

exhortation she had just received, burst into a loud lamentation, while the big round tears rolled spontaneously down her withered cheek.

"Is it quite convenient to you to accompany us today, my dear Miss Darwin?" said Lady G., who herself was unable to suppress the tear of sympathy as she beheld the deep-felt sorrow of the faithful servant, and the stifled emotion with which poor Emma was contending.

"Yes, my lady," was the answer; "I am quite prepared. And after giving orders for her luggage to be forwarded. 'Adieu, dear Margaret,'" she said: "Remember my injunctions; and may the great God bless and protect you." She encircled with her snowy arms the neck of her attached dependant, who, unable to utter a sentence, sobbed with convulsive agony. "Again may God bless and comfort you, repeated Emma, and with an effort almost supernatural, she tore herself from the arms of Margaret, and followed Sir Lionel and his lady to the carriage. The faithful old creature remained for some hours in a paroxysm of unsubsided grief, nor was Emma less afflicted, although more resigned. As the carriage ascended an eminence that overlooked the valleys in which stood her own peaceful dwelling, her eyes reverted to the spot, and the images she had there loved rose in imagination before her view; again she could not suppress the unbidden tears—her companions saw and respected her feelings, upon which they were too delicate to intrude by any unnecessary remarks. Thus left to her own reflections, Emma soon regained her natural firmness, and apologized for what she feared her friends might attribute to weakness of character. In answer to this observation she received an assurance that her friends participated in her sorrows, but they cherished the hope that time, and their combined efforts, would be able to ameliorate, if not entirely banish, grief from her heart. Emma was truly grateful for the kind expressions, and in her gratitude felt confidence and comfort:

"For sympathy, blest instinct of our kind,
Is purest opium to the tortur'd mind."

(To be continued.)

Kingston, April, 1842.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less in proportion accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders them creatures incapable of receiving any recompense in another life for their ill treatment in this.—*Pope.*

MY MOTHER'S SENTIMENTS.

BY THE REV. LESINGHAM SMITH.

A little stream that 's never dry
When summer suns are glowing;
That when the wintry storm sweeps by,
Is never overflowing:
Such is the wealth that I implore,
And God has given me such and more.

Daughters more excellent than fair;
A son not great, but good;
Servants with whom I've learn'd to bear,
Whatever be their mood:
In peace with these, in love with those,
I calmly live, and have no foes.

A house for comfort not too small,
Not large enough for pride;
A garden, and a garden-wall,
A little lake beside;
In these I find so sweet a home,
That not a wish have I to roam.

A little land to graze my cow,
Whose milk supplies my table;
A warm sty for my good old sow,
And for my nags a stable:
All have their space for food and play,
And all are glad, both I and they.

I feed the poor man in his cot,
The beggar at my gate:
And, thankful for my quiet lot,
I envy not the great;
But rather praise my God on high,
Happy to live, prepared to die.

EARLY TRAINING.

Do we not all see daily that some men, or whole families, independently of wealth and station, are distinguished from others by a general nobility of mind, which characterises their whole life, which intimately unites with all their actions, thoughts, and feelings? And, are not others, in the possession of all outward gentility, in vain endeavouring to acquire the humane refinement and noble ease which are at once so winning and commanding in the former? For the cause of these phenomena we look into the homes of men, the homes in which they have received their existence and their early training. There, with rare exceptions, the child is ranged into his caste, whether noble or mean; there the seeds of his whole life are sown. Schools may develop his powers, and instruct his mind; they may put "sharps" and "flats" before his abilities; but the general tone of his daily life will more or less remain true to his first nursery and the nature of his home.—*North of England Magazine.*