

tion, the bimbassi happened to be at a coffee house by the water-side, and recognized among the prisoners the very same officer to whom he owed his own freedom. In a few days he loaded a small boat with refreshments, clothes, pipes, &c. and personally carried them to the distressed officer. The scene was such as to prevent both sides from uttering a word for some time. The Russian lost himself in admiring the generosity of the Mussulman, while the bimbassi, feeling the happiness of a grateful heart, lost his speech also. At last the Russian broke silence, by embracing the bimbassi, who in return, with an agitated voice told him, he was desirous to be of as much service to him as he had been to him while he was in the same situation, and requested him to rely on his friendship. He continued to send him supplies of provisions, &c. for some time.

At last the Russian officer, encouraged by the constant attentions he was receiving, resolved to present the bimbassi with a small silver cup, engraved round the rim with his own name, together with those of five other officers who were taken prisoners with him, and in broken Turkish language solicited his interference for their liberation, and found means to send it to the bimbassi. The honest and grateful Mussulman, not comprehending such a gift, and taking it as an intended insult to his delicacy, fell into a rage. Happily, however, the person who was the bearer of the letter and the cup was an European, and by explaining the real meaning of it, it appeased the bimbassi, who on the next day appeared before the sultan, with the letter in one hand, and the cup in the other, and falling on his knees, acquainted him minutely with the circumstances, and in a scitable and becoming manner, solicited of him the freedom of his benefactor, together with his five companions. The sultan was highly pleased to hear the narrative, and wishing forcibly to impress the hearts of his people with sentiments of gratitude, he granted not only the deliverance of the Russian officers, but that of all the privates, amounting to 106 men, who were taken in that engagement."

INGRATITUDE.

OR, THE ACCIDENTS.

The care of Providence is ever vigilantly exerted over every living creature. Every breath that we draw, and every pulsation of the heart, are caused by God's unceasing agency.—This, however, is not always perceived; and sometimes it is, as in the following instance, most wickedly denied. The awful punishment which followed, however, should lead us to beware, and to fear, that "if we do not repent, we likewise may perish."

A very wicked gentleman, who cultivated a beautiful farm in a rich country, was long

very successful in all his operations; but he ascribed his prosperity to the fertility of the soil, and to his own superior management, and refused to adore Him from whom every gift descends.—The way to the market-town which he frequented, passed along the top of a pretty high rock. One day, his horse stumbled, and fell over this precipice, and was killed upon the spot, whilst he escaped unhurt, by falling upon the horse. A pious neighbour, who had witnessed his danger, remarked how very providential it was, that he had fallen above the horse, and not under it; for if this had been the case, he would doubtless have been killed. He replied, that there was nothing providential in the matter, but that it was attributable solely to his own skill in keeping himself uppermost; adding with an oath, that there was no reason for ascribing these things to God.

The Reader may suppose the horror of this pious man in perceiving such an instance of ingratitude and impiety. But let us beware lest we ourselves have not sins to answer for of a similar nature.

The people of God are too blind to the care of God in his providence. It is only when we experience a deliverance from some palatable danger, that we are sensible of that beneficent care which so kindly watches and directs our footsteps; we acknowledge it only when its visible display demands the confession, "this is the finger of God." But how little gratitude swells our heart, or trembles on our adoring lips, when all goes well in our ordinary operations! We heed not, and we praise not Him, who supports and guides us safely through the mazy labyrinth of hidden perils. Surely this is not the duty of dependent creatures.

But the Reader is requested to take notice of what took place shortly after the above circumstance. Only a few weeks after, whilst the same gentleman was riding to the market, he said jeeringly to a companion, "Mr G——would persuade me, that I owed my safety, when I fell over that rock, to Divine Providence; but," with a laugh, "I hate such canting. Man is able to guide himself." The word had scarcely escaped his lips, when his horse stumbled upon the smooth road, pitched him over its head, and he was killed on the spot.—Let us beware of this sin of ingratitude. Let us acknowledge God in all our ways, and then he will direct our steps.

OLD HUMPHREY ON SOMEBODY AND NOBODY.

A FEW days ago I overheard a modest-looking young woman, seemingly a respectable servant, speak the following words in giving an account of a lady whom she had known. "She used to take a deal of notice of me, which was very kind of her: why should she notice me at all, for I was nobody?"

Another person might not have thought this worthy any attention; but I, who am frequently taken with trifles, was not only struck, but also much pleased with the observation. It was the first time that I had heard the expression, and most likely it will be long before I shall hear it again. Thousands of people try to make themselves appear "somebody," but it is a very rare case to hear any human being acknowledge himself or herself to be "nobody."

It set me thinking, not only of others, but of myself; for I felt conscious that though the young woman had thought herself to be "nobody," my proud and deceitful heart had persuaded me to consider myself "somebody," all my days.

It is said that the trees and plants of the earth are continually striving for air and light; that they are constantly trying to get above one another. Do you not think it to be the same with mankind? Do you not think that this is the case with us all? If you feel guiltless of this so does not Old Humphrey. He can call to mind many instances wherein he has tried to pass himself off for "somebody," but he cannot remember one in which he has willingly represented himself as "nobody."

"I am as good as he is, any day;" "She shall not hold up her head above me;" and "We are company for our betters," are expressions common enough: but, I question, if we were to travel through all England, from Newcastle to the Isle of Wight, and from the South Foreland to the Land's End, whether we should hear one single human being advisedly confess that he was "nobody."

Pride is the ruin of one-half of mankind. Even children, when they get together, boast of their fathers and mothers: and old men, with hoary hairs, speak with pride of the great things they have done, and the great people they have known: so that young and old wish to be thought "somebody."

Though the giant oaks and lofty cedars of the earth are laid low, yet do we lift up our heads like them, defying the storm. What a world of trouble, what a number of losses and crosses, what a succession of afflictions, are necessary, to convince us that we are "nobodies!" Indeed, Divine grace alone can effectually teach us true christian humility.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions: and the man to whom this duty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him too, be industrious in adorning his dominion—in making his home—the dwelling of his wife and children—not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasing objects—in decorating it within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make it the abode of neatness and good order—a place which brings