

man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum." "O Father of Heaven," said Latimer, on the other side, "receive my soul." Latimer died first; as the flame blazed up about him he bathed his hands in it, and stroked his face. The powder exploded, and he became instantly senseless. His companion was less fortunate. The sticks had been piled too thickly over the gorse that was under them; the fire smouldered round his legs, and the sensation of suffering was unusually protracted. "I cannot burn," he called; "Lord, have mercy on me; let the fire come to me; I cannot burn." His brother-in-law, with awkward kindness, threw on more wood, which only kept down the flame. At last some one lifted the pile with "a bill" and let in the air; the red tongues of fire shot up fiercely, Ridley wrested himself into the middle of them, and the powder did its work.—*History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A.

THE SLAVE AND HIS ENEMY.

A slave in one of the West India islands, who had been brought from Africa, became a Christian and behaved so well, that his master raised him into a situation of trust on his estate. He once employed him to select twenty slaves in the market, with a view of making a purchase.

While looking at some who were offered, he perceived an old broken down slave, and immediately told his master that he wished very much that he might be one of the number to be bought. The master was much surprised, and at first refused; but the slave begged so hard that his wish might be granted, that his master allowed the purchase to be made.

The slaves were soon taken to the plantation, and the master, with some degree of wonder, observed his servant pay the greatest attention to the old African. He took him into his house, laid him on his own bed, and fed him at his own table. When he was cold, he carried him into the sunshine; and when he was hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoa trees. The master supposed that the old man must be some relation to his favorite, and asked him if he were his father.

"Massa," said the poor fellow, "he no my fader."

"Is he then an elder brother?"

"No, massa."

"Perhaps your uncle, or some other relation?"

"No, massa, he no be of my kindred at all, not even my friend."

"Why then, asked the master, "do you treat him so kindly?"

"He my *enemy*, massa," replied the slave, "he sold me to the slave dealer; my 'ble tells me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; when he thirst, give him drink."

SEVERE BUT TRUE.—Macaulay, in his history of England, in reference to the character of those who often become converts to Popery, remarks, "We frequently see inquisitive and restless spirits take refuge from their own scepticism in the bosom of a church which pretends in infallibility, and, after questioning the existence of a Deity, bring themselves to *worship a wafer.*"

SOLITUDE.—Some people seem to entertain as mortal an aversion to solitariness as a mad dog to water, and accordingly so lay their plans that they are never above a few minutes out of sight of some person or another. A case certainly much to be pitied. The very use of society is to make solitude agreeable. The man who is afraid of being alone never enjoys the pleasure resulting from mental independence, which is the noblest of all. He feels his happiness inseparable from some person whose company he may not always have it in his power to command—he lives more for others than for himself, that is to say, he puts the care of his happiness entirely in the hands of others, whereas that care should only be entrusted to our own hearts. It becomes, therefore, the duty of every one to be able to be alone, and to acquire this ability the best method is practice. Every mind has sources of happiness unknown to itself, these sources are gradually discovered, and become more copious in proportion as pleasure is drawn from them.—*Anon.*