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COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE STAR.

Mr. Editor.—The subscriber has again taken up his pen, and intended to bring for your consideration, several essays on those traits of character, which alone can be relied on as conclusive evidence of genuine religion; and also on those which cannot be relied on; and also will endeavor to point out those rocks on which thousands have split, and miserably perished.

Essay, No. 1.

LOVE TO GOD.

It is the excellence of the Christian religion, that it makes a claim upon the affections. "My son, give me thy heart. Love is the fulfilling of the law." "Thou shalt love all my goods to the poor; and give my body to be burned; and have not charity (love); it profiteth me nothing." To profess to love a being, that is not perceptible to our senses, appears to some to favor more of the ignorance and wildness of enthusiasm, than of the sober deductions of enlightened and sanctified reason. But though no eye hath seen, or can see, the infinite and eternal Spirit, yet, "He hath not left himself without witness." There is a power in the human mind, which enables it to form just notions of persons and things, that cannot be perceived by sense. We need no other method of ascertaining the nature of love to God, than the nature of love to man. The mode of reflection is, in both cases the same. Seriously considered, there is precisely the same difficulty in conceiving of the nature of love to man, that there is in conceiving of the nature of love to God. You know what it is to love your friend.

And, yet, it is not the mere external, it is the animal, vivified by the living, active spirit, that is to love. You see, all that is perceptible to your senses. You see the external motion, you hear the voice of your friend; and from the nature of what you see and hear, you form the idea of his character. The soul, which is characteristic both of the man and the friend, is as visible as God. What you see and hear, is not that which you love; though it discovers to you something which is lovely; and which you love, or hate, as it pleases or displeases you. You may as easily, therefore, know what it is to love God, as you know what it is to love your friend. The sensible signs, by which he has communicated, in innumerable dispensations, his glorious character, are vastly more significant, than those which manifest the character of any other being in the universe. God is every where. The infinite Mind is ever active. It is the sovereign agent throughout all worlds; "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work." There is no speech, nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

God has expressed his divine excellence in the work of his hands, and has exhibited the lustre of his glory in the word of his truth. Every act which he has performed, is an unequivocal manifestation of his glorious character. It is easy to conceive that this character must be loved, or hated; and that this invisible being, which this character unfolds, must be the object either of complacency or aversion; of benevolence or malignity. Love to God involves complacency in his character. You see sympathy in his character of your friend, which to you appears pleasing and amiable: You see something which is lovely; and this loveliness is the foundation of your affection.

Thus the supreme excellence of God is the foundation of all holy love. True love to God is a steady and firm principle,

which draws its motive and its sanction, from its own intrinsic loveliness. It is delight in his excellence, and all his natural and glorious moral attributes, as sovereign of the Universe. He is supremely to be loved, because he is just such a God as he is; because his power is irresistible; His wisdom, unerring; His purity, spotless; His justice, inflexible; His goodness, universal; His grace, infinite; His designs, eternal and immutable. Here holy love begins. Wicked men are prone to view God, altogether such an one as themselves. They clothe the Divine Being with such attributes, and such only as suit their depraved, vitiated taste, and then it is no difficult thing to fall down and worship him. But it is not the true God which they worship, it is not God that they love. It is an image, which bears no resemblance to that glorious Being, whom all heaven adores; it is a mere idol of their own imagination; and they worship and ascribe glory and praise to an unknown God, which is idolatry; and instead of evincing supreme complacency in the true God, their love to the character of a false God, evinces a fixed enmity to the true God, whom they will find at last to be a jealous God, and will not suffer his glory to be given to another with impunity.

Supreme attachment to the character of God, for his own inherent excellence, draws the line of distinction between that love, which is merely mercenary and selfish, and that which is pure, holy and disinterested. A man may be entirely, and supremely selfish, in the exercise of a certain defective love to God. In all his pretensions to love, he may have no ultimate regard, except to his own happiness. He may delight in God for what he is to him; while he takes no delight in his character, for what he is in himself.

Such is not the love of the new-born soul. The enmity of his heart towards God, is slain. He is reconciled to the divine character, just as it is. God is the object of delightful contemplation to his devout mind. In his most favored hours, his eyes are entirely diverted from himself. As his eye glances at the varied excellence of the divine character, he does not stop to ask the question, whether God is a being, who will at all events, regard his interest and happiness; it is enough for him, that he will at all events, regard his own glory. He beholds a dignified beauty in the Divine character, that fills his soul with high devotion. All things else are atoms, motes, dust and vanity; the feelings of the Prophet are his; "The desire of the soul is to try name, and to the remembrance of thee." The immutability of the Divine character, and the perfections of the Divine nature, excite the noblest views, and the most rapt affections. The language of the pious Psalmist is his: "Whom have I known but thee? and there is none on earth, I desire beside thee." His soul is satisfied with God's perfect excellence, and does not cherish a wish, that he should be different from what he is.

True love to God, also implies benevolence towards him, and the interest of his Kingdom. In the intrinsic excellence of his character, "God is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever." The fulness of his perfection is alike necessary at all times, to his very existence, as God. It would, therefore, be arrogance in the works of the dust to imagine, that they may be profitable to God, as he is himself; may be profitable to himself; but it is presumption for them to imagine that they love him, without feeling a friendly interest in his designs, a sincere desire for the advancement of his cause, and the glory of his name. Those who love the Divine character, necessarily desire the Divine glory. They regard the honor of God as comprehending every good, and as concentrating every wish. In this, every holy mind takes supreme delight. It is the ardent desire of every sanctified heart, that in all his stupendous works, in all his glorious plans, by all in heaven, by all on earth, and all in hell, God should be glorified. This sublime spirit enters into the essence of all genuine love to God. Genuine love, also, involves the exercise of true gratitude; and the distinguishing characteristic of this holy affection, is, that it is supreme and disinterested, "No man can serve two masters." When God promised to circumcise the heart of his people, it was, "That they might love him with all their hearts, and all their souls." God neither requires, nor will he accept of a divided affection. "He is a jealous God," and he is permitted to ascribe his glory to another, with impunity. Genuine love to his character, is something more than languid esteem, a mere lukewarm affection; something more than a vague, indescribable emotion,

that "plays round the head." It is the ruling passion; the governing motive.

The love of God is paramount to every other principle, and every desire subservient to that of promoting his glory; and every saint in heaven, and saints on earth, will, with united voice, exclaim;

"Of all thy gifts, thou art thyself the crown; Give what thou wilt, without thee we are poor; And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away."

The subject is inexhaustible and glorious, and would baffle the efforts of my delusive pen to do it justice, or imagination to soar so high as to reach its sublime heights. I close it, therefore, with one practical remark and inquiry.

Does the reader then, sincerely and supremely love God, in the sense and in the degree, which his perfections, as a God of love demand? If so, the question as to his own good estate, is forever at rest. If you are a friend to God, supremely devoted to his glory, God will be an ever-lasting friend to you, and "Neither angels, nor principality, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate you from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, your Lord."

In the writer's last No. he will bring to view the names of those eminent divines, who have devoted their talents to this important subject, and to whom he is chiefly indebted for these remarks.

PHILANTHROPOS.

MISCELLANY.

From Zion's Herald.

ON FORTITUDE.

"My righteousness I hid: fast and will not let it go."

The two foundations of constancy and fortitude of mind, are a good conscience and trust in God. The man of corrupt principles, and a guilty heart cannot possess firmness of mind. For by pursuing crooked paths for dishonorable ends he has too much to encounter, and too much to dismay him. He feels obliged to conceal his fears; and while he assumes the aspect of intrepidity before the world, he nevertheless trembles within himself, and the daring eye of righteousness and integrity darts terror into his soul. There may be it is true, a false courage, or constitutional courage, which has often rendered men daring in the most flagitious and unwholy attempts. But this hardness of the rash—and ferocity of the rufian is essentially different from real fortitude of mind or character.

The fortitude, if it may be so called, which I have just alluded to originates only from warmth of blood, inconsideration, and blindness to approaching danger. It forms no character of real value—only appears in occasional sallies—and never displays a uniform and manly courage, for requires adventurous propensities, and in the hour of trial must fail. There is no real courage, or persevering constancy, but what is connected with holy principle, and founded upon a conscientious rectitude of intention. What has that man to fear who continually acts on a plan which his conscience approves, and who knows that every good man, the whole unbiassed universe, and more than all, his Heavenly Father, must justify and approve his conduct? He acts as under the immediate eye, and protection of that Almighty and omnipotent Being, who "disregardeth not the works of his hands." He exclaims, with the pious Job, "behold my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high." To the virtuous, to the conscientious and the religious man—this unveils a new source of fortitude and of facility. The man who relies on an Almighty, though invisible Supporter and Protector, exerts his powers with double force, and acts with a vigor not his own. Was it not from this principle of trust in God that the Psalmist derived his courage and fortitude, when he exclaims, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; the Lord is the strength of my life?" And the consequence which follows, is "of whom shall I be afraid?" (though an host shall encamp against me my heart shall not fear.)—But the man who would preserve fortitude, in difficult and trying situations, must fill his mind with a sense of what really constitutes the "religious fear" and the true honor of man. This consists not, however, in the multitude of riches—or the elevation of rank, for observation and experience show that these things may be possessed by the worthless as well as the deserving. Fortitude, consists in being deterred from no danger, when duty calls us forth—in accomplishing our allotted part, whatever it may be, with fortitude, and constancy of mind. These qualities never fail to stamp

distinction on the human character: and they confer on him who possesses them a just superiority, which all, even enemies feel, and revere. A LAYMAN.

INTERESTING CASE OF CONVERSION.

A pious Widow in a town in Massachusetts in which there has been a revival going on for some weeks past, had a son living with her, 24 years of age—who was commonly thoughtless, and regardless of religious things. He was in the habit of using profane language, and of ridiculing the revival, and those who are the subjects of it. There are in the town an Orthodox Society, and a Unitarian one.—He attended meeting with his mother, with the Orthodox Society, where he heard the distinguishing truths of the gospel plainly preached.—One morning he went to his barn to yoke his oxen—one of them being somewhat fractious and unmanageable, he flew into a passion, and cursed and swore at him, in such blasphemous terms, that his hardened conscience was fairly startled; he suddenly stopped, and asked himself, what am I doing? Conviction flashed upon his mind, and from that moment he was unable to shake it off. He fought stoutly against it. He soon began to complain of the preaching and frequently told his mother, he would not hear it, but would go to the Unitarian meeting.—He made his convictions known to no one—but although he was continually declaiming against the preaching, he was constant in his attendance, and soon found that every evening meeting in his vicinity.—His growing conscience kept him in a perfect agony, yet the violence of his opposition continued till he had worked himself into a perfect rage.—At length his pride so far yielded, that he made his feelings known to a Christian friend.—The next day was the Sabbath; he attended meeting all day, and went home at night, and shut himself into his chamber, declaring, he would never leave it till the point was settled with him.—In this state of mind, it pleased a sovereign God to have mercy upon him. In the course of that evening, he was brought to yield to the Saviour, and found rest to his soul. Love and gratitude took the place of opposition, and his torn and agitated breast, was filled with peace and joy.—He has since professed his faith in Christ, and is now active in building up the cause which he had labored so hard to destroy.—*Repository and Observer.*

CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

More depends upon our own spirits than upon our outward condition, in order to contentment. Paul could say he had learned to be content in whatsoever state he was. This was not because he chose his condition, but because his spirits were so regulated by the grace of God, that he could be reconciled to any condition. Most people judge otherwise: they imagine they could be content and at rest, if they could obtain such a comfort which their hearts are now set upon; if they arrive at an estate of such a size would supply their present wishes. Vain thought! If they are gratified in their present desire, a worldly mind unfortified, will outgrow their acquisition; new wants and new contrivances will start up, and they will be as far from satisfaction as at their setting out. A low condition, considered in itself, may seem to give the strongest temptations to discontent; but if we consult experience, we shall find the rich and powerful as frequently strangers to an eagerness, as those in a mean state of life. The reason is, their irregular inclinations and unattainable desires are enlarged with their substance; therefore, all they have passes for nothing, because their own disordered appetites will not let them rest. Dr. Evans

INVOCATION IN AN HOUR OF MELANCHOLY.

Religion! last, best gift of Heaven!—thou art my only unfailing friend and comfort. When weary and faint, and aggrieved with the wickedness of the world, let me return to thy embrace—let me recline thy bosom—let me find the heart-healing solace, which it is thine alone to impart. Let me enjoy thy smiles, that my sorrows may be assuaged—that cheerfulness may succeed this sickening languor and wasting melancholy. Oh! ease my heart of its burden—let its wounds be healed—let its joys be restored—thou, who has "Gilead's balm,"—thou, who canst administer the "Oil and the wine of consolation."

Celestial visitant! thou seekest not the splendid mansion, the proud seat of pomp and grandeur—thou predestinest the lowly cot of the vale. Thither let me retire with thee—there dwell alone and unmolested—there enjoy contentment with tranquillity, soothed and blessed with thy own unearthly consolations—cheered and supported by thy own precious, unfailing

The packet ship *Leda*, Captain Sidani, arrived on the 22nd inst., having sailed from Alexandria on the 12th of April, and brought regular advices to that date inclusive.—*M. Y. paper.*

The President's Proclamation, announcing the landing of the British and Russian troops, was published in the *Standard* of the 23rd inst. It was published in all the papers, but we do not observe any allusion to it in the *Standard* or the *Times*. It was the only course left to the President.

Lord Cochrane arrived at Napoli di Romania on the 18th, which he received with the greatest satisfaction.

The entering steam vessel, destined for Lord Cochrane, was towed into Plymouth on the 22nd of April, having brought one of the *London* papers, which contained the news of the arrival of the *Porto*. Shows itself decidedly averse from accepting the proposals of the English and Russian Ambassadors in favor of the Greeks; and would not precept sufficient energy against all intervention. Six thousand of the new troops are to march immediately to Salamis, to go to the assistance of the Greeks, and to closely blockade in Negropont. Mr. Stratford Canning and M. de Ribaupierre have daily conferences. They had fixed the 23rd inst. for the date of the time given for an answer, and yet they have

POETRY.

"THE JOY OF GRIEF."—Ottian.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Sweet the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh;
And the tear of resignation,
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the wave to rest?

Have you lost a friend, a brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gaz'd upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seemed to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring,
In your arms, before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring,
From her eyes, that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remembered bliss?
Did you not, with fervor frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but when you had resign'd her,
Life and soul you reconcil'd;
And lo!—the left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
Poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave the infant sleeping,
On the mother's lap was laid.

Honor then, your heart concealing,
Child'd you with intense despair;
Can you recollect the feeling,
No! there was no feeling there!

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on you ALONE!

Sank in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No! your tortur'd nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life will break.

O'er the yielding bow of sadness,
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness,
Equally thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of we are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd,
Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
Tis the Sabbath of the mind.

Live memory then retrace
Scenes of blue eyes or dot
Fires in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And, when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil to mortals eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
And a dear dead father speak;
Provd' the fondness of the mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek!

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
And receiv'd your infant smiling,
From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning's sun beaming,
Open'd heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
Rode in ecstasy sublime,
Thither all your hopes ascending,
Triumph'd o'er death and time.

Thus afflicted, bru'd, and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes! friend and by this token,
You have felt, "THE JOY OF GRIEF."

MISCELLANY.

REMAINS OF THE FAMOUS TOWER OF BABEL.

[From a personal Narrative of a journey from India to England, by Bussorah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, Kurdistan, the Court of Persia, the Western shore of the Caspian Sea, Astrakhan, &c. in the year 1821.—By Captain the honorable George Keppel.]

"From Herodotus we learn that the tower of Babel, or (what was doubtless the same) the temple of Belus was a stadium in length, according to Rich's computation, which allows five hundred feet, would give a circumference of two thousand feet. The temple consisted of eight turrets rising in succession one above the other. Rennel supposes the height to be five hundred feet. The ascent was on the outside, and there was a convenient resting place about half way up. This temple was destroyed by Xerxes. Alexander wished to rebuild it, but died before he commenced the undertaking. All that remained was to attempt to take the original stones for the space of two months, to remove the rubbish. The ruins of the tower of Babel are six miles S. W. of the town of Hilleh. At first sight, they present the appearance of a hill with a castle on the top; the greater portion is covered with a light sandy soil, and it is only in ascending that the traveller discovers he is walking on a vast heap of bricks. The mound, like the Mujilbe, is oblong. The total circumference has been found to be two thousand two hundred and eighty six feet, which gives to the ruins a much greater extent of base than the tower of Babel. The soil is very great, when one considers the quantity that must have been removed by the Macedonian soldiers, and how much, in the course of ages, must have been taken by the workmen employed in digging for bricks. The elevation of the mound is irregular; to the west it is one hundred and ninety eight feet high.

On the top is that which looked like a castle in the distance; it is a solid mass of kiln burnt bricks, thirty seven feet high and twenty eight feet broad. The bricks, which are of an even size, are laid in with a fine and scarcely perceptible cement. At regular intervals, some bricks are omitted so as to leave square apertures through the mass; these may possibly have been intended to procure a free current of air, that should prevent the admission of damp into the brick work. The summit of the mass is much broken, and the fractures are so made as to carry conviction that violence has been used to reduce it to this state. Distinct from the pile of bricks just described, and lower down on the most face of the largest mound is another mass exactly similar. Pieces of marble, stones, and broken bricks, lie scattered over the ruin. The most curious of the fragments are several misshapen masses of brick work, quite black, except in a few places where regular layers of kiln burnt bricks are discernible; these have certainly been subjected to some fierce heat, as they are completely molten—a strong presumption that fire was used in the destruction of the tower, which, in parts, resembles what the Scriptures prophesied it should become, "a burnt mountain." Travellers who have visited this spot, have been struck with the curious appearance of these fragments, and, having only seen the black surface, have altogether rejected the idea of their being bricks. In the denunciation respecting Babylon, fire is particularly mentioned as an agent against it. To this Jeremiah evidently alludes, when he says that it should be "as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, on which cities it is said, the 'Lords' said, 'We will burn it.' Again, 'I will kindle fire in his cities, and it shall devour all round about him.' and in another place, 'Her high gates shall be burned with fire, and the people shall labor in vain, and the folk in the fire, and they shall be weary.'" Taking into calculation the brick mass on the top of the large mound, the ruins are two hundred and thirty five feet high. Rich thought he could trace four stages, or stories of this building; and the united observations of our party induce the same conviction.

Wild beasts appeared to be as numerous here as at the Mujilbe. Mr. Lamb gave up his examination, from seeing an animal crouched on the square of the ruins. I saw another in a similar situation, and the large foot print of a lion, was so fresh, that the best must have stolen away on our approach. From the summit we had a distinct view of the vast heaps which constitute all that now remains of ancient Babylon; a more complete picture of desolation could not well be imagined. The eye wandered over a barren desert, in which the ruins are nearly the only indication that it had ever been inhabited. It was impossible to behold this scene and not to be reminded how exact the predictions of Isaiah and Jeremiah have been fulfilled, even in the appearance. Babylon was doomed to present; that she should "never be inhabited;" that "the Arabian should not pitch his tent there;" that she should "become heaps;" that her cities should be "a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness."

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

FRUGALITY RECOMMENDED TO YOUTH.

If a man wishes to be found in comfortable circumstances in the decline of life, he must, while young in years, practice economy.

To old age very few things wear a more horrid appearance than poverty; and yet how few in their early moments consider that they are, by a foolish waste of their property, preparing for the rapid advances of poverty, disgrace, and pain. There is scarcely an individual but what may, by slender means and timely efforts, rise superior to the cold grasp of poverty. It is true that every man is not born to be equally alike favored with wealth, but there are very few that need sigh under the imposing lash of penury and distress.

Diligence in the exercise of a man's calling, and prudence in the distribution of his gains, will form an easy ascent to sufficiency and content. Frugality does by no means encourage that kind of parsimonious disposition that withholds from one's self a necessary assistance which one person owes to another—it only checks the waste of the liberal bounties which Heaven bestows upon us. A very great and good man, in the course of a well spent life, would sometimes say to his friends, "Get all you can, save all you can, give all you can." There is a mode of giving liberally when a laudable enterprise, or a suffering fellow creature, claims our aid, that is no way inconsistent with the most rigid exactions of frugality; but, in every case, prudence must be our guide. Few, if any, need a warning to this acknowledgment; but to submit to the wisdom that is from above; in all they ways acknowledge God, and he shall direct thy paths. And "whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," Col. iii, 17.

To make the last stage of life as easy as outward circumstances will admit—

First, improve your time with all possible advantage. Time is that talent, which, if rightly understood and duly improved, is productive of the greatest good. "Time is money." Waste it, and you sink the capital that should support you at the close of life. Remember, that time is perpetually in motion, and if once beyond your reach, it can never, no, never be regained. Make, therefore, the best of so transient a guest; suffer not a moment to glide past you without first exacting from it the highest interest.—The loss of a single moment might occasion even the loss of a kingdom.

Secondly. Keep your expenses within due bounds. Suffer them not to go beyond the limits of your income, but add a little to what you have already gained. If you cannot save as much from your honest earnings as those whose means are more efficient than your own, do not be discouraged; be resolutely determined to realize what your labors will afford.—Waste nothing.

Efforts, though apparently weak in themselves, will, by repetition, perform wonders. Some of our largest and most elegant edifices are produced by adding stone on stone, or brick on brick. Nature, as well as art, has its progress.

"Sands form the mountains, moments make the year."

It is a trifle added to the little, which, in the end must form the bulk of a man's fortune. Therefore waste nothing that can be turned to a good account. The greatest losses frequently originate in a neglect of lesser things. Place, then, a strict guard over your outgoings, that they exceed not those limits which ought to bound your daily expenses, and you may laugh at poverty, and triumph over those painful anxieties which accompany and alarm the spendthrift, and which finally bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Thirdly. In all your undertakings seek by prayer the favor of Him whose blessing maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.

It is said that our friends, the Dutch, occasionally enforce a proverb, "There is nothing gained by stealing, and nothing lost by paying." Honest endeavors generally exceed our most sanguine expectations; but when aided by His smile who causeth all things to work together for good to them that love him, they cannot fail of their purpose. Prayer is as necessary as well as a privilege of the highest importance to man, and we ought, in justice to ourselves, as well as for the benefit of others, to exercise ourselves in it. Indeed, without the use of this pleasant and very profitable employment of the mind, we may exert all our other powers in vain. We can form plans, we may attempt projects, but what can we expect short of disappointments, unless we make our requests frequently known to God?

"Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give."

We ought, therefore, so far to consult our own welfare in facilitating our own designs as to ask that we may receive. In so doing we shall assuredly find that though "bodily exercise profiteth little," yet "godliness is profitable unto all things," having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

PETER COLLINS.

When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success; than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity than the highest parts without probity or honor. Whether science, or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair an useful business; with distinction in every public station, the vigor which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it inspires; the ardor of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonorable avocations, are the foundations of all that is high in fame, or great in success among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of the most accomplished, if they be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose in-

fluence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

The sermons of Whitfield were, by all allowance, unusually powerful. A man at Exeter, while he was preaching, stood with stones in his pocket, and one in his hand, intending to throw it at him; he dropped it before the sermon was far advanced, and going up to him after the preaching was over, he said, "Sir, I came to hear you with an intention to break your head; but God, through your ministry, has given me a broken heart."—David Hume pronounced him the most independent preacher he had ever heard, and said, it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him.—He also had the address to preach money out of the pockets of the money-saving Dr. Franklin, which that philosopher has himself recorded.—The Rev. Geo. Whitfield was once, in the early part of his life, preaching in the open fields, when a drummer happened to be present, who was determined to interrupt his pious business, and rudely beat his drum in a violent manner, in order to drown the preacher's voice. Mr. Whitfield spoke very loud, but was not so powerful as the instrument; he therefore called out to the drummer in these words: "Friend, you and I serve the two greatest masters existing, but in different callings: you may beat up volunteers for King George; I for the Lord Jesus Christ. In God's name, the world is wide enough for us both, and you may get recruits in abundance." His speech had such an effect, that the drummer went away in great good humor, and left the preacher in full possession of the field. Mr. Whitfield died in 1770.

Milk Diet.—An English writer, in a treatise on milk, states in his recommendation of milk as an article of diet, that the town of Kendal, in England, where more milk is used in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in any other town in the kingdom, furnishes more instances of longevity, and fewer deaths among children, than any other town.

Health not prejudiced by Study.—It is an error, says a lively French writer, to suppose that study is prejudicial to the health. We see as many studious old men as there are in any other occupation. History will afford us a number of examples. In fact, a life so uniformly regular and quiet, cannot hurt a good constitution, but renders it less liable to be affected by those causes which produce disease, provided that the nature itself is kept up by moderate exercise, and the stomach is not loaded with a quantity of food disproportioned to what is absolutely required in a sedentary life.

Dist' of Maine, 23.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this twenty eighth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one, and the fifth year of the said State of the United States of America, Mr. Samuel W. Cole, of the District of Maine, has deposited in this Office, the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the following words, to-wit:

"The Muses; or Flowers of Poetry: a choice collection of favorite odes, poems, songs, elegies, &c. digests, epigrams, epigrams, elegiacs, &c. From grave to gay, from folly to severity. By Samuel W. Cole, Author of the Columbian Spelling Book. Music resembles poetry; in each are 'nameless graces.'—Cowper.
"Then hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
"Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth,
"Whose song, solemnly sweet, solemnly gay,
"Amaz'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
Beattie."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and also, to an act, entitled, 'An Act supplementary thereto act, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.'—

J. MUSSEY, Clerk of the District Court of Maine. A true copy as of record.—Attest,
J. MUSSEY, Clerk D. C. Maine.
May 17, 1821.

NOTICE.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of NOAH WEEKS & SON, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The concerns of the late firm will be settled by either of the partners at the residence of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and also, to an act, entitled, 'An Act supplementary thereto act, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.'—

James W. Weeks.
Parsonsfield, May 28, 1821.

The business in future will be conducted by JAMES W. WEEKS, who (attest himself) that he shall share the custom of his friends and the public at large.

IN THIRTY DAYS.

ALL those who are indebted to JOHN McDONALD, as Administrator on the Goods and Estate of JOHN McDONALD, late of Limerick, deceased, are notified that their accounts and notes will be presented in thirty days—All, with out exception, if they are not settled.
Limerick, May 24, 1821.

ARNER S. McDONALD & CO.

ARNER S. McDONALD & JOHN McDONALD, dissolved partnership more than six months since. All those who are indebted to them by note or account, are called upon to make payment by the middle of June next, or their accounts and notes will be null and void.
Limerick, May 24, 1821.