

and, for several months afterwards, he was not able to leave his room.

For us to stop, at such a time and place, was impossible; so away we shot like a spear—past Chebucto Head, Cape Sambro, and sundry other fierce-looking black capes of naked rock. The breeze rapidly rose to a hard gale, which split our main-topsail to threads, and sent the fragments thundering to leeward in the storm, in such grand style, that, to this hour, I can almost fancy I hear the noise in my ears. I know few things more impressive than the deep-toned sounds caused by the flapping of a wet sail, in such a fierce squall as this, when the sheets are carried away, and the unconfined sail is tugging and tearing to get clear of the yard, which bends and cracks so fearfully, that even the lower mast sometimes wags about like a reed. I certainly have heard thunder far louder than the sounds alluded to; but have seldom known it more effective or startling than those of a sail going to pieces in such a tempest of wind and rain.

I was standing, where I had no business to be, on the weather side of the quarter-deck, holding on stoutly by one of the belaying pins, and wondering where this novel scene was to end, but having an obscure idea that the ship was going to the bottom. The admiral was looking up at the splitting sail as composedly as possible, after desiring that the main-top-men, whose exertions were quite useless, should be called down, out of the way of the ropes, which were cracking about their heads. Every now and then I could see the weather-wise glance of the veteran's eye directed to windward, in hopes that matters would mend. But they only became worse; and at last, when the fore-mast seemed to be really in danger, for it was bending like a cane, though the foresail had been reefed, he waited not to run through the usual round of etiquettes by which an admiral's commands generally reach the executive on board ship, but exclaimed with a voice so loud, that it made me start over to the lee side of the deck:—

“Man the fore-clue garnets!”

In the next minute the sail rose gradually to the yard, and the groaning old ship, by this time sorely strained to her innermost timber, seemed to be at once relieved from the pressure of the canvas which had borne her headlong, right into the seas, and made her tremble from stem to stern, almost as if she were going to pieces.

(To be continued)

RICH AND POOR.

‘Halloo! there goes Bill Watkins with his meal bag!’ exclaimed proud little Edward;—‘and what have you there, Billy?’

‘Rags, Edward; mother picked them up to-day for me to sell, to get money enough to buy a writing book.’

‘Sell rags to buy a writing book! I would’nt do it!’

‘But, Edward, my mother is poor and is not able to buy me one; and if I were not to sell these rags, I should have no book to write in this afternoon.’

‘Then I would’nt write. I should be ashamed every day or two to lug down a bundle of rags.’

‘I do not go every day or two, Edward; you know I do not; but if I did I should not be ashamed of it. Poverty is no crime. I might have been born of wealthy parents, and had every thing I could wish for, but our Maker designed it otherwise.’

‘So saying William continued his errand, while Edward ran laughing along.

Edward was a very dillitory scholar; although he had been privileged with the best of schooling, he made little or no progress in his studies. On the contrary, William improved his few advantages, and though no older than Edward, was much his superior in knowledge. He could read correctly and write a fair hand. He was beloved for his sweetness of temper and pleasant disposition. His mother being poor, he was often obliged to leave his school to assist her in obtaining a livelihood. At the age of 13 or 14 his mother put him to a good trade. William being used to industry, took well to his business, and secured the confidence and the love of his master. When he became a man, he removed to a newly settled but flourishing village, where he engaged in business for himself. He prospered. Not only in his secular concerns did he prosper, but he became a devout and a happy Christian. He began to exert a good influence upon those with whom he associated, as soon as he entered the village; and his example and instructions were often the means of leading others to practice a more moral, if not a religious life. In his own family he was a ‘shining light.’ Never did he set before his household any other example than that which the gospel requires of all those who profess to obey its requirements.

Many years had elapsed since William left his native town, and he daily saw the village flourish in which he resided. He had not heard from his youthful associate, the rich man's son, for many a year. One day, as William was contemplating taking a journey, he called at a stable to procure a horse. While the hostler was getting the animal ready, something perplexed him which caused him to utter a dreadful oath. William looked at him with astonishment; for he could never bear to hear Jehovah's name taken upon the thoughtless lips. His countenance was familiar—his eye caught the hostler's—it was Edward—he who many years before was possessed of a wealthy father. ‘Can it be possible?’ thought William. But he could not be mistaken. After the horse was ready, William said to him, ‘Do you not remember the poor little boy with whom you used sometimes to play; who was often

obliged to sell rags, to get some money to buy his school books with?’

‘I do, said Edward, with a sigh, ‘and I wish that I had possessed half his nobleness of mind; if I had I should never have been in this disagreeable situation. I would give all I possess to see him again.’

‘That person is in this village—he is now talking to you—I am the one who used to sell the rags.’

Edward was amazed; he could hardly speak. When a little recovered from his astonishment, he expressed his sorrow in tears, that he had so sadly misimproved his youth, and was now almost penniless. William poured into his soul the balm of consolation, and invited him to that Redeemer whom he had found to be so precious. When they parted, Edward promised to forsake his evil practices, and live a virtuous and useful life, and consented to a request that he would often call on William at his house.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

That our language has its faults and imperfections, it would be folly to deny. These have been pointed out; and, when well considered, may tend to its improvement; but its excellences, particularly its great power and beauty, have never been more effectively stated than by the late Earl of Moira, when governor-general of India. At one of the anniversary meetings of the college of Fort William, in Calcutta, when the prizes were distributed to the students for proficiency in the Asiatic tongues, his Lordship thus eloquently and justly eulogized his own:

“It may appear singular that on a day professedly devoted to applaud and stimulate proficiency in the Asiatic languages, I should beg permission to expatiate for a few minutes on our English tongue.

“Regard it not, I beseech you, as the mere medium of ordinary intercourse. It is a mine whence you may extract the means of enchanting, instructing, and improving communities yet nameless, and generations yet unborn. Our English language has never had adequate tribute paid to it. Among the languages of modern Europe, specious but subordinate pretensions have been advanced to cadence, terseness, or dextrous ambiguity of insinuation, while the sober majesty of the English tongue stood aloof and disdained a competition on the ground of such inferior particularities. I even think that we have erred with regard to Greek and Latin. Our sense of the inestimable benefit we have reaped from the treasures of taste and science, which they have handed down to us into an extravagance of reverence for them. They have high intrinsic merit without doubt, but it is a bigoted gratitude, and an unweighed admiration, which seduces us to prostrate the character of the English tongue before their altars. Every language can furnish a genius casually a forcible expression; and a thousand turns of neatness