

weeks and months seem to be passing. I see the little boy takes his brothers and sisters to the village school. The whole family goes to the church on Sunday. A great reform has been effected. And the scene begins to wear a cheerful and happy aspect. Now, if I have counted the changes right, it is three summers since we first saw that family—they have removed to a comfortable house in the borders of the village—it is a farm house, and is surrounded by pleasant fields. What a wonderful change. But it is gone—and here is another scene.

That boy has grown to manhood—and mingling with the crowds of men in a great city, by his example and his eloquence, he is giving tone and shape and direction to the current of many thoughts. An energy and power, untiring and resistless marks his progress—a benevolence expansive as the world characterizes all his efforts. New scenes of active enterprise are represented—new fields for effort are opened—and the tides of moral influence are going forth before the impulse over a vast continent.

Still another scene. That untiring man is there. He sits in a green verandah beneath the shade of a palm tree; a strangeland and sky are around and above him. He is translating into foreign tongues the sublime morality of heaven—opening to millions in all future generations new views of life, of obligation and of duty.—He has left his home forever, armed with the glorious panoply of truth, to war with the errors of superstition and infidelity—to scatter light in darkness and to reclaim a degraded race.

Years upon years are passing. The change is not more visible and marked in the alterations of the seasons than in the change of men. A new era has dawned. And as that man goes at last in grey old age to his grave—the power of his influence has been felt to the remotest shores of time. Good men bless his memory, and millions rejoice that he has lived.

“But where,” I asked, “is the village girl.” “You shall see,” answered my mysterious visitor. And touching another key, I looked, and beheld again before me the retired village, the same after half a century, lying in its quietude and rural beauty, an old hooded woman passed; leaning, in decrepit age, upon a staff, habited in the garb of rustic simplicity. I knew that face again. The peace the world gives not, and cannot take away was there. Unnoticed and unknown, she was about closing her long and unassuming duties, with scarce a consciousness that she had been useful in the world.

The old man pointed to the dew drop—the rivulets—the distant river—and away to the far off ocean. “Thus,” said he, “the dew drops raise the tides that roll round the world—fit emblems of that moral influence, which, from the humblest efforts,

flow on increasing in power, only to develop the immeasurable results in eternity.”

#### ANECDOTE OF DWIGHT AND DENNIE.

Some years ago, as Dr. Dwight was travelling through New Jersey, he chanced to stop at the stage hotel, in one of its populous towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same, arrived also at the inn, Mr. Dennie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all paired with lodgers, except one occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight.

“Show me to his apartment,” exclaimed Dennie; “although I am a stranger to the Rev. Doctor, perhaps I may bargain with him for my lodgings.”

The landlord accordingly waited on Mr. Dennie to the doctor's room, and then left him to introduce himself.

The Doctor, although in his night gown, cap and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. Struck with the physiognomy of his companion, he then unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of distinguished literary characters, for some time gave a zest and an interest to the conversation, until Dr. Dwight chanced to mention Dennie.

“Dennie, the editor of the Port Folio,” says the Doctor in a rhapsody, “Is the Addison of the United States—the father of American Belles-lettrees. “But, sir,” continued he, “is it not astonishing, that a man of such genius fancy and feeling, should abandon himself to the inebriate bowl?”

“Sir,” said Dennie, “you are mistaken, I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years, and I never knew or saw him intoxicated.”

“Sir,” says the Doctor, you “err. I have information from a particular friend; I am confident that I am right and you are wrong.”

Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to our clergy, remarking that Abernombie and Madison were among the most distinguished divines; nevertheless, he considered Dr. Dwight, President of Yale college, the most learned theologian, the first logician, and the greatest poet that America had produced. “But sir,” continued Dennie, “there are traits in his character undeserving so wise and great a man, of the most detestable description: he is the greatest bigot and dogmatist of the age!”

“Sir,” says the Doctor, “you are grossly mistaken; I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know to the contrary.”

“Sir,” says Dennie, “you are mistaken; I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, whom I am confident would not tell me an untruth.”

“No more slander,” says the Doctor “I am Dr. Dwight, of whom you speak.” “And I too,” exclaimed Dennie “am Mr. Dennie, of whom you spoke.”

The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.

#### WHAT GOOD CAN I DO?

What good can I do? is an observation more frequently made by such as wish to excuse themselves from doing good, than by those who sincerely desire to effect it. This is much to be regretted, because it is next to impossibility to be in a situation where we can do no good. He who really wishes to do good may do something.

If by doing good, we mean something unusual, something great, something that people may talk about; we certainly may not have it in our power to perform it; but to do good on a small scale is in the power of every one.

When the poor widow, mentioned in the New Testament, could not put a large sum into the treasury, she cast therein two mites; and it was said of her that she had done more than others, because they had only given of their abundance, but she of her poverty. You must be poor indeed if you cannot spare two mites in case of necessity.

When the Lord of life and glory speaks of the recompence that shall attend acts of Christian kindness, he does not say a bag of money or a goblet of wine shall be recompensed, but “Whoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no case lose his reward.” You must be ill provided for indeed, if you cannot command a cup of cold water.

It is the will and not the power that is wanting; for every human being that breathes and possesses the use of his faculties may do good. Look around for opportunities of usefulness; for sometimes, if you cannot do a kind deed, yet a kind word, eye, even a kind look, will be useful. A small kindness, if well timed, may be more useful than a great one performed without consideration.

No sooner did the Phillipian jailer in sincerity exclaim, “What must I do to be saved?” than an answer was given to him, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.”—and no sooner shall you, with equal sincerity, ask, “What can I do,” than opportunities will present themselves on every hand, and you will be ready to acknowledge that he who really desires to do good, may be useful.

We follow the world in approving others, but we go before it in approving ourselves.