

duct, were restored to their anxious parent.

Queen Charlotte, who heard of this extraordinary circumstance, requested Hannah Moore to write a poem upon it, but she begged to be excused saying: "That no art could embellish an act so noble."

AN ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote, which contains an excellent lesson of instruction for the rulers of any nation, will apply to the result of almost any war that has ever been undertaken.

At the close of the American Revolution, George III., King of Great Britain, issued a proclamation, appointing a day of thanksgiving for the return of peace. A Shrewd country clergyman in Scotland, upon reading the proclamation, immediately proceeded to England, and having arrived at the royal palace, solicited a personal audience with the king. Being admitted with some difficulty, to the Royal presence, after making his humble obeisance to the Sovereign, he said: "May it please your majesty, I have received your proclamation, and wish to comply with its requisitions; but I have come all the way from Scotland to ascertain what we are to give thanks for. Is it that that your majesty has lost thirteen flourishing provinces?"

The good natured king, perceiving the humor of the man, replied, "No, mun, not at all."

"Is it then," said the Scotchman, "that your majesty has sacrificed the lives of a hundred thousand of your loyal subjects?"

The king again replied, "No, mun, nothing of the kind."

Again the Scotchman inquired, "Is it that your majesty has added a hundred millions to the national debt?"

The king again answered, "No, mun, for none of these things."

The Scotchman then said, "Will your majesty condescend to inform me explicitly, for what we are to give thanks?"

The king replied, "Why, mun, manifestly for this, that matters are no worse with us than they are."

The good man returned home entirely satisfied, and preached an excellent thanksgiving sermon on Isa. xxi. 18.

DON'T COMPLAIN.

A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this time he was quite vexed, because God had given him such weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who with levelled gun was aiming at him and attempting to fire; but the powder being wet with the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself:—

"How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not probably have been alive at this hour. The rain which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment to save my life and preserve to me my property!"

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbors of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner