

and on a Saturday evening, when the former ruminated at home after the toil of a week's business.

'I wish you had kept that five hundred pounds, Lucy,' said Logan.

'But, Ambrose, would it have been quite right?'

'It was wrong in the old hag to take it from you. And if she deprived you of what her brother left you, I suppose we can expect nothing from her herself. She has relations?'

'Very distant ones, I believe whom she has never seen.'

'I suppose she took good care to keep your secret to her own old wizened bosom.'

'I believe she did.'

'She feared the verdict of the public, I wonder if her own conscience ever troubled her.'

'Why, what has set your mind running on money, my dear Ambrose?'

'If I had but a thousand pounds or two, Lucy, I feel myself in a condition to make a small beginning on my own account, which might lead to a large ending. Is it not a pardonable weakness to wish to see one's wife a fine lady?'

'Oh, there is a letter for you. It arrived to-day. An official looking seal upon it too. Perhaps it may be an answer to some of your wishes.'

Lucy reached him the letter, but as to thinking it a reply to his wishes, or to her own, she entertained no such idea. She had uttered the words in jest. The communication however was from an old school fellow of Logan's, now the sole legal practitioner in their native town. The letter stated that Mrs. Rebecca Robson, (Lucy's aunt so called) had died, and that after leaving one hundred pounds to be spent, according to her own particular directions, in the paraphernalia of her interment, and four hundred pounds to the poor of the parish (first donation), she had bequeathed the remainder of her fortune, amounting to three thousand five hundred pounds, to Lucy, wife of Ambrose Logan. The epistle concluded with a congratulatory paragraph from Logan's old school companion.

'I must recant,' said Ambrose. 'I am not sorry now, that you refused that five hundred pounds. It has produced good interest. Come I suppose I must not consider her a bad woman after all.'

'She was my dear mother's sister.'

'Well, Lucy I am sorry for speaking unkindly of her, if it were but on that account.'

'You show in yourself, dear Ambrose, what weak creatures we are—what partial judges. You are inclined to her now because she has benefitted you. But you were too much biassed against her before; you condemned her totally on account of one dominant weakness.' Corollary—be tolerant to one another. Well, Lucy we shall go to her funeral to show her memory respect, as we had not opportunities of bestowing affection upon her during her life; and you, yourself—I do not think that your grief will be so very redundant or to prevent you having the pleasure in exhibiting these children, that you are so proud of to your old friends. We must profit by the experience of Gill Blas, and endeavour to make the old woman's obsequies as simple as may be on a hundred pounds, so that the same ridicule may not be heaped upon her memory that was cast upon him at his parent's funeral.'

Lucy became not only a 'fine lady,' but continued to be a good one. The gentle reader expected perhaps that she was discovered to be of noble parentage, and to ride in a coach and six. We must stick to facts. She never knew more of her origin than we have communicated; but we are satisfied that reward for her constancy and honesty flowed in upon her through natural channels.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. COLUMN FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

JUVENILE SYMPATHIES.

About twelve months ago, Elihu Burritt, in one of his beautiful 'Olive-leaves,' related a circumstance the particulars of which we will make our young friends acquainted with, because we feel assured it will not only interest them, but show the benefits which may arise from the sympathies of children being rightly directed, and prove that the ardour of their warm hearts is not cooled by many waters, nor their feelings confined within the imaginary lines of latitude.

Whilst the great advocate for peace was travelling through our land on his errand of love, he was one evening overtaken by a heavy shower. The day had been fine, but it is not unfrequently the case in England, the sky became suddenly overcast. The pedestrian was passing through a richly-cultivated district, where nature and art had united to render the spot a paradise, and he was for a time lost in the contemplation of its beauties; but the heavy drops, as they pattered on his shoulders, awoke him from his poetical reverie, and suggested the convenience of a shelter. An open gate stood near, which seemed to invite his entrance, and his ear for the first time recognised the familiar sound of the anvil. Its monotonous clink had before mingled with the song of the bird, the bleating of sheep, the ripple of the stream, and the many pleasant sounds which gave life and harmony to the scene. But how were his feelings changed on entering that humble shed!

because it spoke of indigence and toil, and he did not look upon the necessity for exertion as an evil in itself; his sympathies

were drawn out by the ignorance and disease which he saw prevailing there from too early and too close application to labour. The occupants of the narrow shed were a man in the meridian of life and a boy about nine years of age. They had stood there, side by side, for years. The father's earnings being insufficient for the wants of his family, he had been obliged to take his child almost from his mother's arms, and place him on the cold stone on which he then stood. It had at first been placed there that he might reach his father's block, to assist in making nails, and the necessity for its use had continued as he advanced in years; for the unhealthy employment, and that cold, damp stone, had chilled his young blood, stopped his growth, and nipped the buds from his spirit. Dear young reader, you who are surrounded by home comforts, think, in your hours of relaxation and leisure, that hundreds of children, perhaps in your own town, are exposed to a similar fate—that thousands are led from the cradle to the factory or workshop, without time to gain physical strength from exercise, or opportunity for mental culture. But to return to my story. That heart which was so intent on the establishment of national peace and good will, could not overlook individual suffering, and he strove to awaken the sympathies of the American children for the poor English boy; nor did he find this a difficult task. Their hearts leaped, as it were, across the Atlantic, to assist the unhappy stranger. Mr Burritt proposed that they should raise a subscription to send the lad to school. This proposition was joyfully acceded to, and no less than one thousand half-dimes were sent over for the purpose. The 23rd of last December was a cold, damp day; the morning in London was foggy; but it gave place to what is called a Scotch mist, which would wet an Englishman to the skin, and, we doubt not, have a similar effect on an American; but be that as it may, the generous almoner undertook a journey of fifteen miles on foot, in order to convey the precious gift. We wish that our young friends could have seen the little fellow, as he stood in a tailor's shop, viewing his own deformed figure arrayed in a new suit of clothes, which he was told had been sent him by the children of a country of which perhaps, he had never heard, or at least knew as little of as of the inhabitants of the moon, and was further informed that they had paid for him to be sent to school. Oh, it would have been a fine subject for a painter, if he could have caught the bewildered, yet grateful and happy expression of the little English boy, and the benevolent, we might say heavenly, smile of his kind-hearted American friend.

The boy's individual improvement is not the only benefit arising from this charitable action. It is probable that he will make an effort to spread the seeds of knowledge he is receiving; and his young benefactors, having carried out the principles of universal brotherhood in early youth, will be stimulated to further exertion as they advance in life. And will not our young British friends respond to this feeling. Will not their warm hearts suggest means of usefulness, which would show their generosity? and at the same time acknowledge those claims of brotherhood?

From the People's Journal. THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

"Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn when thou has so provided for it." "Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the spring thereof." "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness." "They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side." "The pastures are clothed with flocks, and the valleys are also covered over with corn, they shout for joy; they also sing.—Psalm xiv. 9-13."

How beautiful are the words of the inspired poet, read in this month of harvest, nearly three thousand years after they were written! For nearly three thousand years, since the royal minstrel looked over the plains of Judea covered with the bounty of God and broke forth into his magnificent hymn of praise, has the earth rolled on in her course, and the hand of God has blessed her and all her children with seed time and harvest, with joy and abundance. The very steadfastness of the Almighty's liberality, flowing like a mighty ocean through the infinite vast of the universe, makes his creatures forget to wonder at its wonderfulness, to feel true thanksgiving for its immeasurable goodness. The sun rises and sets so surely, the seasons run on amid all their changes with such inimitable truth, that we take as a matter of course that which is amazing beyond all stretch of the imagination and good beyond the widest expansion of the noblest human heart.

The poor man, with his half dozen children, toils, and often dies, under the vain labour of winning bread for them. God feeds his family of countless myriads swarming over the surface of all his countless worlds, and none know need but through the follies or the cruelty of their fellows. God pours his light from innumerable suns on innumerable rejoicing planets; he waters them everywhere in the fitting moment; he ripens the food of globes and of nations, and gives them fair weather to garner it; and from age to age, amid his creatures of endless forms and powers, in the beauty, and the sunshine, and th

magnificence of Nature, he seems to sing throughout creation the glorious song of his own divine joy in the immortality of his youth in the omnipotence of his nature, in the eternity of his patience, and the abounding boundlessness of his love.

What a family hangs on his sustaining arms! The life and souls of infinite ages and of uncounted worlds! Let a moment's failure of his power, or his watchfulness, or of his will too do good, occur, and what a sweep of death annihilation through the univers! How stars would reel, planets expire, and nations perish! But from age to age no such catastrophe occurs, even in the midst of national crimes, and of atheism that denies the hand that made and feeds it; life springs up with a power ever new, food springs up as plentifully to sustain it, and sunshine and joy are poured over all from the invisible throne of God, as the poetry of the existence he has given. If there came seasons of dearth or of failure, they come but as warnings to proud and tyrannic men. The potato is smitten, that a nation may not be oppressed for ever; and the harvest is diminished, that the laws of man's unnatural avarice may be rent asunder. And then again the sun shines, the rain falls, and the earth rejoices in a renewed beauty and in a redoubled plenty.

It is amid one of these crises that we at this moment stand, and hail the month of harvest with unmingled joy. Never did the finger of God demonstrate his beneficent will more perspicuously than at this moment. The nations have been warned and rebuked, and again the bounty of heaven overflows the earth in golden billows of the ocean of abundance. In one state of America alone, we are told that one hundred thousand acres of corn are this year sown more than in any former year for the English market; and that were the Europeans crops all annihilated, America could from her superfluity supply its wants. But over all the plains of England, and all the plains of the continent, such harvests wave as never waved before, except in prolific years. God will that all the arts of man to check his bounty, to create scarcity, to establish dearth, to enfeeble the hand of the labourer, and curse the table of the poor, shall be put to shame. That his creatures shall eat and be glad, whether corn dealers and speculators, live or die.

Nations, therefore, have fittingly rejoiced in every century since the creation in the joyfulness of harvest. It has been a time of activity and of songs. Never was there a generation that had more cause to put forth their reaping and rejoicing hands and sing so heartily as ours. The coming month will see the Pharaoh of monstrous monopoly, and all his wretched selfish hosts, drowned in the Red Sea of abundance. The corn dealers will be smothered in the showering down heaps of their own commodity; the speculator who has so long sought his own fattening at the cost of a nation's starvation and misery, shall find that there is a greater speculator in the blue serene above, whose hand can whirl him in the gulph of his own schemes and craze all the chariot wheels of his cunning. Praise to God—the God of harvests—and to Him whose cattle are on a thousand hills. Let us go out and rejoice amid the sunshine, and the wheat stooping to the sickle, and the barley to the scythe, and in the certain assurance that the loaf never was cheaper than it shall be within the next six months, never the heart of labour more strengthened with greater abundance.

There is no month more beautiful than August. It has a serene splendour and maturity about it that is delightful. The soil is dry, the sky is bright and beautiful, with scattered and silvery clouds. The foliage is full and luxuriant—the grass fields mown in June or July are now full of the richest green, and cattle wander in finest condition through them, or lie in groups around worthy of a painter's hand. The hedges put on the same vernal looking hue, and the heather on the moors, and sweet scabiuses, blue hickory, hawkweeds, honeysuckles, and the small blue campanula, make the fields gay. The nuts, still green, hang in prodigal clusters on the tall old hedges of old woodland lanes. Young frogs in thousands are issuing from the waters, and traversing the roads; and birds have terminated their spring cares, are out enjoying their families in the sunny and plentiful fields.

HOW TO LEAD MANKIND.

If masters fully understood the influence which even the slightest personal attention produces on the minds of their workmen, they would be more lavish than they are of a simple act of justice which can cost them so little, and would profit them so much. It is the severest trial an acute mind can undergo, to be compelled to hear the upbraidings and reviling of his fellow man, without the privilege to answer—to hear the scorpion, yet dare not to reply—to submit to the arrogance and presumption of, perhaps, a meaner intellect, and be denied the opportunity to wither him into his nothingness—to see before him, while his blood is boiling with a volcanic swell, the assistant superior in his haughtiest mood, and to hear from his supercilious lip the unfair or false deductions of his conduct, and yet to have no power of speech, but only stand like a guilty creeping thing, because his children's bread depends upon his silence. This is indeed, the cruellest trial the progressing intellect can suffer; and yet how often is it inflicted merely because it hurts and offends the most! Yet wretched as the sufferer is, low as he falls in his own estimation of his fellows, there is a lower and meaner being than him—the man who, without cause, inflicts the injury on him. Treat a man like a friend, and you soon make him one; treat him like a rogue, and his honest

ty must be much greater than your wisdom, if he do not seem to justify your suspicions. In no way are men so easily led—often, it is true, so blindly led—as through the affections. Every man comes into the world surrounded by objects of affection. The filial and parental tie is one which binds rich and poor alike; and is often the stronger in the poor, because it is almost the only domestic blessing which they can truly call their own. Hence it is, that men who are quite inaccessible to reason are easily led by the affections; and no wise man will neglect to use, especially when it is for the mutual benefit of all; this powerful and universally prevailing instrument. The next stage to the tie of parent and child, in the progress of society is that of master and servant; and it is for the interest of both to carry into their relations with each other as much as possible of the kindly feeling which has been nursed in the bosom, in the childhood, by the domestic fireside.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

The celebrated tapestry of Bayeux, doubtless the most ancient specimen of needlework in existence, is supposed to have been the work of Stratilda wife of William the Conqueror, and her maidens, by whom it was presented to the Cathedral of Bayeux in Normandy, where the canons were accustomed to gratify the people with its exhibition on particular occasions. This piece of needlework, formerly known by the name of the Toile de St. Jean, is now preserved in the hotel of the Perfecture at Bayeux. It consists of a continuous web of cloth, two hundred and seventy feet in length, and twenty inches in breadth including the borders at the top and bottom; these are formed of grotesque figures of birds, animals, &c., some of which are supposed to represent the fables of Æsop. In the part part portraying the battle of Hastings, the lower border consists of the bodies of the slain. The whole is worked or embroidered with worsted, representing the various events connected with the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans. It is divided into seventy two compartments, and comprised altogether, exclusive of the borders, about five hundred and thirty figures—three only being females. The colours as may readily be supposed, from the period in which it was executed, are not very numerous, consisting only of dark and light blue, green, red, yellow, and buff, and these after a lapse of eight hundred years, have become considerably faded, whilst the cloth itself has assumed a brown tinge. This curious piece of needlework appears to have been wrought without any regard to the natural colours of the object depicted—the horses being represented blue, green, red and yellow—and many of them have even two of their legs of a different colour to their bodies; as, for instance, a blue horse has two red legs and a yellow mane, whilst the hoofs also are of another colour. The drawing of the figures has been termed rude and barbarous, but in the needlework of that age we must not look for the correct outline of the modern painter. The work is of that kind properly termed embroidery; the faces of the figures and some other parts are formed of the materials composing the ground, the outline of the features being merely traced in a kind of chain stitch. Nevertheless, taking the whole as a piece of needlework, it excites our admiration, and we cannot but wonder at the energy of the mind which could with so much industry embody the action of so long a series of events.—Miss Lambert's Handbook of Needlework.

CHRISTIAN FORBEARANCE.

When Abraham at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was one hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him that he worshiped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he threw the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called upon Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, 'I thrust him away because he would not worship Thee.' God answered him, 'I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonoured me, and wouldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble? Upon which, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and instruction. Go then, and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.—Jeremy Taylor.

TOLERATION OF FOLLY.

I have observed one ingredient somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of whom they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things, to relish that share which is allotted to himself.—Man of Feeling.

A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.

A deaf and dumb parson being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote—'It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled upon.'