

WISDOM IN MINIATURE;

OR THE

Young Gentleman and Lady's

MAGAZINE.

BEING A COLLECTION OF SENTENCES

DIVINE AND MORAL.



“Train up a child in the way he should go,
and when he is old he will not depart
from it.”



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WISDOM
IN
MINIATURE.



USEFUL knowledge can have no enemies, except the ignorant:—It cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

But as those who eat most are not always the fattest, so those who read much have not always the most knowledge—they sink under a mul-

titude of ideas, and resemble the ancient Gauls, who being too heavily armed, became useless in battle.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters ; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up, and meet you.

But as there is nothing good or evil, but virtue or vice ; so that knowledge is of all things the most precious, which guides us in the paths of truth, piety, and righteousness.

From the creatures of God let man learn wisdom, and

apply to himself the instruction they give. Go to the desert, my son! Observe the young stork of the wilderness, let him speak to thy heart: he beareth on his wings his aged sire, he lodgeth him in safety, and supplieth him with food.

The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia, offered to the sun; yea, more delicious than odors, wafted from a field of Arabian spices, by the Western gales.

Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life, and to thy mother, for she sustaineth thee.

Hear the words of his

mouth, for they are spoken
for thy good—give ear to his
admonition, for it proceed-
eth from love.

He hath watched for thy
welfare, he hath toiled for thy
ease, do honor therefore to his
age, and let not his grey hairs
be treated with irreverance :
Indulge the infirmities of thy
aged parents—Assist and sup-
port them in the decline of
life.

So shall thy hoary head go
down to the grave in peace—
and thine own children, in
reverence of thy example,
shall repay thy piety with fil-
ial love.

As the whirlwind in its fu-

ry teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of nature ; or, as an earthquake in its convulsions overturneth cities ; so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him ; danger and destruction wait on his hand.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of anger ; it is whetting a sword to wound thine own breast, or murder thy friend.

Harbor not revenge in thy breast—it will torment thy heart and disorder its best inclinations.

On the heels of folly treadeth shame : at the back of anger standeth remorse.

Be always more ready to forgive than to return an injury.

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed to thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall feel rest, and thy mind shall not reproach thee.

As the reed is shaken by the breath of the air, so the shadow of evil maketh the timorous man afraid.

But the terrors even of death, are no terrors to the good:—He that committeth no evil, hath nothing to fear.

—He is prepared to meet

all events with an equal mind.

Terrify not thy soul with vain fears, neither let thy heart sink within thee from the phantoms of imagination.

For as the ostrich, when pursued, hideth his head, but forgetteth his body; so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.

A noble spirit sees undismayed, all visionary dangers.

As a rock on the sea shore he standeth firm, and the dashing of the waters disturbeth him not.

In the instant of danger, the courage of his heart sustaineth him; and the steady

ness of his mind beareth him out.

As a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman, so a decent behaviour is the greatest ornament of wisdom.

A wicked son is a reproach to his father ; but he that doeth right is an honor to his grey hairs.

He shall rise like a cedar above the trees of the mountains.

My son ! now in thy youth attend to instruction, and season thy mind with the maxims of truth.

Learn obedience to thy parents, & they shall bless thee.

Learn modesty, and thou shalt not be ashamed.

Learn gratitude, and thou shalt receive benefits : Learn charity, and thou shalt gain love.

Learn prudence, and fortune will attend thee : Learn temperance, and thou shalt have health. Learn fortitude, and it will support thee under thy allotted portion of human evil.

There shall no evil happen to the just ; but the wicked cometh to shame.

The wise will hear and will increase in learning ;— but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

Peace and length of days is the portion of the righteous ; but shame shall be the transgressor's reward.

The memory of the just is blessed ; but the name of the wicked shall rot.

The wise in heart shall receive commandments ; but a prating fool shall fall.

Wise men lay up knowledge—but a rod is for the back of him that is void of understanding.

He that diligently seeketh good procureth favor ; but he that seeketh mischief, it shall come to him.

Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruc-

tion—but he that regardeth reproof shall be honored.

That man enjoys a heaven upon earth, whose mind moves in charity, rests in Providence, and turns upon the poles of truth & wisdom.

Charity is the offspring of the skies ;—Wherever she fixes her abode, happiness is there.

No character is so glorious, none more attractive of universal admiration and respect, than that of helping those who are in no condition to help themselves.

He that easeth the miserable of their burden, shall hear many blessing him : e

who giveth to the poor, shall never want treasure.

Men of the noblest dispositions, think themselves happiest, when others share with them in their happiness.

When the widow's heart is sunk, and she imploreth thy assistance with tears of sorrow, O pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to her relief.

As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon the earth by the hand of spring; as the kindness of summer produceth to perfection the beauties of harvest; so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

Virtue is amiable in an aged person, though wrinkled and deformed; but vice is hateful in a young person, though comely and beautiful.

The tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dew drops, falling from roses on the bosom of the earth.

When thou seest the naked wanderers of the street, shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation; let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter them from death—that thine own soul may live.

Happy is the man who hath sown in his breast the seed of benevolence;—the

produce thereof shall be charity and love.

Nothing is more despicable, or more miserable, than the old age of a passionate man. When the vigor of youth fails him, and his amusements pall with frequent repetition, his occasional rage sinks by decay of strength, into peevishness; that peevishness for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; his acquaintances shun him; and he is left to devour his own heart in solitude and contempt.

Passionate persons are like men who stand on their

heads, they see all things the wrong way.

Anger is a vice that carries with it neither pleasure nor profit, neither honor nor security.

True quietness of heart is got by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

Quietness and peace flourish where reason and justice govern—and true joy reigneth where modesty resideth.

Contention is a vice of such a cast, that it debases God's image which is stamped upon our nature, making us rather resemble demons, than human creatures.

Be rather confidently bold,
 than foolishly timorous ; —

For many perish through
 fear.

Friendship is the dearest of
 all social ties, and adds the
 highest relish to our enjoy-
 ments.

As the lion becomes enrag-
 ed at viewing his own hi-
 deous shadow in the water, —

So could we see how pas-
 sion's dreadful storm,
 And madding fury all our
 souls deform ;

Erase God's image planted in
 our breast,

And change the man into a
 savage beast ;

We should abhor ourselves,
the shape difown,
And hate the fiend that put
our likeness on.

Remember thy frailty——
yet a little while, and thou
must sink into thy grave.

He who would avoid for-
row must be wary in his steps.
He who would shun misfor-
tune, must take wisdom for
his companion.

Forfake not wisdom and
she shall preserve thee.

Beware of vice, whose em-
pire will control,
The native freedom of a gen-
erous soul ;

Avoid her snares, where cer-
 tain mischiefs wait,
 Nor rush unthinking on def-
 tructive fate.

All thou certainly know-
 est of death is, that it putteth
 an end to thy sorrows.

Think not the longest life
 the happiest ; if it is well
 spent, thou shalt rejoice after
 death, in the advantages of it.

Be good, and in your vir-
 tuous actions live.—For vir-
 tue shall resist death's tyrant
 sway, And bloom and flour-
 ish in eternal day.

Felicity dwels not with
 princes ; she is not the guest
 of the great ones of the earth.

She has long since fled from palaces, and retired to the scenes of simple nature, to dwell in rural quiet, and become the companion of the harmless village swain.

The shepherd's boy, though poor, is reconciled;—He rises in health, and lies down in happiness.—The sun is now set—He has folded his flock, and returns home whistling over the plain,—He lives happy in rural simplicity, and in the enjoyment of his wishes, because all his wishes are moderate.

Yet not there alone does she reside: Would you trace her dwelling, you must fol-

low the foot-steps of content,
and the track will lead you to
her peaceful mansion.

But forget not, that as con-
tent is never to be found, ex-
cept in the paths of virtue, if
you deviate from her ways,
you must never expect to find
the road to happiness—you
will become a wanderer, and
the hope of your pilgrimage
will be lost.

The state of no human be-
ing can be determined till
death closes the scene ; and
the last end of the good only
can be happy.—Emulate their
virtues, and doubtless, you
will share in their felicity.

For as the silk-worm in due

time taketh wing, & mounts
into the air ; so the souls of
the just, when called hence,
shall take the wings of the
morn—and ascend into heav-
en.

E N D.

HYMNS.



HYMN I.

COME, let us praise God,
for he is exceeding great ; let
us bless God, for he is very
good.

He made all things ; the
sun to rule the day, the moon
to shine by night.

He made the great whale,
and the elephant ; and the
little worm that crawleth on
the ground.

The little birds sing prai-
ses to God, when they war-
ble sweetly in the green
shade.

The brooks and rivers
praise God, when they mur-

mur melodiously amongst the
smooth pebbles.

I will praise God with my
voice : for I may praise him,
though I am but a little child.

A few years ago, and I was
a little infant, and my tongue
was dumb within my mouth :

And I did not know the
great name of God, for my
reason was not come unto
me.

But now I can speak, and
my tongue shall praise him ;
I can think of all his kindness,
and my heart shall love him.

Let him call me, and I will
come unto him ; let him
command, and I will obey
him.

When I am older, I will
praise him better ; and I will
never forget God, so long as
my life remaineth in me.

HYMN II.

COME, let us go forth into
the fields, let us see how the
flowers spring, let us listen to
the warbling of the birds, and
sport upon the new grass.

The winter is over and
gone, the buds come out up-
on the trees, the crimson blof-
soms of the peach and the
nectarine are seen, and the
green leaves sprout.

The hedges are bordered
with tufts of primroses, and
yellow cowslips that hang

down their heads ; and the blue violet lies hid beneath the shade.

The young gossings are running upon the green, they are just hatched, their bodies are covered with yellow down ; the old his with anger if any one comes near. The hen sits upon her nest of straw, she watches patiently the full time, then she carefully breaks the shell, and the young chickens come out.

The lambs just dropt are in the field, they totter by the side of their dams, their young limbs can hardly support their weight.

If you fall little lambs, you

will not be hurt ; there is spread under you a carpet of soft grass, it is spread on purpose to receive you.

The butterflies flutter from bush to bush, and open their wings to the warm sun.

The young animals of every kind are sporting about, they feel themselves happy, they are glad to be alive, they thank him that has made them alive.

They may thank him in their hearts, but we can thank him with our tongues ; we are better than they, and can praise him better.

The birds can warble, and the young lambs can bleat ;

but we can open our lips in his praise, we can speak of all his goodness.

Therefore we will thank him for ourselves, and we will thank him for those who cannot speak.

Trees that blossom, and little lambs that skip about, if you could, you would say how good he is; but you are dumb; we will say it for you.

We will not offer you in sacrifice, but we will offer sacrifice for you, on every hill, and in every green field, we will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and the incense of praise.

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