

call on him on his way home. As my father went on he said to me, "That man is as rich as a Jew."

Though I was not at all surprised to hear that the banker and the merchant were rich as Jews, it did very much surprise me to hear that it was the same with the old man with the basket on his arm. My father, who was quick enough to read my thoughts, went on thus in his conversation.

"When I said that the merchant and the banker were rich as Jews, I alluded to the money they had amassed together; but when I said the same thing of the poor old watercress man, I alluded to riches of another kind. Riches are valued, because they are the means of enabling men to procure in so many ways what they desire. If a man had the wealth of the world, and could not use it, or was dissatisfied, he would still be a poorer man than one who, having enough to supply his wants, was therewith contented. Bags of gold would be of no use to one perishing with hunger, or fainting with thirst in the hot burning desert. True riches must refer not to time only, but to eternity, and many a humble-minded Bible reader is enabled to say,

"Though poor and unlearned in the ways of the Lord,
I believe in the truth of his word:
That true riches are they which will not pass away,
And true wisdom the fear of the Lord."

After having thus spoken, my father was silent, with the intention, no doubt, that I might think a little on what he had said; nor did he open his lips to speak to me for the next quarter of an hour. The banker, the Jew, and the old watercress man, by turns occurred to my mind; and I felt quite sure that what my father had said was true, that a poor man contented with what he had, was really richer than one who had heaps of money and was dissatisfied.

On returning home my father did not fail to call on the old watercress man, who, though very infirm, was not merely peaceful, but exceedingly cheerful. Every sentence he uttered was caught up by me and remembered.

When my father spoke of poverty, the old man said, "Poverty, sir, may be said to depend more on our hearts than on our pockets, for where God gives his grace and contentment, a little goes a great way, I cannot boast of my money bags, and yet, sir, I somehow think that I am as rich as the richest of my neighbours."

When my father touched on the subject of trouble, the old man said, "Trouble always seems heavy, sir; but it seems a great deal heavier when we do not see God's hand in it. We know that 'man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward;' but for all this, 'affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground;' God will give those who look to him strength to bear all the trouble he puts upon them."

When my father dwelt a little on the sickness of a friend who had been long afflicted, the old watercress man observed, "Sickness is a sore trouble to many, but God never sends it but for a wise purpose. 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God and not receive evil?' David says, speaking of him who considereth the poor, 'Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.' Now, sir, if God in his goodness makes our bed for us, we may well be content to lie upon it, enduring any sickness he may send. A sick bed with his presence is better than health without it."

The last subject on which my father spoke was death. "Death is as you say, sir, a solemn subject to every one," said the old watercress man, "whatever may be his prospects; but blessed be God for those cheering words, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,' Rev. xiv. 13; and 'When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' 1 Cor. xv. 54, 55.

"It is very possible, sir, that a man built up in the faith of Christ crucified, and strengthened with a sense of pardoning mercy, may rejoice in the prospect of death, and there are moments of this kind, now

and then, with me; I could then sing for joy."

"Father," said I, as soon as we had left the house, "it is as you say, for I feel sure that the old watercress man is as rich as a Jew."

Past experience has only deepened the conviction on my mind, that poverty depends much more on the state of the heart than on that of the pocket.

The Noble-Hearted Children.

It is a beautiful sight when children treat each other with kindness and love, as is related in the following little story.

Last evening, (says the narrator,) I took supper with Lydia's father and mother. Before supper, Lydia, her parents, and myself, were sitting in the room together, and her little brother Oliver was in the yard, drawing his cart about. The mother went out and brought in some peaches, a few of which were large, red-cheeked rare-ripes, the rest small ordinary peaches. The father handed me one of the rare-ripes, gave one to the mother, and then one of the best to his little daughter, who was eight years old. He then took one of the smaller ones and gave it to Lydia, and told her to go and give it to her little brother. He was four years old. Lydia went out and was gone about ten minutes, and then came in.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father.

Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father again, a little sharply.

"No, father," said she, "I did not give him that."

"What did you do with it?" he asked.

"I ate it," said Lydia.

"What! did you not give your brother any?" asked the father.

"Yes, father," said she, "I gave him mine."

"Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?" asked the father, rather sternly.

"Because, father," said Lydia, "I thought he would like mine better."

"But you ought not to disobey your father," said he.

"I did not mean to be disobedient, father," said she, and her bosom began to heave, and her chin to quiver.

"But you were, my daughter," said he.

"I thought you would not be displeased with me, father," said Lydia, "if I did give brother the biggest peach," and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"But I want you to have the biggest," said the father. "You are older and larger than he is."

"I want to give the best things to brother," said the noble girl.

"Why?" asked the father, scarcely able to contain himself.

"Because," answered the dear, generous sister, "I love him so. I always feel best when he gets the best things."

"You are right, my precious daughter," said the father, as he fondly and proudly folded her in his arms. "You are right, and you may be certain your happy father can never be displeased with you for wishing to give up the best of everything to your affectionate little brother. He is a dear and noble little boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you do him?"

"Yes, father," said the little girl, "I think he does; for when I offered him the largest peach he would not take it and wanted me to keep it, and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."

Moral Influence of Babies.

The influence exerted unconsciously on a family by a little child, especially if it be beautiful, gentle, and good, is not easily estimated. Few persons are aware, or take time to think, how much ill feeling is prevented, how much good nature and affectionate emotion are evoked, how much dullness and gloom are banished, by the odd ways, and sweet innocencies of the dear, toddling baby. Even the rebuke which is slyly administered over the baby's shoulders to some older body, loses its vinegar and provokingness. Often, too, the brother or

father, impatient for his meal, that he might get to business, is cheated into forgetfulness while holding baby and listening to its funny attempts to talk. How, we should like to know, can a man grumble that his steak is over or underdone, that a button is off, or that his wife has made a bill at the dry goods store, while baby is crowing in his face or clambering on his knee? Heaven's blessing on all good babies, we say.

General Miscellany.

Faustin I, Emperor of Hayti.

We believe that the most of our readers will peruse with pleasure the following sketch of the life of the negro Emperor Soulouque.

He was born a slave on the coffee plantation of Mr. Violet, one of the old French colonists, who has survived the various revolutions that have occurred on this island, and who is yet still living in Porto Principe. It is related that Faustin, meeting him not many years ago, said, "Though I am Emperor, I still recognise you as my master." To which Violet replied, "And I am proud to consider myself your majesty's subject." A singular instance of the caprice of fortune! When the French evacuated St. Domingo, Faustin, then free, entered the army under Dessalines as a common soldier. Under Pétion he fought with Christophe, and from grade to grade reached a colonelship, just at the time of the fall of Boyer. His taciturn manner (a rare virtue among negroes) caused him to pass for a discreet man, and made him a participator in the different secret revolutions that took place between the years 1843 and 1847.

Made general of a division, he owed his election to the Presidency to a chance that brought his name into consideration before the Senate. Two parties were candidates before that body for the office; the votes were equally divided, and after many ballots the body failed to elect. Faustin reconciled the conflicting interests of the two parties, and was in his turn taken up. The negroes voted for him because of his colour, and the mulattoes in consideration of his supposed freedom from ambition. Too soon, however, the mulattoes found that instead of a subservient tool, they had elected a master.

Faustin emerged victoriously from all his difficulties and revolutions; but his victories were stained with a long list of the most cruel executions. Perfidious advisers bound him to his career of vengeance; he thought, at one time, of nothing less than the total extermination of the mulattoes, who composed a very large proportion of the population. The energetic remonstrances of M. Boybaud, Consul General of France, finally drew him from his murderous course. He appealed at first to his feelings of humanity, and then represented the fatal results that might be produced by the intervention of Europe, who were becoming disgusted with his course. This last argument made a strong impression on the mind of Faustin, and he ceased his persecution.

Faustin had been President two years, during which time he had occupied himself principally in conquering the Spanish part of the island, which had erected itself into an independent republic, when, to the surprise of all Europe, he was proclaimed Emperor.

It is the general opinion that Faustin did not aspire to this position. His ascension to this office is accounted for in this manner: A certain number of citizens met on the 20th of August, 1849, and addressed a petition to the House of Representatives, praying that the title of Emperor might be conferred on his excellency the President.—General Vil Julin, who commanded the garrison, and the greater part of the officers who in Porto Principe, were secretly in favour of the President, and manifested the same desire. The House took into consideration this petition on the 25th of August, approved it, and sent it the same day to the Senate, where it was passed without a voice being raised in favour of the Republic. On the 26th, the two supreme bodies met, and carried the nomination of Emperor to Faustin, and presented him a crown and a cross, expressing themselves in terms submissive enough to have satisfied the ancient despots of Europe. In this manner it was that, to the astonishment of Faustin, it is believed,

certainly to the astonishment of the world, this little republic became part of an Empire.

Faustin Soulouque, though generally represented to be but fifty, is now near fifty-four years old. He is of middle stature, expanded breast, and broad shoulders, and is stout; on foot he appears less high than he really is, because of his obesity; but on horseback, as he is a good rider, he appears to advantage. His complexion is black, but his features have not that stolid and savage expression that is observable in natives of Africa. His physiognomy denotes intelligence, and his smile is pleasant and attractive. When out, he wears a green uniform, perfectly adjusted to his body, a sword, and a three cornered hat. Though naturally taciturn, he speaks occasionally with gayer, and always with a certain dignity. It has been said that he neither reads nor writes, but this is a mistake. He writes his name in a legible manner, and in an emergency can write a letter. Every night he reads, without assistance, the History of Hayti, a work composed by a native of the island, called Madion, who has recently been made a baron.

Since his accession to the Imperial chair, Faustin seems to have learned the nature of his people. He has created orders and titles of nobility, for which he has acquired great popularity; for the natives of Hayti, as were their ancestors, are exceedingly vain. At present there are two orders of cavaliers in the empire; the military order of San Faustino, and the civil, of the Legion of Honour. The Emperor is, in virtue of his office, member of both.

The titles created by Faustin are those of princes, dukes, barons, counts and cavaliers. The princes and dukes he selected from among his major generals and vice admirals; the counts from among his brigadier generals; the Barons from the Colonels and the Captains of the Navy; and the Cavaliers from his Lieutenant Colonels. Nothing is easier than to form such a nobility. To assimilate, in some respects, the civil and military offices, the Senators, members of the House, Judges and Intendants, are all Barons. For the women, besides the titles which they take from their husbands, the title of Marchioness has been expressly created.—*Eco del Com.*

Making the most of Time.

The excellent author of "Life in Earnest" gives four expedients by which we may make the most of time.

The first he mentions is *Economy*, that is, collecting the scattered fragments of time; this he calls "gleaning up its golden dust—those raspings and parings of precious duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out of existence." Perhaps few are aware, unless they are among those who thus redeem time, of the extreme value of these smaller proportions of our "life's short day." I have known some persons who have acquired a language in the intervals of time that others were wasting without a thought; and it is recorded of Dr. Burney that he made himself master of both the French and Italian languages during the short journeys he was called to make when giving his instructions as a professor of music.

The second expedient mentioned by Hamilton is *Punctuality*. Of the importance of this few persons are unaware, and yet how many are satisfied to come short of the requirements! To be a few minutes too late for any important appointment, or to fulfil some onerous duty, has often occasioned distress and sorrow, afterwards irremediable.

Method is the third expedient, and is one of the most important things to cultivate, if you hope for success in your studies, or in your path through life.

As I shall have occasion again to refer to these subjects in connexion with their bearing upon your studies, I shall at present only mention the fourth requisite, which is *Promptitude*, as opposed to procrastination. This is a quality essentially belonging to an earnest person, and upon your cultivation of it will materially depend your decision of character. To act at once when our duty calls us forth, is sometimes difficult, but necessary; and it is not only in undertakings of magnitude that you are to exercise promptitude, it is important you should bring it to bear upon all parts of your daily life.—*Mrs. Frison's Hints for the Earnest Student.*