

the dew of the far eastern hills." Whoever is found in bed after six o'clock, from May day to Michelmas, cannot in any conscience expect to be free from some ailment or other, dependent upon relaxed nerves, stuffed lungs, disordered bile, or impaired digestion.

---

#### WOMAN.

To the honour, to the eternal honour of the sex, be it said, that in the path of duty no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honour, innocence, and religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded; but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion never missed the presence of the sympathies of woman! Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not and fears not consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them, that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regret, and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even over death itself.

---

#### AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

An English officer requested me to visit his wife, a very beautiful woman, to whom he was much attached, not only for her own excellent qualities, but as the mother of three beautiful children, all in a state of infancy. On going to his quarters I found her in the last stage of an intermittent fever—a disease which was very prevalent and fatal among our troops: I need not harass your feelings by depicting one of those scenes which one of my profession is so often called on to witness. It was the tenth day of the fever. Her soul was on the wing, and by the same evening she had breathed her last.

Her unfortunate husband, while he felt her loss as the greatest calamity that could have

befallen him, strove to stifle his sufferings as he caressed his lisping babes, who demanded when their mama would return.

With three helpless infants, in the midst of a foreign country, he was under orders to march with his regiment to Spain. Divided between a sense of public and private duty, what could he do? He was advised to apply to Sir John Moore for leave to carry his children to England. His wishes could not be complied with. "Never mind, my dear friend," said the generous Portuguese noble in whose house he was billeted, "cease to grieve, unfortunate Englishman; leave your infants with me; behold my three daughters, they shall each discharge the duties of a mother to one of your infants, and I will be a father to the whole." "So we will, my dear father," cried his daughters. This was too much for Captain —, and he hastened out of the room.

---

#### WEALTH.

Riches are the instruments of good and evil according to the disposition of the possessor. A good fortune is an edged tool, which a hundred may get for one that knows how to use it. Humanity, good nature, magnanimity, and a sense of honour, should be the qualifications of the rich; humility and patience, industry and temperance, those of the poor. Wealth is apt to betray a man into arrogance, pride, and luxury; let us, therefore, ever remember, it is a talent given us of God; and as we have nothing but what we receive from him, we should imitate his love to us, by being always ready and willing to communicate his gifts to others.

---

#### SLEEP.

Sleep has often been mentioned as the image of death—"So Like it," says Sir Thomas Brown, "that I dare not trust it without my prayers." Their resemblance is indeed striking and apparent; they both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty—and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be made safe and happy only by virtue.