LEILA ADA OR THE JEWISH CONVERT.

From the sure word of prophecy, we have reason to expect the conversion of the Jews, at no very distant period. No great number, indeed, has yet been brought to acknowledge the long rejected Messiah. Instances, however, are from time to time occurring, which serve to awaken the zeal and quicken the activity of the people of God, on their behalf. A most beautiful example we have, in the case of the remarkable female whose name stands at the head of this article. A more interesting book, than one lately published under the title of Leila Ada or the Jewish convert, it has scarcely ever been our privilege to peruse. The character delineated seems almost too perfect to be expected, in the present state of our wrecked humanity. We might be ready to conclude that it was an ideal picture, rather than a reality, even not the materials drawn from her own diary. She was, indeed, a plant too etherial to be long confined to the ungenial soil of this terrestrial region, and therefore destined soon to be transplanted to the paradise above. What Cooper says of happiness might be appropriately applied to her.

"'Tis an exotic of celestial truth, and blossoms only in celestial earth. The infant days of Leila were passed on a romantic and secluded sport, in Cornwall in England, to which her father had retired after the death of his wife. He had married when he was twenty-five years of age. The union was most happy, being the result of warm mutual affection. He and the partner of his choice seemed to be kindred spirits. When three years after their marriage a lovely daughter was born to them, their earthly felicity seemed to be complete. But, ah! how transitory is all terrestrial bliss. In two years more he is compelled to witness the eyes of his beloved partner closed in death. His grief seemed insupportable. Often did he wish, that he and his infant child were laid also, in the lonesomeness of the grave. In process of time the loveliness of his infant daughter gradually unfolds itself. The charm in his heart begins to be filled up. His whole heart is bound up in his child, his whole time is employed for her improvement and gratification, he seemed only to live for her, she is, as he himself expressed it, the very soul of his existence. This tenderness and care of her parent were beautifully reciprocated by Leila. Her whole heart is intent to promote the happiness of her dear father, and she studies by all means to administer to his enjoyment.

The talents of Leila were of a high order and the qualities of her heart were not inferior to those of her mind. She possessed great amiableness of disposition. She was naturally of a reflective and retired turn of mind. She loved, as she herself expresses it, to spend her time in her dear closet alone, with her book and her pen. She possessed an invincible regard to truth, which determined her to pursue it, whatever sacrifices it should cost her. She easily discovered an intense concern about the salvation of her soul. A prayer penned by her at the completion of her thirteenth year, is truly wonderful. The rules laid down by her, for the regulation of her life, discover a character the most estimable. She had read the Talmud, but had too much penetration not to see, and too much truthfulness not to acknowledge, its puerilities and obsceneties. She was determined to make the majestic Scriptures, as she called them, the subject of her daily study. From their perusal she was led to conclude, that the appearance of the Messiah was probably near. Although earnestly seeking salvation, she seems, at this time, to have been in much darkness and distress, in regard to the way of salvation.

Leila was eighteen years of age, and her father determined to visit with her the Holy Land. The prospect of this filled her with the most delightful emotions. Her anticipations of pleasure are beautifully expressed, in a letter written to a friend, just before leaving England. "I love the East," says she, "it has always been the sweetest spot in my imagination. All my anticipations are in joyous excercise. I shall be fired by the loneliness of the ocean, the stirring excitements of new scenes, the romantic and historial associations connected with the places through which I pass, their variety of manner, customs, and costumes, the shores and hoary mountains which border upon the sea, the sublime solitariness of the wildly beautiful isles of the blue Ægean and a host of adventures and pleasurable situations. At every step I shall be furnished with materials for thought and reflection.

Her religious concern however, was by no means abated. Witness her language. "For a while then I must leave thee my much loved C.——The green sward on which I have so often sported, the groves which have so often rung with my wild and girlish joy, the sweet river, whose constant changes and whose lulling murmurs give a sweet variety and music to the scene, and ye my lovely flowers, whose culture has so often engaged my attention and led me to look "to him whose sun exalts, whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints; yes, I must leave you all. Shall I ever again behold you? A stray tear flows down my cheek. Welcome drop! I would on no account forego thy pleasure. The passions when acted upon in a manner both pure and innocent are sources of deep delight.

Thou Infinite Eternal go with me. I visit that land, which has in a special manner been visited by the exhibition of thy miraculous power, the land in which our fathers worshipped. Oh! that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion. When God bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice and Israel shall be glad.

I am sensible of my sinfulness; I am unworthy of the slightest mark of favour from thy hand, but cast me not utterly from thy presence. Save me O God by thy name; take not thy Holy Spirit from me; thou deniest no other sacrifice than that of a broken spirit and a contrite heart, this I offer thee. Dispel the cloud that affects my soul, enable me to rejoice in thy salvation and evermore glorify thee in my body and spirit, life and conversation."

She also records the blessed effects, upon her, of reading the Old Testament Scriptures, her determination to peruse them still more diligently and, also, her resolution to examine the New Testament, that she might know upon what ground the Christians built their hopes. Thus she took that step which led to her conversion.

Leila now in company with her father, left London for Ostand to proceed to the Holy Land. Thence they pursued their way to Cologne and then to Switzerland. Some time they spent in visiting the sublime Alpine scenery, and the neighbourhood of the lovely Genevan Lake. This deeply interested the mind of Leila and called forth some of the beautiful productions of her gifted pen. Her mind however, was ever elevated from nature to its great Author, from the creature to the Creator. We can only quote to a very limited extent.—"I find these scenes" says she of "inestimable value in stirring me up to a deeper acquaintance with the word of God, and also in enlarging my views and conceptions of his majesty, power, greatnes and love." Nor was her concern for her spiritual interests at all abated amid the contemplation of the sublime and beautiful scenery presented to her view. Prevented from enjoying true peace, through the cold and comfortless influences of Judaism, how powerfully does her condition awaken our sympathy. "What can I do" says she "all the curses of Gods laws seem impendig over me, my soul is earthly; the heavens reveal my iniquity; and God is a just God, but he is also inexhaustible in mercy. He is a being all love. O that I and my sins may be swallowed up in its pure unsearchable sea. O thou Eternal, I appeal to thee if I do not love thee with my whole heart, thou knowest that with all my soul I desire to serve thee.

I can scarcely write for weeping. Often I spend the night watches restless and watering my couch with my terrs. I am in a strait of bitter darkness—darkness which may be felt, I know not the way of salvation. In the Talmud I have no faith, I can have no faith. The more I read the lively Scriptures, the more clearly do I perceive, that that book is altogether a fabrication of man. I can believe nothing else; nay more, I feel that for worlds I could not insult God by imputing it to him, or supposing that he had any thing to do with its being written. And the Mosaic law I cannot fulfil, it is impossible to me and all my nation. Lord help me and save me. O that thou wouldest have compassion on my woeful state and teach me what to do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WIDE AWAKE.—An "Early Rising Association" has just been formed (says the *Sunderland Herald*) in the thriving and populous town of Middlesbro'. All the members are bound, under penalties, not to be in bed after half-past five o'clock, A. M.

AN ENIGMATICAL ACCOUNT.

A bill of which the following is a copy, was lately presented to a reverend gentleman officiating in a rural district, who was indebted to the writer for a wheelbarrow:

Rev.——.Dr. to Wm.——,	s.	d.
To a wooden barrow and a wood'n do.	4	6
To a wooden barrow and a wood do.	4	6
	4	6

As the gentleman had only incurred a debt for one barrow, he was surprised to find himself apparently debited in the bill for four, and his puzzle was rather increased than diminshed by the total being only equal to a single item. Upon inquiry, however, it turned out that the account was a kind of specimen of rustic phonography, which, translated, meant that the writer had made a wooden barrow which wouldn't do, and a second which did do, and which alone he had charged for.—*Bath Journal.*

SHIPWRECK AND MELANCHOLY LOSS OF LIFE.

Captain Spillane, of the Barque *Pallas*, 360 Tons burthen, of and from Cork bound to Quebec, reached Town on Wednesday last, from St. Paul's Island, where he had suffered shipwreck, and the total loss of his vessel. We have obtained from himself the particulars of the melancholy casualty, whereby 72 lives were lost. They are in brief as follows:

The Barque sailed from Cork on the 28th of April last, with 126 passengers, bound to Quebec. Nothing of moment occurred during the voyage up to the day of the catastrophe. The Captain had "sighted," during the morning of the 30th May, ult., the North eastern coast of Cape Breton, and the Island of St. Paul's. In the afternoon of that day, at about 6 o'clock he discovered that the compasses in the binnacle, varied, the one from the other, and both from the "Tell-tale," in the Cabin—there being too points of difference between the two former, and one point between one of them and the "Tell-tale." Two spare compasses were next tried, but they also proved incorrect. The Captain next tested the Tell-tale, with an azimuth Compass, which he found to correspond;—and thereupon corrected the courses, steered from noon from the Compass in the binnacle, and shaped a course between Cape North and St. Paul's Island. About 10 o'clock, same evening, heard the report of a Gun, whereupon efforts were made to bring the ship to the wind; but she had reached the breakers, and immediately struck. Every hope of getting her clear of the rock having vanished, the Captain ordered the life boat to be lowered from the "davits," with the hope and expectation of landing all on board in safety, on a large rock, within sight, and towards which the sea presented a favorable surface, by which it was hoped that could be effected; but many of the panic stricken passengers, with the thoughtlessness too often exhibited on similar occasions of danger, rushed into the boat, whilst yet in the davits, when, by the pressure and violence thus used, one of the ringbolts broke, and the poor souls who had thus secured a lodgement in the boat were precipitated into the sea, and were drowned. By this accident every prospect of reaching land was cut off; the boat, however, was cleared from the davits during the night, and the two mates reached the land in it.—The ship being now bilged, she lay over on one side,—the sea occasionally washing over her, and in its fury carrying off from the wreck many of those who were clinging to it. In the morning, at day light, the Superintendent of the Island sent off the boats, which, with the one in charge of the mates, took safely to land all those who remained. The captain had a narrow escape with his life, and lost all his personal property.—Upon counting the number saved, SEVENTY TWO souls were found to be missing—including several women and children—who had all met a watery grave. Only six bodies had been recovered when Captain Spillane left the Island—those of three seamen, and three passengers—which were buried under the direction of himself, and the Superintendent, Mr. Campbell, of the latter whose kindness those saved make honorable mention. A vessel has left this for the Island, to take the master and crew, and Passengers, on to Quebec.

It would pain the hearts of the most hardened to hear from captain Spillane even a tithe of the scenes and sufferings of that dreadful night. We fervently hope that himself, his crew, and passengers, may safely reach Quebec, without further accident.

ANECDOTE OF COLERIDGE.—At a dinner party at Mr. Canning's, Coleridge, in his usual manner, monopolized the conversation, making Spain the text of about a three hours sermon. He gave a sketch of the Moors; was very pathetic over the fall of Boabdil; elaborately described the Alhambra; epitomized Don Quixotte; quoted nearly half of Caldron and Lope de Vega; drew a vivid picture of Ferdinand and Isabella; denounced their neglect of Columbus, and hastily recapitulated the Peninsular War, including a few bull fights, *auto da fe's*, &c. At length he concluded by saying, "All these reflections rose to my mind in consequence of my meeting, on my way to this hospitable mansion, two of those gallant soldiers, the Life Guards, who fought in the Spanish war under the immortal Wellington."

Hook exclaimed across the table, "what an escape we have had; only suppose if *Coleridge had met the regiment!*"

THE USES OF ICE.—The French doctors have discovered that ice is safer and better to use in surgical operations than chloroform. By the application of pounded ice and common salt to the diseased parts, thus causing numbness and insensibility, a surgeon lately succeeded in removing a large tumor, without giving the patient any pain, and occasioning very little loss of blood. The only inconvenience was, that the doctor froze his fingers.

THE DAY OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—Tuesday, the fourth day of November next, being the Tuesday after the first Monday of that month, is the day on which the people throughout the entire country will cast their votes for electors of President of the United States. It will be the most memorable contest that has ever marked the politics of that country.

THE FRENCH MINISTER had complained to Mr. Marcy of the receipt of an insulting anonymous letter on the envelope of which was the seal of the State Department. Mr. Marcy disavowed all knowledge or responsibility concerning the letter. The author, who was a clerk in a government office relieved both parties of their embarrassment by making himself known and at once resigning his situation.

But few men die of old age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression, "choked with passion," has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young; weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with body, so it is with mind and temper. The strong are apt to break down, or, like the candle to run; the wick burns out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have usually their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years, the ox fifteen or twenty, the lion about twenty; the dog ten to twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig six to seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size.

When the cartilaginous parts of the bone become ossified, the bone ceases to grow. This takes place in man at about twenty years on an average; in the camel at eight; in the horse at five; in the ox at four; in the lion at four; in the dog at two; in the cat at eighteen months in the rabbit at twelve; in the guinea-pig at seven. Five or six times these numbers give the term of life; five is pretty near the average; some animals greatly exceed it. But man, of all the animals is the one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are a hundred, but instead of that he scarcely reaches on the average four times his growing period; whilst the dog reaches six times; the cat six times; the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious. Man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*