

bearing spirit is worth a kingdom; for, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

But though Job Stanley often quarrelled with his wife, he was not without affection for her, for she had many good qualities. The moment he heard that she had tumbled into the river, he ran to the water with all speed, leaped into the boat, and from thence into the river. After groping about for some time at the bottom, he came up for breath, and then, down again he went, but with no better success than before, for he could not find his wife. When he again raised his head above water, he looked about him, and then it was that he saw his wife running towards him, along the bank of the river. As the water was very cold, Job was glad to get of his wet clothes, from every thread of which the water dripped as he made the best of his way home. This circumstance gave me a good opportunity of talking a little to Molly Stanley about the frequent quarrels which I well knew had taken place between them, and of exhorting her to do her part to prevent a return of them.

While I was thus talking to Job Stanley's wife, I heard a cry, and, running out of the house, I saw Harry Stanley, a sad mischievous lad about seven years of age, mounted on a great strong wagon-horse. The horse strided along towards the river, over which some other horses had just been ferried in the horse-boat. Harry Stanley roared out, and tried to stop the horse, but in vain; and before I could get to them, the horse, with Harry on his back, was swimming across the river. I expected every moment either to see the lad fall into the water, or the horse carried down the stream by the force of the current; but, providentially, both got safe to the other side. If the horse had not been a powerful creature, and if Harry had not clung closely to him, one or both must have been drowned. The only loss he sustained was that of his hat.

"Now, Molly," said I to his mother, who was then standing at my elbow on the brink of the river, half frightened out of her senses, "you have another especial mercy to thank God for: the life of your son has been preserved. O, bring him up in the fear of the Lord, that, as he has been plucked from the overwhelming waters, so he may be snatched as a brand from the burning, to fear, to love, and to obey the Lord.

I shall not be enabled to say the one half of what I know about the village, and of the young people who live among the scattered cottages; and therefore must confine myself to what I judge may be most useful to my young readers.

In the very next cottage to that where Job Stanley lives, Sukey Williams was alive two years ago, but now the green grass grows over her grave. Mary Parsons, her granddaughter lived with her. Mary now lives

up at the squire's, and I trust she is an altered girl to what she once was. She was a headstrong and a selfish child, and cared but little about others, so that she could have her own way. How contrary was this to the temper and spirit required of us by the word of God! "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

Poor old Sukey was kind and patient to her granddaughter, whose selfishness sometimes cut her to the heart. Sukey had a rose-tree which usually bore many roses; but two summers ago it happened that only one bud grew upon the tree; Sukey set great store by this bud, and would not willingly have had it gathered for a crown-peace. Mary knew all this, and yet, one day when she went out with two playmates, she went straight to the tree, and gathered the rosebud, merely because her playmates had roses sticking in their bosoms. Foolish child! she got a rose by her selfishness, which gave her pleasure for an hour or two; but she planted a thorn in her heart, which she has not got rid of to this hour.

Sukey soon missed her rose, and mourned over it; for aged people often think as much of trifles as children do, and young people should learn to bear with them. Old age is full of infirmities, and has quite enough to endure without being afflicted by the unkindness of children.

As soon as Mary came home, Sukey espied her rose faded at her bosom. "Mary!" said Sukey, "a time will come when you will be sorry for this sin." That time did come, sure enough and shortly too; for when the brier was bent over the grave of poor old Sukey, Mary bent over it, too, and sighed and sobbed with bitterness of spirit, in calling to mind the words of her grandmother; but it was too late then.

It is true that Mary stuck many a rose and sprig of laurel upon the hillock which covered the remains of her grandmother; but one kind word and deed in her life-time, would have been more to Sukey than a thousand roses and branches of laurel when she was dead. Children! children! while you call to mind the flowers withering away over poor Sukey, be it yours, by attention, obedience, and deeds of kindness, to give joy to the aged relatives around you; for, depend upon it, it is a bitter thing to walk over the grave of those we have used unkindly. May the grace of God constrain you to act with kindness to all, and dispose your hearts to avoid the selfishness of Mary Parsons.

#### WHO CAN BEAR TO BE TOLD OF HIS FAULTS?

*Concluded.*

I once borrowed, from a conscientious clergyman, the manuscript of a sermon which I had heard him deliver. It had struck me as a most impressive discourse and the reading it over again only strengthened

me in the opinion I entertained. On returning it, I drew his attention to a passage that he had quoted as a text of holy scripture, but which in reality was taken from the apocrypha, although it was very similar in expression to one in the inspired volume. The best of men have infirmities, and this conscientious minister of the gospel had his, for he was evidently mortified by the detection of his error. It was too late to offer any explanation or to soften the matter, for I read in his countenance very plainly, that any attempt to borrow another manuscript would be in vain. He was a good man, but he could not bear to be told of his faults.

This very day I was put sadly out of temper myself, when I ought not to have been so. It happened that I had promised to bring home a humming-top for my youngest boy, but it rained when I passed near the shop, and it was troublesome to put down my umbrella; so I went on, and did not buy the humming-top. When I got home, the first cry was, "Have you brought me my humming-top?" and when I said "No," Harry walked rather sullenly into the kitchen, where I heard him say to Betty, the housemaid, "Papa tells us we must not break our promises, but he does not mind breaking them himself: he has never brought home my humming-top, though he promised it so faithfully." I could have taken the young rebel and shaken him, so angry did I feel at his thus proclaiming my error; but a few moments' reflection satisfied me that I, and not he, was to blame. Like the rest of the world, I had been impatient when I should have been patient: I could not bear to be told of my faults.

Reader, may not you and I be both guilty in this respect? Perhaps we have faults, but we are unwilling to be reminded of them. Whence does this evil arise? Does not conscience reply, It is because we possess so little of that self-knowledge and humility, which are enjoined in the sacred scriptures? Surely he that convinces us of one fault is a better friend than he who flatters us with many excellences; "faithful are the words of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy, (of an unfaithful friend) are deceitful," Prov. xxvii. 6.

Let us seek the humble disposition of the psalmist, who could sincerely say, "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head," Psalm cxli. 5.

#### AIR.

At each breath we draw, more than a cubic inch of oxygen, or of the vital principle, of the air is consumed, and as this principle constitutes one fourth of the air exhaled, if pure, it forms but a fifth part of that which is exhaled from the lungs. Now the number of respirations is about twenty-five per minute, or fifteen hundred hourly. Suppose then a person, to sleep eight hours in a perfectly close room, and to breathe successive volumes of pure air, without any admixture of that exhaled, and at the end of that time