

Boy. Thomas Hurdle.
 Gent. And what is yours?
 Boy. Peter, Sir.
 Gent. How old are you?
 Boy. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.
 Gent. How long have you been out in this field?
 Boy. Since six in the morning.
 Gent. And are you hungry?
 Boy. Yes; I shall go to my dinner soon.
 Gent. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?
 Boy. I don't know; I never had so much in my life.
 Gent. Have you no play things?
 Boy. What! play things! what are these?
 Gent. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, and tops.
 Boy. No, Sir; but our Tom makes foot balls, to kick in cold weather; and then I have a jumping pole, and a pair of stils to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broke.
 Gent. And do you want nothing else?
 Boy. No; I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to the field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town on errands; and that is as good as play you know.
 Gent. Well, but you would buy apples and ginger-bread at the town, I suppose, if you had money.
 Boy. O! I can eat apples at home; and as for ginger-bread, I don't mind it much, for my mammy gives me a pie now and then, and that is as good.
 Gent. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?
 Boy. I have one; here it is; brother Tom gave it me.
 Gent. Your shoes are full of holes; don't you want a better pair?
 Boy. I have a better pair for Sundays.
 Gent. But these let water in.
 Boy. O! I don't care for that.
 Gent. Your hat is torn too.
 Boy. I have a better at home; but I had rather have none at all, for it hurts my head.
 Gent. What do you do when it rains?
 Boy. If it rains hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.
 Gent. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?
 Boy. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.
 Gent. But if there are none?
 Boy. Then I do as well as I can; I work on, and never think of it.
 Gent. Are you not dry sometimes in this hot weather?
 Boy. Yes, but there is water enough.
 Gent. Why, my little fellow you are quite a philosopher.
 Boy. Sir.
 Gent. I say you are a philosopher, but I am sure you don't know what that means.
 Boy. No, Sir; no harm, I hope.
 Gent. No, no.—Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want any thing. But were you ever at school?
 Boy. No, Sir; but daddy says I shall go after harvest.
 Gent. You will want books then?
 Boy. Yes, the boys have a spelling book and a Testament.
 Gent. Well, then, I will give you them; tell your daddy so, and that it is because I think you

are a very good contented little boy. So, now, go to your sheep again.
 Boy. I will sir, thank you.
 Gent. Good bye, Peter.
 Boy. Good bye, Sir.

ANECDOTES.

“Daily experience convinces me more and more, that as a thousand charms discover themselves in the works of nature, when attentively viewed with glasses, which had escaped the naked eye, so our admiration of the Holy Scriptures will rise in proportion to the accuracy with which they are studied.” *Doddridge.*

“I cannot pray,” says a truly evangelical prelate, “but I sin. I cannot hear a sermon but I sin; I cannot give an alms or receive the sacrament, but I sin; nay, I cannot so much as confess my sins but my very confessions are still aggravations of them. My repentance needs to be repented of; my tears want washing, and the very washing of my tears needs still to be washed over again in the blood of my Redeemer.” *Bishop Beveridge.*

“Prayer is undoubtedly the first of all the means of grace, and it has this peculiar dignity and blessing that it brings us before the throne of God himself; into the presence of Him, whom to see and love is the highest happiness of the highest created beings.” *Bowdler.*

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE BISHOP OF PETERSBOROUGH.

As soon as the late Mr. Berridge, vicar of Everton, began to preach in a different strain from the neighbouring clergy, it was observed, they found themselves hurt at the emptiness of their own churches, and the fulness of his. The squire of the parish, too, was much offended; he did not like to see so many strangers, and be so incommoded, and endeavoured to turn Mr. B——e out of his living, by a complaint to the bishop. Being sent for by his Lordship, he was thus accosted:—“Well, Berridge, they tell me you go about preaching out of your own parish; did I institute you to any other but Everton?” “No, my Lord.” “Well, but you go and preach where you have no right so to do.” “It is true, my Lord, I did preach lately to a few poor people in the open air, out of my own parish, and that day, my Lord, I remember seeing five or six clergymen, out of their own parishes, playing at bowls.” “Pho,” said his Lordship, “if you don't desist, you will very likely be sent to Huntingdon gaol.” “As to that, my Lord, I have no greater liking to a gaol than other people, but I had rather go there with a good conscience, than be at liberty with a bad one.” Here his Lordship, looking hard at Berridge, gravely assured him, “He was beside himself, and that in a few months time, he would be either better or worse.” “Then,” said he, “my Lord, you may make yourself easy in this business; for, if I am better, you must suppose I shall desist of my own accord; and, if worse, you need not send me to Huntingdon gaol, as I shall be provided with an accommodation in Bedlam.”

SELECT SENTENCES.

I had rather, said Lucian, please by telling truth than be diverting in telling tales, because if I be not agreeable, I may be useful.
 The most deceitful, are most suspectful.

'Tis better to have a good Conscience and be censured, than a bad one, and be flattered.

Denying a fault doubles it.

P O E T R Y.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

Now, when another year's elaps'd
 Of my allotted span!
 Let me, in solemn serious thought
 My past transactions scan.

Have I consider'd all my ways,
 As open to the view
 Of an omniscient, holy God,
 Who marks what'er I do?

The talents which that God has giv'n,
 Have I improv'd aright!
 And does each blessing I receive
 My gratitude excite?

Have I in some degree attain'd,
 (A prize how seldom won!)
 To say, with humble cheerful mind,
 “Lord, let thy will be done.”

And has my Maker's glory been
 My ardent, steadfast aim,
 Thro' all the changing scenes of life
 My object still the same?

Have I my neighbour's good desir'd
 With unremitting care,
 Nor sought a blessing to myself
 Which others might not share?

No angry passion in my breast,
 With baneful influence reign'd?
 But heav'n-born Charity and Love
 Their constant pow'r maintain'd?

Let but impartial Conscience speak,
 And I must guilty plead,
 Deficient far in ev'ry part,
 I feel condemn'd indeed!

Mercies abus'd, and time mis-spent,
 And talents unimprov'd;
 And countless as my blessings were,
 How little have I lov'd?

A poor, insolvent debtor, thus
 Before my Judge I lie:
 No plea to urge at the dread bar,
 “The soul that sins shall die.”

Yet did an act of sov'reign grace
 Passere the world began:
 And heaven's high heralds early brought
 The joyful news to man

How kind and gracious are the terms,
 'Tis but, “Believe, and live.
 I'll truly cancel all your debt,
 “And all your sins forgive.

Lord, I accept the proffer'd grace,
 Mercy, free mercy, crave!
 Jesus is mighty to redeem,
 Compassionate to save.

Jesus! that name a joy imparts
 The world can never know;
 'Tis the glad theme of saints above
 The trust of those below.

Blest Rock of ages! upon thee
 My trembling soul relies;
 To thee, each moment of my life,
 Shall grateful homage rise.

And, spar'd to see another year
 Its rapid course begin,
 O! may I live anew to thee,
 And die anew to sin.