

impresses a direction on every footstep of my goings. Every breath I inhale, is drawn by an energy which God deals out to me. This body, which, upon the slightest derangement, would become the prey of death, or of woeful suffering, is now at ease, because he at this moment is warding off me a thousand dangers and upholding the thousand movements of its complex and delicate machinery. His presiding influence keeps me through the whole current of my restless and ever changing history. When I walk by the way side, he is along with me. When I enter into company, amid all my forgetfulness of him, he never forgets me. In the silent watches of the night, when my eyelids have closed, and my spirit sunk into unconsciousness, the observant eye of Him who never slumbers is upon me. I cannot fly from his presence. Go where I will he tends me, and watches me, and cares for me; and the same Being who is now at work in the remotest domains of Nature and of Providence, is also at my right hand to eke out to me every moment of my being, and to uphold me in the exercise of all my feelings, and of all my faculties.

GLEANNINGS.

A righteous man is one that takes the word of God for his rule, the grace of God for his strength, the Spirit of God for his guide, and the heaven of God for his home.

An honest heart, and a sincere intention to please God in all things, will clear the path of duty from many a stumbling block, which the pride of human reason has cast up; for 'if any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.'

A clergyman having made several efforts to reform a profligate, was at length repulsed with, 'It is all in vain, Doctor, you cannot get me to change my RELIGION.' 'I do not want that,' replied the divine, 'but I wish religion to CHANGE YOU.'

On the heel of Folly treadeth Shame; at the back of Anger standeth Remorse.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

POOR ROSALIE.

CHAP. II.

Once more, therefore, she was under her father's roof, and she tried to bear, in the pleasure of being near him, and still beloved by him, the increased persecutions which she had now to undergo. Her tyrant was continually telling her that she still believed her to be the murderer's accomplice; and, therefore, she could not do too much to show her gratitude for being admitted under the roof of a respectable person; and there were times when Rosalie had reason to believe her father was persuaded to be of his wife's opinion. She had, also, the misery of finding herself sometimes shunned by those who had once professed a friendship for her. Auguste St. Beuve no longer stopped to talk with her when they met; and it was evident that, till it should please heaven to bring the real murderer to justice, a stain would always rest on her character.

At length, her daily trials, spite of her trust in Providence, deprived her of strength sufficient to labour as usual; and she had soon the added misery of being told by her brothers and sisters, of whom she was very fond, that their mother said, she was a very wicked woman, and they ought not to love her. It was at the foot of the cross that Rosalie sought refuge on these occasions, and there she found it!—there she found power to bear her trials without murmuring, though she could not conquer the increasing debility which anxiety of mind and over fatigue had brought upon her. She had, meanwhile, one solace dear to her, that of visiting the grave of her mother and friend, of decorating them with funeral wreaths, and of weeding, with pious hand, the flowers which she had there planted. As her health was now evidently too delicate to permit her to perform her wonted tasks, her step-mother insisted on being paid more for her board; and she would soon have left her penny-cess, but for the following circum-