

ing my father with no more children than another daughter and myself. I received my education in Edinburgh along with my sister, who was two years older than I. She began to manage my father's household affairs at thirteen years of age, and I went to reside with an aunt in East-Lothian, who had been married to a farmer, but was now a widow, and occupied a farm herself.

Whether it originated in his not finding any amusement at home, or in consciousness of his affairs getting into confusion, I know not, but our father about this time fell by degrees from attending to his business in a great measure, and sank into despondency. My sister's letters to me were full of regret; my aunt being in a declining state of health, I could not leave her for some months. At last she died, leaving me a legacy of five hundred pounds, when I hastened home, and did all in my power to assist my sister in comforting our father, but he did not long survive, and dying insolvent, we not only lost our protector, but had nothing to depend on save my little legacy and our own industry and exertions. We retired to a small lodging; none of our friends thought proper to follow us to our retreat; and now, bereaved as we were of our natural protector, we could not help perceiving that we were a friendless and helpless pair. My sister never recovered her spirits; a certain dejection and absence of mind from this time forth began to prey upon her, and it was with real sorrow and concern that I perceived it daily gaining ground, and becoming more and more strongly marked. I tried always to console her as much as I could for our loss, and often, to cheer her, assumed a gaiety that was foreign to my heart; but we being quite solitary, her melancholy always returned upon her with double weight. About this time I first saw a young officer with my sister, who introduced him carelessly to me as the captain. She went out with him, and when she returned, I asked who he was. "Bless me, Jane," said she, "do you not know the captain?" I was angry at the flippancy of her manner, but she gave me no further satisfaction.

At mention of this officer, Lindsey grew restless and impatient, changing his position on the seat every moment. "Things went on in this manner," continued Jane, "for some time longer, and still my sister grew more heartless and dejected. Her colour grew pale, and her eye heavy, and I felt seriously alarmed on her account.

"For nine or ten days she went out by herself for an hour or so every day, without informing me where she had been. But one morning, when I awoke, my sister was gone. I waited until noon before I took my breakfast; but nothing of my sister appearing, I became distracted with dreadful apprehensions. Days passed over, and she was still absent. At length I received intelligence of her being very ill, and lying at an inn on one of the roads from Edinburgh. Hurrying to the place, I entered her apartment, breathless and impatient. But how shall I relate to you the state in which I found her! My heart bleeds to this day, when remembrance presents me with the woeful spectacle! She was lying speechless, unable to move a hand or lift an eye, and posting on, with rapid advances, to eternity, having some days before given birth to this dear child on my knee."

At this moment the eyes of all the circle were fixed on Jane, expressing strongly a mixture of love, pity, and admiration. Lindsey could contain himself no longer. He started to his feet, stretched his arms towards her, and, after gasping a little for breath, "What?" said he, sighing, "are you not then the mother of little George?"

"A poor substitute only for a better, sir; but the only parent he has ever known, or is likely to know."

"And you have voluntarily suffered all these privations, trouble, and shame, for the sake of a poor little orphan, who, it seems, is no nearer akin to you than a nephew? If ever the virtuous principles and qualities of a female mind deserved admiration—But proceed. I am much to blame for interrupting you."

"I never for another moment departed from my sister's bed-side until she breathed her last, which she did about thirty hours after my arrival. I now hired a nurse for the child; and it being term time, gave up my house, and sold all my furniture, save the little I have still, and came here

to reside. I had no ambition but that of bringing up the child by my industry. Who his father is, remains a profound, and to me unaccountable mystery."

Here Lindsey again sprang to his feet. "There is some thing," said he, "occurs to my mind—the most extraordinary circumstance—if it really be so. What is the boy's surname?" Jane hesitated, and said that she could not think of divulging that so as to make it public, but that she would trust to his honour, and tell it him in his ear. She then whispered the name M'—y. "What!" said he aloud, forgetting the injunction of secrecy, "of the late firm M'—y and Reynolds?" "The same, sir." Making frantic exclamations, Lindsey hurried from the room, and immediately returned with an open letter in his hand. "Here is the last letter," said he, "ever I received from my brave and only brother; a short extract from which will serve fully to clear up the whole of this very curious business."

He then read as follows:—"Thus you see, that for the last fortnight the hardships and perils we have encountered have been many and grievous, but to-morrow will be decisive one way or another. I have a strong prepossession that I will not survive the battle; yea, so deeply is the idea impressed on my mind, that with me it amounts to an absolute certainty; therefore, I must confide a secret with you, which none in the world know, or in the least think of, save another and myself. I was privately married before I left Scotland to a young lady, lovely in her person, and amiable in her manners, but without any fortune. We resolved, for reasons that must be obvious to you, to keep our marriage secret, until I entered to the full possession of my estate, and if possible till my return; but now (don't laugh at me, my dear brother), being convinced that I shall never return, I entreat you, as a last request, to find her out and afford her protection. It is probable that by this time she may stand in need of it. Her name is Amelia M'—y, daughter to the late merchant of that name of the firm M'—y and Reynolds. She left her home with me in private, at my earnest request, though weeping with anguish at leaving a younger sister, a little angel of mercy, whom, like the other, you will find every way worthy of your friendship and protection. The last letter that I had from her was dated from London, the 7th of April, on which day she embarked in the packet for Leith, on her way to join her sister, in whose house, near Bristo-Port, you will probably find her. Farewell, dear brother. Comfort our mother; and oh, for my sake, cherish and support my dear wife!"

The old lady now snatched little George up in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and shed abundance of tears over him. "He is indeed my grandson!—he is! he is!" cried she, "my own dear George's son, and he shall henceforth be cherished as my own."

"And he shall be mine too, mother," added Lindsey, "and heir of all the land which so rightly belongs to him. And she, who has so disinterestedly adopted and brought up the heir of Earlball, shall still be his mother, if she will accept of a heart that renders her virtues every homage, and beats in unison with her own to every tone of pity and benevolence."

Jane now blushed deeply, for the generous proposal was just made while the tears of joy were yet trickling over her cheeks on account of the pleasing intelligence she had received of the honour of her regretted sister, and the rank of her child. She could not answer a word—she looked steadfastly at the carpet, through tears, as if examining how it was wrought—then at a little pearl ring she wore on her finger, and finally fell to adjusting some of George's clothes. They were all silent.

"By my certy, laird!" said Meg, "but ye hae made her a good offer! an' yet she'll pretend to tarrow at takin't! But ye're sure o' her, tak my word for it. Ye dinna ken women. The young hizzies mak aye the greatest fike about things that they wish maist to hae!"

"Indeed, sir," said Jane, "you overpower me. I am every way unworthy of the honour you propose for my acceptance; but as I cannot part with my dear little George, with your leave I will stay with my lady, and take care of

him." "Well, I consent that you shall stay with my mother as her companion. A longer acquaintance will confirm that affection, which a concurrence of events has tended so strongly to excite."

It was not many months until this amiable pair were united in the bonds of matrimony, and they are still living, esteemed of all their acquaintances. Barnaby's kindness was not forgotten. He has been appointed the laird's own shepherd, and overseer of all his rural affairs.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Beneath our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

Death rides on every passing breeze;
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril, every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly toward the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

Turn, christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

THE JEWS AT LEGHORN.—This wandering and excommunicated race form no inconsiderable part of the resident population in Leghorn, being estimated at twenty-five thousand out of seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Their synagogue is a spacious building, but not otherwise remarkable than for the extraordinary number of lamps in it. Except the latticed galleries for the females, there is little to indicate its purpose, and very little indeed of that respect due to a place of worship is to be seen in the behaviour of those who frequent it. Although a rabbi was reading part of their ritual, instead of paying the slightest attention to him, those around me were conversing together on ordinary topics, just with as much indifference as if they had been in the open street, or in any other place than a house of prayer; nay, some of them were talking over matters of business, so that it was impossible not to be forcibly reminded of the words of our Lord, who had reproached their forefathers for similar profanity, and for converting the sanctuary of their religion into "a den of thieves." What singular inconsistency, that a people who so pertinaciously adhere to ordinances which subject them to many privations and inconveniences, possess so little of the real devotional spirit of religion!—*Rae Wilson.*

SCRIPTURE.—The holy Scriptures are a treasure which is offered and given to all. Like the light of heaven, it is capable of being divided without being exhausted. Unlike the riches of this world—which, while they bestow opulence upon some, leave the rest of mankind in poverty,—these communicate abundance, without any diminution of their own stores. Every one may profit by them, without inflicting injury upon another. It is not absolutely necessary to salvation to possess the whole of them; the smallest portion is a fertile source of wealth, like those gushing fountains which, the more freely they are used, the more plentifully send forth their salutary streams. This fountain of Scripture derives its origin and its efficacy from the Holy Spirit alone.—*St. Chrysostom.*