

**Thy Will be Done.**

It is a short and simple prayer;  
 But 'tis the Christian's stay,  
 Through every varied scene of care,  
 Until his dying day.  
 As through the wilderness of life  
 Calmly he wanders on,  
 His prayer in every time of strife,  
 Is still "Thy will be done!"

When in his happy infant years  
 He treads 'midst thornless flowers;  
 When pass away his smiles and tears  
 Like April suns and showers:  
 Then kneeling by his parents' hearth,  
 Play-tired, at set of sun,  
 What is the prayer he murmurs forth?  
 —"Father, thy will be done."

When the bright summer-sky of time,  
 Cloudless, is o'er him spread;  
 When love's bright wreath is in its prime,  
 With not one blossom dead:  
 Whilst o'er his hopes, and prospects fair,  
 No mist of woe hath gone;  
 Still, he repeats his first taught prayer—  
 "Father, thy will be done."

But when his sun no longer beams,  
 And love's sweet flowers decay;  
 When all hope's rainbow-coloured dreams  
 Are sadly swept away;  
 As a flower bent beneath the storm  
 Still fragrantly breathes on;  
 So when dark clouds life's heaven deform,  
 He prays,—"Thy will be done!"

And when the winter of his age  
 Sheds o'er his locks its snows;  
 When he can feel his pilgrimage  
 Fast drawing to a close:  
 Then, as he finds his strength decline,  
 This is his prayer alone:  
 "To thee my spirit I resign—  
 Father! thy will be done!"

**Nine Lies.**

In the Cemetery of Pere le Chaise, there is a tombstone with the following inscription on it:—

"Here lies my grandfather;  
 Here lies my grandmother;  
 Here lies my father;  
 Here lies my mother;  
 Here lies my sister;  
 Here lies my brother;  
 Here lies my uncle;  
 Here lies my aunt;  
 Here lies my cousin."

It is a common proverb to say, he lies like an epitaph: now here are nine "lies" without an epitaph. Query,—how many would there be if the qualities of all these persons were traced by the author of the nine lies? who

When he dies  
 Then he lies.

**Patriotism!**

The following anecdote respecting the celebrated Benjamin Franklin we have extracted from a work published in Paris, in 1824, entitled "*MY RECOLLECTIONS,*" *By a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.* The writer was acquainted with an elderly Gentleman, a retired merchant, who related to him as follows:

I was, said he, in my youth, partners with Mr. , a man of understanding and polite manners, as well as an intelligent merchant. It was in 1778 he became acquainted with Franklin, then ambassador at our court, where he fomented the rupture with England. He saw him after at his country house at Passy, when he held communications with Paris and Versailles, at the same time that he indulged his taste in philosophical meditations, and his love of retirement. One day my partner came to me with a joyful countenance, and said to me, I have just come from Franklin. France has declared in favour of the American insurgents; able French officers, arms, and ammunition of all kinds, are to be sent to America; war is inevitable; Franklin has assured me of it, and he has strongly engaged me to profit by this diplomatic communication. Go, said he, to the ports, and buy sugar and coffee—these articles are sure to rise—it is a speculation that cannot fail—but I will share the success; I will be a sleeping partner in this grand operation, and this is the price of my confidence. Well, said I, let us admit him as a partner in it, he will plead the more strongly for the independence of his country, and let us set off directly for the sea ports. I hastened to Orleans and Nantes: we made very considerable purchases. The war broke out. In the midst of this fortunate speculation, and when we were well acquainted with the results, we proposed to Franklin to buy his share, by the payment of a sum proportioned to the profits. He accepted our proposal, and we paid him one hundred thousand francs (4,000 guineas) in ten bills, payable from month to month.

What will those who idolize the memory of the disinterested philosopher, Franklin, say to this? It was playing a game after he had dealt himself all the