

a purse of gold, and said, in a voice like music, "Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow"—and she was gone; only, as she went out, I heard her say—"Better than diamonds! better than diamonds!"

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

On one of the many bridges in Ghent stood two large brazen images of father and son, who obtained this distinguished mark of admiration of their fellow-citizens by the following incident:—

Both father and son were, for some offense, condemned to die. Some favourable circumstances on the side of the son, procured him a remission of his sentence, under certain provisions; in short, he was offered a pardon on the most cruel and barbarous condition that ever entered the mind of barbarity; namely, that he would become the executioner of his father. He at first resolutely refused to preserve his life by a means so fatal and detestable. This is not to be wondered at; for I hope there are few sons who would not have spurned with abhorrence life sustained on a condition so horrid and unnatural. The son, though inflexible, was at length overcome by the tears and entreaties of a fond father, who represented to him, that at all events his (the father's) life was forfeited; and it would be the greatest possible consolation to him in his last moments to think, that in his death, he was the instrument of his son's preservation.—The youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering his life and liberty; he lifted the ax—but as it was about to fall, his arm sunk nerveless, and the ax dropped from his hand.—Had he as many lives as hairs he could have yielded them all, one after another, rather than conceive, much less perpetrate, such an act. Life, liberty, everything vanished before the dear

interests of filial affection—he fell upon his father's neck, and embracing him, triumphantly exclaimed, "My father! my father! we will die together!" and then called for another executioner to fulfill the sentence of the law.

Hard must their hearts indeed be, bereft of every sentiment of virtue, every sensation of humanity, who could stand insensible spectators to such a scene. A sudden peal of involuntary applause, mixed with groans and sighs, rent the air. The execution was suspended, and on a simple representation of the fact, both were pardoned, high rewards and boons were conferred on the son; and finally, those two admirable brazen images were raised to commemorate a transaction so honorable to human nature, and transmit it for the instruction and emulation of posterity. The statues represent the son in the very act of letting the ax fall.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

"Mary, I am afraid your exercise is not likely to be finished in time," said Mrs. B—to her daughter, who sat by her side at the table, her fingers playing with the pencil, and her eyes fixed on some object in the room.

"Dear mamma, I had quite forgotten what I was doing: I was thinking."

"Were you thinking of what you are to write down from your reading in history this morning?"

"No, not exactly, mamma," replied Mary, looking rather foolish.

"Then you will not be ready for walking with me; and I advise you to give up your useless thoughts at once."

"O, mamma, it is very nice to think."

"Very, provided we think of something useful and good, and I keep thought to its proper time and place; but if you are thinking of grammar when you ought to be thinking of history, or of