

attention or more loving solicitude.— Julia's melancholy journey was at last ended: her aching head was laid on its last pillow; her wayworn form sank to its couch of rest. The bitter consequences of her fall, pursued her to life's latest sigh. The child for whom she had labored so long and so faithfully, was an object of ceaseless anxiety until her eyes were closed in death. She was never permitted to know that this loved and helpless one, would not be entirely dependent on the cold charity of the world; and she died, mourning with keenest selfupbraiding over this thought. But the orphan's God sustained the orphan's heart—the wind was “tempered to the shorn lamb.” Mary's filial piety had won the love of many, and a worthy and respectable family cordially invited her to become one of their number. From her mother's grave she accompanied them to a safe and peaceable home—of that home, she remained a cherished and beloved inmate until her marriage with a gentleman whose wealth and generosity enabled her to show that kindness to others, which, in her time of need, had been shown to her. The dependent orphan, shrinking from the gaze of the world, through a keen sense of the dishonor which rested on her very existence, became the mistress of a hospitable home; the wife of an admiring and indulgent husband, and able, if she had so chosen, to hold a high command in society. She was still humble in heart, although grateful and happy in spirit; and she used the influence which her means and disposition enabled her to exercise, with a sincere wish to promote both the present

and the highest good of her fellow beings. She adorned the circle in which she lived closing a well-spent, though not long life, without fear and without regret—realizing the promise which the Lord our God hath given to his believing children, that; even in the valley and shadow of death, He will be with them—and leaving with all who knew her, good evidence that she had gone to be with Jesus. Do not the lives of this mother and daughter present examples worthy of notice, of the providence of God to both punish and protect?

To our view, the weary, anxious life of the mother, is an instance not to be mistaken, of the truth, that “the way of the transgressor is hard,” while the reward which the gentle virtues of the daughter received, even in this world—her guileless life and happy death, afford confirmation strong, and beautifully persuasive, that the meek and lowly of heart, find favor with the King of kings, and that “the Lord will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in Him.”

#### BE USEFUL.

It is a truism, that time passes rapidly away. The wheel is constantly revolving, and carries with it our griefs and our joys—and finally life itself. The ancients represented Time with a forelock, to show that it should be seized without delay, and that if once lost, it cannot be secured. The duration of a man's life should not be estimated by his years, but by what he has accomplished—by the uses which he has made of time and opportunity. The industrious man lives longer than the drone; and by inuring our body and mind to exercise and activity, we shall more than double the years of our existence.