

and prepared all things for their reception, I left them in lodgings at Quebec, and proceeded up the country. I had not been two days at my friend's, and was still undecided about the farm, when I got a letter, written by my eldest gall, which informed me that my poor wife lay bad of the cholera; and if I wished to see her alive, I must start immediately.

"Off I went that very day, vexed to my heart at this untoward accident. Still, Mr. S——, I had left her so well, that I did not think it possible that she could die so soon. While stopping for the boat at Montreal, to proceed on my journey, I met an old school-fellow whom I had not seen for many years, and did not know what had become of him. He had been settled for twenty years in the country, and was now a wealthy merchant in the city.

"Oh! Sam Woodruff," says he; "who would have thought of meeting with you in Canada. You must come home and dine with me—and talk over old times."

"With all my heart," says I—"but my wife is sick of the cholera at Quebec, and I am waiting for the next boat, to go down and see her."

"That is bad," says he; "but a few hours cannot make much difference; there is another, and a far better and more commodious boat, starts at six in the evening. Come, don't say no. I long to have a friendly chat over a bottle of good wine."

"Well, Mr. S——, I did not think it could make much difference. It was only three hours. I should certainly be in time to see my wife—besides I felt sure that she was already better.

"I went to my friend's. We had an excellent dinner, and some of the best wine to relish it, I ever tasted. And what with hearing his adventures and telling my own, and comparing the merits of the two countries, the time slipped away very fast.

"I heard the clock strike six. 'My wife,' says I, springing to my feet. 'Depend upon it, Woodruff,' says my friend, 'that you will find her quite well, and don't forget to bring her to see me, as you pass up.'

"I was only just in time for the boat, and I reached Quebec late the next evening.

"And your wife?" said I.

"Was just dead when I arrived. If I had not gone to dine with my friend, I should have seen her alive. But who would have thought that the trifling delay could have made such a difference?"

My brother looked again at me. "What an unfeeling wretch!" thought I. "This man looks

upon his wives much in the same light that he would upon a horse. His grief for their death only amounts to the inconvenience which it occasions. Heaven defend me from such a husband!"

"I wonder," said my brother, "that you could live so long without a fourth."

The old man's heart now began to warm with the punch which he had been drinking—and nodding facetiously towards Miss Smith, he said:

"All in good time, Mr. S——. I am not so old that a wife would come amiss. When my girls are married, I must get a woman to take care of the house, and make and mend my clothes. Besides, these long winter nights are cruelly cold, and blankets are very dear; depend upon it, the very best thing an old man can do, to keep himself warm and comfortable, and to prolong his days upon the earth, is to take a young wife."

The old man was as good as his word. The next time I passed through ——, I found the pretty young wife in the chimney corner, and the old man as hearty and as hale as ever.

VESPER INSPIRATIONS.

BY P. J. ALLAN.

Day seems the flash of God's own boundless mind,

Bursting in floods of glory on the eye
And weaker spirit of our fallen kind,
Filling the man of thought, with feelings high,
Awful emotions that can never die—

They are the children of the mighty Sun,
And to the zenith, with the eagles, fly:
For Nature openeth her joys to none,
Save those whose eyes can pierce to that Eternal One.

Night's is a pure and mild, religious light,

The soft reflection of the burning day,
That veild and made endurable to sight,
O'er contemplation sheds a genial ray,
Which welcome as the dews to lap of May,
Softens the heart to love and piety.
Oh! starry, tranquil Night! thou seem'st to say—
An emblem of the Saviour view in me,
Whose perfect Spirit fled on the accursed tree!

Twilight of both is off-spring. When the sky
Is bright with ling'ring glances of the day,
And, clothed in silv'ry lustre; from on high
Vesper sends forth her pure pellucid ray,
Like a clear well of waters. Heav'n's highway
Assumes a darker azure, like the eye
Of one who thinks profoundly. I obey
The call of fancy, and methinks espy
The gentle Dove of peace, "the Word" that cannot lie!