

countries were, however, less frequent at that time than the present. He knew letters were liable to be lost, or detained—hope buoyed up his spirits, and now, having successfully closed his business, he returned to New York, happy in the expectation of placing his beloved Ellen in a station of which she was every way deserving.

Disappointed and alarmed at not finding her where he expected, at their former dwelling, he sought the owner of the house, but without gaining any information respecting her. The landlord acknowledged the cause of Mrs Murray's leaving his house, seeming to feel some compunction when he learned that Mr Murray had returned in possession of a handsome fortune. The distressed husband was indefatigable in his endeavours to discover his lost family. Month after month passed away, and he obtained no intelligence of their retreat. He became convinced that his wife must be dead—but how, when and where did she die? The thought of what she might have endured was intolerable. And then his child—was that dead too? or, if alive, into what hands had it fallen? perhaps it was worse than dead.

But it is impossible to imagine the utter desolateness of feeling to which he was abandoned. The paroxysms of intense agony which at times almost deprived reason of her empire, were preferable to the uninterrupted continuance of the self-consuming sorrow which usually sat upon his countenance. Sometimes a trifling discovery or circumstance would enkindle in his heart a ray of hope that he was speedily to be re-possessioned of his long sought treasure. The suspense he must endure before the necessary inquiries could be made, and the wretchedness these inquiries would return upon him ten fold increased, were enough to drink his very life blood, and paralyse every faculty. Still the possibility of one day finding, at last, his daughter, sustained his otherwie sinking energies and determined him, instead of wasting, to endeavour to prolong his existence for her sake. He so far restrained his sorrow as to engage moderately in business, and, though he rather avoided society, those who came in his way were treated with urbanity and real kindness. The distressed and destitute were objects of his peculiar attention; and, during his fruitless efforts to gain some intelligence of his wife,

or child, these were often presented before him. His own bereavement had mellowed every feeling into compassion for the woes of humanity. There was a luxury in administering to the necessitous. It was his greatest pleasure to do, to others as he would that they should do to him. Thus lived Mr Murray, and thus he probably should end his life. His story was soon forgotten by most who had known his details; and that portion of the community which had been interested and considerably excited by a knowledge of his aggravated loss, soon resumed its wonted state, like ocean's surface which closes over the transient abyss, leaving no vestige of the wreck it has engulfed.

GLEANNINGS.

Eliza Elbert, a young Parisian, resolutely discarded a gentleman to whom she was to have been married the next day, because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied, 'that a man of the world would not be so old-fashioned as to regard God and religion.' Eliza immediately started—but soon recovering herself, said, 'From this moment, when I discover that you do not respect religion, I cease to be yours. He who does not love and honour God, can never love his wife constantly and sincerely.'

There is, says Bishop Taylor, an universal crust of hypocrisy, that covers the face of the greatest part of mankind; but true religion is open in its articles, honest in its prosecutions, just in its conduct, innocent when it is accused, ignorant of falsehood, sure in its truth, and simple in its sayings.

Lysimachus, for extreme thirst, offered his kingdom to the Genæ, to quench it. His exclamation when he drank is very striking—'Ah! wretched me, who, for such a momentary gratification, have lost so great a kingdom!' How applicable is this to the case of him, who, for the momentary pleasures of sin, parts with the kingdom of heaven!

A FLAMING COMPARISON.

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Napoleon*, says, that the French nation, at the time of the revolution, might be compared to a great bedlam set on fire by the patients, who remained dancing in the midst of the flames!