

widely from the point where they begin, and no one spoke to interrupt me, I went on to think what is the real extent of charity that christian principle may demand of any one. It is immediately perceptible that it cannot be to do away the distinctions Providence has made, and throw from us the advantages and indulgences Providence has given, and disable ourselves to support the expenditure required by our station, itself a means of dispersing wealth, and averting poverty from the industrious. A limit, therefore, there must be to every one's liberality. But can that limit be within the point where a case of real want presents itself, and the possessor of wealth can command, without injustice or injury to any one, something to bestow? I was just entering in thought upon this wide field of rumination, when the servant announced the arrival of a vender of certain rare articles of dress and curious wares from abroad—things as pleasant to the eye of taste as to that of vanity. The vender was willingly admitted. Every thing was examined, many things were wished for, a few things were purchased. Mamma bought some ornaments for her table—the eldest girl bought some ivory winders for her thread, much prettier than the wooden ones she had in use before—Juba bought a gilded buckle to fasten her waistband. These things were all very pretty—not very extravagant in price—harmless indulgences of taste—the produce of some one's industry—the superfluity the Creator has provided means for, and, therefore, cannot disapprove. But they were all necessary? The one lady had added nothing to her influence or respectability by the ornaments for her table—the second lady had added nothing to her comfort or happiness by exchanging wooden winders for ivory ones—the third lady had added nothing to her grace or beauty by a new buckle for her waistband—Therefore, I said within myself, their words and their actions do not consist. They said there was nothing for which they so much valued wealth as to distribute it to the necessitous. That was not true—they preferred to spend it on themselves. They said they had not any money to spare, though they felt strongly the claim that was made on them. That was not true—they could spare money the first time they felt inclined.

Had these people said they had given in charity as large a portion of their income as they thought it their duty to deprive themselves of, and could give no more, it had been well, and whether right or wrong, they had spoken honestly; but inasmuch as they said they wished to give, and regretted they could not, their words and their deeds were not consistent.

EVENING WALK BY THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

As we approached the cottage where they resided, agreeably to our previous determination, we separated; my companion "went on his way," while I turned aside into a church-yard, which seemed to invite me to repose. I entered it accordingly, and, fatigued with my walk, threw my "listless length" beside a grave which was shaded from the heat.

"It was a spot for meditation framed."

Here rested, after the toils and trials, the joys and amusements of life, the generations of by-gone years. Here many an aching head had found at last the ease it had so long sought in

vain; and here many a heart, buoyant with anticipation, had ceased, unwilling, to beat! As I looked around me, I observed that several had been recently interred; that "bed of earth" which lent me its support, appeared to hide the remains of one who, for ages, had been numbered with the dead. The grass grew rank upon it, affording me no unrefreshing pillow, while the gentle inclination of the grave permitted me to enjoy the magnificent prospect. The highest ranges of the Alps "lifted their awful forms," and "swelled from the vales" before me. The sun shone on them still warm, and with a dazzling splendour; but they reared their heads as if callous to his beams. Snows which had been accumulating, probably, from the day in which the first fluke descended on them, after the ark had rested on Ararat, and would increase to that in which "the earth and all that is therein shall be burnt up," presented an impenetrable barrier. In the distance, however their immediate neighbourhood might chill, they were pleasing objects—grateful mementos of Him "who laid the foundations of the world," and whom, through the riches of abounding and unmerited mercy, I was enabled to call "my God." O sweet, but humbling! humbling, but sweet reflection!

His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers: his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted
mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plan'd, and built, and still upholds a
world,
So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man?"

Beside me stood a row of spreading yew trees, which some kind hand, long since, mouldered into dust, had planted, to shed no baleful influence over the sleep of those they shaded. They grew in rich luxuriance, and often on the Sabbath morn had they lent their friendly covert to the peasant waiting for the hour of prayer. The scene is still fresh in my recollection, and memory fondly returns to it.

Here, thought I, has a Farrel, a Calvin, a Beza, spoken in his Saviour's name! Within these hallowed walls, snatched by their undaunted zeal from the vain superstitions of Popery, have they proclaimed the tidings of salvation. Here has many a soul been melted by their entreaties—many a bosom glowed with gratitude to God and them—many a drooping spirit been revived by exhortation from their lips—and many a "mourner in Zion looked up" and beheld his "redemption drawing nigh!" And within these consecrated precincts "sleeps in Jesus" many a saint turned by their instrumentality "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God!" O what a day of triumph will be the day of the resurrection to the followers of the Lamb! But can tongue paint its horrors to him who shall not have died "the death of the righteous!" O sinner, sinner, wilt thou not be warned? Wilt thou run headlong on everlasting perdition? Will neither tears nor prayers check thy ruinous career. If not,

"Upon the noiseless wing of time,
Away thy years unnotic'd steal;
Nor car'st thou—thou shalt reach a clime,
That to thy wonder shall reveal
The value of that desecrated rest
Thou must lie down in, at thy God's behest.
Rest—no; 'tis but the stillness of the tomb;
A fearful, wide, impenetrable gloom,
Wherein that form shall moulder; such the sleep
That no glad host, no minist'ring angels keep."

While I was occupied in meditations of this nature, a little girl came into the inclosure, and began to look with much earnestness apparently for something she had lost. I watched her in silence for a few minutes, and then in a familiar tone entered into conversation. "Have you lost any thing, my little girl?" Without giving a direct answer to my question, and with her eyes still intent on the ground, she replied,—

"Have you found my halfpenny?"
"No; have you lost one?"
"Yes."
"When did you lose it?"
"This evening, a little while ago."
"How did that happen?"
"I was playing under the trees, and when I went home I found my halfpenny gone; and I'm come back to look for it."
"Why, that's a sad affair to be sure; but you need not be in great distress about it."
"O yes, I need because I have only one or two more."
"Well, well; but perhaps I could repair your loss?"

"Aye?"
"Could not I give you another instead of it?"
"I don't know."
"I think I could; let us see."

I here took out my purse, and calling her to me, put a few halfpence into her hand. She thanked me, curtsied, and then, returning to the yew-tree, resumed her search for the one she had lost, which she seemed to regret as an old acquaintance, leaving me at liberty to consider her. My little companion appeared from her stature to be about five or six years old, perhaps between six and seven. Her countenance was intelligent, and her lively blue eye told me I was communing with one whose understanding was beyond her age. Withal, she was decently dressed.

Having now, by my trifling gratuity, secured her attention and good will, I proceeded:

"Where do you live?"
"Just by the church, over the little river," stooping down and pointing, she added, "yonder, beside the trees."

"O that's your house, is it?"
"Yes."
"Are your father and mother alive?"
"My mother's alive, but my father's dead."
"Have you any brothers or sisters?"
"I have one little sister."
"How does your mother get her livelihood?"
"She works, and has besides something from the church."
"O, she lives pretty well, then."
"Well enough."
"Does she work all day?"
"Yes."
"Does she never rest?"

"O to be sure, she rests. She rests in the evening, and when we are at our meals, and at night when we go to bed."