

E. "Oh! Lord Clarendon is always making new walks among the trees, and islands in the lake and little bridges. William has such fun watching the workmen."

Mr. H. "Had you more pleasure in observing the workmen at Clarendon than when our little summer house was built in the garden, when you learned to train the flowers over it, and to make the rustic chairs for it?"

E. "I don't know, I had not seen Clarendon then. I thought our summer-house very pretty till I had been there; but it looks quite shabby now: besides, William Clarendon has a great many little ponies, we used to go a hunting on them, and—"

Mr. H. "My dear Boy, if it were good for us to have great riches God would have bestowed them upon us. We ought not to envy those who have more of the luxuries of life than ourselves. When we have so many real blessings, we should be thankful, remembering that we deserve not the smallest of them."

Edward was silent, and Mr. Hargrave saying he was going to walk invited his son to accompany him. They walked through beautiful fields to the edge of a small wood. There was an opening among the trees where a sweet stream glided along. On the other side was a little cottage, half concealed by the branches that drooped over it. Edward exclaimed, "O what a sweet place!"

"Should you like to live there," inquired Mr. Hargrave.

E. "In that cottage, papa—Oh no! It looks as if it were going to tumble down; it would not keep out the cold in winter nor the rain!"

Mr. H. "yet you say it is very pretty."

E. "But there are some things very pretty to look at, yet when we have them we don't like them."

Mr. H. "Yes, and we may think riches are delightful, but they have no more power to make us happy than a wretched cottage has to make us comfortable.—But come with me, and see the people who live here."

They crossed a little wooden bridge, and the road led them through the trees to the other side of the cottage. A very old woman sat at the door listening to a little girl who was reading to her. When Mr. Hargrave spoke, she looked at him for a moment; then grasping his hand, cried, "Oh, Sir, is it you? how it pleases me to see you! Come in, Sir, do come in!"

They went into her poor dwelling—it wore the appearance of misery. The stones of the floor were broken and uneven, but swept quite clean; the roof was low, and covered with mats that looked very old.—There was a wide open chimney and a small fire—a table stood before a window that was broken and patched with strong paper—a few wooden seats and a bed completed the furniture.

Mr. H. "Are you not very solitary here?"

Old Woman. "No, Sir, how can I be solitary with my Bible? It is the best companion,—it tells me of what my Saviour has done for me, and of the glory he has prepared in heaven for all believers. I have few of the good things of this life, but with food and raiment I am content; and Oh! Sir, my God has guided me long by his counsel, and soon he will receive me to glory. I am just waiting for his coming."

Mr. H. "Does that little girl live with you?"

Old Woman. "No, Sir; but she comes after

school time and reads to me—she is a kind child. The Lord will reward her."

Mr. H. "But you can see to read, I believe."

Old Woman. "Yes, Sir, and it is a mercy; a wonderful mercy. How many reasons I have to be thankful for!"

Mr. H. "Yes, you have much reason for thankfulness. I brought my son to see how happy and contented you are; I hope he will profit by the lesson."

Old Woman to Edward. "My dear, it is religion that makes me happy. All the riches of the world are nothing without religion. Oh seek it early—may God bless you!"

Edward felt that the poor inhabitant of the little cottage he had despised did indeed possess true happiness. He remembered that William Clarendon was often discontented in the midst of all his pleasures, and the lesson of this day was never forgotten by him.

WHAT MAY BE DONE BY INDUSTRIOUS HABITS.—"Mr Wesley, the venerable founder of the Methodist denomination, is universally allowed to have been an extraordinary and highly distinguished character. Whatever may be thought of his peculiar sentiments, no one can deny him the credit of truly apostolic zeal and benevolence in what he conceived to be the way of duty. For upwards of fifty years he travelled eight thousand miles each year on an average, visiting his numerous societies, and presided at forty-seven annual conferences. For more than sixty years, it was his constant practice to rise at four o'clock in the morning, and nearly the whole of that period to preach every morning at five. He generally preached near twenty times a week, and frequently four a day. Notwithstanding this very few have written more voluminously than he; divinity, both controversial and practical; history, philosophy, medicine, politics, poetry, &c were all, at different times, the subjects on which his pen was employed. Besides this, he found time for reading, corresponding, visiting the sick, and arranging the matters of his numerous society, but such prodigies of labor and exertion would have been impossible, had it not been for inflexible temperance and unexampled economy of time. Yet, to suppose that he had no failing or that he was free from faults, would be absurd; but after viewing his sufferings, and the extent of his success, with an unprejudiced mind, it is impossible to deny him the character of a singularly great and worthy man."

In 1791 he finished his earthly career, in the 88th year of his age. In the course of which time he preached near forty thousand sermons, and travelled about four hundred thousand miles.

WHOLESALE ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Begin life with the least show and the least expense possible; you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money, and you cannot pay. Be in no man's debt. Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it destroys liberty, and makes some virtues extremely difficult.

ANECDOTES.

From an American Periodical Publication.

THE CONVERTED JEW.

[We heard (says the Editor) the following affecting Anecdote related at a religious meeting a few days since, and have no doubt of its authenticity.]

"Travelling lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old and highly respectable clergyman give a short account of a Jew, with whom he had lately become acquainted. He was preaching to a

large and attentive audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter, having every mark and lineament of a Jew. He was well dressed, his countenance was noble, and I thought it was evident his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat and was all attention, while an unconscious tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek. After service, the clergyman fixed his eye steadily upon him, and the stranger reciprocated the stare. The good minister goes up to him, 'Sir, am I correct; am I not addressing one of the children of Abraham?' 'You are.' 'But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?' The substance of his narrative was as follows:—He was a very respectable man, of a superior education who had lately come from London; and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his cares before he left Europe, & he now knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child. She was, indeed, worthy of a parent's love. She was surrounded by beauty as a mantle; but her cultivated mind, and her amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any one of the time-worn decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education. She could read and speak with fluency several languages; and her manners charmed every beholder. No wonder then that a doting father, whose head had now become sprinkled with grey, should place his whole affections on this only child of his love, especially as he new no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he educated her in the principles of that religion; and he thought he had presented it with an ornament.

"It was not long ago that his daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, her strength decayed, and it was soon apparent that the worm of disease was rioting in the core of her vitals. The father hung over the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often attempted to converse with her, but seldom spoke but by the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance, but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a small grove near his house, in great distress of mind, when he was sent for by the dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of the chamber, which he feared would soon be the entrance of death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religion gave but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter.

"The child grasped the hand of her parent with a death-cold hand: 'My father, do you love me?' 'My child, you know I love you—love you are more dear to me than the whole world beside!' 'But, father, do you LOVE me?' 'Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite? have I never given you any proofs of my love?' 'But, my dearest father, DO you love me?' The father could not answer; the child added, 'I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me—you have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you. Will you grant me one request?—O, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter—will you grant it?' 'My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every cent of my property, whatever it may be,