



THE AFFLICTED'S REST.

Can you tell a weary pilgrim
Where to find a quiet rest;
A home for one afflicted,
And with grief and care oppress?

This world is very spacious,
And I've search'd it o'er and o'er,
But I fear I cannot find it,
Though I search for overmore.

I had a little brother
That I loved with all my soul;
And indeed I cannot find him,
Though I've search'd from pole to pole.

They say he has departed
To a land of peace and rest,
And that he is an angel,
And dwells amid the blest.

Then, stranger, can you tell me
Where to find that quiet shore,
Where all is peace and happiness,
Where my cares will all be o'er?

"Come hither, thou afflicted one,
With grief and care oppress,
And I will tell you truly,
Where to find this quiet rest.

"Did you never hear them telling
Of a home for mortals given,
Where all their grief is over?—
That home is up in heaven.

"Then, when your journey's over,
With a smile of peace and love,
Leave all your care behind you,
And fly to God above."

Evan. Repository.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON AND HIS MOTHER.

Of the power of his memory, for which he was all his life eminent to a degree almost incredible, the following early instance was told in his presence at Litchfield, in 1776, by his step-daughter, Mrs. Lucy Porter, as related to her, by his mother:—

When he was a child in petticoats, and had learnt to read, Mr. Johnson put the Common Prayer-Book into his hands, and said, "Sam, you must get this prayer by heart." She went up-stairs, leaving him to study it; but by the time she had reached the second floor, she heard him follow her. "What is the matter?" said she. "I can say it," he replied; and repeated it distinctly, though he could not have read it more than twice.

It is related of the mother of this distinguished man, that when he was a child, of three or four years old, she often used to tell him some religious truth, or moral maxim, and she required of him that he should go and tell the servant-maid what he had heard. By this simple but admirable plan his memory was exercised and strengthened, and a yet more valua-

ble faculty was called into use; namely, a faculty of communicating, in language of his own, the truths he had just been taught; not only so, by this means truth travelled, and was further known.

The Doctor, when advanced in life, speaking of his boyhood, said, "When I was a grown youth, and used to argue with my mother on various points, I used to take the wrong side of an argument, because it was that on which the most ingenious things could be said." Only a mother, and that a kind one, would have borne with the waywardness and perversity of a boy acting on such a plan; instead, however, of cutting him short with a reproof, she entered into his humour, argued the matter out with him, and thus gave him an opportunity of exercising his ingenuity as a disputant.

In 1780, in the month of January, his mother died, at the great age of ninety, an event which deeply affected the Doctor; not that his mind had acquired no firmness by the contemplation of mortality, but that his reverential affection for her was not abated by years, as indeed he retained all his tender feelings, even to the latest period of his life. Soon after this event, he wrote his "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." He composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and never read it after. He wrote it that he might with the profits defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and pay some small debts which she had left. A celebrated publisher of the day purchased it for one hundred pounds, but afterwards paid him twenty-five pounds more when it came to a second edition.



ANECDOTE OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

The following capital anecdote, illustrative of the peculiarities of the late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, is from the New Bedford Bulletin. We have not seen it published before:

"Mr. G. had a favourite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and who, when at the age of twenty-one years, expected Mr. G. to say something to him in regard to his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting him in the world. But Mr. G. said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority. At length, after the lapse of some weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. G. upon the subject.

"I suppose," said the clerk, "I am now

free; and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, I know you are free," said Mr. G., and my advice to you is, that you go and learn the cooper's trade."

This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track, but recovering his equilibrium, he said, if Mr. G. was in earnest, he would do so.

"I am in earnest," said Mr. G., and the clerk, rather hesitatingly, sought one of the best coopers, agreed upon the terms of apprenticeship, and went at it in earnest. "In process of time," the young cooper became master of his trade, and could make as good a barrel as any other cooper. He went and told Mr. G. that he had graduated with all the honours of the craft, and was ready to set up his business; at which the old man seemed much gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could get up. The young cooper selected the choicest materials, and soon put in shape and finished his three barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting room. Mr. G. said the barrels were first-rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar," said the clerk, "is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough," said his employer; "make out your bill and present it."

And now comes the cream of the whole. Mr. G. drew a check for \$20,000, and handing it to the clerk-cooper, closed with these words:

"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon which will afford you a good living at all times."

INSTINCT OF THE DOG.

"One of my followers," says Bishop Heber, "a poor parish dog, who had come with us all the way from Bareilly for the sake of the scraps which I had ordered the cook to give him, and by the sort of instinct which most dogs possess, always attached himself to me as the head of the party, was so alarmed at the blackness and roaring of the water, that he sat down on the brink, and howled piteously when he saw me going over. When he found it was a hopeless case, however, he mustered courage, and followed; but, on reaching the other side, a new distress awaited him. One of my faithful sepoys had lagged behind, as well as himself; and when he found the usual number of my party not complete, he ran back to the brow of the hill and howled; then hurried after me, as if afraid of being himself left behind, then back again to summon the loiterer, till the man came up, and he apprehended that all was going on in its usual routine. It struck me forcibly to find the same dog-like and amicable qualities in these neglected animals as in their more fortunate brethren of Europe."—*Knight's Weekly Volume for all Readers.*