

extolling him and telling either her father or myself all that he had already done—and was still doing for those so unexpectedly committed to his care.

It took us days to see all that was interesting in this delightful retreat, where reigned Christian peace, and the most endeared domestic harmony. The devoted affection of Sir Edward for his young wife, was chastened and tempered by religion and good sense, while hers evinced itself in every action of her life. I stayed with them a week, and had time to witness the amiable winning manner in which she yielded herself entirely to his guidance, in her new and more enlarged avocations and duties, as well as the mild sound judgment he displayed in all that he required her to do. As for dear Mr. Bertram, he was one of the happiest of beings; in his Rectory, devoting himself entirely to the duties of a Christian minister, and spending his evenings in the society of those he most loved. A very select acquaintance visited the castle frequently, amongst whom Lady Selby's natural manners, and deep piety were duly appreciated. And when I left her my regret was softened by the full assurance that her happiness was as perfect as earth could afford to give, and that every blessing she possessed was enhanced tenfold by religion, which ever casts a light over our path, and produces a pure and constant serenity the more it is cultivated, which the world with its false glare and fictitious pleasures can never give.

(ORIGINAL.)

ON THE BIRTH OF A MOST BELOVED CHILD.

Thy tender form to me is strange,
Thine infant charms unknown,
Why is my heart then drawn to thee
As if thou wert mine own?

Why do I long fair child to view,
Each new and budding grace,
To mark the colour of thine eye,
To gaze on thy sweet face,

Will it not speak to me of one,
More loved than words can say,
Of one, whose every thought is mine,
Though he is far away.

Yes, precious babe—linked as thou art
In memory's fairy chain,
The childhood of thy youthful sire
In thee returns again.

Oh how I enter into all
The joy thy birth imparts,
Thou first, and dearest pledge which love
Can yield to faithful hearts.

The pride thy lovely mother feels,
The happiness she shows,
When he on thy soft downy cheek
Affection's kiss bestows.

And well I know the pious prayer,
Was offered in that hour,
For every mercy sent with thee,
By that all gracious power.

And though Atlantic waves divide
Those loved ones from my sight,
Yet are the prayers they breathe for thee
Still mine each morn and night.

That thou, dear babe, like summer flowers,
Refreshed by morning's dew,
May trace in early childhood's years,
All that is good, and true.

May learn from thy dear Saviour's word,
So beautifully told,
How gentle lambs like thee shall find
Safe shelter in the fold.

And He, the shepherd in whose arms,
Such little ones are pressed,
And carried through the darkest storms,
To place of holy rest.

Can higher hopes than these be raised
For *all* we love on earth,
Can richest gems, or gold compare,
With this one pearl in worth.

May it be thine my precious babe,
And theirs for whom we pray,
And oh, may God restore us *all*,
Some bright, and happy day.

E. M. M.

Montreal, October, 1838.

PUNCTUALITY.

A committee of eight gentlemen had appointed to meet at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual: but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind the time. "The time," said he, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of its being so late," &c. A Quaker present said, "Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apology. It were matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but there are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one eighth of it only was thine own property."