

tented hearts look upwards and say with the poet :—

“Praise to our Father God,
High praise in solemn lay,
Alike for what his hand doth give,
And what it takes away.”

“But if we had more,” said Ella, “you would have more to be thankful for.”

“I have all that my Heavenly Father has seen fit to give to me, and that is enough. Think how many have less than we have. Think of the poor in the back woods of Canada, about whom we have just been reading in Mrs. Moodie’s valuable work—those who have little or nothing with which to supply the demands of hunger through these interminable winters; think of the thousands in cities, who are stowed in cellars and back rooms and garrets, and bat-haunted places, who seldom breathe the fresh air, or see glad sunshine—think of the poor Irish who, a short while ago, were starving to death—Gasp- ing with their dying breaths—‘Give me three grains of corn! Only three grains!’ Think of the millions in Africa and Asia, who are living in mental and moral degradation, of which we can hardly form any conception—without Bible—without civilization—without any correct idea of God and Heaven. Contrast with these human beings our own happy lot, and acknowledge yourself to be deeply ungrateful. Instead of being thankful for what you have, you are murmuring because your portion is not larger. You did not order the circumstances of your birth—you might have been on heathen ground, or amid the beggars of surfeited Paris or London.”

“That is true,” said Ella, “I never thought of that before.”

“My dear child,” said Mrs. Harrison, arising and depositing her burden in the cradle, “our happiness does not depend upon external circumstances. It lies beyond these in a great degree, if not altogether. But the world is slow in learning this fact. Multitudes think as you do, that it is an attendant upon wealth, upon fame, upon position in society; but if their wishes could be gratified, they would doubtless, in almost all instances, find that they had mistaken its nature entirely. It comes to those who with grateful hearts take what their Father has appointed them, looking beyond the mists and shadows of Time, into the clear sunlight of Eternity. It comes to those who forget self, and look to the welfare of others, who scorn the

wrong and adhere firmly to the right, never pausing to weigh results in the nice scales of self-interest and worldly pride; it sits a guest at the humblest board, if Heaven-born Charity presides”—*Georgia Family Visitor*.

Hon. Stephen Allen’s Pocket Piece.

Among the victims of the *Henry Clay* disaster, was Stephen Allen, Esq., an aged man of the purest character, formerly Mayor of New-York, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. In his pocket book was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy :—

Keep good company or none. Never be idle.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

DRINK NO KIND OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Never speak evil of any one.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Read over the above maxims at least once a week.