

old man and his child went out into the gloomy streets. Though several times stopped and questioned, the signatore of the great Jacobin was like a talisman, and both reached in a few weeks a small and obscure town in Belgium, where, for the sake of the ultimate destination of his property, the ex-marshal induced his companion to become his wife. Nursed by her tender and affectionate care he lived many years, and died in peace and quiet, in the enjoyment of a small income, which he had saved from the wreck.

A few months after leaving Paris, the old man and his young wife received intelligence of the fall and death of Maximilian Robespierre. Both wept; for neither could forget that to one, justly or unjustly the object of execution, they owed the prolongation of their lives. Amelie, when again a widow, returned to France, and came in possession, ultimately both of her own and her husband's property. To her exertions it was due that, at the Restoration, the poor sister of Robespierre received a pension from Government; and thus had the ever reason to bless the memory of the poor old man who was her brother's first client.

From the Christian Treasury. THE DEATH OF CROMWELL.

BY THE REV. J. T. ADAMLEY. In the intervals of his suffering, he spoke incessantly of the goodness of God; and, forgetting himself in his anxiety for the Church, prayed: 'Lord, though I am a miserable, wretched creature, I am in covenant with thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to thee for thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them good and thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though other would wish and would be glad of my death. Lord, however thou dost dispose of me, continue to go on and do good to them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on thy instruments, to depend upon thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are thy people too; and pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Christ's sake. And give us a good night if it be thy pleasure. Amen.' At length the last night came that was to usher in his fortunate day. The 3d of September, the anniversary of Dunbar, and of Marston, came amid wind and storm. In this solemn hour for England, strong hearts were everywhere beseeching Heaven to spare the Protector. But the King of kings had issued his decree; and the spirit that had endured and toiled so long, was already gathering its pinions for eternity. 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God,' broke thence from his pallid lips, and then he fell, in solemn faith, in the covenant of grace. His breath became difficult and thick; but amid the pauses of the storm, he was heard murmuring, 'Truly God is good; indeed he is; he will not —' His tongue failed him; but, says an eye witness, (Underwood) I apprehend it was, 'He will not leave me.' Again and again, there escaped from the ever-moving lips, the half-articulate words, 'God is good—God is good.' Once, with sudden energy, he exclaimed: 'I would be willing to live, to be further servicable to God and his people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people.' All night long, he murmured thus to himself of God, showing how perfect was his trust—how strong his faith. Once, as some drink was offered him, he said, 'It is not my design to drink or to sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to God.' While this scene was passing in that solemn chamber, all was wild and terrible without. Nature seemed to sympathise with the dying patriot and hero. The wind howled and roared around the palace; houses were unroofed; chimneys blown down; and trees, that had stood for half a century in the parks, were uprooted, and strewn over the earth. The sea, too, was vexed; the waves smote, in ungovernable fury, the shores of England; and vessels lay stranded along the coasts of the Mediterranean. It was a night when there are,

As they say, lamentings heard in the air; strange screams of death, and phosphorizing, with accents terrible of dire commotion, and confused events now hatched to the woful time. Some say the cattle were feverous, and did shake.

But all was calm and serene around the dying bed of Cromwell. On that more than kingly brow, peace, like a white-winged dove, sat; and that voice, which had turned the tide of so many battles, now murmured only prayers. Bonaparte, dying in the midst of just such a storm, shouted, 'Tete d'armee,' as his glaring eyes fell once more on the heads of his mighty columns disappearing in the smoke of battle; but Cromwell took a nobler departure. The storm and uproar without, brought no din of arms to his dying ear—not in the delirium of battle did his soul burst away; but, with his eye fixed steadfastly on the 'eternal kingdom,' and his strong heart sweetly stayed on the promise of a faithful God, he moved from the sphere of time, and sank from sight for ever. He died at three o'clock that day—on the very day which, eight years before, saw his sword flashing over the tumultuous field of Dunbar—the same which, seven years previous, heard him shouting on the ramparts of Worcester. But this was the last and most terrible battle of all; yet he came off victorious; and, triumphing over his last enemy,

death, passed into that serene world, where the sound of battle never comes, and the hatred and violence of men never disturb.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. CHIMES FOR THE TIMES.

Be ye not jealous over-much, But hope and time will make you better: There is a faith care cannot touch, Which leaves the soul without a fetter. Oh it is but a sorry creed To look for nothing but deceiving, To meet a kindness in your need With a smile of misbelieving! The tide of ill is not so strong; Man loves not always wrath and wrong.

It cannot be that every heart Is steeled so much against its neighbours; Let each with reason play his part, And fruit will spring from out the labour: Progressing still life's journey through, Be just and kind towards your fellow, Remembering, whate'er you do, That duty spreads the smoothest pillow; And ne'er the hand of friendship spurn, But trust, and man will trust in turn.

Some men there be who deem it good In trade to overreach a brother; And some who would not, though they could, Upraise a hand to help another: They deem not, though convulsions wide May show the earth by danger shaken, That still of hearts unjust through pride A dark and true account is taken. Kingdoms may quake, and thrones may fall, But God is looking over all.

Oh join not then the strife of men, But hourly show, by waxing kinder, That ye have reached the moment when Reason no more is growing blinder! And though ye hope that time should yield A change for each benighted nation, Seek not at first so wide a field To fling the seeds of reformation; But sow them first in hearts at home, Then trust in God, and fruit will come.

From the Family Scrap Book. A HAPPY HOME.

A happy home greatly depends on the recreations and amusements which are provided for young people. It is no small difficulty to give a useful direction to their play hours. Little more has been contemplated in the gambols of youth than the health and activity of their bodies, and the refreshment of their spirits. It is well when these objects can be attained without the indulgence of sinful temptations; but youthful sports have often proved, the nursery of pride, ambition, and contention. In public schools these evils have been encouraged, or at least deemed unavoidable. The seed of revenge in manhood has been planted in boyish violence, and the unheeded acts of oppression by the elder boys towards their juniors, have trained them to tyranny in their riper years. Private education affords greater facilities for checking these evils, but the want of the stimulus supplied by numbers is apt to render the pastime uninteresting, and home distasteful.

Leigh Richmond was alive to these inconveniences, and endeavoured by succession and variety of recreations to employ the leisure hours to advantage. He had recourse to what was beautiful in nature, or ingenious in art or science; and when abroad he collected materials to gratify curiosity. He fitted up his museum and his library with specimens of mineralogy, instruments for experimental philosophy, and interesting curiosities from every part of the world; he had his magic lantern to exhibit phantasmagoria, and teach natural history, to display picturesque beauty, and scenes and objects far famed in different countries; his various microscopes for examining the minute of plants and animals; his telescope for tracing planetary revolutions and appearances, his air pump and other machines for illustrating and explaining the principles of pneumatics and electricity; authors of every country who treated on the improvements connected with modern sciences; whatever, in short, could store the mind with ideas, or interest and improve the heart. When he travelled he kept up a correspondence with his family, and narrated to them the persons, places, and adventures of his progress. On his return he cultivated many a leisure hour by larger details of all that he had observed to amuse and improve.

From a Lecture delivered by the Rev. Wm. ARTHUR, before the Young Men's Christian Association of London. THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

In turning from North America, the eye naturally falls on the WEST INDIES. Here our first possessions were St. Christopher's and Barbadoes; after which Cromwell conquered Jamaica from the Spaniards. We now held about fifteen Islands, independently of the groups of the Bermudas, Bahamas, and Virgin Isles. The names and extent of the various islands are as follows:—Jamaica, 6,400 square miles; Trinidad, 2,400; Tobago, 187; Grenada, 125; St. Vincent, 130; Barbadoes, 166; St. Lucia, 58; Dominica, 272; St. Kitts, 68; Montserrat, 47; Antigua, 108; Barbuda, 10; Nevis, 20. Of these, nearly all, except Barbadoes, were conquered from European nations. These islands combine rich scenery with the utmost fertility; and the deadliness of climate which once made them terrible to whites is fast declining before the progress of civilization, and of temperate habits. The population of all our West Indian Colonies, may be stated at about 1,000,000. In the island of Saint Vincent's, are to be found a few Caribs,

the mournful residuum of a race which has been consumed in the fires of European cupidity. They inhabit the mountains; our countrymen or their labourers, occupying all the ground which will yield either comfort or gain.

Turning again, to the continent, we find in Central America the British province of Honduras, a possession little thought of by us; and when thought of at all, generally as some place in a bay where people go to get mahogany. Yet this unthought-of province is as large as Ireland and Scotland put together, and enjoys a good climate with a productive soil. Its population is only about 9,000. This country is also called, after the capital, Belize, so named from a Spanish corruption of Wallace, the name of an English buccanier. Considerably to the south of Honduras lie some hundred of miles of coast, called the Mosquito coast, which our map-makers, always ready to appropriate territory, mark over to us; but I believe we have no claim upon it, further than what is given by some alliance with the Indian tribes by whom it is inhabited.

South of the Isthmus of Panama lies our only continental possession in the west. Guiana, a rich alluvial country, situated in the Delta of the great rivers, the Amazon and the Oroonoko, is distributed between the French, Dutch, and English. British Guiana is a country nearly equal in extent to the United Kingdom; and perhaps not a single province in our empire is so highly fertile. To this fertility, the three great rivers, Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, greatly contribute. At present, this is one of the most sickly of our colonies; for, like Holland, it is a flat country, abounding in canals; this added to the prolific vegetation of tropical heats, causes a rapid generation of malaria, whence arise deadly fevers. Were the population adequate to the country, these evils would be much alleviated; but, instead of thirty millions, which it is capable of maintaining, this rich territory has only 75,000 souls.

Passing down to the extremity of South America, you find, just where the straits of Magellan separate it from Terra del Fuego, a group of ninety islands, enjoying a moderate climate. The Falkland Islands, of which two measure 100 miles in length, abound in game, and yield profusely all the productions of the temperate zone. On these secluded islands are found twenty five Englishmen, standing, in their isolation from all human society, a monument of the spirit of British enterprise. This concludes the summary of our American possessions, which, taken altogether, are equal in extent to the whole continent of Europe.

As we turn from the west, Africa next claims our attention. Taking our possessions here in geographical order, we find the first in a low, flat island at the mouth of the magnificent river Gambia. St. Mary's, of which the capital is Bathurst, and McCarthy's Island, about 300 miles up the river, are the principal settlements; but several minor ones exist on different points of the river. The insubtrity of the climate utterly precludes extensive colonisation; and these points are chiefly important as opening up with the interior the trade in ivory and other valuable commodities.

We next come to Sierra Leone. God in his goodness has suffered much beauty to linger on our world; but among all its lovely spots few so happily combine the grand with the beautiful as Free Town. Mountains of a majestic altitude rise from the margin of a placid sea, and are clothed to their very summit with a luxuriant tropical verdure. Up the side of one of these the town climbs in picturesque progress, and the spacious estuary of the Sierra Leone glistens at the base. I have seen the black eye of a native dance for joy as he dwelt on the charms of that rare scene. The community peopling it is singularly romantic; perhaps not another on earth is so rich in personal histories. Every man has his own tale. Here are liberated the negroes found in the slavers captured on their passage to the west. Thus each individual has his own exciting story of his quiet African home; of the alarm, the kidnapping, the capture, the long march across the desert, his strange thoughts at first sight of the sea, his fears on embarking, the horrors of the slave-ship, his dread when the British cannon thundered the summons for the slave to surrender, and his wild, wild joy when he once more felt himself safe and free. There is, in Free Town and the adjacent villages, a community of 50,000 individuals, who look thankfully to England as their great benefactress.

Our next possession is at Cape Coast Castle, celebrated from its melancholy connection with the name of "L. E. L.," but destined to be far more celebrated by a happy connexion with yet more illustrious names. In the same neighbourhood, we have settlements at Accra, Dix Cove, and Annamaboe. No territory is connected with these posts, which exist merely to facilitate the important trade in gold dust, ivory, palm oil, and other products. The country thus occupied is inhabited by the Fantees, a negro race, who, by bloody superstitious, by the slave trade, and by the unsparring victories of their neighbours the Ashantees, have been reduced to the last stage of timid misery. Leaving the continent, we find, in the Bight of Benin, the island of Fernando Po, which we have only occupied within the last ten years, and which is now in possession of the Spanish Government. Then in the ocean we have the lovely volcanic rock of Ascension, distinguished for nothing but its plentiful supply of turtles; and also St. Helena, chiefly known as the cage in which died that proud eagle, whose talons held Europe in throes for years, whilst his outspread wings cast awe upon the world.

Passing to the extreme south of the African continent, you find an English colony, which, measuring from the Great Orange River on the

west, to the Keskama on the east, is not less extensive than the kingdom of France. The same expedition which carried to England Henry Martyn—that rare combination of the saint and the genius—left England with orders to recapture the Cape of Good Hope, which, though in our possession once before, had been restored by treaty to its former owners, the Dutch. The attack was successful; and we have retained the conquest. Cape Town, the capital, is remarkable for a diversity of tongues. Occupying a kind of central point between the ports of Europe, Africa, America, Asia, and Australia, it is a half-way house for all nations. Thus you find the guttural Dutch and sibilant English struggling for the mastery with each other, and with some dozen African dialects; while the Malay and the Frenchman, the Arab and the Bengalee, with various other nations of the East and of the West, all contribute their share to the confusion of speech. The climate, agreeably balanced between the temperate and the torrid, is one of the mildest in the world. The soil yields almost every production you have either learned to prize at home or to covet from the tropics. There is not a finer country: with the extent of France it unites the climate of Spain; and, when viewed with reference to its internal capabilities, the field it offers to emigration, the influence it must exert on the future history of Africa, and the position it occupies toward our most distant possessions, its importance to our colonial politics is incalculable. The eastern districts of the country are mainly settled by Englishmen, who, at their new capital of Graham's Town and its adjacent places, are fast outrunning their Dutch neighbours in the career of enterprise and improvement. The total population of this colony is about 150,000, of whom one-third are whites, and two-thirds colored.

Eastward of Africa, in the Indian Ocean, we have the island of Mauritius, which the Dutch, its first occupants, so named after their Prince Maurice. From the Dutch it fell into the possession of the French; and, by harboring their privateers during the last war, became such a pest to our eastern trade, that its conquest was deemed necessary, and effected. It is a volcanic island, remarkable for charms of scenery, and a most prolific soil. It is capable of producing anything; but the greatest profit derived from the sugar cane gives to it an exclusive cultivation. Its finer sugars are sent to England, and the inferior ones to Australian ports, with which, particularly Swan River, an important commerce is growing up. The population, amounting to about 140,000, is collected from France, England, Africa, and Hindustan. In the Indian Ocean, we claim also the unimportant groups of the Seychelles, Amiranthes, Chagos, and the island of Rodrigues.

Off the southern extremity of the great Asiatic peninsula, lies the island of Ceylon, the celebrated Trapobane of other ages. It is about equal to Scotland in superficies; and, though so close upon the equator, derives from its insular position, and the high elevation of large tracts of tableland, such a modification of the heat as renders its climate at once voluptuous and healthful. Its pearl fishery, its spices, and its precious stones, have in all ages associated its name with ideas of luxury and wealth. The population does not exceed one million.

We now come to India, the first marvel in the history of nations, and which at this day is more extensive than China Proper, and equally populous with the Continent of Europe. India is not to be conceived of as a nation or state, but as a numerous family of nations, of various languages, manners, and government, though now united under one great power. Many of its states have kings of their own; but these kings cannot declare war, form an alliance, or take any other important political step, except by the permission of our authorities; and at the same time they are under obligations, either of tribute or subsidies, which place them in complete subordination; so that to describe them as independent sovereigns is affectionate, except, indeed, in the formality of official documents. Taking these subordinate kingdoms, with the others, of which we hold the nominal as well as the real sovereignty, the population cannot be estimated under the enormous aggregate of two hundred millions; that is, fully one-sixth, at least, of the existing human family—a number greater than all the empires and states of the European continent.

It is a vulgar error among writers on India, to suppose that in all ages it has been the ready prey of every conqueror—the Persians, Alexander, and the Mahomedans being constantly cited in proof. It would be quite as correct to describe England as having been in all ages the ready prey of every conqueror. The Persian monarchy never held more than a province in that part of India most contiguous to its other territory. This province probably embraced the Punjab, with perhaps some portions of the adjacent countries of Delhi; but this was far from a conquest of India. Alexander, again, as much conquered India, as Xerxes conquered Europe. He crossed the Indus, and, entering the Punjab, instead of finding a ready prey, encountered on the banks of the Hydaspes (the modern Jelum) a powerful army, led by Porus; and so formidable was the opposition, that he was forced to alter his line of march. By the time he had gained the Hyphasis (the modern Beas), another river of the Punjab, his army was so worn and so discouraged, that they compelled the ardent hero to begin a reluctant retreat from hopes of conquests far surpassing any of the glories which his unequalled success had brought him. Thus he never traversed even the whole of the Punjab, nor once set foot upon that Hindustan which we govern. Then, as to the Mahomedans, they had overrun the Eastern Empire, Persia, Africa, and Spain, before they so much as attempted Hindustan.