

Poetry.

THE WINTER DAY.

Is it in mansions rich and gay,
On downy beds or couches warm,
That Nature owns the Winter Day,
And shrieks to hear the howling storm?
Ah! no!

'Tis on the black and barren heath,
Where misery feels the shaft of death,
As to the dark and freezing grave
Her children, not a friend to save,
Unheeded go!

Is it in chambers, silken drest,
At tables with profusion's heap;
Is it on pillows soft to rest
In dreams of long and balmy sleep?
Ah! no!

'Tis in the rushy hut obscure
Where poverty's low sons endure,
And, scarcely daring to repine,
On a straw pallet, mute, recline,
O'erwhelm'd with woe!

Is it to flaunt in warm attire,
To laugh and feast and dance and sing,
And crowd around the blazing fire,
And make the rooms with revels ring?
Ah! no!

'Tis on the prison's flinty floor,
'Tis where the deaf'ning whirlwinds roar,
'Tis when the sea-boy on the mast,
Hears the waves bounding to the blast,
And looks below!

Is it in chariots gay to ride,
To crowd the splendid midnight ball?
To revel in luxurious pride,
While pamper'd vassals wait your call?
Ah! no!

'Tis in a cheerless, naked room,
Where misery's victims wait their doom!
Where a fond mother famish'd dies,
While forth a frantic father flies,
Man's desperate foe!

Is it where, prodigal and weak,
The silly spendthrift scatters gold,
Where eager folly hastes to seek
The sordid, wanton, false and bold?
Ah! no!

'Tis in the silent spot obscure,
Where, forced all sorrows to endure,
Pale Genius learns, oh lesson sad!
To court the vain, and on the bad
False praise bestow!

Is it, where gamblers focking round,
Their shining heaps of wealth display?
Where fashion's giddy tribes are found
Sporting their senseless hours away?
Ah! no!

'Tis where neglected genius sighs,
Where hope exhausted silent dies;
Where merit starves by pride oppressed,
Till every stream that warms the breast
Forbears to flow!

Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

CHINA.

China swallows up about one-tenth part of the habitable globe; and contains, at the lowest estimation, one-fourth of the population of the whole earth. Yet,—so we get our tea comfortably for breakfast, we seem to trouble our heads as little about the Chief of this vast empire and his two hundred millions of subjects, as he and they perhaps—do theirs, about us.—We have not much to say of ourselves—but the Chinese, notwithstanding this mutual indifference, are a shrewd, an industrious, and an ingenious people, far superior to all other oriental nations, whether Pagan or Mahometan, however low we may be pleased to place them on our scale of civilization.

If we were asked in what the Chinese excel the rest of the Asiatics, our reply would be, in every respect—in arts, manufactures, and agriculture; in the civil polity, in literature and in morals. We do not make this assertion from vague report, but from personal knowledge, and indisputable facts and observations. Their immense population, for instance, is fed, clothed, and lodged, exclusively, from the produce of their own soil; fed (and this is no slight degree of distinction) from tables, and seated on chairs; clothed for the most part in cottons, and decently covered from head to foot; and a twentieth part of their number, or about ten millions, splendidly habited in embroidered silks and satins. If to these, we join the moral obligation, (so extensively carried into practice, as to relieve the community from the public maintenance of paupers,) which compels the younger branches of a family to support their aged relations; and the almost universal education, as far as reading and writing go, we may perhaps be induced to concede to the Chinese not only that superiority which we have claimed for them over the rest of the Asiatics; but even to doubt whe-

ther they do not possess certain advantages, which some even of the more enlightened European nations cannot boast.

We are very far from being the panegyrist of the Chinese: their government we believe to be practically a bad one, and their religion worse; the one, we think, renders them selfish and distrustful; the other superstitious and hypocritical; yet, unamiable as they certainly are, and cold and repulsive as they necessarily must be, where women are wholly excluded from society, we cannot help thinking that a darker shade has been cast over some parts of their character than they really deserve. We will even go a step farther, and add that, reflecting on the circumstances we have mentioned, of the truth of which there can be no doubt, we are disposed to fancy that a closer intimacy might incline us to entertain a somewhat more favourable opinion of them than we have hitherto ventured to avow. Unhappily, however, the nature of their internal policy, hostile to all international connections, and a language unlike any other on the face of the globe, forbid all hope of a more enlarged intercourse than that which at present subsists, and which, as every one knows, is limited to a single out-port, on the very skirts of this great empire, where a few commercial companies, like our own, are merely tolerated for the sake of facilitating an exchange of a few articles of luxury, for Nankins, Bohea and Congo.

In speaking of the government as a bad one, we mean the practical administration of it, by the subordinate officers: for the sovereign of China is very far from being a despot. It is, of course, impossible for us to penetrate into the arcana of the Chinese court; but we shrewdly suspect, from all that we have seen and heard, that the 'Great Emperor' is little more than a puppet in the hands of a few great officers, and that he enjoys, in fact, no more real power than was possessed by the successors of Darius, while they unconsciously promulgated, as their own, the irrevocable decrees of the Seven Princes of Persia.—Be this as it may, the Emperor of China, good man, never appears in any other light than as a benevolent agent, always ready to palliate the crimes, to mitigate the punishments and alleviate the sufferings of his people. To them he frequently appeals; and, on all occasions of national calamity, publicly confesses his errors, and acknowledges his misconduct to be the cause of the divine displeasure. The natural consequence of this is an universal love and respect for the person, who, whatever his private character may be, is thus studiously exhibited to his subjects in an amiable point of view. Insurrections against his authority are partial and of rare occurrence; the disturbances that occasionally happen originate generally from a scarcity of provisions; they are mere rebellions of the belly, and are as speedily suppressed by a removal of the cause which produced them, as the slow movements of a cumbrous and invariable machine will admit. If we are to believe that human nature and human feelings are pretty nearly the same in all countries, modified only by education and habit, we must admit that a government, which, for three thousand years or more, has been able to keep together, under one bond of union, the largest mass of population which any nation on the face of the earth could ever boast—can hardly be considered as a bungling or fortuitous machine; but one rather that has within it certain corrective movements and self-protecting springs, by which its regulations are governed and its duration preserved. *Quarterly Review.*

INDIAN GRATITUDE.

From the Travels of President Dwight.—New Haven, 1821.

Not many years after the county of Litchfield began to be settled by the English, a stranger Indian came one day, into an Inn, in the town of Litchfield, in the dusk of the evening, and requested the hostess to furnish him with some drink and a supper. At the same time, he observed, that he could pay for neither, as he had had no success in hunting; but promised payment as soon as he should meet with better fortune. The hostess refused him both the drink and the supper; called him a lazy, drunken, good for nothing fellow; and told him, that she did not work so hard herself, to throw her earnings upon such creatures as he was. A man, who sat by, and observed that the Indian, then turning about to leave so inhospitable a place, shew-

ed by his countenance, that he was suffering very severely from want and weariness, directed the hostess to supply him with what he wished, and engaged to pay the bill himself. She did so. When the Indian had finished his supper, he turned to his benefactor; thanked him; and assured him, that he should remember his kindness, and whenever he was able, would faithfully recompense it. For the present, he observed, he could only reward him with a story; which, if the hostess would give him leave, he wished to tell. The hostess, whose complacency had been recalled by the prospect of payment, consented. The Indian addressing himself to his benefactor, said, "I suppose you read the Bible." The man assented. "Well," said the Indian, "the Bible say, God made the world; and then he took him, and looked on him, and say, 'Its all very good.' Then he made light; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'Its all very good!' Then he made dry land and water, and sun and moon, and grass and trees; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'Its all very good.' Then he made beasts, and birds, and fishes; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'Its all very good.' Then he made man; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'Its all very good.' Then he made woman, and took him, and looked on him, and he no dare say one such word." The Indian having told his story, withdrew.

Some years after, the man, who had befriended him, had occasion to go some distance into the wilderness between Litchfield, then a frontier settlement, and Albany, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried to Canada. When he arrived at the principal settlement of the tribe, on the Southern border of the St. Lawrence, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death. During the consultation, an old Indian woman demanded, that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him in the place of a son, whom she had lost in the war.—He was accordingly given to her, and lived through the succeeding winter in her family, experiencing the customary effects of savage hospitality. The following summer, as he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian came up to him, and asked him to meet him at a place which he pointed out,—upon a given day. The prisoner agreed to the proposal, but not without some apprehensions that mischief was intended him. During the interval, these apprehensions increased to such a degree, as to dissuade him, effectually, from fulfilling his engagement. Soon after the same Indian found him at his work again, and very gravely reproved him for not performing his promise. The man apologized, awkwardly enough, but in the best manner in his power. The Indian told him that he should be satisfied, if he would meet him at the same place on a future day; which he named. The man promised to meet him, and fulfilled his promise. When he arrived at the spot, he found the Indian provided with two muskets, ammunition for them, and two knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to take one of each, and follow him.—The direction of their march was to the south. The man followed, without the least knowledge of what he was to do, or whether he was going; but concluded, that, if the Indian intended him harm he would have dispatched him at the beginning, and that at the worst he was as safe where he was, as he could be in any other place. Within a short time, therefore, his fears subsided; although the Indian observed a profound and mysterious silence concerning the object of the expedition. In the day time they shot such game as came in their way; and at night kindled a fire by which they slept. After a tedious journey of many days, they came one morning to the top of an eminence, presenting a prospect of a cultivated country in which was a number of houses. The Indian asked his companion whether he knew the ground. He replied eagerly that it was Litchfield. His guide then, after reminding him that he had so many years before relieved the wants of a famishing Indian, at an Inn in that town, subjoined, "I am that Indian; now I pay you: go home." Having said this, he bade him adieu; and the man joyfully returned to his own house.

SELECTIONS.

Much spirit and little sense are the worst ingredients of which a human creature can be composed; he, who

has much spirit and much understanding, will probably make a great and illustrious character: he, who has little spirit and little sense, may prove an honest, useful, and happy man: but he, who is so unfortunate as to have a great deal of spirit, and a small share of understanding, must ever be mischievous to others, and miserable in himself.

As a man of sense can usually outwit a fool, because his designs are inconceivable to his adversary's understanding; so a fool will sometimes be too cunning for a wise man, for the very same reason; that is, because he will conceive schemes, which could never enter into a wiser head than his own. Counter-plotting an absurd fellow is like fighting a left-handed fencer; you receive a wound, because it comes in a direction from whence you had no reason to expect it, and he gains a victory merely by his awkwardness.

Were all men honest, the world would go on much more happily than it does at present; but were all men wise it would not go on at all: so greatly preferable is honesty to understanding.

Every year, as we grow older, appears shorter than the preceding, and the reason of it is this; all our ideas of time must be derived from that portion of it, in which we have already existed, and that must be the standard by which we measure it; as this standard therefore extends itself by our living longer, so every period must appear shorter in proportion to it: thus when we have lived ten years, one year is the tenth part of the duration of our whole existence; but when we have lived eighty, it is then but the eightieth part of the same term.

Women are certainly not at all inferior to men in resolution, and perhaps much less in courage, than is commonly imagined: the reason they appear so is, because women affect to be more afraid, than they really are, and men pretend to be less.

ANECDOTE.

A well known simpleton, who had for many years been employed in carrying corn to mill for a poor house in the town where he lived, was one day accosted by the miller, in the following manner: 'John, they say that you are a fool—that you don't know any thing.' 'Ha ha! (said John,) that can't be true, for I do know some things, though I may not know other things. But I can tell you what I do know, and what I don't know.' 'I am glad of it,' replied the miller; 'now let us hear, John, what you do know.' 'I know,' answered John, 'that the miller's hogs grow fat.' 'Very well, that's true, John; now please to inform me what you don't know.' 'I don't know,' said John, scratching his head, 'whose corn they are fed on.'

Religious.

REFLECTIONS FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty. Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind." PSALM CIV.

Sitting down to rest, at the close of the week, from our little labours, we were involuntarily led to meditate on HIM who "in six days made the heaven, the earth, the sea, and all that in them is." The Psalmist's exclamation:—"Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty," glowed in our heart and burst from our lips.—We vowed to dedicate to his immediate service the evening of that day, in which God finished the work of Creation by forming 'man in his own image,' breathed into him an immortal soul, and endowed him with capacities to enjoy eternal blessedness, and be an heir of everlasting glory. The creation, the fall of man, the glorious redemption, the effusion of the Holy Spirit, the Scriptures of truth, the spread of the gospel, the blessings we enjoy in this world, connected with the promise of eternal life hereafter, kindled into our bosom a flame of adoration that raised us far above the paltry cares and delusive pleasures which usurp the empire of our souls, and alternately occupy the precious moments of existence. While under the influence of these feelings, we could have smiled at torture, and re-

joiced at the prospect of martyrdom. Raising our eyes to the splendid firmament, we exclaimed with the poet—

"O! lives there, heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolator of chance,
Who mould'ring earthward, reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?"

We exulted that such besotted folly was not ours; "we thanked God that we were not" as the benighted heathen, as the grovelling sensualist, or as the impious and gloomy atheist. But a moment's reflection, a single effort at self-examination, let us down from our transient elevation and sunk us in the deepest self-abasement. We felt that it was a poetical, rather than an evangelical flame on which we had risen. We took a retrospect of the past week; we asked of its hours "what report they had borne to heaven?" We examined the register of our thoughts; recalled the emotions of our heart: Every hour had been employed in the service of the world; every thought engrossed by the concerns of this mortal life; and in vain did we examine the emotions of our heart, hoping to find among them, that "hungering and thirsting after righteousness," that habitual aspiration after holiness, which might witness our spirit to be born of God. We felt that while the earth is cursed with but few, who have so far smothered the Divinity within them, as boldly to deny the existence of a "GREAT FIRST CAUSE," the Christian world, nay, the Christian Church embosoms innumerable multitudes of the "fools who say in their hearts there is no God," and who, by their lives, deny his existence, or calumniate his attributes and brave his power. Let us then, fellow-Christians, habitually, yea, continually, cherish the consciousness, that an omnipresent, holy God, is ever among us, and will demand a strict account of the time, talents and various blessings which his goodness lends to prepare us for the enjoyment of his immediate presence—the sight of his unclouded glory. Filled with this consciousness, we shall, while we labour in our various avocations, keep our minds steadily fixed on the great end of our existence; we shall "use this world as not abusing it;" whatever we would that men should do unto us, the same we shall do unto them; accounting ourselves "unprofitable servants," we shall place our whole trust in God, looking unto him, through Jesus Christ, who is the author and finisher of our faith; and, "the grace of God abounding in us," we shall be thoroughly fitted for every good word and work.

If our religion be genuine it will be felt; and if it be felt, it will influence not only our external conduct, but the thoughts of our minds, and the affections of our hearts. To our thoughts it will impart steadiness, purity, and elevation; to our affections that tenderness and heaven-born sanctity which breathed in every emotion expressed by the divine personage, who for us became "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." But the contemplation of an object far distant can but feebly affect us; our offerings of worship must be made to a God whose presence we recognize, or they will not proceed from the heart. This recognition of the Divine presence must be habitual, or it can have no real existence, or, at least, no salutary influence. It is that cold assent to the belief on which rests all our hope, that distance from God, that practical atheism which we carry to the sanctuary, nay, to the very table of the Lord, which exposes our lives to all the error and all the ravages of sin; and our hearts to all the pollution of unholiness, and all the wretchedness of a life without hope. Had the awful sword of justice flamed in the sight of our first parents over the forbidden tree; would they have plucked its deadly fruit? Or had the beneficent Jehovah, or the smiling ministers of his love been ever present to their corporeal senses, could they have transgressed? To brave the terrors of Omnipotence seems easier than to rebel while surrounded by the ministers of his love; of these the earth is full: Not a cloud that flies, not a shower that falls, not a bird that skims the air, not a flower that unfolds its beauties to the sun, but bears to man some message of His love who formed them all.—Let us then endeavor to keep our ears ever open to the heavenly messengers; our hearts ever hallowed to divine impressions; and our eyes ever watchful to perceive God in every thing. *Christian Visitant.*