

eighteen months; at length he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad, as a warning to others. He soon afterwards enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was ordered to America, it being during the last American war. Sometime after, the poor widow called upon the clergyman to beg a bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was evidently on the verge of eternity, and who he knew had one or two bibles of large print, which she had long used to good purpose, he inquired what she wanted it for. She answered, "A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and oh! sir, who knows what it may do!"

She sent the bible which the clergyman gave her, by a pious soldier, who, upon arrival at their destination, found the widow's son the very ring-leader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah!" he replied, in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him that he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver, (presenting him the bible) and James, it was her dying request, that you would read one verse, at least of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask, (opening the bible) so here goes."

He opened the bible at the words. "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, that is very odd. I have opened to the only verse in the bible that I could ever learn by heart, when I was in the Sunday school, I never could, for the life of me, commit another. It is very strange! But who is this *me*, that is mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier asked if he did not know. He replied that he did not.

The good man then explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, exhibited the truth and invitations of the gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had further conversation; the result was, that from that hour he became a changed man, and was as noted for exemplary conduct as before he had been for his wickedness?

Some time after his conversion, the regiment in which he was, engaged with the enemy, at the close of which, the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld, under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his bible, which was opened at the passage, "come unto me all ye that are weary," &c. Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.

Mr. Dudley said he had frequently held the bible in his hand; there was not less than fifty pages stained with the blood of poor James. How encouraging, said Mr. D. is this for Sabbath school teachers to persevere; for should there be but one seed sown, it might, as in the case of the widow's son, produce a plentiful harvest. The only verse he ever committed to memory was the means, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, of bringing him out of darkness into marvellous light; and James, is now, we trust, joining the song of the redeemed in Heaven.

From Dr. Madden's Twelvemonth's Residence in the West Indies.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY IN THE WEST INDIES

To see Naples, and then to die, is said to be fortunate;—to visit Switzerland, and then to write a book, is to tell the world there is no magnificence like that of the mountains of Helvetia;—to wander over Italy, and then to return home, is to 'disable the benefits of our own country,' and to disparage the advantages of every other. Your Ladyship, however, has visited these countries in a different spirit. 'I too have been in Arcadia,' but I need not assure you that nature has not lavished all her beauty on the scenes that are walled by Alps or Apennines, but that between the tropics she is the mother of island beauties, 'such as youthful poets might fancy' for their belles, or older bards might dream of while they are

"Still conscious of romance-inspiring charms."

While in the metaphorizing vein, allow me to liken the three fair islands of Barbados, St. Vincent, and Granada to three rival charmers of very different countries and complexions:—Barbados, the most ancient of our colonies, to a plain elderly Dutch spinster—'flat, stale, dull, and unprofitable;' St. Vincent, in her sweet but sombre features, to a lovely Creole damsel luxuriating in repose, whose smiles are like 'the setting glories of a happier day;' and Grenada, in all the stately splendour of her mountain scenery, to a Spanish senhora of gorgeous loveliness, whose sun-bright eyes and noble air are bills at sight on the beholder's admiration. We reached Grenada after a pleasant run of fourteen hours from St. Vincent. We made the land about midnight; and if I ever gazed on enchanting scenery, revelled in the serenity of summer airs, and felt the influence of lovely moonlight on a placid sea, without a speck on the horizon, or a sound on the waters but that of the ripple at the bows, as our vessel glided softly and slowly through the sparkling Caribbean, it was close along the shore of Grenada, with the shadows of her blue mountains projected far beyond us, and the white shingle beneath clearly visible in the pellucid waters as we approached the land. In my wanderings, east, or west, I have seen nothing which took such entire posses-

sion of my fancy as the scenery by night off Grenada. Moonlight in the West Indies no language can give an adequate idea of, or convey a notion of the splendid reflection of its beams in every diversity of light and shade on mountain scenery, or of that flood of pure ethereal lustre, which it pours over the fine features of this romantic country. I wished that night, from the bottom of my heart, that I could prevail on time 'to give me back my youth,' to rejoice even for a few hours with a real Anne Rattcliffe sort of romantic joy in the moon-lit mountain scenery of 'the most beautiful of the Antilles,' as Coleridge justly designates Grenada. But reasonable wishes are not always gratified: I kept gazing and gazing on the scene the live-long night, and now and then the ghost of a feeling of younger days would flit across my imagination, and the atmosphere around it would seem of a mellow mineral greenish vapour, somewhat like the tinge of Stanfield's moonlight views in the fairylands and enchanted islands of a melodrama.

How to make Money.—Do you complain that you have nothing to begin with? 'Tom,' you say has got a farm, and Henry has one thousand dollars, but I have nothing.' I say to you look at your hands, and tell me what they are worth. Would you take one thousand dollars for them or for the use of them, through your life? If you can make half a dollar a day with them, it would not be a bad bargain, for that sum is the interest of more than two thousand dollars; so that, if you are industrious and Harry is lazy, you are more than twice as rich as he is, and when you can do man's work and make a dollar a day, you are four times as rich and are fairly worth four thousand dollars. Money and land is therefore not the only capital with which a young man can begin the world, if he has good health and is industrious. Even the poorest boy has something to tread upon, and if he be beside well educated, and have skill in any kind of work, and add to this moral habits and religious principles, so that his employers may trust him and place confidence in him, he may then be said to set out in life with a good chance of becoming independent and respectable, and perhaps rich as any man in the country. Let it be remembered, that 'every man is the maker of his own fortune.' All depends upon setting out upon right principles, and they are these:

1. Be industrious. Time and skill are your capital.
2. Be saving. Whatever it be, live within your income.
3. Be prudent. Buy not what you can do without.
4. Be resolute. Let your economy be always of to-day, and not of to-morrow.
5. Be contented and thankful. A cheerful spirit makes labour light, and sleep