

a manger, indicates, the spot where our Saviour was laid upon straw.

Two paces farther, opposite to the manger, stands an altar, which occupies the place where Mary sat when she presented the Child of Sorrow to the adoration of the Magi.

Nothing can be more pleasing, or better calculated to excite sentiments of devotion, than this subterraneous church. It is adorned with pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools. These pictures represent the mysteries of the place, the Virgin and Child, after Raphael, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Coming of the Shepherds, and all the miracles of mingled grandeur and innocence. The usual ornaments of the manger are of blue satin embroidered with silver. Incense is continually smoking before the cradle of the Saviour.

The grotto of the Nativity leads to the subterraneous chapel, where tradition places the sepulchre of the Innocents: "Herod sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremiah the prophet, saying: In Rama was there a voice heard," &c.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Kingston Gazette and Religious Advocate.

GLENWARREN.—*A Tale for Youth.*

I am now old; three score years and ten is the time allotted to man; I have seen them and even more; years, long years of trouble have they been to me;—but I will pass over the various incidents of my life in quiet, one excepting, which I must relate—It is a tale of horror; and a tale of woe: listen to it. It was of that age when the young man is first his own master, rich affluent and haughty, hated by some, professed to be loved by others, those particularly who had often witnessed the sumptuousness of my table: and were the more on its account attached to me, than owing to any good qualification of my person. I had always about me a faithful servant, who much exceeded his master in villainy and crime, and has since ended this life as a murderer, on the gallows. His name, if the recollection of an old man does not fail was Edward, at any rate I shall so call him, and by that name introduce him to my reader. It was in an obscure village that I lived, and where I might now also have been had not the demon of wickedness found so easy an access to my soul.

The clergyman of the village was a good old man, and much loved by the country people who inhabited round about. He had an only daughter, young and lovely as the wild flowers that grew on the large green in front of the dwelling, and innocent as the young fawn that sported on the forest. I knew her, I loved her, but she returned not my love with equal fervour. The thought struck me, that her reverend parent would not permit her to be joined to a person of my character, who never was seen at church to hear the holy word of God, or ever known to bend his knees to Him who was his maker.

I had a rival: and preparations were making

fast for the approaching nuptials between him and Amelia; length of time has blotted his name from my memory. He was a pious young man: and I trust, through his piety he has obtained pardon for all his sins at the throne of grace. Peace to his soul! Revenge burned vehemently in my bosom; smother it I could not; it burst forth like the furnaces of hell; nothing being able to check it. Edward was consulted, and the consultation was short as it was cowardly. For a large reward he agreed to murder the wretched being whom I detested; and before that day was done the deed was committed. He was shot, and we thought the perpetrator was never known; no little sensations immediately ensued; every body was active to discover the murderer; not the least clue could be found for suspicion to rest on any one.

Meanwhile the lovely Amelia raved: her senses had left her: and she wandered unconscious of what she was doing; she heard, she heeded none: and that spirit once so pure and holy, was rapidly departing from its earthly tenement. As for myself, I pretended sickness and saw nobody; for I could not bear to think of the devastation I had made without shuddering. Six months passed away. It was a lovely morning, and the sun shone brilliantly to all in the village save the Clergyman and Amelia, for the hand of death was on him. The reason of Amelia had slightly returned, and anxiously had she watched the slow, but too sure decline of the worthy man. The time that had elapsed since the murder had considerably worn off the impression it made on my mind; all the villagers went to see the worthy pastor ere his spirit winged its flight to heaven to enjoy an everlasting bliss. In the evening I called to see him; that evening which was his last: I shall never forget. The sun was just sinking behind the woody hills and departing like a saint to rest in the western sky. The river lay smooth as a mirror: not a breath stirring to ruffle its surface. Heaven and earth were never more tranquil, and perhaps even nature herself had never appeared lovelier. I knocked gently at the door of the cottage, which the curse immediately opened; I entered and sorrowfully gazed on the features of the clergyman; Amelia desired me to be seated, which I readily obeyed. Raise me my child, said the old man, and let me once more see the sun depart for the last time. He observed me not: all his thoughts seemed fixed on heaven which he was so soon to enter to enjoy the fruits of a life well spent. The sun departed, and he again laid his head on the pillow for the last time. Amelia, he faintly articulated, reach me the Bible; he was instantly obeyed, and as he opened the holy book, he breathed forth a pious prayer, and I departed not until the suspension of his voice told me he had concluded. Next morning the light green shutters were closed, which too plainly told the fate of the clergyman; he was dead: and the day following his body was committed to the earth, to rest till the latter day when the trumpet shall sound and graves open at the resurrection of life. Every body pitied his unfortunate daughter, but nobody could relieve her. The slight spark of reason that had remained was extinguished forever: and ere the sun had risen six times from the clergyman's burial, his ill-fated daughter was laid by his side. As for myself, I endeavoured to forget one whom I had once worship-

ped, but could not, for her angelic form was at all times before my eyes, sleeping or waking. I hurried through the crowds of fashion and the ball room for ten years, yet the recollection of the maniac was as plain as if it had happened but a day gone by. I quitted the land of my nativity and arrived In America: where among the wild forests of this country, aided by religion, in a few months I obtained what years could not procure me in England.—My days are numbered, and the number of them is short: yet I look forward with hope to the time when the king of terrors shall arrive to summon me into eternity, when I will lay my body down to rest in the grave where the weary findeth sweet repose, and the wicked sin no more.

GLENWARREN.

*From the Columbian Star.*

#### MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

*That gentlest of all living things,—a Mother.*

No sight can be more tender than that of a pious mother, fastening the look of anxious affection upon the mild and beautiful form of her infant offspring as it lies upon her knees in balmy slumbers. What are the thoughts that seem to struggle for utterance in that breast warmed by instinctive passion? What are the bodings mingled with prayers which vibrate on her placid frame? What anticipation transports, what dread chills, what glory brightens, what gloom obscures the confused visions of her mind? She seems to address the helpless loving, and to say, "My sweet little stranger, to what end art thou cast upon the trials and perturbations of a treacherous world? Art thou born to happiness or misery, to honour or infamy, to enjoy the sweets of friendship or the cruelties of malice, to taste the delights of fruition, or to grasp the thorn of disappointment? Will virtue preside over thy ways, and wisdom direct thy steps, and joy fill the cup; or wilt thou be abandoned to those passions which shall tear thee like vultures, and consume the last particle of thy happiness? Peradventure the assassin's dagger awaits my boy, or the fathomless depth contains his tomb, or pestilence comes with insidious steps to meet thee, or dismal penury is preparing [for thee, will advising suggestions? Will it be thy unhappy lot to forget God thy Maker, to rush reckless and inconsiderate into the way of transgression, and thus to ruin thy precious soul, or wilt thou be persuaded to repent and turn to God with all thy heart, and thus secure the prize of immortal joy *What manner of child will thou be?*"

She can imagine but one relief for these portentous apprehensions; and that is found in the guard with which religion fortifies the abodes of youth in the shield which virtue places upon the unsuspecting form of juvenile infirmity. This defence is more than valiant bands, more than the treasures of opulence, and stands instead of parental care, of friendship's sweets, and fortune's smile. Her first wish, therefore, is to imbue the tender heart with wisdom's restraining virtue, and to turn upon these powers which contain the rudiments of future manhood, the salutary beam of the Sun of Righteousness.

Examples of maternal success in alluring to virtuous determinations the unfortunate principles of sons and daughters, stand forth in the brilliant records of goodness and piety. How much the cause of truth, of humanity, and of all