

on, while all her policy was frustrated—her confederacies broken up—her subsidies squandered—her arms dishonoured—and her allies made neutral, sometimes hostile towards her. Her great naval victories failed to relieve her position, save from the danger of invasion. The cloud grew darker, and more portentous that overhung her and Europe together. She was proscribed, isolated, and harassed, on every hand. Her financial burdens accumulated—discontent and sedition kept pace with the struggle. Deep evils preyed upon the vitals of the nation, and presaged disasters greater than any enemy could inflict, as they were indeed stimulants to that enemy to renew his efforts. No nation, perhaps, ever exhibited a greater example of resolve and patience, under such formidable discouragements—not only sustaining them, but appearing to rise under them with redoubled energy, and immovable resolve, during the last epochs of this most memorable struggle. Britain stood before the nations in steady unchanging lustre, like one of the tempest-beaten beacons on her own shores.

"It was an instructive lesson to Europe, but a problem not easily solved by men of other mould, to see a nation put herself forward strongly averse to war, and delighting in the occupations and blessings which peace only can give; yet foregoing all her immediate interests and her inclinations, for the sake of things far higher and more sacred than her own weal. But he who makes the sand the boundary of the wave, and the disturbing forces of nature the means of a more perfect harmony—reserves His interposition for times and seasons of His own appointing, and steps in to reverse a whole series of human contingencies, by means which none can divine, while they excite universal surprise. He that fought against the Canaanite with the hornet and with the hailstone, as well as with the weapons of Joshua, could make the elements still his armoury, and bring forth these treasures to the all-subduing battle, when the arm of flesh had failed. 'Who can stand before his cold?' By a single stroke he broke the arm that had over-matched the world, leaving to man only a secondary place, even in the order of means and series of events culminating in the destruction of the colossal foe. But, though God's sovereignty was thus declared, in the season and mode of interposition, it was given to Britain first to lower the crest of the adversary, and to impart a tone of confidence to her allies, by the steady successes of her arms, under the only man God had raised up of adequate capacity for this work. The superiority of her arms, for a season eclipsed, shone full in their olden glory in the achievements of her great Captain."

Miscellaneous Table-talk Topics.

CITY AND COUNTRY. The press of business and excitement in the city will not hold their purity sacred, but trample upon the snow flakes as they do upon much else that is beautiful in life. In the country it is different, and there, Winter is seen in its real grandeur. The broad fields covered with their pure white mantle—unsoiled by even a footstep—the giant trees stretching out their long arms towards Heaven to receive a blessing, which descends upon them—gently and lovingly like the white wing of a dove, awaken the soul to sublimity and beauty. Oh! the country is the place for noble aspirations, lofty thought, and real intellectual effort. In cities we are too much restrained by conventionalities—too much tempted by petty aims and selfish desires. I have sometimes wondered whether if the annals of biography were searched,—there could be found one intellectually great person, who had not passed some large portion of his life in the country. It seems to me that it would be one of Nature's monstrosities if we could find one born and raised in the heart of the city who was a true poet—a great naturalist or philosopher; or an inspired artist.

—*Cin. Cor. of Pio. Wesleyan.*

SELF-TAXATION.—The taxes are, indeed, heavy; and if those laid on by government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing any abatement.—*Franklin.*

—John Spear, a dissipated shoemaker of Bristol, has killed his wife. He had pawned her gowns, and she had found him at a public house spending the money; she upbraided him and flung a pipe at him; he suddenly struck her in the abdomen with a clasp-knife, inflicting a wound which quickly proved fatal.

AN AGREEMENT OF OPINION.—An old Connecticut pastor, whose peculiarities of preaching were proverbial, and who was blessed with a temper of great value, was one day told by a parishioner that he did not like his sermons. "Well," said the old man, "I don't wonder at it, I don't like 'em myself."

HOW TO ADMONISH.—We must consult the gentlest manner and softest reasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have humility to receive as they ought, it is often because there are as few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweet and pleasant ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment, and a complacency of behaviour will disarm the most obstinate. Whereas, if, instead of pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence.

—At the late "Burns' Anniversary," held at Sheffield, Mr Potter proposed as a toast, "Happy England—England the fair abode of decency and decorum; the centre of religion and freedom; the land of happy firesides and clean hearths; of domestic peace, and filial piety, and of parental love; the birth place of beauty; the cradle of heroes; the school of sages; the temple of law; the altar of fame, the asylum of innocence; the bulwark of private security and of public honor." Not amiss.

HAPPY OLD FARMER.—A venerable old Scotch farmer of eighty years, said to a relation on a visit to him: "I have lived on this farm more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence; I have no wish to be any richer than I now am. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people more than forty years. During that period I have scarcely ever been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and I have never lost more than one communion season. I have never been confined to a bed of sickness for a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I have made up my mind long ago, that, if I wished to be happier, I must have more religion than I have at present."

—At a meeting of working men, held in the concert-room of the Princess's Theatre on Saturday week, it was resolved that support should be given to the project of Mr Oliveira, M. P., towards establishing a free library in Marylebone; and a committee of working men was appointed to co-operate with Mr Oliveira's committee. Mr John Macgregor, M. P., and Mr. Digby Seymour, M. P., addressed the meeting.