

partner in the business which that gentleman afterwards established.

No reason can be assigned with more probability for his refusing this liberal offer, than his appointment, immediately after, to the pursership of the Aurora frigate, which was ordered to carry out to India, Messrs Vansittart, Scrofton and Forde, as supervisors of the affairs of the company. He was also promised the office of private secretary to those gentlemen, a situation from which his friends conceived the hopes that he might eventually obtain lasting advantages. The Aurora sailed from England on the 30th September, 1769, and after touching at the Cape, was lost during the remainder of the passage in a manner which left no trace by which the cause of the calamity could be discovered. The most probable conjecture is, that she foundered in the Cosambique channel.

SQUIRE JENKINSON.

Squire Jenkinson could get no rest. He had a noble mansion, fine pleasure grounds, and a beautiful carriage drawn by beautiful horses. His table was supplied with every luxury, and his friends were the most cheerful companions in the world, but still Squire Jenkinson could get no rest. Sometimes he went to bed early, and sometimes he went to bed late; but, whether late or early, it was just the same. "There is no peace for the wicked," and there was no rest for Squire Jenkinson.

He applied to his friends, who told him to take exercise, and to drink an extra glass of grog before he went to bed. He applied to his doctor, and he gave him laudanum, and opium; but in spite of exercise, and grog, and laudanum and opium, no sound rest could he obtain. At last he consulted Thomas Perrins his gardener. Now Thomas Perrins was a humble christian, and well knew that his master feared not God; that he was unjust, cruel, and oppressed the widow and the fatherless, and that his conscience troubled him; so Thomas told him, that old Gilbert Powel, who lived hard by on the waste land, always slept famously, but that perhaps he wore a different kind of a night-cap.

Mistaking the meaning of Thomas Perrins, away went Squire Jenkinson with one of his best night-caps in his pocket, to exchange it for that of old Gilbert Powel, which he had washed and well aired; and when night came, he went to bed in good spirits, hoping to have a comfortable night's sleep: but no! though he put it on in all shapes, and placed himself in all postures, Squire Jenkinson could get no rest.

As soon as the sun rose, he hastened to the cottage on the waste land, to know how Gilbert Powel had rested, when Gilbert told him that he thought he had never had a better night's rest in all his life. and was quite delighted with his new night-cap.

Perplexed and cast down, Squire Jenkinson then went once more to his gardener, to tell him of the ill success which had attended his plan of borrowing the night-cap of Gilbert Powel!

"It cannot be Gilbert's cap," said he, that makes him sleep so soundly, for he wore one of mine, and he tells me that he never had a more comfortable cap in his life."

"Ay, master," said Thomas Perrins, shaking his head significantly, as he leaned on his spade, "but to my knowledge he wears another cap besides the one you gave him, the cap of a quiet conscience, and he who wears that is sure to sleep well, let him wear what other cap he pleases."

FOR THE MIRROR.

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."—Heb. 12. 6.

The text quoted was the principle which actuated every action in the life of my old friend R. and surely no man ever took such pains to convert blessings into chastisements, and benefits into stripes as this person.—He commenced this course from a very early age, and the effect it had upon his conduct was in many instances ludicrous, and if any one rejoiced in the good things of this world, my friend equally rejoiced when he could call any passing occurrence, an affliction to himself. Nothing grieved him so much as a congratulation—Ah! my dear fellow, you do not know how agonizing is the very thing upon which you felicitate me, believe me, if you but knew the wretchedness I experience, you would sympathize, not rejoice with me.—Did any one, condole with him upon any misfortune no matter how slight, the text was immediately applied—"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth,"—and how can I expect to escape the miseries incident to mortality, but I ought to know—"Whom the Lord, &c." and I trust I am under the influence of Grace, and that I am indeed one of those to whom the Lord extends favor, judging from my misfortunes and unhappy state of life.—In short his life was by his own imaginations made continually uneasy, and he looked upon himself as a peculiar object of the care of his Creator, little considering that Pride was the foundation of his misery.—In fact—R. was an idle man—with more of temporal good than usually falls to the lot of man, with a family calculated to make him happy—in the enjoyment of health, with many friends around him he was miserable. He had been, as I before said, early imbued with his peculiar ideas—and I may add, he earlier was taught, that every means of personal gratification was at his command.—Too indolent by disposition to be dissipated to enter into the wild though exciting pleasures of those around him—too indolent to store his mind with knowledge

derived from the experience of sages—too indolent to enter into the area of politics, or to embark in any speculation of either science or art, he sunk by degrees into the idle man—"Yawning and gaping at the passing crowd."

R. was now forty—still his favorite text remained his solace, and as yet no real misfortune had reached him.—The scene is now to be changed. His Bankers failed, after receiving his last three months interest and dividend, which with the balance then in their hands comprised all his ready money. He had allowed the balance to accumulate to pay off a certain sum due upon the purchase of a landed estate, which his agents, the friends of his bankers had invested for him—As usual he left every thing to them, and they in return left every thing to him, that is the parchment upon which the deeds were engrossed, perhaps some one shilling's worth for the £20,000 he had paid, vanished with the Estate.—This was a blow to his pride, yet he held up, and quoted this misfortune as another exemplification of the truth of the version of the Text. He was to take his own words, a happier man, for "whom, &c." By degrees all went, some one way, some another.—Then when want actually stared him in the face he was compelled to do something for his support—"To dig he was unable, to beg he was ashamed."

To be continued.

L.

LOSSES IN FAMILIES.

Many families grow up and live long together without the bond of their affections being once either strained or broken.—They know that death is a common lot of humanity; they see it daily carrying off neighbors and acquaintances. Some of their own relations have felt its power; and they have thus become familiar with all the symptoms and fashions of eternal woe; but the destroyer has never intruded on their sacred domain. Year after year, diseases have prevailed around them, and made successive inroads upon every fire side; but theirs has still escaped. They thus become in some measure singular and isolated from the rest of the world, their hearts certainly not steeled against its sympathies, but not deeply exercised in them. If a mother remain long inconsolable for the loss of a child, they think that she is not altogether blameless. "All must die," some member of the establishment will remark; "some are early cut off; some are spared long, but the stroke will come. Why then contend against what we cannot help? Resignation is both absolutely necessary and it is proper. Besides, our duties are not ended when those who are dearest to us are taken away: we must still attend to our own interests, and make provision for those who are dependent upon us. The business of life must not be interrupted." "It's all true you say," was the reply we once heard given to a female acquaintance by a woman of humble rank.