

and have been, more blessed to me than all the other means combined.

I was quite a child when my grandmother died; and although many years have since passed, and many changes I have seen, she is still as distinct to the eye of my mind as though our last interview were but yesterday. She was a woman of no exterior elegance or dignity of mien, plain and simple in her apparel, kind and gentle in her manner; her great characteristic seemed to be love to God and man, and an ardent desire to do all the good in her power. She was of few words, but the law of kindness dwelt upon her lips; and she was remarkably careful and tender of the character of others. Believing that a mother's proper sphere of action is the family circle, she was ever a "keeper at home;" no frivoler away of precious time in formal visiting or gay entertainments; but where there was affliction in the circle of her acquaintance, there was she found, visiting the fatherless and widows in their distress, and ministering to their necessities. Liberal and open handed to the poor, she denied herself many costly luxuries, that she might more abundantly relieve them; and she taught her children to practice like self denial. The Bible was truly her meat and drink—the spiritual food upon which her soul fed and thrived. This was the true (though to many) hidden cause of her uncommon spirituality, deadness to the world, and uniform consistency of conduct. Guided in all things by the unerring Word of God, she kept the even tenor of her way, shedding forth the light of her holy example upon all around, so that they, taking knowledge of her, might glorify God her Saviour. It was her constant practice to induce us, her grandchildren, to read and commit to memory chapters or passages of Holy Writ; often alluring us by some little reward when, through the heedlessness of childhood, her gentle persuasions and admonitions failed to have their customary influence. My memory is now largely stored with God's Word, thus learned, with her accompanying comments on these passages, most precious to her own mind; and while many other recollections of my childhood have faded from my memory, these remain in all their vividness.

She was blessed in her children. One son, as a minister of the Gospel, has been the honoured instrument in the conversion of hundreds of souls. Her youngest daughter, after leading a life of self denial and Christian benevolence, of which few females, so young and delicate, can boast, died a most triumphant and happy death. Her surviving children are all treading in the footsteps of their sainted mother, occupying places of usefulness and trust in the community; and nearly all the grandchildren of her prayers, who have arrived at mature years, have united themselves with the visible Church. And when that Saviour, who had been all her hope and trust, called her home to himself, she longed for the hour of translation from sin and sorrow to purity and rest; and the language of her lips again and again was, "Oh! why are his chariot wheels so long of coming! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Oh! how often in my days of childhood and folly have I thought that, could the gift of God be purchased with money, I would give anything in the world to be as good as my grandmother. How many of us, who are mothers and grandmothers, are there who set such an example before the little ones of our own families as to induce the same wish on their parts with respect to us? How good is a word spoken in season at all times, and how many times and seasons are there in the life of every child, when a few affectionate words of counsel, of reproof, or entreaty, from the lips of a venerated relative, may sink deep into the heart, and colour with the hue of heaven the whole after life, long after that Christian friend has been laid low with the clouds of the valley. It is a natural and innocent desire to be remembered by those we love, long after we have passed away from earth; let us, then, remember that the memory of the just only is blessed, and being blessed, is long treasured up in the heart with fond delight. Let us, then, endeavour to imitate the example of her, "who, being dead, yet speaketh;" and so live, as that our descendants, like hers, will revert with joy to our memories long after we have passed away to our reward. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

A mother teaching her child to pray is an object at once the most sublime and tender that the imagination can conceive. Elevated above earthly things, she like one of those guardian angels, the companions of our earthly pilgrimages, through whose ministration we are incited to good and restrained from evil. The image of the mother becomes associated in his infant mind with the invocation she taught him to his "Father who is in heaven." When the seductions of the world assail his youthful mind, that well remembered prayer to his "Father who is in heaven," will strengthen him to resist evil. When in riper years he mingles with mankind and encounters fraud under the mask of honesty; when he sees confiding goodness betrayed, generosity ridiculed as weakness, unbridled hatred, and the coldness of interested friendship, he may indeed be tempted to despise his fellow men, but he will remember his "Father who is in heaven." Should he, on the contrary, abandon himself to the world, and allow the seeds of self-love to spring up and flourish in his heart, he will, notwithstanding, sometime hear a warning voice in the depths of his soul, severely tender as those maternal lips which instructed him to pray to his "Father who is in heaven." But when the trials

of life are over, and he may be extended on the bed of death with no other consolation than the peace of an approving conscience, he will recall the scenes of his infancy, the image of his mother, and with tranquil confidence will resign his soul to his "Father who is in heaven."

From Chambers's Journal.

A HYMN.

BY LAMARTINE.

THERE is an unknown language spoken
By the loud winds that sweep the sky;
By the dark storm-clouds, thunder-broken,
And waves on rocks that dash and die;
By the lone star, whose beams wax pale,
The moonlight sleeping on the vale,
The mariner's sweet distant hymn,
The horizon that before us flies,
The crystal firmament that lies
In the smooth sea reflected dim.
Tis breathed by the cool streams at morning,
The sunset on the mountain's shades,
The snow that daybreak is adorning,
And eve that on the turret fades;
The city's sounds that rise and sink,
The fair swan on the river's brink,
The quivering cypress' murmured sighs,
The ancient temple on the hill,
The solemn silence, deep and still,
Within the forest's mysteries.

Of Thee, oh God! this voice is telling,
Thou who art truth, life, hope, and love;
On whom night calls from her dark dwelling,
To whom bright morning looks above;
Of thee—proclaimed by every sound,
Whom nature's all-mysterious round
Declares, yet not defines Thy light;
Of Thee—the abyss and source, whence all
Our souls proceed, in which they fall,
Who hast but one name—INFINITE.
All men on earth may hear and treasure
This voice, resounding from all time;
Each one, according to his measure
Interpreting its sense sublime.
But ah! the more our spirits weak
Within its depths would seek,
The more this vain world's pleasures cloy;
A weight too great for earthly mind,
O'erwhelms its powers, until we find
In solitude our only joy.
So when the feeble eye-ball fixes
Its sight upon the glorious sun,
Whose gold emblazoned chariot mixes
With rosy clouds that towards it run;
The dazzled gaze all powerless sinks,
Blind with the radiance which it drinks,
And sees but gloomy specks float by;
And darkness indistinct o'ershades
Wood, meadow, hill, and pleasant glade,
And the clear bosom of the sky.

NEW WORKS.

RUSSIAN FUNERALS.

WE learn, from Kohl's work on St. Petersburg, that black coffins are seldom used in Russia; coffins are generally brown, but children have pink, grown up unmarried girls sky-blue, while older females are indulged with a violet colour. Among the poorer classes the coffin is adorned with pine branches; while among the rich, the whole way from the habitation to the church is strewn with the same. Mr Kohl says—"The coffin is carried to the church uncovered, that the acquaintance who may happen to meet it in the street may have a last glimpse of their friend's face. The lid is carried before. The coffin is followed, even in the day-time, by a band of torch bearers, with broad cocked hats, and enveloped in long black mantles. All those who meet the funeral procession take off their hats, and offer up a prayer to heaven for the dead; and so earnest are their devotions, that they do not replace their hats until the cavalcade has disappeared from their sight. This mark of respect is shown to every corpse—to Russians as well as to Protestants and Catholics. In the church the corpse is again set out in state, and the priests, clad in black and white, and holding in their hands wax lights enveloped in crape, supply the dead with everything they judge necessary for the journey. On his forehead is placed a fillet ornamented with holy 'saws,' and images. In his hand is stuck a cross of wax or other substance. He then receives the passport. Even a plate of food is placed near the coffin. This funeral dish is termed *kulja*, and generally consists of rice cooked with honey, formed into a kind of pudding. This is strewn with raisins by way of ornament, and on the top lies a cross of the same fruit. The wealthy, instead of raisins, use small pieces of sugar.

After this mass, in Russian ecclesiastical language, Panichide is chanted by the priests. During this the relations take the last farewell of the departed, all kiss his hand, and amongst the lower orders the most doleful and eloquent addresses succeed. If the deceased be a married man, the widow gives way to the most moving and poetical expressions of sorrow. Wringing her hands," continues Mr Kohl,

"and staring all the while at the face of the corpse as if he were still alive, she cries now louder, now more gently, 'Golubotschick moi, Drashotschick. Alas! my little dove, my little friend, why hast thou deserted me? Did I not prepare everything at home for thee with love, that thou must spurn thy wife? Who is me! How fresh and well didst thou sit with me and thy children only six weeks ago, and playedst with thy little son Feodor, who is three years old; and now thou art dead and still, and answerest not a word to thy wife and weeping children! My little friend, my husband, lord, awake! awake!' Amidst this lamentation without end, the lid of the coffin is closed, and the procession moves on to the burial ground."

THE ASSES OF THE ALPS.

THE manner in which asses descend the precipices of the Alps or the Andes is truly extraordinary. In the passes of these mountains there are often on the one side lofty eminences and on the other frightful abysses; and as those generally follow the direction of the mountain, the road, instead of lying on a level, forms, at every little distance, steep declivities of several hundred yards downwards. These can only be descended by asses; and the animals themselves seem sensible of the danger by the caution which they use. When they come to the edge of one of the descents, they stop of themselves, without being checked by the rider; and if he inadvertently attempts to spur them on, they continue immovable. They seem all this time ruminating on the peril that lies before them, and preparing for the encounter. They not only attentively view the road, but tremble and snort at the danger. Having prepared for their descent, they place their fore-feet in a posture as if they were stopping themselves; they then also put their hind-feet together, but a little forward, as if they were about to lie down. In this attitude, having taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. In the meantime, all that the rider has to do is to keep himself fast in the saddle, without checking the rein, for the least motion is sufficient to disorder the equilibrium of the ass, in which case both must unavoidably perish. But their address in this rapid descent is truly wonderful; for in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow exactly the different windings of the road, as if they had previously settled in their minds the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety. In this journey the natives, who are placed along the sides of the mountains, and hold themselves by the roots of the trees, animate the beasts with shouts and encourage them to perseverance. Some asses, after being long used to these journeys, acquire a kind of reputation for their safety and skill and their value rises in proportion to their fame.

THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

EVERY man shows fair in prosperity; but the main trial of the Christian is in suffering. Any man may steer in a good gale and clear sea; but the mariner's skill will be seen in a tempest. Herein the Christian goes beyond the Pagan's, not practice only, but admiration. "We rejoice in tribulation," saith the chosen vessels. Lo! here a point transcending all the affectation of Heatenism. Perhaps, some resolute spirit, whether out of a natural fortitude, or out of an ambition of fame or earthly glory, may set a face upon a patient enduring of loss or pain; but never any of those heroic Gentiles durst pretend to a joy in suffering. Hither can Christian courage reach knowing that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." Is he bereaved of his goods and worldly estate?—he comforts himself in the consciousness of a better treasure, that can never be lost. Is he slandered and unjustly disgraced?—his comfort is, that there is a blessing which will more than make him amends. Is he banished?—he knows he is on his way homeward. Is he imprisoned?—his spirit cannot be locked in—God and his angels cannot be locked out. Is he dying?—to him "to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Is he dead?—he "rests from his labours," and is crowned with glory. Shortly, he is perfect gold, that comes more pure out of the fire than it went in; neither had he ever been so great a saint in heaven, if he had not passed through the flames of his trial here upon earth.—Bishop Hall.

WILBERFORCE AND THE SABBATH.

THE celebrated Wilberforce ascribes his continuance for so long a time under such a pressure of cares and labours, in no small degree to the conscientious and habitual observance of the Sabbath. "O what a blessed day," he says, "is the Sabbath, which allows us a precious interval wherein to pause—to come out from the thickets of the worldly concerns, and give ourselves up to heavenly and spiritual objects! Observation and my own experience have convinced me that there is a special blessing on the right employment of these intervals."

"One of their prime objects, in my judgment, is to strengthen our impression of invisible things, and to induce a habit of living much under their influences. O what a blessed thing is Sabbath, interposed between the waves of worldly business, like the divine bath of the Israelites through Jordan! Blessed be God, who has appointed the Sabbath, and interposed the seasons of recollection. It is a blessed thing to have the Sabbath devoted to God. There is nothing in which I would commend

you to be more strictly conscientious, than in keeping the Sabbath-day."

THE BIBLE A PERFECT GUIDE.

IT is so complete a system that nothing can be added to it, or taken from it. It contains everything needful to be known or done. It affords a copy for a king and a rule for a subject. It gives instruction and counsel to a sinner, authority and direction to a magistrate. It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict from a jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table; tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honour on parents and enjoins obedience on children. It gives directions for weddings and burials; regulates feasts and fasts, mournings and rejoicings; and orders labour for the day and rest for the night. It points out a faithful and eternal Guardian to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust. It teaches a man how to put his house in order, and how to make his will. It defends the rights of all; and reveals vengeance to every defrauder, evildoer, or oppressor. It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in all the world. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, and affords the greatest pleasure that ever was revealed. It contains the best laws and profoundest mysteries that ever were penned. It brings the best of tidings, and affords the best of comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality from everlasting, and shows the way to eternal glory. It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their difficulties. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him: it sets aside all other Gods, and shows the vanity of them, and of all that trust in them.

In short, it is a book of law, to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom, that condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth, that detects all lies, and confutes all errors; and a book of life, that gives life, and shows the way from everlasting death. It is the most compendious book in all the world, the most ancient, authentic, and entertaining history that ever was published. It contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, and unparalleled wars. It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds; and the angelic myriads, human tribes, and devilish legions. It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic, and the profoundest artist; it will teach the best rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skilful arithmetician, puzzle the wisest anatomist, and exercise the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and confutes the wise astronomer; it exposes the subtle sophist, and makes the diviners mad. It is a complete code of laws, a perfect body of divinity, an unequalled narrative, a book of lives, a book of travels, and a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed on, the best deed that ever was sealed, the best evidence that ever was produced, the best will that ever was made, the best testament that ever was signed. To understand it is to be wise indeed, to be ignorant of it is to be destitute of wisdom; and that which crowns all is, that the Author is without partiality and without hypocrisy, in whom is no variableness or shadow of turning.

THE FREQUENT BREAKING OF LARGE BELLS.

An ingenious mechanical correspondent suggests that the frequent breaking of large bells, by which so much expense is occasionally incurred by corporations, cathedral chapters, vestries, and other bodies, is very probably owing to the partial manner in which the striking of them takes place. The hammer for the hours impinges on one place alone, where generally forms a deep hollow. The tongue hits two places almost as determinedly. The necessary consequences are a wearing and hardening of the metal at certain parts of the bell, thus introducing into its constitution an inequality, which will make it less able to resist powerful vibrations than it would otherwise be. The obvious remedy is to hang the bell in such a manner that it could be shifted round a small space each week or month, and thus exposed in every part alike to the action of the hammer and tongue.

SLIDING SCALE OF ABUSE.

THE emperor abuses his courtiers, and they revenge themselves on their subordinates who, not finding words sufficiently energetic, raise their hands against those who, in their turn, finding the hand too light, arm themselves with a stick, which, further on, is replaced by a whip. The peasant is beaten by everybody; by his master; when he descends so far to demean himself; by the steward and the *starosta*, by the public authorities, the *stanovoi*, or the *ispravnik*, by the first passer by, if he be not a peasant. The poor fellow, on his part, has no means to indemnify himself except on his wife or his horse; and accordingly most women in Russia are beaten, and it excites one's pity to see how the horses are used.—Russia under Nicholas I.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is a roadside flower, growing in the highways of usefulness; plucked, it shall wither in thy hand; passed by, it is fragrance to thy spirit.