truth of the story of the man and his wife or the trustworthiness of the lad Abraham, except as far as that lies his fears may have caused him to see several things through a magnifying glass.

From the Living Age.

PERIODICAL WORK CONDUCTED BY LUNATICS.

LUNTICS, who, fifty years ago, were dungeoned and whipped, are now treated to balls and soirees, they conduct farms, and are admitted to public worship. A new feature has been developed in their treatment at the Crichton Institution, Dumfries: they there club their wits to prepare and issue a monthly periodical sheet. The first number of *The New Moon, or Crichton Royal Institution Literary Register*, appeared on the 1st of December, in the form of a double leaf in quarto. It is sold to the public, but we are not informed at what price. In the prospectus, the fact of the exclusive management of the work by inmates is asserted; and the object is stated to be, a humble endeavor to lead persons of that class "to think aright on the chief subject which should occupy their attention under present circumstances, so that they may leave the institution wiser and better men and women than they entered it."

Not only is the literary matter sane in its general tone, and rhetorically correct, but there is a positive merit in several of the little articles. For example a gentleman signing himself Sigma, thus addresses Dr. Browne, the superior of the establishment, (and we would ask if many men under Thomas Moore could write in the same style more smartly:)—

"I am sorry to learn you have got rheumatism,
Which is, I am told, a corporeal schism
Not very unlike what is called Puseyism;
If you take my advice, my kind friend, you wont
follow
The cold-water cure of that Pluvius Apollo,
Who at Graefenberg cures old and young of the
dumps,
By the magical aid of a couple of pumps,
Old Pindar, 'tis true, as you very well know,
In the choicest of Greek has proclaimed long
ago.
'*Ariston men hudor*;' but, then, what of that?
The man was a pagan—so, *verbum sap. sat.*
Your *kids*, you will learn with much pleasure,
I know,
Are all as you left them, and in *statu puo.*
(This same is a classical phrase, else, egad!
I would break Priscian's head, and write *sta u
quo*:)
Some mad as march hares, but a few like the
Dane,
With a slight touch north-east, yet otherwise
sane. * *
Mr. Sacer, that sage transcendental philosopher.
(I wonder if ever he read Alexander Ross over?)
As his use and wont is, has been blowing the
balmy,
And took, as a smoker should, really quite palmy.
He swears the debates are detestable stuff—
Not worth a cigar, or a pinch of Scotch snuff;
And, tacit, I believe that for once, *entre nous*,
He's not very far wrong—I'm blown if I do.
At billiards to-day I gave him a maul;
And was it the savage! he, no! not at all:
He fumed and he fretted—'The cues were a
scandal,
And really unfit for a gentleman to handle;'
Then concluded by saying, he would give me
thrice six
Out of twenty-four points and beat me to sticks!"
* *

"J. C," who from his style seems of clerical education, preaches to the following effect, and however trite the ideas, assuredly their arrangement here is as good as could be expected from any other quarter whatever:—"Although it is a proper natural, and laudable wish to be splendidly and extensively useful, yet as every man is most delighted with the esteem, and interested in the good conduct and happiness of his domestics and friends, he ought to be the more careful to 'walk before his house with a perfect heart.' That such instruct their families and lead them in the ways of righteousness, is what is required of them. This is the province of which the care has been assigned to, and of which the improvement will be required at the hands and he who exerteth himself in this his station and sphere of action, however low or limited, is as meritorious in the sight of God, and likely to be as happy in himself, as he who, disengaging himself from all domestic ties and duties, gives a wider but more contingent range to his zeal and philanthropy, and encompasses sea and land to promote the improvement, reformation, and happiness of his fellow-men. But, above all, it certainly deeply concerns parents to set a good example before their children. This is equally beneficial to the public and to themselves; and the neglect equally fatal to both. If ever any real and substantial reformation of society is to be effected, this is the source from which it must flow; the sure foundation must be laid in the instruction, education, and moral training of youth."

We conclue with a short lyrical poem, which has, we think, absolute merit sufficient to entitle it to notice apart from all consideration of the interest arising from the condition and circumstances of the writer:—

"The harp so loved awakes no more,
Its chords are mute, its charms are gone:
The mind may joy and in its lore,
Where hope and happiness are flown.

For though it soothed in other days,
It cannot reach a woe so deep
As that which o'er this bosom strays,
To wake the pange that never sleep.

The wind blows cold o'er glen and hill
And nature all is wo and wan,
But nature's bosom bears no ill,
Like that which haunts the heart of man.

What though the torrents dash the steep,
And frosts her fleeting flowers deform,
And bolder lift her voice and weep,
In thunder, strife, and winter's storm;

The life remains that genial spring
Can still to smiled state restore
And cause her wine her glories fling
O'er all that lay so waste before.

The wild bee hums around the flower
That opens so brightly on the brae;
The bird sings from the budding bower,
And cheers the wanderer on his way.

And far upon the moorland gray,
The plover seeks its summer home;
And so shine crowns the scene of day,
As far as foot or eye can roam.

And thus are nature's charms replaced,
As if they had been ever new;
Her garlands blooming on her breast,
Her ringlets beaded with the dew.

But when, amid life's devious track,
Draws on the darkness of decay,
Oh, what to man shall ever bring back
The charms that time hath swept away;

And if the young must oft deplore
The ills that curb their early glee,
Oh what again shall joy restore
To my loved mountain harp and me! —I. R."

It might be asked, Supposing the writers of these extracts had been at liberty, and had been guilty of some capital outrage, would not such compositions have proved as strong proofs of their sanity, and consequently liability to punishment, as any that have been adduced in cases where punishment has been suffered, or, at best, narrowly missed, (that of Macnaughton, for instance!) and yet these persons are deemed fit inmates for a lunatic asylum, and actually are in such an asylum at this moment.

THE CHARACTER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

FROM A SERMON, BY REV. JACOB M'DOUGLASS

"*Truly this was the Son of God.*" *Matt xxvi 54.*

THE character of Christ, as drawn by the Evangelists, is one striking evidence of the truth of Christianity. That a few weak, illiterate men could, of themselves, and from their native resources, have composed a narrative of a fictitious hero, like the blessed Jesus, is utterly incomprehensible. Had men sat down to write a fabulous history of a pure and perfect character, they would have been utterly at fault—they would have been involved in a labyrinth of perplexities. They would either have debased and contaminated their hero with blemishes and gross imperfections, or they would have produced an *inconsistant* character—a character only the product of wild and incoherent rhapsody. Only examine the character of a Heathen God as drawn by Homer, or Virgil, or Ovid, or Lucian; look at the conduct of Jupiter or Juno, or Mars, or Venus. Behold! how grossly deficient in morality!

And then read the historical romance of Cyrus, written by Xenophon, in which he clothes a great personage with imaginary virtues. O how inconsistant, how rhapsodical, how at variance with fact and real history! Deists themselves have admired the character of Christ as drawn by the Evangelists—how natural, how simple, how obvious! and yet how difficult for an uninspired man to fabricate! How like a noble Grecian temple, the pride of architecture—every column, every arch, every stone of proper dimensions, and in its proper location, the whole filling the mind with sensations of sublimity, and grandeur, and delight!

Our Lord is deserving of imitation, 1st in his early piety

We find him at twelve years of age, saying, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" We find him with a piety and wisdom above his years, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions." In truth, early piety confers on him who is the subject of it, and on the service he renders to the Great Author of his being, a peculiar, transcendent preeminency. No comfort in life, no happiness in death, like the comfort thrown around a religion, commenced in the bud and bloom of our days.

2. *Let us imitate Jesus Christ in his obedience to his earthly parents.*

St. Luke tells us, "he went down to Nazareth, and was subject to them"—his earthly parents. He paid obedience to the mother that bare him, and to the reputed father that provided for him. Though far superior to his parents, he never refused to offer them the respect and obedience due from children to parents. If the highest on earth think their parents beneath them, and themselves above their parents, command, their conduct differs most widely from that of Christ. Our Lord did not think thus. Oh! what shall we think of those monsters of ingratitude, who are ashamed to own their parents, because of their poverty, or despise them on account of their infirmities! They are verily the *reproach* and *disgrace* of their species. Listen to the command of the wise Solomon, "Hearken to thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old."

3. *We have to admire the great wisdom of Jesus Christ as a teacher.*

Few people, in the present day, can have an adequate conception of the extremely great prejudices of the Jews. They expected a Messiah, a great

eacher—but a great conqueror, a great king. But although the miracles of Christ must have had some effect on the Rulers and Pharisees, still that influence was neutralized by his poverty, his meanness, his want of the pomp, and pride, and circumstance of office. So that, to oppose the prejudices of the Jews, and justify himself, required the greatest wisdom; and indeed, wisdom shone preeminently in our blessed Lord.

The enemies of Christ were forced to declare, "Never man spake like this man." Persons in middle and in humble life are no despicable judges of oratory, and they testified the excellence of his preaching—"The common people heard him gladly." It is said of the Nazarenes, "they wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth." If you would compare the discourses of our blessed Lord with those of Plato, or the answers of the Oracle, or of the Sybils, you would see the vast and overwhelming superiority of the discourses of Christ. The writings of Plato are involved in obscurity and transcendentalism. The answers of the Oracles are doubtful in the extreme they are darkened with ambiguity and habitually interpreted in a variety of ways. But the discourses of the blessed Jesus how simple! how easy to be understood, how sweetly they glide into the recesses of the heart! How easy had it been for Him in whom were hidden all the treasures of wisdom, to have given forth his instructions in such a manner as to have overpowered the human understanding! How hard is it for men of superior learning to adapt their lessons to the capacities of the young and ignorant! How irksome to most men the employment of teaching! How few teachers are there, who do not avoid shewing some affectation of their superiority in knowledge! Who could ever have expected that He who was, the maker of all things, who saw by intuition through all the depths of science,—that one, capable of instructing the most enlightened archangel, to descend to initiate in first principles, the multitude of the ignorant and illiterate!

"Blessed are they that mourn—the humble, the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful." Here is no affectation of mystic learning—no pompous ostentation of profound science—no nice distinction of speculative points! Christ is most excellent as a teacher.

Then how wisely does He suit his instructions both to the dispositions and capacities of his hearers! Parable and allegory have ever been thought the most entertaining mode of communicating instruction. The severity of the precept is lost in the entertainment of the table. The sensible image reflects light on the moral thought; and the abstract thought gives importance to the sensible representation. By apt similitudes and allegories drawn from surrounding objects, did this Great Teacher recommend to his hearers the most sublime truths. The honest and teachable mind was thus allured to search after divine knowledge.

4. *Our blessed Lord was exemplary in the holiness of his life.*

The life of Jesus Christ was a pattern of holiness. Holiness unto the Lord was engraven on his slightest, his most inconsiderable action. "He was holy, harmless, undefiled, he was separate from sinners." Well did our Lord say to the Jew, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" Pontius Pilate would have been glad to discover some flaw, some defect in his character. And yet what does Pilate say to the Jews? "I find no fault in him." Christ lived in a sinful world but He belonged not to that world. He was in the midst of an adulterous and perverse generation, but contaminated, in no wise, by the contagion. He was like the *Oasis*, the green spot, blooming with verdure, in the midst of the arid, and sultry, and unfruitful desert. There is a river in Greece, which empties into the Egean Sea, and for a great space after its entrance into the sea, preserves its sweet, and clear, and silver waters in the midst of the brackish and deep blue waves of the ocean. Such was our Lord! surrounded by the waves of wretchedness and sin.

The character of Christ appears most exalted when compared with that of Mohammed. Let the reason of mankind decide between the two, "Set before reason Mohammed and his disciples, arrayed in armour and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and tens of thousands, who fell by his victorious sword. Shew her the cities which he fired, the countries he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements; shew her the prophet's chamber, his wives and concubines; let her see his adulteries, and hear him allege revelation and his divine commission to justify his oppression and lust. When reason is tired with this scene, then shew her the blessed Jesus,—humble and meek,—going about doing good to the sons of men—patiently instructing both the ignorant and perverse. Let her see Him in his secret retreats—let her follow Him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to his God. Carry her to his table to view his poor face, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her see Him injured, but not provoked. Let her attend Him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to the cross, and let her view Him in the agonies of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" When reason hath viewed both, ask her whether the prophet of God!—But her answer we have already heard, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion, who attended at the cross; by him she spoke, and said, "Truly this was the Son of God."

Truly the Saviour is deserving of our imitation. O what sweetness, what purity of manners, what fidelity in all the relations of life! as a child, subject, as a master, as a teacher as a friend as a more than father to his disciples! What a supreme command over the passions of human nature! How superior to all the temptations of avarice, and pride, and ambition! How meek, how patient amid injuries! when he is struck on the right cheek, he turns the left to the smiter! He suffers, as a lamb before the slaughter, and as a sheep, dumb before her shearers, so he opened not his mouth. And in a period of all the most horrible circumstances, when he expires in agony on the cross of Calvary when he is crucified, reviled, execrated by a whole nation; when, by a miracle, and a return of extraordinary virtue, he could have been under such circumstances, he Saviour mildly and energetically raises his voice to Heaven in behalf of his murderers, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

But however strongly we admire the character of our Lord Jesus Christ—however faithfully, however sincerely we endeavor to imitate that character we are not to forget the *atonement* as stated as a *sacrifice* for the sins of men. Let us remember that He lived and died, not merely to set us a pattern of holy living, but by his active and passive righteousness to make expiation for the sins of the whole world. Let us take Christ for our *pattern*, but oh! let us not disown Him as our *priest*.

Unitarians talk much of Christ living and dying as an *exemplar*, to set us an example of patience, and forbearance, and justice; but they say nothing of his death, as an *expiatory sacrifice*. On the subject of the *atonement* of the Lord Jesus, they are most basely, most criminally silent. We ask, is it due that the furnishing us with a glorious example was one end of the coming of Christ into the world, but not the grand end; it was; a *subordinate* end, but not the *ultimate*. He came into the world to save that which was lost. "He died the just for the unjust that he might bring us to God." May God preserve us from the prevalent error of denying the atonement of Christ. Other errors may bruise the heel, but the tendency of this is to stab Christianity to the heart, inasmuch as it deprives us of the choicest benefit of the death of Christ, viz. the expiation of guilt. Yes! Christ was wounded, not merely to teach us patience and disinterestedness, but *for our transgressions* he was bruised *for our iniquities*. He tasted death *for, or in the room of* every man.

Christian brethren! How greatly blessed are we under the dispensation of Christ. We have a perfect example before us. The Heathen had no such example. They might have looked to their Aristotle, or their Socrates, or Zeno, or Diogenes, and they would have observed men tainted with faults and inconsistencies. We have a perfect example before us. When we are in perplexities, let us ask ourselves, how did Christ act in such situations? and let us act in a similar manner. Let us set the Lord Jesus always before us. Let us run with patience, the race before us, looking unto Jesus. In our running, let this be the goal before us. Let us *look unto Jesus*.—*Living Age*

LIBERIA HERALD.

MONROVIA, LIBERIA, JUNE 4, 1847.

We have heard with much sorrow that the natives in the interior will suffer and indeed are at present suffering from an unprecedented scarcity of provisions. This is owing to the sickliness of the weather. Last season in the month in which there is usually very dry weather there was so much rain as to prevent them from burning their farms. We are pleased however to be able to say, we can help them in the way of African bread stuff: such as Cassado, Potatoes, Rice &c. &c. Of these articles we have an abundant supply—enough for ourselves and some to spare to our neighbors

PALM OIL.

The low price of Camwood having rendered it a rather heavy article of commerce has operated favorably on the industry of the *natives* in this part of our Commonwealth. Although Palm Oil has been for many years one of the chief articles of export from Western Africa, until this season none worth mentioning has been produced in this part of our Commonwealth; but Camwood failing the *natives* have turned to the all-prolific Palm Tree, and more has been purchased in around this settlement within the last three months than in any three previous years. It will be seen a few lines above that we have rendered the word "natives" conspicuous by putting it in italics. This we have done with a view of awakening attention. How much we would ask has been made by Americans? Hills can be counted by score; can they not climb a palm tree? Cannot they wield the pestle? Is the labor which the native African proverbially lethargic, which he has to be coaxed fully and voluntarily undergo, too hard for American muscle? Are the returns too poor for those who *say* they can find nothing to do? Or the employment too mean for those who go about idle? Palm Oil is in great demand at from thirty to forty cents a gallon; trees are growing by thousands in our forests; idlers are going by scores in the streets in the different settlements, and all the Oil which is sold is produced by native! Remarks kindred to these we have frequently thrown out, but we now earnestly ask the attention of all classes of our citizens to this subject. It is probable that just at this time, Camwood being a heavy article in the Market, and Oil scarce and high from the great demand, these remarks will find favour with many, who under other circumstances would regard them as being penned only to fill up a space. From the great competition in the Oil trade at the leeward such persons perhaps, find their operations embarrassed and their profits reduced, they are consequently ready to deplore the idleness of the Americans in not producing those articles they wish to export. If the competition be lessens

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