

A N E C D O T E S.

THE ONE BOOK.

In the first article of the last Edinburgh Review, at the close of an admirable paragraph, in which infidelity is challenged to account for 'the place the Bible occupies throughout the continued history of literature,' occurs the following:—"In his last illness, a few days before his death, Sir W. Scott asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. Mr. Lockhart inquired what book he would like. 'Can you ask?' said Sir Walter,—'there is but *ONE*;' and requested him to read a chapter of the gospel of John. When will an equal genius, to whom all the realms of fiction are as familiar as to him, say the like of some professed revelation, originating among a race and associated with a history and a clime as foreign as those connected with the birth place of the Bible from those of the ancestry of Sir Walter Scott? Can we, by any stretch of imagination, suppose some

Walter Scott of a new race in Australia or South Africa, saying the same of the Vedus or the Koran?"

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George Washington, when quite young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; every thing was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her, but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

P O E T R Y.

SOMETHING FOR LITTLE READERS.

Kneel, my child, for God is here!
 Bend in love, but not in fear;
 Kneel before him now in prayer:
 Thank him for his constant care;
 Praise him for his bounties shed
 Every moment on thy head;
 Ask for light to know his will;
 Ask for love, thy heart to fill;
 Ask for faith to bear thee on
 Through the night of Christ, his Son;
 Ask his Spirit still to guide thee

Through the ills that may betide thee;
 Ask for peace, to lull to rest
 Every tumult of thy breast;
 Ask in awe, but not in fear;
 Kneel, my child, for God is here!

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

I am but a child, and 'tis little I know,
 But I will grow wiser as older I grow;
 By reading and hearing I'll add to my store,
 And thus what I have shall be daily made
 more.