

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GRATEFUL SOLDIER.

AFTER a sermon in aid of the Sunday Schools at Leeds, a soldier was observed to put a guinea into one of the plates. So large a sum from one in his circumstances, excited the attention of the collector, who took it for granted that it was a mistake, and that a guinea was given where probably a shilling, or even a smaller sum, was intended. Under this impression he called the man, and told him of the supposed mistake.

The soldier mildly but firmly said, that he had committed no mistake; that he had come with the intention of giving the guinea; that it was the result of the saving of many weeks, and that it was given in pursuance of a resolution which he had made under very peculiar circumstances.

This statement excited still more the attention of the collector; and, at his request, the soldier went, after the service was concluded, to the vestry room, where he related the following account of himself:—

He had been, in the early part of his life, educated at a Sunday School, where, among other religious instruction which he received, he was taught most of the collects used in the Book of Common Prayer. Some time after leaving school, he entered the army as a private soldier; and here his course of life became so much altered, and he mixed so much with men who had no religious feeling, and adopted their habits, that he soon lost all that he once possessed. In this way he went on for several years; his early impressions of religion becoming more and more faint, until at last they were nearly worn out. In the progress of his service, he was engaged in one of the greatest battles in which our army had met the enemy, and was most severely wounded; the shock deprived him at first of all sensation; but when that returned, he found himself stretched on the field, so severely wounded as to be unable to move. The thought of death now came upon him, and brought with it the trembling recollections of the life which he had led, and of his unfitness to appear in the presence of God. He tried to pray; but so long had prayer been neglected, that he could not remember any that he had ever said. At last he brought to mind one of those collects which he had committed to memory, when a boy at the Sunday School. It was an humble supplication to the Lord for mercy; he repeated it with earnestness and fervour, and found his mind more at ease.

Assistance soon after came, and he was removed from the field. He recovered, and from that hour became an altered man. In gratitude to God for the mercy which he had found, he resolved to give the first guinea that he could save out of his pay, at the first sermon which he should hear preached in aid of Sunday Schools.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

BY REV. A. B. MUZZY.

WE are told that Cotton Mather rewarded his children by teaching them some curious piece of knowledge. He thus conveyed the impression to their minds, that "to gain instruction was not a hardship, but a privilege and a reward. If his children deserved censure, he would forbid their reading or writing—a prohibition which was strongly associated in their minds with degradation."

Is not here an important suggestion to mothers? How many reward their children's good conduct by giving them luxuries for their appetite, or some fine article of dress. In this case, the animal nature is placed, in one sense, higher than the moral. The child comes, from such training, to think food and dress the most desirable things in life. I know a mother who hires her children to behave well at church, by promising them a piece of cake when they come home. This leads them to think it is the mere act of going to church which is the all important thing. It fills the child's mind while there, too, not with a love of the place or the services, but with thoughts about gratifying its palate. How often may the foundation be thus laid in childhood for a supreme devotion to the body. It is better to let a child do some act not quite right, or perhaps only inconvenient to ourselves, rather than gratify and stimu-

late her vanity by paying her for being obedient with an article of dress. We thus inevitably excite her vanity. We do positive harm, to effect, it may be, an uncertain good.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

WHEN we listen to the howling of the winter wind, and hear the "pelting of the pitiless storm" against our casements—when the drifting snow is piled in heaps around our dwellings, and nature is locked in the gelid embrace of a frosty atmosphere—the reflections that suggest themselves to our minds are probably of a melancholy character. We turn our attention to the unhappy situation of those who, far from shelter and from home, are traversing the recesses of the forest, or braving the perils of the ocean, exposed to the fury of the elements, and in imminent danger of destruction; or of those in whose case the horrors of poverty are superadded to the rigours of the season—whose tattered garments are fluttering in the wintry blast, and their emaciated forms shivering under the withering chill of its icy breath. But much and deeply as duty calls, and our affections may prompt us to sympathise with such unfortunate persons as these, there are others who, although not exposed to such personal danger, privation, and suffering, are yet perhaps scarcely less to be pitied—I mean those unhappy beings who, destitute of EDUCATION, and of all intellectual resources, are compelled to spend their tedious evenings in listless, dozing inactivity—in idle, unprofitable, or sinful conversation—or, perhaps, in sensual and brutalizing indulgences.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN IN PERU.

THE heavenly body, adored in this climate, is obscured all at once in the midst of the cloudless heavens. A profound and sudden night invests the earth. The shadows do not come from the earth—they fall from the heavens, and envelope the whole horizon. A cold dampness fills the atmosphere. The animals, deprived of the heat which animates, and the light which guides them, remain in a sullen immobility: they seem to look up; and ask the cause of this untimely night. Their instinct, which notes the revolving day, tells them that this is not the hour for repose. In the woods they howl in terror; in the valleys they collect together in bands, trembling with fear. The birds, which at the break of day had taken their flight in the air, surprised by the darkness, know not where to fly. The turtle-dove casts itself before the vulture, who, frightened, knows it not. All that breathe are filled with dismay.

Happy are those, in this moment, to whom Philosophy has revealed the mystery of nature. They can see, without alarm, the sun take off his light at mid-day, and wait with patience the time when he shall again be unobscured. Such is the value of learning. But how can we express the terror, the anguish, with which this phenomenon strikes the worshippers of the Sun? A moment before, their God beamed in full splendour: suddenly he vanishes, and of the cause thereof they are profoundly ignorant. Quito, the City of the Sun, Cusco, the camps, all are overwhelmed with consternation.—Translated from the French of Chateaubriand.

COMFORT OF CHILDREN.

HERE are beautiful sentences from the pen of Coleridge. Nothing can be more eloquent—nothing more true:—

"Call not that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes, and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust—obscurity may cast its dark mantle over him—the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling—his face may be unknown to his neighbours, and his voice may be inadvertent by those among whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep may flee from his pillow;—but he has a gem, which he would not part with for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eye."

LIGHTNING can be seen by reflection at the distance of two hundred miles.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence, "Saturday night." It is indeed but the prelude to more pure, more holy more heavenly associations, which the tired frame, and thankful soul hail with new and renewed joy, at each succeeding return.

'Tis then the din of busy life ceases;—that cares and anxieties are forgotten;—that the worn-out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns—with joy looking to the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

The tired labourer seeks now his own neat cottage, to which he has been a stranger perhaps for the past week, where a loving wife, and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses.

Here he realizes the bliss of hard earned comforts; and at this time, perhaps more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly seeks in the clustering vines, nourished by his parental care, the reality of those joys which are only his to know at these peculiar seasons, and under these congenial circumstances, so faithfully and vividly evidenced by this periodical time of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow, too, who has toiled on, day after day, to support her little charge, how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of "Saturday night," and thank her God for these kind resting places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

But on whose ear does the sound of "Saturday night" strike more pleasantly than the devoted Christian's? Here he looks up amid the blessings showered upon him, and thanks God with humble reverence for their continuance.

His waiting soul looks forward to that morn, when, sweetly smiling, the great Redeemer burst death's portals, and completed man's redemption. His willing soul expands at the thought of waiting on God to his annuity on the coming day; and gladly forgets the narrow bounds of time and its concerns, save spiritual, that he may feast on the joys, ever new—ever beautiful—ever glorious—ever sufficient to satiate the joy-fraught soul that rightly seeks its aid.—Literary Garland.

PEASANTS IN THE PYRENEES.

WE had seen at different times in the neighbourhood of Pau, a few stray specimens of the figure and costume of the peasants of this valley, but here we beheld, for the first time, these hardy mountaineers amidst their native wilds. And a noble looking race they are, somewhat taller than the peasantry around Pau, with more vigorous complexions, and dressed in a costume at once more primitive and more picturesque. They wear the same round cap or bonnet of brown cloth, but their black and flowing hair is always cut close in front, and left to hang loose upon their shoulders. They most commonly wear a jacket of brown cloth, sometimes one of red, and a scarlet or crimson sash tied about the body. On no occasion are they seen with trousers, but always breeches of brown cloth, and worsted stockings of the same colour, and of their own knitting, not made with feet, but finished off by a kind of wide border of the same material, which hangs down over the great wooden shoe, made in the shape of a canoe, only more curved underneath, and more turned up at the toe. In addition to this, they generally have, somewhere about them, their wide woollen cloak, with its pointed hood. The shepherds are always accompanied by a dog of a kind peculiar to the Pyrenees, as large as the Newfoundland dog, but more like a wolf in shape, and always white, with a mixture of buff, or wolfish grey. These dogs, though large and powerful, have the appearance of being gentle and docile, from their being thin, and badly fed; but that they have a disposition to be otherwise, I can testify, having been twice seized by them, and having also heard of many instances in which they were the terror of the neighbourhood. Perhaps the most singular feature in the character of the shepherd's dog of the Pyrenees, is that, like his master, he always leads, instead of driving the sheep. He is brought up entirely amongst them, and sleeps in the same fold. It is a curious sight to see the shepherd and his dog coming first out of a field, and the flock following. The sheep are more slender, and taller than ours, with thick curled horns, and long fine wool; while the singularity of a long face, with a kind of Roman nose, makes them look particularly solemn.—Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.

EXPECTATION.

It is proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raise expectation which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.