage of resplendent globes

similar to the sun in size and in glory, and, doubtless, accompanied with a retinue of worlds, revolving, like our own, around their attractive influence. The immense distance at which the nearest stars are known to be placed, proves that they are bodies of a prodigious size, not inferior to our own sun, and that they shine, not by reflected rays, but by their own native light. But bodies encircled with such refulgent splendour would be of little use in the economy of Jehovah's empire, unless surrounding worlds were cheered by their benign influence. Every star is therefore concluded to be a sun, no less spacious than ours, surrounded by a host of planetary globes, which revolve around it as a centre, and derive from it light and heat, and comfort. Nearly a thousand of these luminaries may be seen in a clear winter night by the naked eye; so that a mass of matter equal to a thousand solar system, or to *thirteen hundred and twenty millions of globes of the size of the earth*, may be perceived, by every common observer, in the canopy of heaven. But all the celestial orbs which are perceived by the unassisted sight do not form the eighty-thousandth part of those which may be descried by the help of optical instruments. Dr. Herschel has informed us that, when exploring the most crowded parts of the Milky-way, with his best glasses, he has had fields of view which contained no less than 588 stars, and these too continued for many minutes; so that "in one quarter of an hour's time, there passed no less than *one hundred and sixteen thousand stars* through the field of

view of his telescope". It has been computed that nearly *one hundred millions* of stars might be perceived by the most perfect instruments, were all the regions of the sky thoroughly explored. And yet all this vast assemblage of suns and worlds, when compared with what lies beyond the utmost boundaries of human vision, in the immeasurable spaces of creation, may be no more than the smallest particle of vapour to the immense ocean.

Here, then, with reverence, let us pause and wonder! Over all this vast assemblage of material existence God presides. Amidst the diversified objects and intelligences it contains, he is eternally and essentially present. At his Almighty fiat it emerged from nothing into existence; and by his unerring wisdom all its complicated movements are perpetually directed. Surely that man is little to be envied who is not impressed, by such contemplations, with a venerable and overwhelming sense of Creative Power.

Dick.

In nearly all the valleys there are *rivers*, which collect their waters from the mountains and lakes, and convey them to the ocean. And most valuable are these rivers as means of intercourse and civilisation. The spots where men have made greatest progress in science and art are on the banks of rivers. And it may safely be affirmed that if no Euphrates had rolled its waters to the Indian Ocean, and no Nile its flood to the Mediterranean, the learning of the Chaldeans and of the Egyptians would

never have shone forth, and the western nations might have still been in a state of ignorance and barbarism no way superior to that of the natives of Australia, where the want of rivers separates the people into little hordes, and prevents that general intercourse which is essential to even a moderate degree of civilisation. *M'ulloch.*

If you look at a terrestrial globe, or at a map of the world, you will see that the waters of the ocean surround the land ; that they extend from pole to pole ; and that they occupy a much larger space than the land. It is estimated that seven-tenths of the whole area of the globe is sea, and only three-tenths land. *M'ulloch.*

From the " Rambler " No. 9.

It is pleasing to contemplate a manufacture rising gradually from its first mean state by the successive labours of innumerable minds ; to consider the first hollow trunk of an oak, in which, perhaps, the shepherd could scarce venture to cross a brook swollen with a shower, enlarged at last into a ship of war, attacking fortresses, terrifying nations, setting storms and billows at defiance, and visiting the remotest parts of the globe. And it might contribute to dispose us to a kinder regard for the labours of one another, if we were to consider from what unpromising beginning the most useful productions of art have probably arisen. Who, when he first saw the sand or ashes, by a casual intensesness of heat melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impu-

rities, would have imagined that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life, as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life, and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectations. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself. *Johnson.*

The following simple experiment shows, that the seven primitive colours when arranged in certain proportions, produce white:—Divide a circular piece of wood, as the rim of a top, into 360 equal parts; paint 45 of these parts red, 37 orange, 48 yellow, 50 green, 60 blue, 40 indigo, and 40 violet; then make the top spin rapidly. If the colours are pure, it will appear perfectly white.

McCulloch.

From the "Spectator" No. 413.

I have here supposed that my reader is acquainted with that great modern discovery, which is at present universally acknowledged by all the inquirers into natural philosophy : namely, that light and colours, as apprehended by the imagination, are only ideas in the mind, and not qualities that have any existence in matter. As this is a truth which has been proved incontestably by many modern philosophers, and is indeed one of the finest speculations in that science, if the English reader would see the notion explained at large, he may find it in the eighth Chapter of the Second book of Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.

Addison.

One man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut ; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different parts. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the Channel without making some observations useful to mankind. Do you then, William, continue to make use of your eyes ; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use. *Evenings at Home.*

He has in these little pieces neither elevation of fancy, selection of language, nor skill of versification : yet, if I were required to select from the whole mass of

English poetry the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to an exclamation in "The Mourning Bride" :—

ALMERIA.

It was a fancied noise ; for all is hush'd.

LEONORA.

It bore the accent of a human voice.

ALMERIA.

It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle ;
We'll listen—

LEONORA.

Hark !

ALMERIA.

No, all is hush'd and still as death.—Tis dreadful
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight ; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart,
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice ;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

(Congrave)

He who reads these lines enjoys for a moment the powers of a poet ; he feels what he remembers to have felt before ; but he feels it with great increase of sensibility ; he recognises a familiar image, but meets it again amplified and expanded, embellished with beauty, and enlarged with majesty.

Johnson.

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear! *Pope.*

THE INDIAN AND THE STOLEN VENISON.

A North American Indian, upon returning home to his cabin, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, was stolen. After taking his observations on the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. Meeting with some persons on his route, he inquired if they had seen a little old white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob-tail. They answered in the affirmative ; and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a person whom it appeared he had never seen. The Indian replied : ‘ The thief, I know, is a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison from the height at which I hung it, while standing on the ground ; that he is an *old* man, I

know by his *short* steps, which I have traced over the dead-leaves in the woods ; and that he is a *white* man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks—which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be *short* from the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree against which it had leaned ; that his dog is *small*, I know by his track ; and that he has a *bob-tail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust, where he was sitting while his master was busied about my meat’.

Chambers.

(Vigilance—necessity for.)

Chance will not do the work. Chance sends the breeze ;
 But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
 The very wind that wafts us tow’rds the port
 May dash us on the shelves. The steerman’s part
 Is vigilance, or blow it rough or smooth. *Ben Jonson.*

From the “ Guardian ” No. 158.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions ; where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated in his tribunal. On his left hand, stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, “ What they had been doing ? ” Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one

upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. "Madam, (says he to the first of them,) you have been upon the earth about fifty years: what have you been doing there all this while?" "Doing! (says she,) really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect." After about half an hour's pause, she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which, Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. "And you, Madam, (says the judge,) that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while?" "I had a great deal of business on my hands, (says she,) being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading, plays and romances." "Very well, (says he,) you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her." The next was a plain country woman: "Well Mistress, (says Rhadamanthus,) and what have you been doing?" "An't please your Worship, (says she,) I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country." Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care.

“And you, fair lady, (says he,) what have you been doing these five and thirty years?” “I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir” (says she). “That is well, (says he,) but what good have you been doing?” The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to carry her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing; “Truly; (says she,) I lived three score and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages.” “Very well, (says Rhadamanthus,) but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?” “Why, truly, (says she,) I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own.” “Madam, (says Rhadamanthus,) be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, (says he,)

I think you are fourscore : you have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world ?” “ Ah, sir ! (says she,) I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, If I had not been snatched off by an untimely end.” “ Madam, (says he,) you will please to follow your leader ;” and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, “ I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in everything that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it.” Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands, so that, pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had passed in the world ? “ I have endeavoured (says she) ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely and gain admirers.

In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up Maydew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays—"Ehadamnthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive that Ehadamanthus would spoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself that I was writing Guardians. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those

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which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of "leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and and of doing those things which they ought not to have done." *Addison.*

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

James Russel Lowell.

From the "Rambler" No. 28.

Death, says Seneca, falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others and too little to himself; and Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early restorers of literature, thought the study of our own hearts of so much importance that he has recommended; it from his tomb. *Sum Joannes Jovianus Pontanus, quem amaverunt bonæ musæ, suspexerunt viri probi, honestaverunt reges domini; jam ecis qui sim, vel qui potius fuerim; ego vero te, hospes, noscere in tenebris nequeo, sed teipsum ut noscas rogo.*;

"I am Pontanus, beloved by the powers of literature, admired by men of worth, and dignified by the monarchs of the world. Thou knowest now who I am, or more properly who I was. For thee, stranger, I who am in darkness cannot know thee, but I entreat thee to know thyself."

I hope every reader of this paper will consider himself as engaged to the observation of a precept which the wisdom and virtue of all ages have concurred to enforce,

a precept dictated by philosophers, inculcated by poets,
and ratified by saints. *Johnson.*

'In the days of my youth', father William replied,
'I remembered that youth would fly fast ;
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last'.

+ + x + x
'In the days of my youth', father William replied
'I remembered that youth would not last ;
I thought on the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.' *Southey.*

From the " Rambler " No. 140.

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave :
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown ;
No bard had they to make all time their own.

Horace-

But though the production of happiness is the es-
sence of virtue, it is by no means the end. The great end
is the probation of mankind, or the giving them an op-
portunity of exalting or degrading themselves in another
state by their behaviour in the present. *Johnson.*

Your heads must come
To the cold tomb :
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

J. Shirley.

Would you taste the tranquil scene ?
 Be sure your bosoms be serene :
 Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
 Devoid of all that poisons life !
 And much it 'vails you, in their place
 To graft the love of human race. *Shenstone.*

Love Virtue ; she alone is free :
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime :
 Or if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her. *Milton.*

The philosophic moralist teaches conduct ; the oratorical preacher moves to conduct. Poetry teaches and moves, not, however, with a view to action, but to finer feelings, to higher ideals, to a richer and nobler inner life, to a braver and diviner soul. *Rev. Dr. R. Scott.*

The poet teaches, the poet charms, and the poet stirs. It seems to me that the three things are harmonised in our rich and gracious word *love*, and accordingly I give you this definition of the aim of the divinest of the arts—and it is my closing sentence : the aim and end of poetry is to awaken and cherish in the soul, the love of what is noble or beautiful in life. *Rev. Dr. R. Scott.*

THE END.

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(*Merit of books, how to estimate*).

It is not by comparing line with line that the merit of great works is to be estimated, but by their general effects and ultimate result. It is easy to note a weak line, and write one more vigorous in its place : to find a happiness of expression in the original, and transplant it by force into the version : but what is given to the parts may be subducted from the whole, and the reader may be weary, though the critic may commend. Works of imagination excel by their allurements and delight ; by their power of attracting and detaining the attention. That book is good in vain which the reader throws away. He only is the master who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity ; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hope of new pleasure are perused again ; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing day.

Johnson.

A FEW OPINIONS ON
"Selections from Eminent Authors".

14, Buckingham Palace Gardens, S.W.

From His Excellency the Right Honourable LORD LAMINGTON,
G. C. M. G., G. C. I. E., B. A. (Oxon.) Governor of Bombay.

I am obliged to you for your sending me the copy of your book of "Selections". The compilation is interesting in the variety and useful in the helpfulness of its extracts. With kind regards.

From the Rev. Dr. R. SCOTT, M. A., D. D., Professor,
English Literature, Wilson College, Bombay.

I have looked through Mr. Lalca's volume of Selections and find the extracts of varied interest and unflinching instructiveness. They bear testimony to extensive reading and diligent study. They are uniformly high-toned. I trust the volume will be widely circulated and will tend to create or to cherish in the minds of readers a love of our higher literature.

From the Honourable Mr. J. H. E. TUPPER, B. A., (Oxon.)
I. C. S., Talukdari Settlement Officer, Ahmedabad.

Thank you for your "Selections" which are an admirable test of taste and discrimination. They can not fail to develop whatever of force and fecundity is latent in the reader's faculty of expression; and they remove the literary neophyte from all temptation to dissipate his energies in independent exploration of illimitable field of *belles lettres*.

From the Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Mission House, Ahmedabad.

The tone of the pieces selected is exceedingly high. There is scarcely one of them that is not marked by moral as well as literary beauty.....I have nothing but praise for your volume of selections as a book to be used for instruction and inspiration.

Government House, Bombay.

From His Excellency the Right Honourable LORD HARRIS,
G. C. I. E., Governor of Bombay.

I am obliged for your book which I shall have great pleasure in reading on my way home.

From Sir H. Evan M. JAMES, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., I. C. S.

Your book, I note, comprises some of the best passages out of our best authors which none can fail to read with pleasure and profit.....I shall be very pleased to distribute them to the best boys in the schools in my district. I expect to be examining a school in a couple of days and will give the best boy one of the books, telling him who the author is.

From the Rev. W. G. ROBERTSON, M. A., Principal
Gujarat College, Ahmedabad.

I am much obliged to you for having so kindly made me a present of your compilation from Eminent Authors. Please accept my best thanks for the book. It seems to contain an excellent selection of well known passages from great writers.

From JAMES SCOTT, Esquire, M A, Principal, Bahauddin
College, Junaghad, Dated 17th September 1914.

I have much pleasure in acknowledging the copy

that you sent me of your book "Selections from Eminent Authors".

You seem to have been very careful in making your choice of extracts and the Selections are certainly judiciously made and worthy of perusal by all, who can appreciate the strength, beauty and expressiveness of the English Language.

I have put the book in the Students' Library where it is likely to find many readers.

"INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING EXTRACTS".

Trübner's Literary Record, LONDON.

From HARIDAS VIHARIDAS, Esquire, Diwan of Junaghad.

Your most valuable collection from Eminent Authors is very useful to all in all stages of life. It shows your high and noble taste of reading. Will you please oblige me by sending fifty copies of your book.

From Diwan Bahadur AMBALAL SAKERLAL Desai, M. A., LL. B., Chief Justice, Baroda.

I think your "Selections" is a very suitable book for boys of the VI and VII Standards of our High Schools and ought to be sanctioned as a text book for those Standards. Every student will find it interesting as well as instructive.

From Khan Bahadur JAMSHEDJI ARDESAR Dalal, M. A., LL. B., Vidya-Adhikari (Director of Public Instruction), Baroda State.

Mr. R. J. Lalca's "Selections from Eminent Authors" is well adapted for a class reading book, for a text book.

in Public Examination and for the Library. The selections are made from classic English authors, with care and judgment. The book deserves support both from the Public and Government. — —

From Sir Arthur FANSHAW, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.V.O., I.C.S.

I have now been through your "Selections", and have no doubt that they will prove useful to the school-boys and others for whom, by your preface, the work seems mainly to be intended.

From the Rev. Robert HENDERSON, M. A., Mission House, Ahmedabad.

The Selections are uniformly good and give evidence of close and extensive reading. In the Mission High School, Ahmedabad, your book was introduced by me as a text book into the Matriculation Class, on account of its poetical selections which are all excellent.

* * * The compiler of the present *Milange* has made a more creditable attempt than some of his predecessors * * *. He certainly is to be congratulated on his extensive knowledge of the great English Authors. * * * Shakespeare, Addison, Pope, Byron, and Johnson appear to be the author's chief favourites, and contribute largely to make up the volume. The learned doctor's beautiful story, *Rasellas*, furnishes a large and welcome item in the collection. The book is neatly bound and clearly printed. * * * The reasonable price of the publication should commend it to readers who enjoy works of this class.

TIMES OF INDIA.

Note.—"PRECIOUS THOUGHTS OF MASTER MINDS" is an abridged edition of Lalca's "Selections from Eminent Authors". R. J. L.

OPINIONS

ON

"PRECIOUS THOUGHTS OF MASTER MINDS".

Edited by R. J. LALCACA, Retired Superintendent, Post Offices,
Gujarat, Ahmedabad.

From the Honourable Sir H. Evan M. JAMES, K.C.I.E.,
C.S.I., I.C.S.

I thank you very much for sending me your collection of extracts—(Precious Thoughts of Master Minds)—some of them very fine and fit to be learned by heart.

From the Honourable Sir Willam MAXWELL, K.C.I.E.,
M. V. O., I. C. S.

I write at once to thank you for your book "Precious Thoughts of Master Minds" which you have been kind enough to send to me. I will read it at my leisure and have no doubt it will prove very interesting.

Viceregal Lodge, Simla.

From Sir JAMES DUBOULAY, K.C.I.E., I.C.S. Private
Secretary to His Excellency the Viceroy.

Please let me offer you my best thanks for the little book entitled "Precious Thoughts of Master Minds" which you have been so good as to send me. I shall look forward to glancing through it in my leisure hours.

From the Honourable Khan Bahadur NOWROJI PESTONJI
Vakil, C.I.E., from Matheran,

I have received the book "Precious Thoughts of Master Minds" kindly sent by you. Your reading must be very wide to have enabled you to edit such a work of pious memory of your beloved son Manchershaw. Kindly send 25/- copies to my Mirzapur Bungalow as I wish to distribute them amongst my friends and relatives.

From B. N. KABRAJI Esquire, Proprietor and Editor of the
Gujarati monthly publication "FOORSAD", Bombay.

"Precious Thoughts of Master Minds".

“ મહાન ભેગાંના કીમતી વિચારો. ”

આ નાનકડી ચોપડીની બેટ અમો ધણાંજ વહાલથી સ્વિકારીએ છીએ. એના કાબેલ લખનાર—એક કેળવાયલા પીતાજીએ એ ચોપડી પોતાના મરહુમ જગકર્તા કારકીર્દીવાળા બેટાની ભલી યાદમાં અર્પણ કીધી છે, જે કેવળ વ્યાજબીજ છે.

મી० આર. જે. લાલકાકાનું વાંચન ધણુંજ બહોળું હોતું જોઈએ, કેમકે નામાંકિત ઇંગ્રેજી ગ્રંથકારોના ઉતારા જે એમણે કર્યા છે તે ધણાંજ દીલપત્રીર છે. દરેક શિખતા છોકરાંને તો શું પણ મોટી ઉમ્મરનાં સાધારણ મરદ અને ઓરત વાંચનારાંઓને ખી ધણાંજ ઉત્તમ મગજનો ખોરાક પુરો પાડે એવો આ નાહતાં પુસ્તકમાં સમાવેલો ખોધ કીમતી છે. આજકાળ કહાણી કુચલા વારતા અને નાટકનું ચેટક ધણાંને લાગ્યું છે, અને તેમને તેમાં ઉત્તેજન દેવા માટે કેટલાંક ચોપાન્યાં અને ન્યુસપેપરવાળાઓએ વટીક કમર કસી છે તે કરતાં આવી ઢાંચનાં પુસ્તકો વધારે નીકળે, વધારે ફેલાય અને વધારે વંચાય તે આવકારદાયક થઇ પડતું ઘટે. જે કેળવણીના અનેક પુંજરી પોતપોતાના કામધંધાથી ફારેગ થતાં દુરસદનો વખત આ ગ્રંથકર્તા માફક ઉત્તમ પુસ્તકોનું દોહન કરી જ્ઞાનરૂપી ગમ્મત અથવા અવાહીસે

મુજરાતિ ભાષામાં આમેજ કરે તો તેથી ઉધરતી ઝોલાદને ધણા લાજ્ઠ થવાનો દરેક સંભવ છે. આ ઝોપડીની પાંધણી જોતાં પણ કીંમત ધણી નજીવી છે, અને અમે અમારાં દરેક વાંચનારાંઝોને એવી કીતાબ વાંચવા અને પોતાની લાયજ્ઠેરીમાં સાચવી રાખવાની ધણી ખુશીની સાથે ભલામણ કરીએ છીએ.

From FRAMJI D. LALCACA Esquire, Bombay.

I need not say that the "Precious Thoughts", which you have so intelligently culled and collected from the great authors, are real gems and are indeed very useful and instructive to all—old and young.

From the Honourable Mr. M.B. DADABHOY, C.I.E.,
Barrister-at-Law, Nagpur, C. P.

I am much obliged to you for sending me a complimentary copy of your book entitled "Precious Thoughts of Master-Minds". It is an exceedingly entertaining and useful work and is full of interests. I have already read parts of it with great pleasure.

From D. D. DADIMASTER Esquire, Extra Assistant
Commissioner in Berar.

The passages are at once interesting, educating and pious. If carefully perused, even for five minutes a day, these little pieces must, before long, lead to improve any corrupt mind and reclaim any persons of wavering thoughts. It is an excellent pocket-book for young and tender minds and will serve as a pious companion to the youths and I should consider it

a pious duty of every good parent to provide his child, as soon as he begins to read English, with this pious little companion in order that he may give his attention to the Precious Thoughts a few seconds a day.

+ + + + + + +

These Precious Thoughts would train the minds of youths and tame them and this would be an ample reward to the parents who would care to give this little book as a birthday gift to their children.

From the Honourable Rao Bahadur RAMANBHAI
MAHIPATRAM Nilkanth.

I am sincerely thankful to you for your kind present of a copy of your work "Precious Thoughts of Master Minds". The collection is a useful one.

Note—"Precious Thoughts of Master Minds" is an abridged edition of Lalcaea's "Selections from Eminent Authors". The opinions expressed on the former are equally applicable to the latter and *vice versa*.
R. J. L.

May be had from the Manager, Gujarat Oriental Book Depot,
Richey Road, AHMEDABAD, (Bombay Presidency).

Price Annas Ten, (Cloth bound).

Printed at the Ahmedabad "NIRMAL" Printing Press, Pirmashali Road.

OPINIONS.

From the Honourable Mr. GILES, M. A. (Oxon), C. I. E.,
Director of Public Instruction, Bombay.

Many thanks for the book you have so kindly sent me. I am too busy now to do more than glance at it, but it appears to be a judicious Selection, and if you want a further opinions. hereafter I will give it you.

From the Reverend Dr. R. SCOTT, M. A., Professor, English
Literature, Wilson College, Bombay.

I have looked through Mr. Lalca's volume of Selections and find the extracts of varied interest and unflinching instructiveness. They bear testimony to extensive reading and diligent study. They are uniformly high-toned. I trust the volume will be widely circulated and will tend to create or to cherish in the minds of readers a love of our higher literature.

Government House, Ganesh Khind.

From G. LAVERTON, Captain, A. D. C., to His Excellency
The Governor of Bombay.

I am desired by Her Excellency Lady Willington to write and thank you very much indeed for the book "Precious Thoughts of Master Minds" you have so kindly sent her and with which she is very pleased.

Glenshee, Cambridge, Park, Twickenham, N.W. 24-3

From Sir H. Evan M. JAMES, K. C. I. E., C. S. I., I. C.
Commissioner in Sind, Retired.

I am very pleased indeed to have your letter, and thank you very much for kindly sending me a copy of your two books. I envy you the leisure which enabled you to study so widely the greatest of our English authors and to make such an admirable selection from them. I am very pleased indeed to possess the books, and they will be most valuable to me when I have a few minutes to spare and wish to read extracts from time to time and perhaps commit them to memory. × × × I remember quite well you *did* give me a copy of your smaller book. (Precious Thoughts), because I can easily identify some of the pieces which I read and studied at the time when I opened it. × × × I think I must have given it to a relation who admired it.

From H. N. HUTCHINSON, Esquire, I. C. S., O. B. E.

Your "Precious Thoughts of Master Minds" is a most interesting book and I shall have great pleasure in reading it.

From the Reverend Robert HENDERSON, M. A.

The Selections are uniformly good and give evidence of close and extensive reading. In the Mission High School, Anmedabad, your book was introduced by me as a text book, into the Matriculation Class, on account of its poetical selections which are all excellent.

From H. ROHANTHAD, Head Master, High School, Akola.

I have gone through your selections. Your book will do well as a text book for students under the Matric and VI Standard classes in the High Schools.

It is useful for Libraries of High Schools and for prizes.

From Dr. John POLLEN, B.A., LL.D., (Dub.), C.I.E., I.C.S.

I have to thank you for your kind letter and the excellent "Selections from Eminent Authors". I consider the Selections do much credit to your good taste and judgment.

From H. D. RENDALL, Esquire, I. C. S., B. A., Administrator
Junaghad State, Kathiawar.

I am much obliged to you for sending me your "Selections from Eminent Authors". It is a tasteful and attractive compilation, and it is no doubt familiar to the Educational Department in this State, though I will, in any case, bring it to their notice.

From the Honourable Mr. J. E. C. JUKES, I. C. S., B. A.,
Talukdari Settlement Officer, Ahmedabad,

Very many thanks for the copy of your "Selections from Eminent Authors" which you have sent to me. I have not had time to do more than glance through it, but the selection appears to me to be admirable, and I am very glad to find many of my own favourites in its pages. I anticipate much pleasure from its detail perusal.

From D. S. SAWALKAR Esquire, L. C. E.
(Education Inspector, N. D.)

Many thanks for the copy of your book "Precious Thoughts" which you have so kindly sent I read a portion of it with great pleasure, and I hope it will be useful for those who read it. The extracts have been chosen with great care and thought.

From Rao Bahadur V. N. DANDEKAR, Acting
Director of Public Instruction, Berars.

Mr. Lalcaca's book is well got up and useful for higher classes of High Schools. —————

Precious Thoughts of Master Minds.—A collection of passages selected and edited by Mr. R. J. Lalcaca, retired Superintendent of Post offices, Khanpur Road, Ahmedabad, (Gujarat), Price : Re. 1.

Mr. Lalcaca really deserves the thanks of the reading public for intelligently culling and collecting the 'Precious Thoughts of Master Minds', by which name the book is designated. The passages contained in it are interesting, useful and instructive and show the wide reading of the compiler. We recommend the book to young students who will find it of great use in improving their English. The book has been testified to by such personages as the Right Honourable Lord Lamington, G. C. M. G., G. C. I. E., B. A., (Oxon); the Reverend Dr. R. Scott, M. A., D. D., Professor, English Literature, Wilson College, Bombay; the Honourable Mr. J. H. E. Tupper, B. A., (Oxon), I. C. S., Talukdari Settlement Officer; the Right Honourable Lord Harris, G. C. I. E.; Sir H. Evan M. James, K. C. I. E., C. S. I., I. C. S.; Sir James DuBoulay, K. C. I. E., I. C. S.; the Honourable Mr. M. B. Dadabhai, C. I. E.; the Honourable Rao Bahadur Ramanbhai Mahipatram and many others

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