

it shall be granted. I will grant it.' 'My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against JESUS of Nazareth!' The father was dumb with astonishment. 'I know,' continued the dying girl, 'I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught. But I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, although I have never before loved him. I feel that I am going to him—that I shall ever be with him. And now, my dear father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this JESUS of Nazareth!' I intreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of him, and when I am no more, you may bestow on him that love which was formerly mine!"

The exertion here overcome the weakness of her feeble body. She stopped; and her father's heart was two full ovens for tears. He left the room in great sorrow of mind, and, ere he could again summon sufficient fortitude, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight, as I trust, to the Saviour, whom she loved and honoured, though she had not seen him. The first thing her parent did, after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure a New Testament. This he read, and, taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lamb!"

**SHIPWRECKED MARINERS**—In the west of England lived a widow lady, with seven daughters and one son. The daughters were dutiful; but the son was disobedient and refractory: he left the house of his parent, and went on board a vessel. The mother's mind was continually employed about her boy: every breeze increased her anxiety, and seemed to say that he was no more. When at London, inquiring of every master or mate she saw concerning her son, whom she particularly described, a captain said, "He knew a person of that name and description, but that he was at the bottom of the sea, and it would be a good thing if all like him were there too." The mother's heart being agonized by this sad intelligence, she retired to a seaport, where she could feed her melancholy by beholding that ocean which had swallowed up her child. At length a distressed sailor came to her door to ask relief, pleading that he had been wrecked, and that only himself and one more escaped on some fragments of the ship to a desolate island. By the name and description, she found that the person of whom he spoke was her son. "Do you not mistake?" said the mother. "No," replied the man; "I have his Bible in my bosom." On opening it, she found her son's name written by herself. "Will you part with that book?" said she. "Not for the world," answered the sailor: "as I closed his dying eyes, he gave it me, requesting me to read its contents. He told me that it was his support in death, and enjoined upon me that I would never part with it. I was then a stranger to its worth; but, by reading its solemn truths I have learned to know the Lord, and worlds would not tempt me to part with it."

The celebrated Dr. Boerhave, at his death, left a large volume carefully sealed up, containing, as he said, the result of all his medical experience. Without breaking the seals, his executors offered the work with his other effects, at

an auction, and it went off at an enormous price. On opening it, the purchaser was surprised to find every leaf blank except one, in the middle, on which was written the following sentence:

*Keep your head cool, your body open, and your feet warm, and you will have no need of a physician*

When Bishop Aylmer observed his congregation inattentive, he used to read some verses out of the Hebrew Bible, at which the people naturally stared with astonishment. He then addressed them on the folly of greedily listening to what concerned them not, while they were inattentive to matters in which their best interests were deeply involved.

#### AXIOMS.

Be careful how you charge another with weakness or inconsistency; he may be governed by motives beyond your apprehensions; it is the final result that stamps our conduct with wisdom or folly.

There is usually the most assurance where there is the greatest degree of ignorance; we feel certain of safety, because we have not light enough to discover our danger.

To inure young persons to bear patiently small injuries, is a capital branch of education, nothing tends more effectually to secure them against great injuries.

A man who gives his children habits of truth, industry, and frugality, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

He whose word can always be depended upon, is sure to be always honoured.

There is nothing more worthy of a man than truth: nothing makes him feel so despicable as a lie.

Men often act lies without speaking them. All false appearances are lies. All shuffling and prevarication are lies.

Want of punctuality is lying.

#### POETRY.

##### "I AM PLEAS'D AND YET I'M SAD."

*When twilight steals along the ground,  
And all the bells are ringing round,  
One, two, three, four, and five,  
I at my study window sit,  
And, wrapt in many a musing fit,  
To bliss am I alive.*

##### II.

*But though impressions calm and sweet  
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,  
And I am inly glad,  
The tear-drop stands in either eye,  
And yet I cannot tell you why  
I'm pleas'd, and yet I'm sad.*

##### III.

*The silvery rack that flies away  
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,  
Does that disturb my breast?  
Nay, what have I, a stitious man,  
To do with life's unstable plan  
Or pleasure's fading rest?*

##### IV.

*Is it that here I must not stop,  
But o'er yon blue hills' woody top  
Must bend my lonely way?  
No! surely no! for give but me  
My own fire-side, and I shall be  
At home where'er I stray.*

##### V.

*Then is it that you sleep there*

*With music sweet shall fill the air,  
When thou no more canst hear?  
Oh no! Oh no! for then forgiven  
I shall be with my God in Heaven,  
Relas'd from every fear.*

*Then whence it is I cannot tell,  
But there is some mysterious spell  
That holds me when I'm glad;  
And so the tear-drop fills my eye  
When yet in truth I know not why  
Or wherefore I am sad.*

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

#### MAY DAY.

*"Mother, what makes you feel so sad?  
The day is very fair—  
And see how very, very glad,  
Our little neighbors are.*

*Dear cousin June is May-day queen—  
She has a new pink gown—  
Mother, I wish you could have seen  
Them weave the daisy crown.*

*I love to see them dancing so—  
And they are very near—  
But, mother dear, I cannot go,  
While you sit weeping here.*

*What makes you feel so very bad?  
TERRIE little Ana and I—  
If you don't love to see us glad,  
We'll sit down too and cry."*

*"My darling boy," the mother said,  
"It gives me joy to see  
So many happy forms arrayed  
Around the May pole tree;*

*And you may go and dance, my dears,—  
And be as glad as they;  
I'll try to dry up all my tears  
If you'll enjoy your play.*

*I thought of gentle sister Rose,  
Who last year was their queen;  
And now her little limbs repose  
Beneath the church-yard green.*

*Sweet little Anna's mild blue eye  
Has just HER loving glance—  
'Twas this, my son, that made me cry,  
Amid the May day dance."*

*"But, mother, you have often said,  
God took but what he'd given;  
And that we must not mourn the dead,  
Because she was in heaven."*

*"Oh, kiss me—kiss me, my dear boy!  
No other tear I'll shed;  
And I will share thy childish joy;  
For happy is the dead."*

#### JUV. MISCELLANY.

##### WIT AND GENIUS.

*True wit is like the brilliant stone  
Dug from the Indian mine;  
Which boasts two various pow'rs in one,  
At once to cut and shine.*

*A genius too, if polished right,  
With the same gifts abounds;  
Appears at once both keen and bright,  
And sparkles while it wounds.*