

he resumed: "That I will. I was sent a message when a boy, and in going along the street I observed a man crying fish. He had an old white horse and the fish were in two creels slung at his sides. As he paced along, two young gentlemen rode past on fine horses. The man no sooner saw them getting before him than he began to run and whip his old horse. The poor animal cantered as fast as he could, but the motion was so violent as to make the fish fly from the creels and dispose themselves on the street. "Man, man," cried the people! "Stop, stop, you are losing all your fish." "Never mind that," cried the man, "Never mind that, if I keep up with the gentlemen."

This anecdote put all the company into very good humour; and as I am always pleased to see a number of happy human faces, I shall at present say no more of the guilt and folly of those who live above their income, but merely ask what they would have thought if they had seen as many people laughing at them as I did at the man with the dry fish.

APPRENTICES AND CLERKS.—All those that serve are bound to execute the duties they have engaged to perform with the greatest and most strict fidelity. I would consequently advise their doing too much, rather than too little, promoting the interests of masters as diligently as their own, acting always with such candour, and being so regular and exact in the execution of their task, as to be enabled at all times to give a cheerful and satisfactory account of their conduct to their employers; never to make an improper use of the confidence of their master, nor to disclose the errors and defects of those whose bread they eat, nor to suffer themselves to be tempted by their passions to violate the respect which they owe those to whom Providence has subject them.

ANECDOTES.

THE CAFFRE BOY.—A Caffre Boy, twelve years old, was asked, whether he did not repent having come to Gnadenhall?—the Missionary settlement of the Moravian brethren. On his answering in the negative the Missionary observed, "But in the Caffre country you had meat in plenty, and excellent milk, and here you can get neither." To this he replied, "It is very true; but I wish to become a child of God, and I hear in this place how I may attain it; whilst in my own country I hear nothing of it. I rejoice, therefore, that I am come hither, and am satisfied with any thing."

THE ORANGE.—A child of six years of age, being introduced into company for his extraordinary abilities, was asked, by a dignified clergyman, "Where God was!" with the proffer of an orange.

"Tell me, sir, (replied the boy) where he is not and I will give you two."

IGNORANCE OF FEAR.—A child of one of the crew of his Majesty's ship Peacock, during the action with the United States vessel, Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat; when seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now, I've caught you."

SELECT SENTENCES.

Of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its spaces, as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and with that the conversations of a well chosen friend.

A man of letters never knows the plague of

idleness. When the company of his friends fails him, he finds a remedy in reading or in composition.

He that is well employed in his study, though he may seem to do nothing, does the greatest things yet of all others. He lays down precepts for the governing of our lives, and the moderation of our passions, and obliges human nature, not only in the present, but in all succeeding generations.

A wise man will dispose of time past, to observation and reflection; time present to duty; and time to come, to providence.

Epaminondas, prince of Thebes, had such hatred to idleness, that finding one of his captains asleep in the day time, he slew him. For which act being reproved by his nobles, he replied, I left him as I found him; comparing idle men to dead men.

The ruins of time are the monuments of mortality.

He that follows his recreation instead of his business shall in a little time have no business to follow.

None but a wise man can employ leisure well, and he that makes the best use of his time, hath none to spare.

It was a good saying of Philip II. of Spain, Time and I will challenge any other two.

Want is little to be dreaded, when a man has but a short time left to be miserable. Of all poverty, that of the mind is most deplorable.

Of all prodigality, that of time is the worst.

POETRY.

REMEMBRANCE.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he bends,
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends.
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms;
What then shall soothe his early woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lightens as she counts the hours
That hasten his return.

From hard controul and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
The child's sad thoughts will roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye,
While he remembers with a sigh,
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes: the toils and cares of life,
Torment the restless mind:
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not youth, as fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah! no: for hopes too long delay'd,
And feelings blasted or betray'd,

The fabled bliss destroy,
And he remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on;
But with the baseless hopes of youth
Its generous warmth is gone
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eyes,
Remembering with an anxious sigh
Happy dreams of youth,

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow:
Now ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

TRULY THE LIGHT IS SWEET, &c.
EccL. xi. 7, 8.

When the sun looketh forth in his pride,
From yon far spreading regions of blue,
Pouring oceans of light on a wide,
And varied, and beautiful views;
It is sweet to move over the fields,
And waters, and hills that he brightens;
And the power that the loveliness yields,
The heart of the mourner enlightens.

But the sun, as a King from his throne
Comes down at his conqueror's word,
Shall descend from the heights, where he
The proud and beneficent lord;
And whoe'er is now blest in his beam,
Shall part from that giver of gladness;
We come forth, like an exquisite dream,
To sink in a bosom of sadness.

When the beams of Prosperity fall
On our head, all life's evil concealing,
Casting a brightness and beauty o'er all,
And waking the rapture of feeling;
It is sweet to rejoice in the boon,
And boast as if nothing could sever
The frail sons of Prosperity soon
From its sunshine for aye and forever.

But that bright star of rapture may set
To him who depends on its ray;
It may now glitter o'er us, and yet
To-morrow have vanished away;
And we go to the place of the dead,
Where ancients it lightened are sleeping,
Gone the glory that circled their head,
Her dark feast Mortality keeping.

But I know, O my God! of a Sun
That shall everlastingly shine,
And a land, when man's journey is done,
All bright for that creature of thine.
Yes, in heaven there is brightness, and Thou
Shalt there with thy sunbeam shine o'er us
Dark the days that are over us now!
The days of our light are before us!