Elector, previously to his assuming it—sent

him a piece of Prussian cloth, with a note to

robe, a monk's dress, or a Spanish cloak."

Fouth's Corner.

THE KNITTING-NEEDLES. A GERMAN FAIRY-TALE.

A poor widow-woman in Germany was living with her two little girls, Margaret and Barbara, in a solitary cottage which with the furniture in it, was all she had in the world, except a goat which supplied her with milk, and her good health and industry by which she was enabled to work and earn her daily bread. She brought up her children in perfect order and good habits, so that diligence and cheerfulness and affection bore rule in the household.

One cold evening, the mother went out into the forest to bring home a bundle of wood. On her return she found a poor, wretched looking white kitten. lving under a bush and crying pitcously; she took it up in her apron and brought it home, where the little girls took charge of it very tenderly. Margaret made a warm bed for it, while Barbara soaked a little soft bread in goat's milk for its supper; the mother made the fire in the hearth blaze up, and no wonder the little kitten soon stopped its trembling and crying over all the comforts which the compassionate family provided for it. The mother and children were quite delighted to see the poor thing standing up and looking at them with a bright pair of eyes; but they were nearly frightened out of their wits when the kitten began to talk in a clear and dignified manner: "Thanks to you, dear children, for the kindness which you have shown the poor and miserable. Let such ever be the disposition of your hearts, and the ready service of your hands; and a blessing shall attend you. I leave a token of remembrance on your table, and wish you every prosperity." With these words, the kitten suddenly disappeared.

As soon as the mother herself had recovered from her fright, she told the children there was no occasion to fear; the kitten must have been a fairy who tried them, whether they had compassion upon the wretched; and she was now friendly and would do them good. She went to look on the table, then, and there was a set of knitting-needles; they were new and bright, but the woman felt rather disappointed, for she thought a fairy might have made them a richer present than that. Margaret, however, was very much pleased with the needles, and begged of her mother to let her use them at once, for she had been at work knitting a stocking when her mother came in with the wood and the kitten. Her mother willingly consented; the old needles were drawn out and the new ones put in, but oh! how were they all astonished to see the needles immediately begin to work of themselves, without the girl's fingers to guide them! They went on, and went on, more beautifully even and quick than any ten fingers in all Germany could have made them go, though there are very nice ones among them. When the stocking was finished, the needles stopped; the woman took them out, and commenced the other stocking; and as soon as they were fairly put to the yarn, they worked again adopted for his motto, "Ultra pergere" of themselves as before, and so they went on day after day as fast as yarn was furnished to make them work at.

The mother was soon able to purchase have her wood brought to her door, because plenty of poor people were glad to heaven, for we know nothing to the conwork for her, since she could pay wages out of the sales which they made of knitting-work done by the fairy-needles. But she herself remained industrious as before, milked her cows, swept her house, cooked her food, and mended her own clothes, to the day of her death. But as for her children, they became vain and idle, and were glad when their mother died, so that they could sell their house in the country, and move into the town, where they dressed like ladies, followed after amusements, and kept servants to do every little work for them. At the rate they went on, the knitting-needles could not even do work enough to earn what they were spending, and the foolish girls began to find fault with the needles: and as to rendering kindness to the poor, they could spare neither time nor substance for it.

It came to pass, then, one cold evening, came shivering to their door and begged herself with. The servant had let her at all, and ordering her out of the house directly. At this, the poor girl drew hearts, and perverted into a curse the not-it is at home." blessing which I left with you. I meant it for your benefit, and you turn it to Martin Luther's friend, Kranach, has polished attire; to roam from land to your destruction. Return, then to your painted him in his robe with large sleeves, and miniote movements, and polished attire; to roam from land to land with so little information in your former poverty; and may you find with open at the breast, and showing a black head, or so little taste for the sublime or it your former contentment, industry, and vest, with a little collar of white linen at the beautiful in your soul, that, could a swalkind heartedness.

The poor begging-girl was the fairy; she disappeared after speaking these words and the knitting-needles disappeared with this effect, -"To make yourself a preacher's winged traveller enlarging on the dis-

The young readers of the Bereau no doubt know that there are no fairles three rooms -a bedroom, a room for study, chateau; you describing the places of really; and this German tale is only meant which served him as a room for receiving amusement, or enlarging on the vastness to teach them some good lesson. Now if they take it for their lesson this time, received the envoy of King Ferdinand, who the game; and your rival eloquent on that they are to be industrious, contented, and kind-hearted, and when God gives of the report that Luther had a numerous not ridiculous, but appalling. them wealth, they are not to become in- guard of armed men with him. The walls dolent, dissipated, and pitiless, they understand this fairy-tale aright; and if sentences in charcoal extracted from the they chronicle themselves. They are their industry, contentment, and tenderness of heart spring from leve towards the Saviour, who for their sakes became poor, was unwearied in doing good, and remembers his disciples now as a com- profune poets, Homer especially: as "He passionate High Priest, then they will nereafter find that the kindness they do to their poor fellow-creature, he owns as a service done even to himself, which shall not lose its recompense .- Subject fur-Margaret nished by Barth's Jugendhlactter.

THE BOY AND THE MAN.

Boston, a portrait painter, whose name was Copley. He did not succeed very well in to try his fortune there. He had a little son, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

such rapid progress in his studies, that his father sent him to college. There he ap-filled with a clumsy shelving of wood, on plied himself so closely to his books, and which stood or lay a few volumes, forming became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would be a verv eminent man.

After he had graduated, he studied law. his profession, his mind was so richly mus; and, side by side with these, the writstored with information, and so highly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he the bulls of Leo X.; the Epistoles almost immediately obtained celebrity. One or two cases of very great importance John Huss, Virgil, Columella, and some being entrusted to him, he managed them ascetical books printed at Mayence, of with so much wisdom and skill, as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

learned man he was, and how much influence he had acquired, felt it to be important to secure his services for the which a crucifix, the work of some Nur- doubt that her son would afford her some Government. They therefore raised him from one post of honour to another, till he sion. His dog usually lay at his feet was created Lord High Chancellor of whilst writing or composing, and of which which any subject can attain, so that theologians who boasted of having seen John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lynd- many books, "My dog has also seen many hurst, Lord High Chancellor of England. books, more, perhaps, than Faber, who is About sixty years ago he was a little all Fathers, Fathers, Fathers, -councils, boy in Boston. His father was a poor councils, councils,"-Near the door of his portrait painter, hardly able to get his daily house was a turning machine, which he bread. Now, John is at the head of the had got from Nuremberg, in order to gain nobility of England; one of the most dis- a livelihood by his hand if ever the word tinguished men in talent and power in the of God failed to support him. We must House of Lords, and regarded with reve- not forget that in place of those pipes rence and respect by the whole civilized which one sees now-a-days in the room of world. This is the reward of industry, every German student, there hung a flute The studious boy becomes the useful and a guitar on the wall of the room, on respected man. Had John S. Copley spent his school-boy days in idleness, he would probably have passed his manhood in poverty and shame.

But he studied in school, when other boys were idle; and in college, when other young men were wasting their time, he ever (Press onward)—and how rich has been his reward.—Rev. J. S. C. Abbott.

[Yes, for this life—but the author says nothing about his prospects for the life to a better house, and to keep cows, and to come. We are quite willing to believe that the Chancellor has a possession in trary; but let it not be forgotten that a man may have worked himself up from deep poverty to the foremost rank in society, and have no inheritance in the kingdom above.—En.]

MARTIN LUTHER.

It has been said of the great German dency, before he was prevailed upon to dancing in the sky. Behold him in preach and to write. The Superior of high spirits, shricking out his ecstacy as belonged, called upon him to preach. through the arrow-slits of the old turret, "Oh, Dr. Staupitz, Dr. Staupitz, said the or performing some other feat of hirunmonk, "I cannot do it. I shall die in three months. Indeed I cannot do it." The morning visits, alighting elegantly on Superior had discovered the hidden somehouse top, and twittering politely energies of that great mind, and he by turns to the swallow on either side of deserves the credit of having been him, and after five minutes conversation, greatly instrumental in bringing them into of and away to call for his friend at the action. He replied: "Well, brother castle. And now he is gone upon his that a poor, wretched looking little girl Martin, if you must die, you must; but travels, gone to spend the winter at preach first, man, preach—then live or Rome or Naples, to visit Egypt or the for someting to eat, or clothes to cover die, as may happen." He preached and Holy Land, or perform some more herself with. The servant had let her lived; and his words, preached and recherche pilgrimage to Spain or the get to the kitchen fire, and went to tell written, went like a whirlwind through coast of Barbary. And when he comes her mistresses about it: but they came Germany, blowing away the dust of home next April, sure enough he has out into the kitchen in a great passion, centuries, and giving men the sight of been abroad; charming climate; highly scolding the servant for letting the girl in God's holy book of revelation. The delighted with cicades in Italy, and the frewns of Princes and Nuncios, and of bees on Hymettus; locusts in Africa the mighty Emperor himself, did not rather scarce this season; but upon the herself up, and looked very commanding; make him bend; but from the little bird whole, much pleased with his trip, and and when she began to speak, Margaret which alighted at sunset on the bough of returned in high health and spirits. and Barbara were terrified to hear pre- his pear-tree, he was willing to learn. Now, dear friends, this is a very proper cisely the tone and language which they remembered the white kitten to have used many years ago: "You foolish and ungrateful women," she said; "so sadly have you changed the disposition of your great blue depths of immensity. It fears work dark friends, this is a very proper life for a swallow, but is it a life for you? To flit about from house to house; to there, still and fearless, though over it pay futile visits, where, if the talk were written down, it would amount to little have you changed the disposition of your great blue depths of immensity. It fears great blue depths of immensity. It fears more than the chattering of a swallow

throat. This was his usual garb. The low publish his travels, and did you

visitors, and a dining room. In these he of the country, and the abundance of came to Wittemberg to ascertain the truth | the self-same things. Oh! it is a thought of his bedchamber were written over with Scriptures, as, Terbum Domini manet in noted in the memory of God. And neternum (the word of God abideth for ever.) when once this life of wondrous opporwhich he had embroidered on the sleeves of tunities and awful advantages is over his domestic's dresses; or lines from the who watches over the destinies of a people for personal improvement and serviceor a country ought no longer to sleep all night." His closet for work, plastered with stucco of milky whiteness, was ornamented with portraits in oil of his dearly beloved colleague Melancthon, and of the Elector Frederick, by the hand of Lucas Kranach, and with some caricatures against the Pope, A few years ago, there was, in the city of the subjects of which he had himself furnished in the course of his table-talk to some wandering artist who had afterwards carried his business, and concluded to go to England, them to Nuremberg, the manufactory whence issued vast numbers of engravings on wood. From the frames of these carica-John was a studious boy, and made tures hung pasteboard slips with ascetic sentences in German. Lastly, the eye was what he called his library. The Bible, like the Divine word in his mind, occupied the place of honour—the Bible, in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; the Psalms by And when he entered upon the practice of Melancthon—the New Testament by Erasings of Eck; the Theses on the Indulgences, emberg artist, has an admirable expres-England—the very highest post of honour he used to say, when laughing at the both of which instruments he played. Luther was devotedly foud of music, the language of angels in heaven, and of the ancient prophets on earth. Next to theology, it held the second place in his estimation. "Who loves not music," said he, "cannot be loved by Luther." He was charitable to excess; and often borrowed from his parishioners when he had nothing of his own to give; and at times was unable to meet his obligations when they fell due; on which occasions his practice used to be to give in pledge some of the silver goblets, the gift of the Elector, which stood on his mantlepiece. THE TRIFLER.

We this instant imagined a man, retaining all his consciousness, transformed into a swallow, a creature abundantly busy, up in the early morning, forever on the wing, as graceful and sprightly in his flight, as tasteful in his baunts which he selects. Look at him, zigzagging over eformer, that his words were half battles : the clover field, skimming the limpid but he went through the lowest despon- lake, whisking round the steeple, or the order of Augustinians, to which he he has bolted a dragon fly, or darting to bestow all your thoughts on graceful attitudes, and nimble movements, and

publish yours, we should probably find the one a counterpart of the other; the comforts of his nest, and the wingless His lodgings in his convent consisted of one on the miseries of his hotel or

Though the trifler does not chronicle his own vain words and wasted hours, when the 20 or 50 years are fled away when mortal existence, with its facilities ableness to others, is gone beyond recall: when the trifler looks back to the long pilgrimage, with all the doors of useful ness, past which he skipped in his frisky forgetfulness: what anguish will it move to think that he has gamboled through such a world without salvation to himself. without any real benefit to his brethren, a busy trifler, a vivacious idler, a clever fool!—Life in Earnest.

HUME AND HIS MOTHER.

It seems that Hume received a religious education from his mother, and early in life was the subject of strong and hopeful religious impressions; but as he approached to manhood, they were effaced, and confirmed infidelity succeeded. Maternal partiality, however alarmed at first, came to look with less and less pain upon this declination, and filial love and reverence seem to have been absorbed in the pride of philosophical skepticism; for Hume now applied himself with unwearied, and unhappily, with successful efforts, to sap the foundation of his mother's Having succeeded in this dreadful work, he went abroad into foreign countries; Obscurorum Firorum; various works of and as he was returning, an express met him in London, with a letter from his mother, in-forming him that she was in a deep decline and could not long survive; she said she which presents had been made him. Col- found herself without any support in her disoured glass, soddered together with lead, trees; that he had taken away that source The king and his cabinet, seeing what let in the light of all shades on his table, of comfort upon which in all cases of affliction which has been carefully preserved, and she used to rely, and that now she found her resembles a sort of desk, in the middle of mind sinking into despair: she did not substitute for her religion; and she conjured him to hasten home, or at least to send her a letter, containing such consolations as philosophy can afford to a dying mortal.—Hume was overwhelmed with anguish on receiving this letter, and hastened to Scotland, travelling day and night; but before he arrived his mother expired.

BOOK-KEEPING.

There is a great deal of loose morality in the practice of borrowing books. It is so much easier to borrow a book than it is to return it, that it is not strange that so many borrowed books never find their way back to the library of their owner. The conscience of many persons need mending on this subject. If a voice loud enough to reach the ears and consciences of those who have long retained borrowed books, of which the owners can give no account, should be proclaimed through the land and induce these stray volumes to set out on their return home, what a movement would there be in iterature, both ancient and modern! Of persons who borrowed books, but did not return them, Lord Eldon said, "though backward in accounting, they seemed practised in book-keeping."

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