

he liked the excitement of danger. Cards, Chess, and Billiards, gave him no pleasure. The Chase was his favorite recreation; and he loved it most when it was most hazardous. His leaps were sometimes such, that his nearest friends dare not like to follow him. He seems even to have thought the most hardy field sports of England effeminate, and to have pined, in the great Park of Windsor, for the game which he had been used to drive to bay in the forests of Guelders—Wolves and Wild Boars, and huge Stags, with sixteen antlers.

The audacity of his spirit was the more remarkable, because his physical organization was unusually delicate. From a child he had been weak and sickly. In the

To be continued.

prime of manhood his complaints had been aggravated by a severe attack of small pox. He was asthmatic and consumptive. His slender frame was shaken by a constant hoarse cough. He could not sleep unless his head was propped by several pillows, and could scarcely draw his breath in any but the purest air. Cruel headaches frequently tortured him. Exertion soon fatigued him. The physicians constantly kept up the hopes of his enemies, by fixing some date beyond which, if there were anything certain in medical science, it was impossible his broken constitution could hold out. Yet, through a life which was one long disease, the force of his mind never failed, on any great occasion, to bear up his suffering and languid body.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

We easily forget, and yet how unreasonably, our personal and constant dependence on God. We can see how the poor widow, whose barrel of meal has failed, and whose cruse of oil is spent, should and can ask thus humbly and urgently the day's provender; but it seems strange to us at first, that such a petition should suit as well the rich,—the owner of houses and farms and bank-stock,—the man whose garners contain food that would supply bread for myriads of mouths besides his own, and this not for to-day only, but for years hence—the merchant, it may be, whose groaning warehouses would victual whole navies. We

can see how David might, naturally and most urgently, offer such a prayer as is our text, on the day when he and his soldiers were hungering, and the shew-bread was given them; but how Solomon his son could use it, when his purveyors sent him, month by month, such profuse supplies for his table and palace, seems not so easy to be understood. And yet this very language would equally suit both—the hunger-bitten father in the day of his want, and the luxurious son in the season of his imperial opulence. Job in his palmy days, when he was the richest of all the men of the East, and when his sons were feasting each in his own