

and, incapable of mercy. talk of retribution? No, blessed Jesus, thy death is an antidote to vengeance. At the foot of thy cross I meet my enemies, I forget their injuries. I bury my revenge, and forgive them as I also hope to be forgiven of thee.—DR. NOTT.

#### PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

For my own part, I fully enter into the sentiment of an ancient writer, that it would not be worth while to live in a world that was not governed by a Providence. Nothing is so tranquilizing and consolatory, amidst the perpetual shiftings and fluctuations and uncertainties of an inconstant world, as the firm belief that my family and myself are wholly dependent on the sleepless and unremitting care of our reconciled God and Father; that he views with indifference nothing which can affect us either with good or with ill; that every drop in the ocean of means is in his hand and at his disposal; and that he is making all things work together for our good. His eye is upon every hour of my existence, his spirit intimately present with every thought of my heart. His hand impresses a direction upon every footstep of my goings. Every breath I inhale is drawn in by an energy which God deals out to me. This body, which upon the slightest derangement would become the prey of death, or of woful suffering, is now at ease, because he is at this moment warding off from me a thousand dangers, and upholding the thousand movements of its complex and delicate machinery. His presiding influence keeps me through the whole current of my restless and ever changing history. When I walk by the way he is along with me. When I enter into company, amid all my forgetfulness of him, he never forgets me. In the silent watches of the night, when my eyelids have closed, and my spirit has sunk into unconsciousness, the observant eye of him who never slumbers is upon me. I cannot fly from his presence. Go where I will, he tends me, and watches me, and cares for me. And the same Being who is now at work in the remotest dominions of

Nature and of Providence, is also at my right hand, to eke out every moment of my being, and to uphold me in the exercise of all my feelings and all my faculties.

#### LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

##### A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

Amidst the exaggerations of modern literature, and the fictions of that exuberant fancy, which in these latter days is tasked to gratify a public taste somewhat vitiated, it is useful to present occasional views of actual existence. Such are contained in the following sketch, which is studiously simple in its language, and every event of which is strictly true. We have this assurance from a source entitled to implicit credit.

KNICKERBOCKER.

There is a vast amount of suffering in the world that escapes general observation. In the lanes and alleys of our populous cities, in the garrets and cellars of dilapidated buildings, there are pregnant cases of misery, degradation and crime, of which those who live in comfortable houses, and pursue the ordinary duties of life, have neither knowledge nor conception. By mere chance, occasionally, a solitary instance of depravity and awful death is exposed, but the startling details which are placed before the community, are regarded as gross exaggerations. It is difficult for those who are acquainted with human nature in its darkest aspects, to conceive the immeasurable depth to which crime may sink a human being, and the task of attempting to delineate a faithful picture of such depravity, though it might interest the philosopher, would be revolting to the general reader. There are, however, cases of folly and error, which should be promulgated as warnings, and the incidents of the annexed sketch are of this character. Mysterious are the ways of Providence in punishing the transgressions of men—and indisputable is the truth, that Death is the wages of sin.

##### CHAP. I.

Twenty years ago, no family in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia was more distinguished than that of Mr. L—, no lady