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Ps. cxxx. 57.—Thou art my portion, O Lord! I have said that I would keep thy word.

1st Samuel, III. 10.—Speak, Lord! for thy servant heareth.
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they shall do so again, on my account, as before. It was done, as he directed, and this cured the little Princess.

THE WIDOW.

It was a cold and bleak evening in a most severe winter. The snow, driven by the furious north wind, was piled into broad and deep banks along our streets. Few dared or were willing to venture abroad. It was a night which the poor will not soon forget.

In a most miserable and shattered tenement, somewhat remote from any other habitation, there then resided an aged woman, all alone—and yet not alone.

During the weary day, in her excessive weakness, she had been unable to step beyond her door stone, or to communicate her wants to any friend. Her last morsel of bread had been long since consumed—and none heeded her destitution. She sat, at evening, by her small fire, half famished with hunger—from exhaustion unable to sleep; preparing her mind to meet the dreadful fate from which she knew not how she would be spared.

She had prayed, that morning, in full faith, 'Give me this day my daily bread,' but the shadow of evening had now descended upon her, and her faithful prayer had not been answered.

While such thoughts were passing through her weary mind, she heard the door suddenly open, and as suddenly close again; and found deposited in her entry by an unknown hand, a basket crowded with all these articles of comfortable food, which had the sweetness of manna to her.

What were her feelings on that night God only knows, but they were such as rise up to him—the Great Deliverer and Provider—from ten thousand hearts every day.

Many days elapsed before the widow learnt through what messenger God had sent to her that timely aid. It was at the impulse of a little child, who on that dismal night, seated at the cheerful fire-side of her home, was led to express the generous wish that that poor widow, whom she had sometimes visited, could share some of her numerous comforts and good cheer. Her parents followed out the benevolent suggestion; and a servant was soon despatched to her mean abode, with a plentiful supply.

What a beautiful glimpse of the chain of causes, all fastened at the throne of God! An Angel, with noiseless wing, came down and stirred the peaceful breast of a pure-hearted child, and with no pomp, or circumstance of the outward miracle—the widow's prayer was granted.

CRUELTY TO THE DOG.

There is among the brute creation one race, advancing such especial claims of exemption from the general lot of oppressed inferiors, that my indignation scarcely outruns my astonishment when I see them ill-used. Hateful as are the cruelties exercised on the noble horse, on the patient ox, and harmless, timid sheep, nothing seems so base, so aggravated, as harsh treatment inflicted on the dog. From a child, I have studied the character of that faithful follower of man; and truly it is a marvellous one. The zeal, devotion, and consistency of his attachment; the palpable degree in which his faculties are sharpened by it; his patient endurance, undaunted courage, and more than "half-reasoning" sagacity, in all that concerns the interests of, perhaps, a neglectful or cruel master,—these qualities stamp with such exceeding turpitude the outrages committed through the very confidence inspired by them, that it is extraordinary a general cry of loud reprobation does not break forth to intimidate, where it might not shame, the perpetrators. Of course, I now allude to the scandalous practice of using the lesser and more delicate individuals of the species for draught; while even the sturdy mastiff and powerful Newfoundland dog are urged to painful and unnatural efforts, which their very willingness in attempting them renders it more unmanly to extort. Let any one examine the skin of this ill-requited servant, how liable it is to inflame and break on a slight injury; let him mark the perpetual thirst excited by any accession of heat or exercise; and then imagine a small part of what must be the suffering induced by the galling harness, the cutting lash, and the dreadful craving for drink, which the shackled condition of the poor creature prevents his satisfying, and which is rarely thought of by his selfish employer. It is really becoming a national sin among us; and no sin will more surely find its perpetrators out, or visit them more fearfully in this world.

Canine madness will undoubtedly increase to such an extent, under the barbarous system, as to make the extirpation of the race a matter of public safety. And, partial as I am to the dog, I would rather see his name and nature blotted out from the page of creation, than witness what is now a common spectacle wherever you turn the eye. Declaiming is useless; a determined effort ought to be made by every one who does not desire to lose the honest guardian of his property, the playful companion of his walk, and the most attached of his adherents, to put down this disgusting and dangerous nuisance.—*Charlotte Elizabeth.*

known to Jack, I saw the whole transaction. He called a little black monkey to him, who, like the others, crouched to his superior; when he seized him by the nape of the neck with one paw, took the brush dripping with paint with the other, and covered him with white from head to foot. Both the man at the helm and myself burst into a laugh, upon which Jack dropped his victim, and scampered up the rigging. The unhappy little beast began licking himself; but I called the steward, who washed him so well with turpentine, that all injury was prevented. But during our bustle, Jack was peeping with his black nose through the bars of the maintop, apparently enjoying the confusion. For three days he persisted in remaining aloft. No one could catch him, he darted with such rapidity from rope to rope. At length impelled by hunger, he dropped from some height on my knees, as if for refuge; and as he had thus confided in me, I could not deliver him up to punishment.

The only way in which I could control his tricks, was by shewing him to the panther on board, which excited his fears very strongly. I used to hold him up by the tail, and the instant he saw the panther he would become perfectly stiff, shut his eyes, and pretend to be dead. When I moved away, he would relax his limbs, and open one eye very cautiously; but if he caught a glimpse of the panther's cage, the eyes were quickly closed, and he resumed the rigidity of death.

[We suppose, this article will amuse our young readers; but we do not print it for their amusement only: we hope they will read a bit of advice founded upon it: For a monkey it may do, to play mischievous tricks, but boys and girls may be expected to know better, and in them it is a very mean thing to place themselves on a level with the poor beast that they laugh at. We want them now to examine themselves, whether they ever take pleasure in playing tricks: taking delight when they can give the servants trouble, when they can hide a play-mate's things, or put something in his way to make him fall. About the monkey we know no more than that we shall whip him, if we catch him; but about boys and girls we know that God will be very angry with them, if they are mischievous; and so when these anecdotes have made them laugh enough, we then hope that they will go on to think what a miserable thing it is to be a monkey, and that they will thank God for having given them hearts that can distinguish between good and evil, and his word to warn them against evil, and to invite them to do good: and they will resolve, by God's grace, to take profit by his warning and to follow his invitation which calls them to endless bliss.—EDITOR]

THE BOY WITHOUT A MOTHER.

A number of boys with books in their hands were passing up the street on their way to school. They were talking with animated countenances, apparently on a subject of common interest. 'Hallo, Sam,' said one of them to a boy who had just come up to them, 'are you going with us this afternoon?' 'I do not know,' answered Samuel, 'mother does not know whether it is frozen hard enough to-day. I am afraid she will not let me go. It is always the way when there is any fun to be had; mother keeps me at home.'—'Just like my mother,' replied his companion, 'she is always afraid I shall be drowned, or get run over, or be killed in some way or other. She has not let me coast the street with the other boys all this winter. I must always promise to go off with my sled into the fields.'

Edward Torry, who was standing by the side of the two boys, was a listener to their conversation. He said nothing, but when the boys looked towards him, expecting from him some remarks upon the subject, they saw a tear in his eye which he turned away to conceal. It was not difficult to judge what were the feelings which called it forth. A glance at his mourning suit reminded the boys of their companion's situation. It was but a few weeks before, that he had been deprived of an affectionate mother, and they conjectured correctly that their conversation had brought her to his mind. Edward was thinking of his mother, and his reflections were something like the following:—'These boys think it very hard to be looked after so closely, and not allowed to run into dangers: so I used to do; but the time may come when they would give the world to have some one to care for them as their mothers do now. Oh! if I could only have my good mother again, how willing I should be to give up every one of my plays to please her.'

A KING'S EXAMPLE TO PARENTS.

One of the present King of Wittenberg's daughters, when quite young, began to be proud of seeing the guard turn out every time she passed by in one of the royal carriages. She looked up one day to her Governess, as they were passing, and said with an air of great self-importance: "It's on my account they are doing that." The Governess had presence of mind enough to answer immediately: "You are mistaken, Princess; it is on Papa's account." The little lady was very much hurt by this contradiction, and took the first opportunity she could find of telling her Papa about it. But the King very promptly replied: "Indeed, my dear, your Governess is quite right; and to convince you of it, you will find the guard will not turn out the next time you pass them: after that,

Fourty's Corner.

ABOUT JESUS CHRIST, WHO DIED FOR SINNERS.

Jesus, who liv'd above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see,
How very good He used to be.

He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind,
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.

And more than that, He told them too
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

But such a cruel death he died!
He was hung up and crucified;
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood!

And so He died!—and this is why
He came to be a man and die—
That we might have our sins forgiven
And when we die go up to Heaven.

He knew how wicked man had been,
And knew that God must punish him;
So, out of pity, Jesus said,
He'd bear the punishment instead.

Now God will pardon those who pray,
And hate their sins, and turn away;
Will keep, and lead, and not forsake,
And save them for His mercy's sake.

(Communicated by a friend.)

ANECDOTES OF A DIANA MONKEY.
By Mrs. Bouditch.

He was a native of the Gold Coast, and was of the Diana kind. He had been purchased by the cook of the vessel in which I sailed from Africa, and was considered his own property. As Jack's education advanced, he was gradually allowed an increase of liberty, till at last he enjoyed the whole range of the ship, except the cabin. I had embarked with more than a common hatred to monkeys; and although I often laughed at Jack's freaks, still I kept out of his way, till a circumstance brought with it a closer acquaintance, and cured me of my dislike. Our latitude was three degrees south, and we only proceeded by occasional tornadoes, the intervals of which were filled up by dead calms and bright weather. When these occurred during the day, the helm was frequently lashed, and all the watch went below. On one of these occasions I was sitting alone on the deck, and reading intently, when, on an instant, something jumped upon my shoulders, twisted its tail around my neck, and screamed in my ears. My immediate conviction that it was Jack scarcely relieved me; but there was no help. I dared not cry for assistance, because I was afraid of him; and dared not obey the next impulse, which was to beat him off, for the same reason. I therefore became civil from necessity, and from that moment Jack and I entered into an alliance. He gradually loosened his hold, looked at my face, examined my hands and rings with the most minute attention, and soon found the biscuit which lay by my side. When I liked him well enough to profit by his friendship, he became a constant source of amusement. Like all other monkeys at sea, he was fond of pulling off the men's caps as they lay asleep, and throwing them into the sea; of knocking over the parrots' cages, to drink the water as it trickled along the deck, regardless of the occasional gripe he received; of taking the dried herbs out of the tin mugs in which the men were making tea of them; of dexterously picking out the bits of biscuits which were toasting between the bars of the grate; of stealing the carpenter's tools; in short, of teasing every thing, and every body.

But he was also a first rate equestrian. Whenever the pigs were let out to take a run on deck, he took his station behind a cask, whence he leaped on the back of one of his steeds as it passed. Of course, the speed was increased, and the nails he stuck in to hold himself on, produced a squeaking; but Jack was never thrown, and became so fond of the exercise, that he was obliged to be shut up whenever the pigs were at liberty. Confinement was the worst punishment he could receive; and whenever threatened with that, or any other, he would cling to me for protection. At night, when about to be sent to bed in an empty hen-coop, he generally hid himself under my shawl, and at last never suffered any one but myself to put him to rest. He was particularly jealous of the other monkeys on board, who were all smaller than himself, and put two out of his way. The first feat of the kind was performed in my presence. He began by holding out his paw, and making a squeaking noise, which the other evidently considered as an invitation. The poor little thing crouched most humbly to him, but Jack seized him by the neck, hopped off to the side of the vessel, and threw him into the sea. We cast out a rope immediately, but the monkey was too much frightened to cling to it, and we were going too fast to save him by other means. Of course, Jack got flogged and scolded, at which he was very penitent; but the deceitful rogue, at the end of three days, sent another victim to the same destiny. But his spite against his own race was manifested at another time in a most original way. The men had been painting the ship's sides with a streak of white, and upon being summoned to dinner, left their brushes and paint on deck. Un-