

other, he felt that he pitied her exceedingly. On the second and third day that he went up, little George came out paddling to meet him at the water side, on which he sent him in again with a fish in one hand, and some little present in the other; but after that, he appeared no more, which Lindsey easily perceived to originate in the wool-gatherer's diffidence and modesty, who could not bear the idea of her little man receiving such gifts.

The same course was continued for many days, and always with the same success, as far as regarded the principal motive, for the trouts were only a secondary one—the beauteous wool-gatherer was thenceforward invisible. After three weeks' perseverance, it chanced to come on a heavy rain one day when he was but a little way above the farm-house. Robin the farmer, expecting that he would fly into his house until the shower abated, was standing without his own door to receive him; but he kept aloof, passed by, and took shelter in the wool-gatherer's cottage; though not without some scruples of conscience as to the prudence of the step he was taking. When he went in, she was singing a melodious Scottish air, and plying at her wheel. "What a thoughtless creature she must be," said he to himself, "and how little conscious of the state in which she has fallen!" He desired her to go on with her song, but she quitted both that and her wheel instantly, set a chair for him, and sitting down on a low form herself, lighted sticks on the fire to warm and dry him, at the same time speaking and looking with the utmost cheerfulness, and behaving with as much ease and respect as if she had been his equal, and an old intimate acquaintance. He had a heart of the greatest integrity, and this was the very manner that delighted him; and indeed he felt that he was delighted in the highest degree by this fair mystery. He would gladly have learned her story, but durst not hint at such a thing for fear of giving her pain, and he had too much delicacy to enquire after her at any other person, or even to mention her name. He observed, that, though there was but little furniture in the house, yet it was not in the least degree like any other he had ever seen in such a cottage, and seemed very lately to have occupied a more respectable situation. Little George was munching at a lump of dry bread, making very slow progress. He kept his eyes fixed on his benefactor, but said nothing for a considerable time, till at length he observed him sitting silent as in pleasing contemplation; he then came forward with a bounce upon his knee, and smiled up in his face, as much as to say, "You are not minding little George." "Ha, my dear little fellow, are you there? Let me hear you say your name." "George," was the reply. "But what more than George?" "Tell me what they call you more than George?" "Just Geoge, sil. Mamma's Geoge." "Pray, what is my young friend's surname?" said Lindsey, with the greatest simplicity.

The wool-gatherer stooped to the floor as if lifting something, in order that she might keep her face out of the light; two or three times an answer seemed trembling on her tongue, but none came. There was a dead silence in the cot, which none had the courage to break. How our unfortunate fisher's heart smote him! He meant only to confer happiness, in place of which he had given unnecessary pain and confusion. The shower was past; he arose abruptly, said, "Goodbye, I will call and see my little George to-morrow," and home he went, more perplexed than ever, and not overmuch pleased with himself. But the thing that astonished him most of all was, the cheerful serenity of her countenance and manners under such grievous misfortunes.

To be continued.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

The night is fittest season for reflection,
Fatigu'd with all the petty cares of life,
The mind at eve seeks out a resting-place;
Rejects the lures of pomp; regards not pow'r;
Looks scornfully on paths itself had trod,
Ere time had shown how futile was their end;
And vain would penetrate the mist, futurity—
Gaze, e'en though darkly, on the great beyond,
And seek a point on which to rest its hopes,

THE SABBATH.

BY DR. OKE.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."—Psalm, cxxii. 1.

As camels, journeying o'er the waste,
Where skies meridian beam,
Long in the fertile vale to taste
The cool, refreshing stream;

So does the Christian long to view
The Sabbath morn arise.
That he may feast on heavenly dew,
And drink divine supplies.

Wearied with toils, with cares oppress,
He seeks for an abode,
Awhile from toils and cares to rest,
And commune with his God.

Oh! how delightful is the place
Where holy men proclaim
The Gospel of eternal peace,
And preach its Author's name!

Lord, let us to thy gates repair,
To hear the gladdening sound;
That we may find salvation there,
Whilst yet it may be found.

There let us joy and comfort reap;
There teach us how to pray,
For grace to choose, and strength to keep
The strait, the narrow way.

And so increase our love for thee,
That all our future days
May one continued Sabbath be
Of gratitude and praise.

ESCAPE OF PETER THE GREAT.

Like all malcontents, the Strelitz believed that discontent was universal. It was this belief which, in Moscow itself, and a few days before the departure of their sovereign, emboldened Tsilker and Sukanin, two of their leaders, to plot a nocturnal conflagration. They knew that Peter would be the first to hasten to it; and in the midst of the tumult and confusion common to such accidents, they meant to murder him without mercy, and then to massacre all the foreigners who had been set over them as masters. Such was the infamous scheme. The hour which they had fixed for its accomplishment was at hand. They had accomplices but no impeachers; and, when assembled at a banquet, they all sought in intoxicating liquors the courage which was required for so dreadful an execution. But like all other intoxications, this produced various effects, according to difference of constitution in those by whom it was felt. Two of these villains lost in it their boldness; they infected each other, not with just remorse, but with a dastardly fear; and, escaping from one crime by another, they left the company under a specious pretext, promising to their accomplices to return in time, and hurried to the Czar to disclose the plot.

At midnight the blow was to have been struck; and Peter gave orders that, exactly at eleven, the abode of the conspirators should be closely surrounded. Shortly after, thinking that the hour was come, he went singly to the haunt of these ruffians; he entered boldly, certain that he should find nothing but trembling criminals, already fettered by his guards. But his impatience had anticipated the time, and he found himself, single and unarmed, in the midst of their unshackled, daring, well-armed band, at the instant when they were vociferating the last words of an oath that they would achieve his destruction.

At his unexpected appearance, however, they all rose in confusion. Peter on his side, comprehending the full extent of his danger, exasperated at the supposed disobedience of his guards, and furious at having thrown himself into peril, repressed, nevertheless, the violence of his emotions. Having gone too far to recede, he did not lose his presence of mind; he unhesitatingly advanced among this throng of traitors, greeted them familiarly, and in a calm and natural tone said, that, "as he was passing by

their house, he saw a light in it; that supposing they were amusing themselves, he had entered in order to share their pleasures." He then seated himself and drank to his assassins, who, standing up around, could not avoid putting the glass about, and drinking his health.

But soon they began to consult each other by their looks, to make numerous signs, and to grow more daring: one of them even leaned over to Sukanin, and said in a low voice, "Brother, is it time?" The latter replied, "Not yet," when Peter, who heard him, and who also heard the footsteps of his guards, started from his seat, knocked him down by a blow in the face, and exclaimed, "If it is not time for you, scoundrel, it is for me!" This blow, and the sight of the guards, threw the assassins into consternation; they fell on their knees, and implored forgiveness. "Chain them!" replied the terrible Czar. Then turning to the officer of the guards, he struck him, and reproached him with his want of punctuality; but the latter showed him his order, and the Czar perceiving his mistake, clasped him in his arms, kissed him on the forehead, and intrusted him with the custody of the traitors.

His vengeance was terrible, the punishment was more ferocious than the crime. First the rack, then the successive mutilation of each member; then death, when not enough of blood and life was left to allow of the sense of suffering. To close the whole, the heads were exposed on the summit of a column, the members being symmetrically arranged around them as ornaments.

CHILDHOOD—I never looked upon a young and interesting child without feelings of the most melancholy nature. Could I withdraw my mind from the future, and imagine a continuance of its innocent loveliness, I might view it with far different emotions. Could I only fancy, that its feet would ever tread upon flowers, and gentle zephyrs, instead of rough winds, forever blow upon it, I might rejoice over its existence. Alas, I know that trial and pain await it—that the time will come, when the light of its pleasant eye will depart and the merriness of its tone be exchanged for the sadness of sorrow. Its present bliss, I forget, and contemplate only its future woes and dangers. I think of the time, when its attentive mother will resign it to its own direction, and send it forth to engage in the scenes of life and battle with those rude storms that none escape. I think of the time, when its snow-like purity will be corrupted—its simplicity of manners laid aside, for the heartless forms of the world, and its pious principles, planted with many a tear and prayer, driven from their seats. I think of the time, when its smooth face will be overspread with wrinkles, and its mild look be changed by the inward corrosion of care. I think of the period, when it will experience neglect and persecution—when the earth will become like a desert, with no kindred spirit to commune with, and no faithful bosom to rest upon, and while I think of these things, I weep, that the pure, clear water of the rill should so soon be lost in the muddy stream—that the promise and glory of spring should be followed by the darkness and blight of winter. Amid these depressing reflections, there is, however, some comfort, for I look forward with joy to the time, when the faded flowers of innocence will again put on their beauty—when purity will re-assume its sway over the heart, and all the feelings and hopes again be heavenly and divine.

FLOARDO.

THE SABBATH.—It is no rash assertion that from that holy institution, the Sabbath, have accrued to man more knowledge of his God, more instruction in righteousness, more guidance of his affections, and more consolation of his spirit, than from all other means which have been devised in the world to make him wise and virtuous. We cannot fully estimate the effects of the Sabbath, unless we were once deprived of it. Imagination cannot picture the depravity which would gradually ensue, if time were thrown into one promiscuous field, without those heaven-directed beacons to rest and direct the passing pilgrim. Man would then plod through a wilderness of being; and one of the avenues, which now admit the light that will illuminate his path, would be perpetually closed.—*Dehon.*