

ber door! My easy-chair, my desk, my ancient furniture, my very books—I can scarcely bring myself to love even these last, like my old clock!"

Master Humphrey is a hunchback, and his recollections of childhood are very beautifully given in the following picturesque passage:

"I do not know whether all children are imbued with a quick perception of childish grace and beauty, and a strong love for it, but I was. I had no thought, that I remember, either that I possessed it myself or that I lacked it, but I admired it with an intensity I cannot describe. A little knot of playmates—they must have been beautiful, for I see them now—were clustered one day round my mother's knee in eager admiration of some picture representing a group of infant angels, which she held in her hand. Whose the picture was, whether it was familiar to me or otherwise, or how all the children came to be there, I forget; I have some dim thought it was my birthday, but the beginning of my recollection is that we were all together in a garden, and it was summer weather—I am sure of that, for one of the little girls had roses in her sash. There were many lovely angels in this picture, and I remember the fancy coming upon me to point out which of them represented each child there, and that when I had gone through all my companions, I stopped and hesitated, wondering which was most like me. I remember the children looking at each other, and my turning red and hot, and their crowding round to kiss me, saying that they loved me all the same; and then, and when the old sorrow came into my dear mother's mild and tender look, the truth broke upon me for the first time, and I knew, while watching my awkward and ungainly sports, how keenly she had felt for the poor crippled boy.

"I used frequently to dream of it afterward, and now my heart aches for that child as if I had never been he, when I think how often he awoke from some fairy change to his own old form, and sobbed himself to sleep again."

Here is a graphic picture of his old house:

"Those who like to read of brilliant rooms and gorgeous furniture, would derive but little pleasure from a minute description of my simple dwelling. It is dear to me for the same reason that they would hold it in slight regard. Its worm-eaten doors, and low ceilings, crossed by clumsy beams; its walls of wainscot, dark stairs, and gaping closets; its small chambers, communicating with each other by winding passages or narrow steps; its many nooks, scarce larger than its corner-cupboards; its very dust and dullness, all are dear to me. The moth and spider are my constant tenants, for in my house the one basks in his long sleep, and the other plies his busy loom, secure and undisturbed. I have a pleasure in thinking on a summer's day, how many butterflies have sprung for the first time to light and sunshine from some dark corner of these old walls."

Behold! as true a portrait of a London alderman, as was ever drawn by Hogarth!

"He was a very substantial citizen indeed. His face was like the full moon in a fog, with two little holes punched out for his eyes, a very ripe pear stuck on for his nose, and a wide gash to serve for a mouth. The girth of his waistcoat was hung up and lettered in his tailor's shop as an extraordinary curiosity. He breathed like a heavy snorer, and his voice in speaking came thickly forth, as if it were oppressed and stifled by feather-beds. He trod the ground like an elephant, and ate and drank like—like nothing but an alderman, as he was."

The impression produced by the striking of Guildhall clock, at midnight, upon a lone occupant of that old building, accidentally shut in there, is forcibly described.

"Any such invasion of a dead stillness as the striking of distant clocks, causes it to appear the more intense and insupportable when the sound has ceased. He listened with strained attention in the hope that some clock, lagging behind its fellows, had yet to strike—looking all the time into the profound darkness before him until it seemed to weave itself into a black tissue, patterned with a hundred reflections of his own eyes. But the bells had all pealed out their warning for that once, and the gust of wind that moaned through the place seemed cold and heavy with their iron breath."

Old Gog and Magog, the huge wooden giants, that have stood, for centuries, in the old Guildhall, are overheard by this unfortunate individual, relating antique legends of the city to each other. Gog says, (how eloquently!)

"We are old chroniclers from this time hence. The crumbled walls encircle us once more, the postern gates are closed, the draw-bridge is up, and, pent in its narrow den beneath, the water foams and struggles with the sunken starlings. Jerkins and quarter-staves are in the streets again, the nightly watch is set, the rebel, sad and lonely in his Tower dungeon, tries to sleep, and weeps for home and children. Aloft upon the gates and walls are noble heads, glaring fiercely down upon the dreaming city, and vexing the hungry dogs that scent them in the air and tear the ground beneath with dismal howlings. The axe, the block, the rack, in the dark chambers give signs of recent use. The Thames floating past long lines of cheerful windows, whence come a burst of music and a stream of light, bears sullenly to the Palace wall the last red stain brought on the tide from Traitor's-gate."

The first of these legends is admirably related, and opens to our

anticipations an almost endless succession of them, founded upon the most interesting incidents that have occurred in the history of London.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

The different processes of vegetation, the changes of the seasons, and the effects resulting from them—the decay and the revival of nature—the firmament above us, adorned with its innumerable bright and shining lights—the beautiful and verdant surface upon which we walk, enamelled with its flowers of various hues—the feathered inhabitants of the forest, the grove, and the plain, pouring forth their daily concert of joy and delight—these and ten thousand other objects as beautiful, as varied, and as sublime, all attest the existence of that great Being who is above all, and in all, and through all, and by whom all things consist, and stamp in characters of life and light. His omnipotence, benevolence, and wisdom. And where, it may well be asked, can these marks of an all-wise and superintending Providence be so well observed or so thankfully acknowledged, as amidst the quietness and retirement of a country life? The dweller in the city is so surrounded by the works of his fellow-men, and is so much accustomed to regard the art and skill of the creature, that he is apt to forget, and to his shame be it spoken, to disregard the omnipotence of the Creator. The din of the crowded street, the noise and excitement of the public assembly, the bustle and hurry of commerce and amusement, too often, alas! repress that still small voice within, which, if permitted to speak, would tell us of the great source from whence all blessings flow. But the case is far different in the country. There, every individual, whatever may be his station, is almost insensibly affected by the softening and ameliorating influence of the scenes and objects which surround him. The most humble peasant who pursues his labour in the fields, however unenlightened by education, cannot fail to draw conclusions from the very occupation in which he is engaged, favourable to his condition as an accountable being. He cannot cast the grain with his hand over the ploughed field, and watch its progress from a small and tender green shoot until it becomes a stately plant, ripened for the sickle, without being led sometimes to consider within himself who has given this quickening power to so small a grain, which enables it to grow to a tall stem? When he goes forth to his daily task in the morning, and returns at the even-tide, he beholds the great luminaries of the sky shining forth in all their brightness and glory—the thunder-storm, the rain, and the sheeted lightning, the torrent descending from the mountain's side, and the snow wreath enveloping all around with its fleecy covering—sights and scenes which he is accustomed to witness at different periods of the year—all these induce him to reflect, and lead him up to Him "who hath given light and life to all, who causeth his sun to shine and his rain to fall on the just and on the unjust." But if the uneducated individual who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow is liable to be so affected by the scenes and operations of nature, how much greater will be the effect produced upon the educated man, who has had his feelings and sensibilities heightened, and his powers of observation drawn forth and improved by intellectual culture!

We are told in holy writ that Isaac went forth to meditate at even-tide. We cannot doubt but that the subject of his meditations was the goodness, the benevolence, and the wisdom of God, as displayed in the works of creation. And who is there who possesses a cultivated mind, and a heart attuned to feeling, who does not sometimes experience a wish to imitate the example of the patriarch of old, and go forth and reflect amidst the quiet and silence of the country? Who is there who has not felt disposed, at one period or other in his life, to withdraw from his usual occupation, and to separate himself for a brief space from this world and its concerns, and to allow his thoughts to fix themselves on higher, and purer, and holier things? But there are seasons of the year, when this desire of which we have spoken comes over the mind with greater power than at others. In the freshness and genial air of a spring morning, when vegetable life is again bursting forth—in the brightness of a cloudless summer's day, when the whole atmosphere is perfumed with sweets, and the eye as well as the ear is saluted with sights and sounds of happiness and joy—in the mild and sober glories of a serene autumn afternoon, that sweet season which has been so beautifully described as the "Sabbath of the year,"—who has not at such seasons as these felt a train of new and unknown sensations pass through his mind, purified from all taint of earthly dross, which raise him for the time above this nether world and its perishable concerns, make him forget that he is a child of earth, and tell him, in characters which can never be effaced, that he is an inheritor of heaven? Who has not at such a time felt his heart lifted up to the Maker and Giver of all good, and experienced a more humble gratitude for Divine mercies, a more unhesitating belief, a more unquestioning faith in the truths of revelation? Who has not returned from such meditations as these, to his former occupations, a wiser, a better, and a happier man?—*Church of E. Q. Review.*

CURE FOR THE WHOOPING COUGH.—A teaspoon full of castor oil to a table spoon full of molasses; a teaspoon full of the mixture to be given whenever the cough is troublesome. It will afford relief at once, and in a few days it effects a cure. The same remedy relieves the croup, however violent the attack.

CHILDHOOD AND ITS JOYS.

My next door neighbour is peculiarly happy in the management of his children, which makes his lads, and lasses the sweetest playmates alive. Their play-room is a perfect paradise. Young leather-faced ladies and gentlemen, ranged around on miniature chairs, may there be seen, looking with a marble rigidity of feature. Dogs, and cats, taught by complicated machinery to make divers strange noises; horses, whose prancing legs form a delightful contrast to the moveless carriage behind them; pigs, cows, and squirrels, and birds of every shape and material, are neatly put up in the proper places; all being under the inspection of that busy little woman, my rosy-faced Mary. There is nothing like riot or disorganization under her rule. Not a doll is touched, not a puppet moved, but in the way she wishes. With her lady-like ways and motherly airs, she keeps all her young brothers and sisters in order; while there is always a prim turn at the corner of her mouth, which reveals the laugh lurking within. And when she does laugh, what a flood of life and melody! What music! unrivalled by the strains of Paganini, or any other ninny, who ever charmed away the guineas of Europe.

And what an expression! With your eye upon that sunny face, and your ear turned to those honied notes, you might imagine Eden restored, as when the sun first lighted upon it; "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." How skilful, too, is she in the management of parties! Being a decided favourite among the small folks, I often contrive to smuggle myself in, when such things are going on among them. And then what a scene of enjoyment! Little Mary pours out tea for the assembled visitors. All are now grave and serious; for they feel that they are acting an important part. Their diminutive cups of tea are sipped with the utmost gravity and decorum. Every thing is on a scale of small magnificence. Little plates of sweetmeats, little baskets of cakes, nice little waiters, delicate little plates, and sweet little cups, like thimbles, in saucers of proportionate size, and then, above all, those dear little fingers, those sparkling eyes, in which glee and frolic seem almost ready to burst from the seriousness which the awful occasion has thrown around them; those comic mouths and dimpled cheeks, where the laughs and the graces seem dancing in mockery of the grave part which the urchins are acting.

But supper is over. All now rush, with glee, let loose, into the adjoining play room. And now what laughing and screaming, what rolling and tumbling! what a gushing flow of life and merriment! what a giggling! what a dressing of babies in one corner! what boisterous fun among the boys, and screams among the girls! And what airs too! what a singing together among those young sons of the morning! what a shouting for joy as the room becomes dizzy with their glee! In the mean time, there sits my neighbor B—'s poor little William, all alone by himself. His face is pale and meagre. The hectic flush of consumption burns in one red spot on his cheek and the lamp of life flickers with a strange unearthly glare in his eye. The poor little fellow has come with the others, but his soul is not there. A thoughtfulness, beyond his years, has waved her pale sceptre over his brow; and now he sits sorrowfully among the gay, silent among the noisy; his bright eye fixed upon vacancy, and features too awful for life. Imagination is already working, and the messenger of thought, from the unseen world, may be seen coming and going in the occasional quiver of his cheeks. Death has marked him for his victim, and mocks him with the fleeting phantoms of thought. Poor child! His flower has withered in the bud, and must wait for a more genial clime to revive it. In the unseen field of the stars, it may soon bloom fragrant and lovely; one of the ornaments of that garden whose fruit is immortality and glory.—*Kuicherbocker.*

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX AND THE BIBLE.—To a deputation of Dissenters who waited on His Royal Highness, in London, he thus expressed himself: "Gentlemen, I am now 65 years old, 35 of these I have spent in indisposition; Gentlemen, that sobers a man—that makes him think—that corrects many of the opinions he might have entertained in former years. It has done so with me. I am accustomed every morning alone to read two hours in the Bible before breakfast; and if any man reads that book as he ought, he himself will in some measure become inspired by it." His Highness's Biblical Library contains 1500 Bibles, in different tongues and editions, and estimated to be worth from £40,000 to £50,000.

Death is the most certain and yet the most uncertain of events. That it will come no one can question, but when no one can decide. The young behold it far in the future; the aged regard it still at a distance; but both are smitten suddenly as by a bolt from the cloud. There is no safety, therefore, save in the habitual preparation which nothing can deceive, and nothing surprise.

YOUTH.—O spare to dying man his youth and its dreams! Too nearly are we like flowers, which close and sleep only while they bloom; and when they begin to fade, remain open to the long, damp, cold night.

Virtue may be misrepresented, persecuted, consigned to the grave; but the righteous awake not more assuredly to their hopes than this to a mortal remembrance.