

"And what does she do in the evening, when she has finished her work? does she read?"

"Yes."  
"What, the Bible?"  
"Sometimes."

"Only sometimes?"  
"On a Sunday, and perhaps sometimes on a week-day, when she has time."

"How long has your father been dead?"  
"Two years."

"It is an awful thing to die, is it not?"  
"Yes."

"Was your father willing to die?"  
"I believe he would have wished to live a little longer."

"Where is he gone, do you think?" To this question, which may appear rather direct, she replied without hesitation:

"To God," such were her words.  
"Why do you think that?"

"Because he was a good man."  
"Are you sure he was good?"

"O yes, quite sure."  
"But did you ever read in the Bible, that Jesus Christ said there was none good but God?"

"I believe I did one morning."  
"Is your mother good?"

"My mother's very good."  
"But do you remember, my love what Jesus Christ said, there is none good but one, that is God?"

Feeling this argument too forcible, my little antagonist became rather indignant, as if I was determined to bring her mother in guilty of high misdemeanours, and hastily rejoined, that she did not care for that; that her mother, she was sure, was a very good woman.

Not wishing, however, to quarrel with so agreeable and intelligent a companion, I gave a rein to the conversation.

"Do you know who Jesus Christ is?"  
"The Son of God."

Month after month rolled away, and the scenes I have attempted to describe were beginning to fade in my recollection, when they were recalled by a circumstance which gave them an increasing interest, and could not fail to prove a heart obdurate even as mine. The winter was advancing, and I was already turning my wishes to the milder climates of Italy, where I was about to seek a retreat from the inclemency of Alpine solitudes. The evening had set in coldly; and I was sitting alone in my apartment beside a cheerful fire, thinking, it may be, on those who were near and dear to me; from whom I was so far, and ere long to be farther removed. Perhaps, too, a prayer was ascending as a blessing on them and on myself; on them, that they might glorify their Lord among friends and kindred; on myself, that whithersoever my steps should be directed his hand might lead me, and his right hand uphold me. The door opened and a Swiss lady of my acquaintance entered and abruptly accosted me:—"Mr T. do you remember meeting a little girl in a churchyard some weeks distant, towards the end of last summer?"  
"Yes," I answered with surprise and alarm; and had some conversation with her. "Well, at you said was made instrumental to the conversion of her mother." Is it possible? I exclaimed, while the tears rushed involuntarily to my eyes. On inquiry, I found that the child had not forgotten my injunction. Going home immediately

she had related to her mother what had passed between us, noticing particularly, as it appeared my request that she would read the Bible. She did so; and the Spirit sent it to her with power. After a time, she began to feel a desire to converse with some serious person; and it was so ordered, that she should meet with a pious woman, who kept a little school in the neighbourhood, and whom I had visited once or twice. From her the lady alluded to heard the circumstance, and communicated it to me as I have mentioned; "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name," be all the praise! Amen and amen.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

The long reign of winter was past, and a milder sun had revisited the earth. The scene was inviting, and I quit, for an hour, the bustle of a town, to admire the beautiful works of God as unfolded in the volume of nature. Having escaped from the hum of business in which I was accustomed to act, I ascended a little eminence, that I might gain a fairer view of the scenery around. The earth was clothed with beauty, the air was filled with the music of happy beings, and the ocean bore upon its bosom the treasures of successful commerce. All things seemed to speak the beneficence of a supreme being, and I wondered, if, with such innumerable proofs of his goodness, above, around, beneath, and within them, any of his children could knowingly violate his commands.

At this moment my attention was arrested by observing two men at a distance—the one apparently lifeless upon the ground, and the other endeavouring in vain to convey him to a dwelling not far remote. He raised the powerless body from the earth—removed it a few paces toward the dwelling—but could proceed no farther. He placed it again upon the ground, and seated himself by its side, as if determined not to forsake it. With mingled emotions of sympathy and curiosity I hastened to the spot. Judge what was my surprise, and pity, and disgust, when I found a man in the vigour of life, waylaid and spoiled by that treacherous assassin, Intemperance!—and a mere youth at his side, attempting in vain to screen his infamy from the eye of the world! I asked the lad, for his countenance beamed with intelligence, what motives induced him to manifest such kindness to one, who had well nigh forfeited his claim to our compassion? "Alas," said he, "it is my father!" and the tear rolled down his cheeks. I now perceived I had expressed myself incautiously, and endeavoured to heal the wound which I seemed to have inflicted. "I know," said the youth, "he has forfeited his claim to the compassion of others, but not to mine. He has ruined his reputation, his family, and I fear his neverdying soul; but how can I sunder the strong ties of nature? How can I forget the author of my being, and the protector of my infant years?" I commended the warmth of his affection; and secretly admired that it should continue unabated, when the object on which it rested was become so wofully changed. "Sir," said the youth, as if discerning the tenor of my thoughts, "have you a father?" I replied that I had. "Forgive me, if I make the supposition, that in the solemn providence of God you were called to look upon his lifeless clay! Suppose, even that his death was hastened by crime!

Would you on that account refuse him the last acts of kindness?" I answered, that every feeling of my nature would revolt at the thought of it. "Then," said he, "you are prepared to appreciate the motives which actuate me. I look upon my father as dead! True, he breathes, and the blood circulates in his veins;—but is this all that constitutes human life? Where is the eye that once beamed so affectionate upon me? It is closed. Where are the strength and activity of manhood! They are fled. Address him—he hears not, answers not. Huddle him—he perceives it not. But for me, the wulture might feed on his mangled limbs, and the swine trample on the image of God." And yet, I replied, the death of which you speak, is not like the dissolution of soul and body—final and irrevocable. He will soon revive. "Alas!" exclaimed the youth, "had you once seen him, returning into life, covered with the horrors of his own corruption—had you heard his midnight groans, and witnessed the gnawings of remorse within him—had you seen him struggling to reform, and at last seizing the oblivious cup as the only refuge from despair—you would not, you could not have mentioned this frightful re-animating, as an alleviation of his condition. It is this very state from which he shrinks as an insupportable burden. No, it is nothing to be laid quietly in the grave with the common guilt of men, compared with the endless successions of assassination which he inflicts upon his own body, and the final catastrophe to which they inevitably lead. He dies a thousand deaths; and each prepares him for a darker, and still darker abode, in the world of perdition. Oh my father! my father!" The scene had now become painful to my feelings, and I wished to retire. But how could I forsake this affectionate youth, while discharging with such emotion the duties of filial piety? I offered him my assistance, and we conveyed the miserable victim of intemperance to his dwelling. And here the fountains of my compassion were opened anew. An interesting group of children and a disconsolate wife mourned over their sorrows with all the emphasis of grief, and refused to be comforted. I wished to administer the consolations afforded by the Gospel to those who innocently suffer; but my sympathies were overpowered, and I withdrew, overwhelmed with a sense of the cruelty, the guilt, the deadly and irreparable mischief of intemperance.

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RECREATION.

Recreation seems necessary for young people in order to repair the wasted spirits after they have been exhausted by severe study or intense application to business. And although the studies and employments of females are not so severe as those of men, yet as their natures are more delicate they also stand in need of some kind of relaxation or amusement. But they should be very careful in the choice of their recreations, that they do not adopt such as dissipate the mind, corrupt the principles or injure the health. When the weather is pleasant, riding or walking in the open air, with a suitable companion, is very agreeable. In winter, to spend an occasional hour in conversation on suitable subjects, with a choice selection of friends, is very instructive to the mind, and refreshing to the spirits. A mixed company of virtuous per-