

from a sense of God's presence. His eyes seemed everywhere, diving into the very depths of my heart. It started a train of influences, which, God be praised, I never got over. If I was ever tempted to any secret sin, 'Thou God seest me,' stared me in the face, and I stood back restrained and awed."

The gentleman finished: his story interested me greatly, I think it will interest many children. I hope it will do more than interest them, I hope it may do them much good.

"Thou God seest me." Those four little words are from the Bible. Hagar uttered them. She fled in anger from her mistress, Sarah, and went into the wilderness. An angel met her by a fountain of water, and told her things which should come to pass. "Thou God seest me," she exclaimed. Then she knew it was the angel of God, for nobody but he could look into the most secret things.

Children, learn these four small words. Impress them upon your heart. Think of them when you lie down, when you get up, and when you go by the way, when alone or with your companions, both at home and abroad, remember, "Thou God seest me."

A CHEAP BREAKFAST.

A son of Erin, at Schenectady, heard the breakfast bell ring on board a canal boat just starting out for Buffalo. The fragrance of the viands induced him to go aboard.

"Sure, captain, dear, (said he) an' what'll ye ax a poor man for thravelling on yer illegant swan ov a boat?"

"Only a cent-and-a-half a mile and found," replied the captain.

"An' is it the vittals ye mean to find, sure?"

"Yes. And if you're going along, go down to breakfast."

Pat didn't wait to be told a second time, but having descended into the cabin and made a hearty meal, he came

again on deck and requested that the boat might be stopped.

"What do you want to stop for?" enquired the captain.

"How far have we come, jist?" asked Pat.

"Only a little over a mile."

Pat thereupon handed the captain two cents, and coolly told him that he believed he would not go any further with him, as Judy would wait her breakfast, not knowing that he breakfasted out!

The joke was so good that the captain took the two cents, ordered the boat stopped, helped Pat ashore, and told him that should he ever have occasion to travel that way again he should be most happy to carry him.

Original.

Lines written on standing near the Graves of my Father and Mother—Auncaster, August 30th, 1849.

BY C. M. D.

Loved beings who are gone—forever gone—

To the silent—silent grave—

Above thy mould'ring dust here stands alone,
Thy son mourning, though twenty years have
flown,

Thy loss whom nought from death could
save.

Affection bids the heart a tribute tear,

Upon thy sacred dust to shed,

And whispers in my breast—"forever bear"
Sweet memories of thy love thy fondling care,
A mother's watchings o'er my bed.

This tear—my heart's affection freely given,

May wet the dust upon thy tomb;

'Tis all—it cannot bring you down from hea-
ven!

Call to act in life thy souls which here have
striven,

Or alter man's eternal doom.

'Tis not my wish—this cruel sure would be,
For earth the work of God—though good,