

perly serve the masters whom he has given us in this world. Always preserve your innocence, and call upon the Lord in the hour of temptation. Your days will sometimes flow smoothly, and sometimes will be ruffled; but be tranquil if your conduct be such, as that God may be always with you, for it is always thus same God of goodness who thus disposes our life.

Sophy listened with pious attention to this advice of the respectable Ecclesiastic, and frequently repeated her determination to follow it. To complete the business of the day, the priest sent for the relatives of the orphan, and acquainted them with the resolutions of Madam de Linden. These good people, so far from opposing her design of taking the child home with her, thanked her for her generosity. Their joy was redoubled when Madam de Linden told them she was about to take away the child immediately, and that she made them a present of the bed, and the various little articles of furniture, which formed the scanty inheritance of Sophy. The latter asked only some prayer-books which belonged to her deceased mother, being desirous of having always before her eyes the remembrance of this excellent woman. Her relatives went to look for those books, and brought them to Sophy. She took an affectionate farewell of them, and departed with Madam de Linden, who was resolved to leave town the following morning, to return to her country seat.

To be continued.

From Maxims and Examples of the Saints.

PERFECTION.

Let us learn from Jesus in the manger, what account we ought to make of the things of this world.—S. FRANCIS OF SALES.

The venerable Beatrice of Nazareth saw in a vision the whole machine of the universe under her feet, and above her head Almighty God, and nothing else; in such a manner that she seemed to be placed between God and the world—the world underneath, God above, and herself in the midst. And she understood that the sum of perfection is, when we look up to God alone, and have all the world under our feet, making no more account of it than if it did not exist at all, and fixing all our love and all our esteem on God, and on nothing else, not even on ourselves, excepting for God's sake.

S. Eduige, queen of Poland, having become a religious, never spoke, or wished to hear, of the things of the world, unless they regarded the honour of God, or the salvation of souls.

A CHEAP WEATHER-GLASS.—I keep, says a gentleman, a phial of water, containing a leech, on the pane of my lower sash chamber window, so that when I look in the morning I could know what would be the weather of the following day. If the

weather continues serene and beautiful, the leech lies motionless at the bottom of the glass, and rolled together in a spiral form. If it rains either before or after noon, it is found to have crept up to the top of its lodging, and there it remains till the weather is settled. If we are to have wind, the poor prisoner moves through its limited habitation with amazing swiftness, and seldom rests till it begins to blow hard. If a remarkable storm of thunder and rain is to succeed, for some days before, it ledges almost continually out of the water, and discovers great uneasiness in violent throes and convulsive-like motions. In frost, as in clear summer-like weather, it lies constantly at the bottom; and in snow, as in rainy weather, it pitches its dwelling upon the very mouth of the phial. It may be not amiss to note that the leech is kept in a common eight-ounce glass phial, about three-fourths filled with water, and covered on the mouth with a bit of linen rag. In the summer time the water is changed once a week, and in the winter once a fortnight. What reasons may be assigned for these changes, philosophy may determine; but the leech appears to be affected in a way analogous to that of spirits and mercury, in the weather-glass; and it seems evident, from the surprising sensation which it manifests, that an approaching change of weather, even days before it takes place, makes a visible change upon its manner of living.

He who knows how to govern well a large family, may govern a kingdom. This may appear paradoxical, but it is by means of the same spirit of order, wisdom, and firmness, that we govern a hundred persons or a hundred thousand.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

To his fatherland, from a foreign strand,
On his well-trimm'd deck across the main,
The Exile came, and, as he caught
The first, far glimpse of his native spot,
Of its sun-lit hills!—he fondly thought
He might meet the friends of his youth again.

He call'd on the gale to fill each-sail,
And urge his bark in her course of foam;
And the breeze seem'd to list the Exile's prayer,
For, his bark thro' the deep like a bird thro' the air
Flew onward—and lo! she has anchor'd where
Once stood his much lov'd village home!

Once stood!—but now on that tall cliff's brow
No castles frown, no cottages smile!
From sea to shore his quick eye roll'd—
'Tis the bay where he sported and swam of old,
The wild rock he climb'd and the mountain bold—
But his village home is—one ruin'd pile!

And the sea-gulls screech on that lone, long beach,
And the curlew's cry o'er the channel's foam,
And the waving willows' desolate bloom,
And solitude's sigh from yon glen's deep gloom,
To his sad heart speakingly told the doom
Of the friends of his youth and his village home!