

This is the difference here, and what must it be in eternity?

"A constant course of sinning and repenting will not make us acceptable either to God or man. Repentance must be followed by amendment, or it will be of no avail in either case. Indeed, repentance cannot be sincere, unless it be followed by amendment. We may be sorry for the punishment; but if we were really grieved for the sin, we should not be frequently repeating it. Let me beg you then, dearest Anna, as you value your own peace of mind now, the love of others here, or happiness hereafter, to think seriously of your ways, and pray for grace to amend them before it be too late. O seek the promised influences of the Holy Spirit, to enlighten and guide your mind, and he shall take of the things of Christ, and show them unto you. Christ will thus lead you through youth, and to the end of life, wherever that may be. I need not tell you that your being a school girl does not make you too young to die. And let us beware, my dearest girl, how we make any excuse to ourselves, that we dare not offer at the bar of God."

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE OF A SPARROW.

I need not inform my readers that the common sparrow is a species of bird which commands the least attention, either for its plumage or its note; but after the perusal of the following anecdote, it may ever be looked upon with admiration, when we consider how useful were the services of one of them in the cause of charity and benevolence.

Madame Helvetius, the amiable consort of the celebrated French writer of that name, had a singular attachment to birds. At her country residence, at Auteuil, she had a large aviary, to which she devoted her attention, and in which she kept a vast number of birds of every description. Indeed she had made the feathered race so much her study, that she was perfectly acquainted with every species of them. It must not be inferred from this that Madame Helvetius was one of those beings, of whom there are many to be found, who devote that time and attention to objects of the brute creation, which ought to be bestowed upon the indigent of their fellow creatures. She was one of those whose hand and heart were ever open to the cries of misery and distress, and on whose bosom were often poured the blessings of those on whom she had bestowed her liberality in the time of need. For her natural graces, the charms of her society, and her gentle and beneficent disposition, she acquired a celebrity, which caused her to be universally admired amongst all classes of those who knew her.

It was her custom, in accordance with the manners of the circle in which she moved, to visit the metropolis for a few months in the year, and the time she generally resided to Paris was in the month of January. In that rigorous winter of 1788, which will be remembered in France, both for its severity and long continuance, Madame Helvetius found enough to occupy her in assisting the unfortunate who resided around her, for whose sufferings her sympathizing heart felt most keenly. Her fondness for birds, likewise, caused her, notwithstanding the rigour of the cold, every morning to sweep away the snow from off a part of the terrace before her house, and with her own hand to feed the large flocks of sparrows which regularly repaired thither.

It was on one of these occasions, while surrounded by a large number of her feathered visitors, that one of them flew upon her head, and afterwards perched familiarly on her finger. As cold and hunger often create tameness in the most timid creatures, Madame Helvetius felt not so much surprise as pity for her poor little refugee, but after warming and reanimating it by the fire, and seeing that it still continued perched on her arm, and flapped its wings without the least fear, she doubted no longer but that it was a private bird which had strayed from some house, and been attracted, like the others, by the grain thrown upon her terrace. It was not, however, her wish that he should pay for his familiarity by his liberty, and accordingly opening the window, the bird, expanding his wings, was instantly out of sight. The next morning, at the same time, the sparrow again appeared, and after hovering for a short time in the air, alighted upon her shoulder, Madame Helvetius was now surprised to see that the bird carried, suspended from its neck, a little bag, and her curiosity being excited, she quickly opened it, and found a piece of paper folded very closely, on which were written several lines, headed by a couplet from a poem of Racine. Underneath were a few words addressed to Madame Helvetius, indicating that a respectable family in her neighbourhood were suffering from want, and appealing to her benevolence for assistance. Not being able to resist an appeal brought by so sweet a messenger, she flew immediately to her escritoire, and taking from it a check on her banker for 600 francs, put it into the little bag, and taking the bird out upon the terrace, let him fly.

As might be expected, this charitable lady was lost in wonder and admiration. The means that could have been adopted to make the bird direct his flight towards her, to distinguish her, to perch upon her arm, and to choose her for the comforter of the unfortunate beings to whom he belonged, continually occupied her imagination. Several days passed away; Madame Helvetius thought incessantly of the singular occurrence. Sometimes, from the knowledge she had of the world, she feared she might have been made the subject of deception, knowing, that amongst those whom we assist, we often find those who abuse our confidence.

One morning, however, as she was engaged in feeding her birds, she again perceived the faithful sparrow, carrying at its neck the same little bag into which she had put the 600 francs. She concluded at first, that he had returned for more; but what was her surprise at finding a second note, informing her, that she had saved an industrious mechanic and a large family from starvation, and that the 600 francs would be returned as soon as the return of spring, and the work of their hands would enable them to acquit themselves of it. Madame Helvetius read this anonymous letter several times, and who can conceive the sweet emotions with which her heart was filled. She retained the interesting messenger for a short time, but conceiving the anxiety with which its owner would wait its return, she hastened to render him his liberty, having first enclosed a note in the little bag, in which she expressed her pleasure at what she had done, and begged them to consider it as a gift. From this time the bird returned no more, although Madame Helvetius watched incessantly for him. The severe frost having at last con-

ed, and the snow given way to the rays of the sun, which every day becoming stronger, announced that the spring was fast approaching.

On the 1st of May, Madame Helvetius set out for her mansion at Auteuil: there, whilst occupied in attending to her aviary, every time she looked upon a sparrow, which formed part of her rich collection, the singular circumstance which had happened in the winter returned to her thoughts. She ever afterwards felt a predilection for sparrows which she could not avoid.

Towards the middle of the summer some family affairs obliged her to return to the metropolis. Shortly after her arrival, as she was breathing the morning air on her terrace, she was delighted again to perceive the faithful sparrow, with the little bag hanging from his neck. On this occasion, however, the bird flew backwards and forwards, and appeared not to know her. It was in vain that she called, threw grains, and made a thousand caressing signs; nothing could induce him to approach her. Madame Helvetius conceived that it might be the change in her dress which caused the mistake, and hastening into her house, she resumed the dress she had worn in the winter, and again appeared on the terrace. Immediately the bird alighted upon her shoulder, expressing by all his actions, his confidence and his joy. Madame Helvetius immediately opened the bag, in which were a note of 600 francs, and a letter expressing their gratitude towards her, and begging to return the sum she had sent them. She was at first tempted to send back the money, but conceiving that it would deprive this worthy family of the pleasure they would feel, in having acquitted a sacred debt, after caressing the bird many times; she went upon the terrace, and letting him fly, endeavored to watch the direction of his flight, but the high trees in the garden soon hid him from her view.

A few days afterwards, as she was walking in the celebrated Jardin des Plantes, her favorite promenade, surrounded by several of her friends, the faithful little emissary, flying from the hand of a little girl, came and perched upon her shoulder. Madame Helvetius, covering him with kisses, expressed her surprise at finding him in a public garden. "Excuse me, Madam," said the little girl, running up, "that is my sister's sparrow." "And who is your sister, my dear girl," eagerly exclaimed Madame Helvetius. "That young woman whom you see yonder, near my father and mother," replied the little girl, "that sparrow belongs to her, and I can assure you she would not part with it for all the world." On saying these words, she pointed to a young woman about sixteen or seventeen years of age, of very interesting appearance, who, with joy and astonishment, informed her parents that their benefactress was near them.

Madame Helvetius was immediately surrounded by the father and mother of six children, who appeared overwhelmed with gratitude towards her. The eldest daughter, particularly, was so overcome, that it was some time before she could proffer a word. At length she informed her, that she was the daughter of a carpenter named Valmont; that her father, attacked with a severe illness, was prevented from working and providing for his family, who were soon brought to the greatest poverty and distress, exceedingly augmented by the severity of the winter, and that the sole name of Madame Helvetius had inspired her with the idea of procur-