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Weekly Almanack.

AUGUST—1839.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
4 WEDNESDAY	5 26	6 32	1 32	9 18
5 THURSDAY	5 27	6 30	2 45	10 6
6 FRIDAY	5 28	6 28	3 55	10 58
7 SATURDAY	5 29	6 26	Sets.	11 22
8 SUNDAY	5 30	6 25	6 40	11 53
9 MONDAY	5 32	6 23	6 57	0 20
TUESDAY	5 33	6 21	7 18	0 47

New Moon 7th, 5h. 52m. evening.

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Sets of ivory handled Knives and Forks, black ditto, buck and stag do.; do. do. Carvers; Jack and Penknives, Rodgers best pocket Knives, Scissors, Razors, Glass Lanterns, silver plated Water Kettles, Teapots, Sugar Basins, and Cream Pitchers.
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—ON HAND—

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18th June.—3m. HARRIS & ALLAN.

The Garland.

The following beautiful lines from the London Quarterly Review, are the production of MARY COLLINGS, a servant girl from Devonshire, England.

THE DEW DROP AND THE STREAM.

The brakes with golden flowers were crowned,
And melody was heard around,
When near a stream, a dew drop shed
Its lustre on a violet's head,
While trembling to the breeze, it hung,
The streamlet as it rolled along,
The beauty of the morn confessed.
And thus the sparkling pearl addressed:

"Sure, little drop, rejoice we may,
For all is beautiful and gay;
Creation wears her emerald dress,
And smiles in all her loveliness;
And with delight and pride I see,
That little flower bedewed by thee;
Thy lustre with a gem might vie,
While trembling in its purple eye."

"You may rejoice, indeed, 'tis true,"
Replied the radiant drop of dew,
"You will, no doubt, as on you move,
To flocks and herds a blessing prove;
And when the sun ascends on high,
Its beam will draw me to the sky,
And I must own my humble power,
I've but refreshed a humble flower."

"Hold," cries the stream, "nor thus repine,"
For well 'tis known a power divine,
Subservient to his will supreme,
Has made the dew drop and the stream,
Though small thou art, (I that allow,)
No mark of heaven's contempt art thou,
Thou hast refreshed an humble flower,
And done according to thy power."

All things that are, both great and small,
One glorious Author formed them all,
This thought may all repinings quell,
Who serves His purpose, serves him well.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

BY CATHARINE M. WATERMAN.

Far, far o'er the waves of the blue glancing waters,
SWEET Erin, my country, I wander to thee,
Thy true hearted sons and thy bright smiling daughters,
Are calling me home o'er the wide swelling sea,
My heart has gone out like a wild bird before me,
And rests on thy shore as I linger the while,
To bless the bright heaven that sweetly shines o'er thee,
And the bark that is nearing the Emerald Isle.

Yes, Erin, green Erin, tho' long years have whiten'd
The dark shading locks that hung over my brow,
Yet closer in fondness the chords have they tightened,
Of the heart that is yearning to be with thee now,
I fancy I grasp the brave hand of my brother,
I see the glad light of a sister's fond smile,
I stand in the hall of my father and mother,
Who welcome me back to the Emerald Isle.

Oh! land of the grateful—where every emotion,
Of kindness is fostered, or friendship sincere,
Where every breast, in its loyal devotion,
Would barter its life's blood to spare thee a tear.
Oh! beautiful land, whose sunny eyed daughters
Wear hearts on their lips that have never known guile,
I hasten to thee, o'er the far swelling waters,
My home and my country—the Emerald Isle.

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD CAMPAIGNER.

On the 25th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, three taps were lightly struck on the fourth floor door of a house on the Megisserie quay at Paris, one of those tall and ugly tenements that seem to make cross faces down upon the waters of the Seine from morning till night, like so many antiquated and grinning buffoons. The three taps in question caused a young girl, who was seated alone inside of the door to which they were applied, to start rather hurriedly from her seat, and to throw a piece of embroidery on the floor at her feet, believing sincerely, however, that she had put it on the chair beside her. Whether this arose from emotion at the announcement of an unexpected one, will by and bye appear; but in the first place, it is necessary to tell who the damsel was, as the reader cannot be expected to take such interest as we could wish in one yet a stranger to him.

Pierre Bertrand, the father of Marie, was a splendid specimen of the old half-pay captain of the empire, such as that personage, or class of personages, became subsequently to the empire's fall. Rude and rough, though warm-hearted; retaining the moustache of the soldier, and all the soldier's habits, among which beer-drinking and smoking held so prominent a place as to swallow almost half his pension; perpetually grumbling, yet continually jolly; enormously proud of various scars and cuts, and certain relics in the shape of crosses of honor, hacked sabres, and riddled uniforms; spending in telling old campaigning stories, and in playing at dominos, all the time that was not spent in drinking and smoking; such was Pierre Bertrand, and such was his way of life. For his family, Pierre had, properly speaking, two children, although one only had a just claim of paternity upon him, as far as blood went. But for his having an adopted child, however, the old campaigner might never have had offspring of his own. On the field of battle, a dying comrade had consigned an infant boy to his arms, and Pierre had received the consignment with as much satisfaction and pride as others might receive a legacy of millions. It was to give this child a mother that Pierre had at first thought of marriage; and it chanced that this step, when he took it, only proved the means of bringing upon Pierre another dying legacy, his own little Marie. But the veteran bore up bravely under his burdens, and did his duty nobly by both his charges. To the boy Jules he contrived to give a good education, and six months before the period of our story—six months, in short, before the three taps at the door—Jules, then precisely twenty-three years of age, had completed a course of legal studies, and had been entered a member of the bar of Court Royal of Paris.

It was a proud day for the old captain when Jules donned the barrister's black cap and robe. Marie was then eighteen, and as pretty a blue-eyed, merry-faced maiden as could be seen, with a heart warm and open as the sunny sky. Pierre had long settled in his own mind that his two "marmots," as he called them, should be married, and that the union should take place on the day that Jules pleaded his first cause. About the feelings of the parties themselves he had never thought much, and, in truth, they had given him no cause of uneasiness on this score.

One day, immediately after Jules had passed the legal ordeal, old Bertrand was seated in his lofty but neat domicile, smoking silently and furiously, as he always did during any meditations of special importance, when a letter was brought to him. Letters were rare things with the veteran, and he looked long at the postmark, which was that of his native province. Opening it finally, he read thus:—"Sir, I hasten to announce to you the death of M. Joseph Bertrand, your cousin-german, proprietor of the foundry here. He has left a fortune valued at a million of francs. No direct heir presenting himself here on the paternal side, it is presumed that to you reverts the sum of 500,000 francs, the half of the whole succession, and which the law destines to that branch of the deceased relatives. Of course you will take the necessary steps to secure your rights." This epistle bore the signature of a provincial justice of peace, and gave other particulars of the case.

Bertrand was struck dumb for five minutes, and then broke out, by way of thankfulness into a few of his common conversational phrases, which were composed of some three or four thousand bombs, one or two hundred pieces of cannon, and a proportional quantity of thunders. "Five hundred thousand francs!" at length cried he; "Marie, my girl! read—read this. Read, my darling! Five hundred thousand francs! Yes, units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands! Ah right, Marie, my girl! Hurrah for the Emperor! Hurrah!" All was indeed right—and yet all proved not right in the end. Bertrand, soon after receiving the letter, set out for his native place, concluding that he had but to appear and take possession. But the collateral relations taking advantage of his absence from the spot, had prepared unexpected obstacles for him. They had stirred and intrigued most actively, and had bought four or five consciences at a few thousand francs a-piece. In short it was found that Bertrand could not establish his degree of relationship to the deceased. Certain extracts of birth and baptism, with other indispensable documents could not be procured, notwithstanding the lengthened researches of the old clerk of the registry, to whom Bertrand gave five thousand francs to prove his titles—which sum, by the bye, added to twenty thousand from the other side, made the affair a very profitable one for the old fox. The necessary documents, however, could not be found, and Pierre returned to Paris totally disheartened, and smoking furiously.

Jules was the receptacle of the veteran's complaints. The young advocate was not slow to pronounce that chicanery and roguery must have been at work, and persuaded Pierre to pursue the matter at law. Within a few months the case came on before the provincial court of B———. Jules, whose activity and researches had been unwearied, appeared for the first time as a pleader. While the case was going on, Marie Bertrand was in a state of feverish impatience. She knew not the issue on the evening of the 25th day of December, 1835. It was *then* she heard the three taps at the door of her father's dwelling, and rose from her seat to open it.

Jules entered. Marie sat down on her chair in silence, after one glance at his countenance, which wore a downcast expression. "You have lost the cause then, Jules?" said she at length, "No Marie, it is gained; you are rich," was the reply. The damsel raised her eyes in surprise, and exclaimed, "Gained! what then means this—this——" Jules interrupted her. "Marie, I quit Paris this evening, and I come to bid you farewell. You will be rich and happy. Yes, I go, but you will sometimes think of me, will you not?"

The young girl looked at Jules to see if he spoke seriously, and was stunned to behold his eyes filled with tears. At this moment Bertrand entered. Jules went up to him, and placing a massive pocket-book in his hands, said, "My kind friend, justice has been done to you; here are five hundred bank-notes, of one thousand francs each—the part of your cousin's heritage which fell to you, and which I received as authorised by you." Bertrand looked at the papers, which Jules displayed to him; then the veteran looked at Marie, who was struggling to hide her tears; and, finally, he looked at the pale face of Jules. "Why, what is this about?" cried he. "Why do I not find you happy and joyful at such a moment? Jules, what have you been saying? Wont you answer me? Marie! Jules! Thunder, there is something here—Marie, girl, tell me why you weep?"

The veteran's daughter made a violent effort to compose herself. "He is going away, father," said she, "he departs this evening—he quits us—through pride perhaps. He loved us while we were poor, and does so no more since we have become rich." After this effort, Marie laid her head on her father's shoulder and wept more than ever.

"I hope, Jules," said Bertrand, "that you will explain this. May I be shot if I understand a word of what this little whimperer means!" "My father," replied Jules, I depart this night." "You depart—ah, well—how long will you be away?" was Pierre's answer. "A long time, father," said the young man, "a long time—for ever, perhaps! You have nurtured me, you have given me a place and station in life—I ought to be of no more charge to you! I leave Paris———." "Jules, you are insane!" returned the old soldier. "Quit Paris! and at this moment, above all others, when you have won a cause that will ring in the courts! It is folly, and I do'nt comprehend it. Besides, it is impossible that you can go away. I have arranged matters otherwise."

Marie gently raised her head, and cast on her father a look so sweet, that Jules felt himself enfeebled by its influence.

"Yes," continued Bertrand, "I have had my plans arranged, and for a long time too. Only I thought I could bestow on you nothing but the *pearl*; but you shall now have the *setting* along with it, my lad; it won't do you any harm, will it, to have twenty-five thousand livres a-year to keep you going? Come, it is settled. Embrace him, Marie; I am pleased with him. Come, an I let us off directly to the notary!"

"My father, it is impossible!" cried Jules, in accents which proved the struggle he was undergoing. "It is impossible! Already do my friends, the courts, all Paris declare that my labors, my researches, my journeyings have all been for this money! Oh, Marie! pardon me—I love you! Yes, I love you to idolatry! But were you now to be my wife, all men would point the finger at me, as one who would not take the poor girl, but snatched at the rich heiress—snatched at her, as she had become so, and ere she could have an opportunity of seeing other suitors, more worthy of her condition, at her feet! Oh, why did I gain this cause!"

Jules was proceeding in this passionate strain, when Bertrand, who had in the meantime taken the pocket-book into his hands, brought the young advocate to a pause by thus addressing him. "It is, then, this parcel of papers which renders you so scrupulous, my boy? It is this bundle of stuff," continued he, holding up the pocket-book, "that prevents you wedding my little girl? Ah, well, young man, I admire your delicacy. But I will not be less generous than you!" So speaking, old Pierre turned to the window, which he had previously opened, and with all the force of a vigorous arm, cast the valuable pocket-book far out into the deep and muddy waters of the Seine!

Bertrand then turned from the window and showing one single bank-note to the astonished and thunderstruck youth, observed coolly to him, "I have kept this one thousand francs, you see; it will serve for the expenses of the nuptials; for you will not draw back now, Jules?" He continued in a severe tone—"A few moments ago, my daughter was rich, and you refused her hand—like a madman. I must say. She is now as poor as yourself, for I know she would have been miserable with riches which she could not share with you. To-morrow you will marry her if you are a man of honor. If not—but I shall leave you together. Marie will inform me of your reply." Bertrand then left the room, shutting the door behind him with a shock that betokened an angry excitement of mind in the old campaigner. But, after all, the recent loss of fortune seemed not long to trouble the veteran, as, on sitting down soon after to a game of dominos with a boon companion, the latter declared he had never seen Pierre so merry in all their intercourse, nor so given to burst into peals of laughter on the slightest excitement.

Jules was completely staggered by Bertand's act, but, when left alone with Marie, he soon recovered. The sensibility of the young advocate to the public voice was no affected sentiment, nor was his love for Marie; and the pair speedily pledged themselves to each other, hand and heart. They sat long together, yet Bertrand considerately staid out of the way, and ere he returned, Jules had departed. It would be peering too curiously, perhaps, into poor weak human nature, to ask if Jules did not cast a self-reproachful glance into the Seine that night as he passed it on his way homewards. If he did look wistfully on the waters, however, the future comforts, to do him justice, of Marie and her father, formed the cause of his feelings at this moment. The case was hopeless at all events. A hundred years' dragging might not have brought up that book from these deep and muddy waters.

The nuptials of Jules and Marie took place a day or two after these events. Bertrand took upon himself the orderment of the marriage-festival, and he made it so splendid a one that the single bank-note of the heritage must have felt deeply the inroad. All the friends of the family were present; and amongst them, the majority, at least of the gentlemen, were deficient in some prominent member of the body, from the nose to the right limb. But the defects of these friends of the veteran were honorably compensated by medals, and crosses, and other badges of renown. After dinner, an enormous cold tart, or pie, which he publicly declared to be a new dish of his own invention, was produced with the dessert. All eyes were turned to the dish, the task of opening which fell to the pretty hands of the bride. Marie blushingly began to the duty, but her first incision fell upon a hard substance, which made her declare her father's fine dish to consist of something totally indivisible and indigestible. "Ah ha!" cried Pierre triumphantly, "cut it out!" Marie did so, and the company beheld a new red morocco pocket-book, well-stuffed, and marked in gilded letters with the words, "Four hundred and ninety-nine thousand francs."

Pierre roared with rapture and delight, as well he might. The sly old campaigner had thrown into the Seine nothing but the worthless old pocket-book!

Jules did not require his worthy father-in-law's laughter to tell him what meant the pocket-book in the pie. As soon as it was brought out, and the lettering read, the veteran's ruse was clear. Jules now enjoys his twenty-five thousand livres of rent, and loves his wife as much as if she had only brought him her heart for a dowry. As to his *scruples*, he now says he ought to have been glad to get Marie, although she had been a queen.

Jules is at this day a distinguished and honoured advocate.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Iniquities of the Opium Trade.—There is a large portion of the community who are not only ignorant that the trade in this drug carried on by us with the Celestial Empire is very extensive, but are almost unaware of its existence. It is, however, from the consequences it involves, of so much importance, that we offer no apology for devoting some of our space to its consideration, and offering some comments upon the system. Considerable information upon the subject has recently reached England, and has been embodied in a small publication arranged by Mr. Thelwall, entitled *Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China.* Although the first word of the title of this book is a strong one, our readers, upon ascertaining the evils which result from the traffic, will join wish us in assenting to its justice. The arrangement of the work is, in some respects, imperfect: nor are the facts brought to bear upon each other so strongly as they might. There is, however, sufficient to produce a great effect upon the mind of a thinking community, which finds itself instrumental in promoting a habit which debases the intellect, enervates the frame, and reduces its votaries to such a state of selfish sensuality, that, in the words of Pauqueville, "they seem no more to belong to society."

To make the case clear, we shall give a brief account of the present state of the trade, and then proceed to notice its effects, and deprecate the continuance of the sanction of a Christian and social country to so pernicious an evil. Previous to the year 1796, opium was admitted into China on the payment of a duty, when a few hundred chests annually were imported. Since that time the drug has been openly interdicted; and yet clandestinely introduced at the rate of 20,000 *chests annually*, which cost the Chinese four millions of pounds sterling every year. India is the great source of the production of opium, for which Malwa, Benares, and Behar are the chief localities; Malwa producing the largest proportion. Its cultivation requires the most fertile soil, and that most suited for agricultural purposes; the quantity of land converted from which to raise opium was doubled between 1821 and 1829, and has since been rapidly on the increase. It is obtained from the bulbous heads of the poppy, by perpendicular cuts being made in the rind with a mussel shell. Sown in November, the produce is yielded during February and March. A change of the poppy-head, from green to white, indicates that the juice has all exuded. The product in India, for the last year, is supposed to amount to 35,000 chests, or 4,900,000lbs., which would yield, as its value, at a low rate, £2,539,530 sterling. In a report of one of the officers of the Chinese Government, it is stated, "that the dealers in opium are the English alone."

The drug is smuggled into China in the following manner: it is brought to the island of Lintin, where are constantly anchored seven or eight large ships, in which the opium is kept, and which are called "receiving ships." At Canton, there are brokers of the drug called melters, who pay the price of the drug into the hands of the resident foreigners, who give them orders for the delivery of the opium from the receiving ships. It is then carried up the river by boats, which are known on the spot by the name of "fast crabs" and "scrambling dragons." Notwithstanding the severe penalty attached to the offence, and which has recently been increased to death, by the boldness and skill of those employed the prohibition is rendered wholly ineffective. This being a short account of the system of the trade, we will now proceed to mention the effects of its consumption, condensing them from the statements of different eye-witnesses. He who begins taking opium at twenty, must scarcely expect to live longer than the age of thirty, or from that age, to thirty six; for though there are persons in the habit of taking it, who have overstepped the threshhold of age, they do not attain to the long life of other men. Its first use is followed by the wasting away of the victim, a total loss of memory, loss of appetite, and sickness; in fact, a total disorganization of the digestive functions, as well as of the mental powers.

What a picture this of the effects of a trade in which England alone, of all nations, is engaged! Who can contemplate the swelling canvass of his country's ships, winging their destined voyage to another land, bearing in their full bosoms, not the blessings of plenty, or the food of health, but a baneful and demoralizing drug, uncalled for by necessity, prohibited by the rulers of the land, and abhorred by all not subject to its influence? Is it right that this nation, under Providence, the queen of commerce, diffusing far and wide the benefits of its enterprising spirit and untiring industry, should descend to contrast with its other honorable adventures, a traffic so unholy and degrading as the opium trade? A large portion of a population is reduced to such a state that "they seem no more to belong to society." England is responsible for it. The Government of the country seeing the miserable influence of the habit, prohibit its use under severe penalties. Some powerful assistance is required to enable the population to evade the law; England alone is found to aid and connive in the national demoralization. Surely in some other country, which, in our pride, we term barbarous, might be permitted to occupy this disgraceful position. Let it not be the one which yearly pours forth its wealth and zealous pastors, that the natives of distant lands may be weaned from error, and brought into the pale of the Christian Church. Let not the same winds waft its vessels laden with freights of a character so at variance with each other. We have been led to mention this subject at some length, as it cannot fail to interest our readers. If we have succeeded in drawing public attention to it we shall rejoice, as it may be the means of terminating the existence of a branch of the commerce of England which reflects credit upon it neither as a nation or a Christian community. Of its political tendency we have not treated here, though its effects in indisposing the Chinese Government to communication with England must be obvious and certain.—*London Colonial Gazette.*

Account of a Carnation viewed through a Microscope.—From an elegant bouquet I selected a carnation, the fragrance of which led me to enjoy it frequently and near. The sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions; while that was satiated with the powerful sweet, the ear was constantly attracted by a soft but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal within the covert must be the musician, and the noise must come from some little creature suited to produce it. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and placing it in full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking with wild jollity among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre.

What a fragrant world for their habitation; what a perfect security from all annoyance in the dusky husk that surrounded the scene of action. Adapting a microscope to take in at one view the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance. Thus I could discover their economy, their passions; art had given what nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contemplation.

The base of the flower extended itself, under its influence, to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top of their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged into walks, parterres, and terraces. On the polished bottoms of these brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants; these, from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were then raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with purple, and with a glossy gold that would have made all the labors of the loom contemptible in comparison. I could at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs vying with the empyrean in its blue; their eyes out-glittering the little plains, and brilliant above description, and almost too great for admiration.

I could observe them here singling out their favorite females—courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades—and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar just bursting from some vein within the living trunk. Here were the perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades of the poet's fancy, realized. Here the happy lovers spent their days in joyous dalliance, or, in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees, or winged their short flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the heights of all felicity.—*Fawcet.*

THE VAMPIRE.—A great deal of curiosity was excited on Friday among the loungers in St. Katharine's docks by a report of the arrival of a real live vampire. So many horrible associations of blood and terror are connected with the popular ideas of this extraordinary animal, that when it was known that one had actually arrived, a most intense desire was manifested to obtain a peep at it, and accordingly the vessel was crowded during the day by hosts of curious visiters, until its removal to the Surry Gardens to which establishment it was consigned. It is the Sumatran species, and the first living specimen ever seen in England. It is one of the most horrible aspect and well deserves the name of *Vespertilio Spectrum*, given to it by Linnæus, remaining constantly suspended to the roof of his cage by the immense hooks at the edges of the wings, his head hanging downwards, and his eyes glistening with most vivid brightness. D'Azara, the celebrated naturalist, states that the vampire will attack horses, mules, asses, horned cattle, and the crest of fowls, who generally die in consequence, as a gangrene is engendered in the wounds. Even man himself is not secure from these insidious assaults, as D'Azara says he can bear very faithful testimony, having had the ends of his toes four times phlebotomized, gratis, by this nocturnal surgeon, while sleeping in the cottages in the open country. The wound is not felt at the time of its infliction, as the blood is withdrawn by the most gentle suction, entirely from the capillary vessels of the skin, and not from any of the veins or arteries, and the victim is besides lulled into a deep slumber by the flapping of his destroyer's wings, who thus enjoys his banquet undisturbed.—*London paper.*

The Destinies of the British Empire.—Let us carry our thoughts back for a moment to the period of our blessed Saviour's appearance upon the earth, and consider what was then the situation of this country [Britain.] Sunk in the grossest ignorance and superstition, the worshipper of deities whom he wished to propitiate by shedding the blood of human victims, the ancient Briton could boast no higher place in the scale of civilization, than the islanders of the Pacific Ocean in the present day. Had the eloquent writer from whom we have received the earliest account of the state of our country, been told that a time would arrive, when the descendants of the despised barbarians whom he beheld, would become a great and powerful nation; that their fleets would cover the seas, their interprising industry leave no corner of the globe unexplored; and their dominion be extended over countries of which, when he wrote, the existence was not even suspected;—had the Roman conqueror, when he first set foot upon the shores of our island, heard that such would be its future fortunes, he might have been excused for receiving with an incredulous smile, a prediction which appeared so far to transcend the utmost limits of probability. Yet the time has arrived when we see every part of the above description fully realized, and when our national greatness will bear a comparison with that of Rome in the plenitude of her power. But while we exult in the distinguished rank which we hold among the nations of the earth, does it never occur to us to enquire whether this envied distinction has not been conferred for some particular end? If we look back to the history of the ancient empires, we shall find that each in its season of prosperity was made subservient to the accomplishment of some great plan, which the Almighty had devised in his secret councils. While the Roman generals marched on from conquest to conquest, and thought only of increasing their country's power and glory, their victories served, under the controlling hand of Providence, to pave the way for the easier introduction of Christianity into the different provinces which they subdued. Can we, then, suppose that God raised this kingdom to its present pitch of maratime greatness for the mere purpose of advancing the interests of commerce, and facilitating the exchange of commodities between distant countries? Shall we not rather conclude, that our power was given us for a nobler end,—to be made the instrument of improving the moral and spiritual condition of our fellow-creatures, and diffusing the light of revelation throughout the world?—*Dr. Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln.*

CONSUMPTION.—There is a dreadful disease which so prepares its victim as it were for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect and throws around it unearthly looks unearthly indications of the change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between soul and body is so gradual, quiet and soft, and the result so sure that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lighter load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life——a disease in which death and life are so strangely blended that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly form of death——a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from——which sometimes moves in gigant strides, and sometimes at a tardy sluggish pace, but, slow or quick, is ever sure and certain.—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

Description of the Sea.—"Thou hast never been on the sea," said the lady to her waiting-maid, "and knowest nothing of that dread loneliness which settles on the spirit, when the last headlands have disappeared, and one wide waste of tumultuous waters are heaving around, bounded only by the dull and evening sky.—Thou hast not felt that mighty dread which overwhelms the timid wayfarer on the ocean, who watches the little ship stagger from wave to wave, or hears the shrill wind whistle through her cordage, until the masts bend like a reed in the storm. Thou hast not looked on the pathless waters, where nothing moved by the black hull on which we stood, and the rolling mountains of waves, the least of which might close over the bark for ever, and leave not a vestige to tell that aught living ever glided above those depths. But more, thou never hadst one whom thou didst love dearer than thine own life, journeying over those perilous paths, and thou far away, dreaming of the death to which he is exposed, or pining to be a partner of his dangers."

How to get a Congregation.—Passing through a small town principally occupied by journeymen mechanics and apprentices, the late Mr. Rowland Hill intimated to the Dissenting minister of the place, his intention of preaching in his chapel in the course of an hour. The minister at once expressed his readiness to give Mr. Hill his chapel, but said he would have to preach to empty pews, as there was not only no time to give the villagers sufficient notice, but they could not at the particular hour proposed, conveniently leave their employment, even though they were all duly apprised that he intended to preach. "Ah, we'll take the chance of that," said Mr. Hill. He accordingly sent the bellman round the place, with an intimation that Mr. Rowland Hill, from London, was to preach at the Dissenting meeting-house, at a particular hour, and that before leaving the pulpit he would make a pair of shoes before the whole congregaiton.

This droll intimation had the desired effect. Curiosity to see the shoes made in the pulpit, overcame all considerations of commerce and profit. The place was crowded. At the end of the service he said, "Now, my friends, I promised to make a pair of shoes before leaving the pulpit. It now becomes my duty to redeem my promise." And so saying he bowed down, and taking in his hands a pair of boots which he had brought with him for the purpose, he exhibited them to the congregation, saying, "You shall see that t is is a pair of boots." There was no audible reply, but every countenance seemed to answer in the affirmative. "Well, then," resumed Rowland Hill, pulling a pen-knife out of his pocket; and first cutting off the leg of the one and then of the other, about two inches above the soles, he exhibited his quondam boots to the gaze of the astonished congregation, exclaiming, "There you see, I have made my pair of shoes already!"—*Metropolitan Pulpit.*