

ing an assistance for her father in so singular a manner; in a word, that it was she, who, unknown to her parents, had sent her cherished sparrow. "But by what means," asked Madame Helvetius, "were you able to direct him to wards me?" Here the interesting girl, caressing the bird, which was perched on her finger, informed her, that with the greatest pain, she had been accustomed to deprive him of his food for several days, in order that, attracted like the others by the grain which she distributed, he might accustom himself to approach her, and the next opportunity, when she saw him on her terrace, she hazarded the first note. "Here," said the affectionate girl, bursting into tears, "you are acquainted with what followed, and how shall we ever be able to feel grateful enough to you for having thus saved us from ruin? It is needless to add, that this worthy family ever retained the friendship of Madame Helvetius, and that the interesting sparrow was always regarded with the greatest fondness and affection, in having thus been the means of communicating to a benevolent lady, the wants of a suffering family.

How much more likely is it, even to the eye of sense, that the business of the day should go well with you, when you enter upon it, not in the spirit of presumption and carelessness, but with that humility and diligence which prayer produces! How much more likely is it, that you should be guarded from the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," and that the curtains of the night should fall softly and securely around you, when they are drawn by the hands of watchfulness and prayer! And as to the family exercise of this duty, what can be more proper, than that they who dwell under the same roof, and enjoy in common, the charities of domestic life, should meet and send up together, their song of gratitude and praise, to Him who is the Father of all the families of the earth! When regularly discharged, what happy effects might it have in checking the vicious, and awakening the thoughtless!—in forming the tender minds of the young—in cementing the virtuous friendships of the more advanced in life!—in strengthening the affection, and sweetening the counsel of all!—and in diffusing peace, and purity, and comfort through the whole house! How much would even the general intercourse of society be improved, if men went to it from their knees, not with the turbulent humours of a proud nature, and an unsubdued temper, but with that meekness and brotherly love which religion requires and prayer diffuses! How many of those angry contentions, and rude encounters, which mar the beauty, and disturb the peace of social life, would vanish before the mild and softening influence of regular devotion! What a different scene would the stormy sea of this world present, if the tranquillising spirit of prayer, instead of resting in retired and peaceful days, were allowed to move at large upon its dark and troubled waters! How much would our dull and heavy atmosphere be purified, and made healthful and fragrant, if it were more widely pierced by the voices of earnest prayer and hearty praise! If every house were a sanctuary—every parent a priest—and every hearth a altar around which were gathered families of the humble and devoted worshippers, our earth might

the angels who, on timid wing, fly far from its infection, might safely renew their visits, and God himself "might bow his heavens; and come down" to dwell among us.—*Dr. Fleming.*

TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND A CENTURY AGO.

In December, 1703, Charles III. King of Spain, slept at Petworth on his way to Windsor, and Prince George of Denmark went to meet him there by desire of the Queen. In the relation of the journey given by one of the Prince's attendants, he states—"We set out at six in the morning, by torchlight, to go to Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when overturned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas a hard service for the Prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life. We were thrown but once indeed in going, but our coach, which was the leading one, and his Highness's body-coach would have suffered very much, if the nimble boons of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders, from Godalming almost to Petworth, and the nearer we approached the Duke's house, the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours time to conquer them; and indeed we had never done it, if our good master had not several times lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were enabled to trace out the way for him." Afterwards, writing of his departure on the following day from Petworth to Guildford, and thence to Windsor, he says—"I saw him (the Prince) no more, till I found him at supper at Windsor; for there we were overturned (as we had been once before the same morning,) and broke our coach; my Lord Delawarre had the same fate, and so had several others."

SABBATH BREAKING.

From a Correspondent of the Brockville Recorder.

An inquest was held by James Maitland, Esq. Coroner, in Kitley, on the 21st ult., on the body of Abraham Codd, aged 16 years, son of Joseph Codd. The manner of his death was sudden and awful. Being with a few young lads last Sabbath near a School house, at the time of divine service, (held there by the Rev. Daniel Barney,) the deceased with his companions were playing at ball, and using other means of disturbing the congregation, and although they were reprov'd, and commanded to desist, their perseverance mocked reproof. Before the conclusion of the service, the deceased and his juvenile friends were joined by another sporting party, who had been hunting partridges. Their strength being increased they seemed determined to accomplish their design by the firing of guns; but an altercation taking place as to who should fire the first shot, (melancholy to relate,) the gun went off sooner than they expected, which terminated the existence of the deceased, and severely wounded another. The person who fired the gun, and the two shot were cousins. "How solemn and affecting this melancholy catastrophe to the reflecting mind; a youth in the beginning of life, the hope of his parents future prospects cut off by sudden death in the act of rebellion against God, by profaning his Sabbath, and opposing and disturbing his worship. The above account should be a warning to the youth of our country."

EXTRAVAGANCE IN APPAREL.—The expenditure of great men for apparel in former times was monstrous; we are told that Charles, Duke of Burgundy, had one garment, which alone cost him two hundred thousand ducats. And Sir John Arundel, in the third year of King Richard II., crossing the sea between England and Brittany was drowned, and with him fifty-two new suits of cloths made of cloth of gold and tissue.

Colour of the Red Sea.—This subject has for ages given occasion to repeated conjectures and investigations. Professor Ebronberg (in his report of Travels in Egypt, Dongola, Arabia, &c.) has been the first to observe, that it proceeds from a minute Oscillatoria, one of those Lilliputian produce, which holds a place between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Sudden joy may kill, as well as sudden grief. Disgora Rhodius, hearing his three sons were victorious at the Olympic game. in one day, died immediately in the transport of joy. And the story of Zeaxus, the samoh painter, is yet more strange; who having made the portraiture of an old Woman very oddly, he died with laughing at the conceit.

POETRY.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND IN ADVERSITY.

Yes! the cold chilling blast, dearest girl, has swept o'er thee,
In the spring time of youth, when thy hopes were most bright;
Yet mourn not the pageant it chases before thee,
Tho' brilliant its col'nings, delusive their light.

No! turn thine eyes eastward, behold the fair dawning,
Its radiance increasing as on it we gaze;
And soon thou shalt see this faint beam of the morning,
Improve to the noontide's meridian blaze.

'Gaze,—'tis a purer, a holier beaming
Than earth with her splendors can ever impart;
Her mirth is but madness—her joy is but seeming;
As the crackling of thorns, so her pleasures depart.

Not so with the Day-star, he shineth for ever,
And healing and joy to thy spirit he'll bring;
He'll guide thee thro' this world, forsake thee,—no!
In heav'n his high praise thou shalt joyfully sing.

Then seek him, dear girl, in these days of thy vigor,
Ere shadows more deep round thy pathway shall spread;
So the sorrows of age shall be stripped of their rigor,
And thy hoary locks shine a bright crown on thy head.*

* Prov. xvi. 31.

THE 23d PSALM, A PARAPHRASE.

The Lord my shepherd is, I shall not want
Aught that Omniscience deems it wise to grant;
Whate'er his loving kindness may withhold,
I shall be well sustain'd in his bless'd fold.

In pastures green He makes me to recline,
Beside the gentle streams of love divine;
My wand'ring soul He graciously restores,
Into my wounds the balm of mercy pours;
And that his name may endless praise obtain,
Leads me in paths of righteousness again.
Yea, though I walk through Deaths dark, shadow'd
rule,

Where Nature chills, and Valour's self turns pale;
E'en there, unmov'd, no evil will I fear,
Thy presence, Lord, my fainting soul shall cheer
Thy rod and staff my firm support shall be,
They shall protect, and they shall comfort me.

Thou, as my foes themselves must testify,
With bounteous hand my table dost supply;
Dost with celestial oil my head anoint,
And an o'erflowing cup to me appoint.
Goodness and mercy shall my steps attend,
Nor with my life's short pilgrimage shall end;
No, in his heav'nly temple I shall dwell,
And of his boundless love for ever tell.