

earth, and to whisper something like consolation: "Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her, but when on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering:

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her: What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasure to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing mind soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only sor the last solace of her years;—these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the churchyard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed:

(To be continued.)

## RELIGIOUS.

### DAILY AND EXPERIMENTAL PROOFS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Do we wish to enumerate the blessings we have received from the mercy of God since the first moment of our existence to the present time? Can we count the stars? Can we number the blessings which we have received even in a single year? How then can we enumerate those which God has heaped upon us in the course, perhaps, of a long life? How many mercies have we received in our infancy which are now forgotten! Nights passed quietly in sweet sleep; food by which our bodies have been refreshed and strengthened? From how many dangers, and unseen, have we been delivered! How often has God provided for our wants, and confounded our unbelief, which considered the relief impossible! In every accident, the eye of God has watched over and preserved us. Every day of our life has increased the sum of God's mercies to us. His goodness is renewed to us as often as the sun begins and ends his daily course, and who can tell how often God has granted him mercies, of which he is still ignorant, and preserved him from perils which he knew not of, and of which he can only be informed in the world to come!

Taking it for granted that it is impossible for any one to calculate the immense series of God's mercies during the course of his life; let us confine ourselves to a single day, and endeavour to sum up the blessings which one day brings with it. Light, air, food, strength to labour, the house we dwell in, the relations on which our happiness depends, the different amusements and varied pleasures of life. Let us not forget the power by which we respire, nor think it a matter of little consequence. On respiration the preservation of our life depends. We respire, at least, twelve times in a minute; then, each minute brings twelve blessings, each of which is so essential that without it we could never receive another. With respiration, God preserves our under-