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A

SERIES OF LESSONS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

PROGRESSIVELY ARRANGED;

INTENDED AS

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE "COURSE OF ELEMENTARY READING IN SCIENCE AND LITERATURE."

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A LIST OF PREFIXES, AFFIXES, AND LATIN AND GREEK PRIMITIVES, WHICH ENTER INTO THE COMPOSITION OF THE WORDS OCCURRING IN THE LESSONS.

BY J. M. M'CULLOCH, D.D.,

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"A Course of Elementary Reading in Science and Literature," &c.

THIRTY-FOURTH EDITION.

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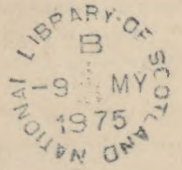

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PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE following little Work, in common with the Author's "Course of Elementary Reading,"—to which it is meant to be introductory,—has been prepared in adaptation to the Improved System of Teaching, which has of late years been so generally introduced into our initiatory schools. Being intended for seminaries where the Preceptor makes it his business to instruct his Pupils in the *meaning* of what is read, as well as in the *art of reading*, such lessons only have been introduced as appeared well fitted to stimulate youthful curiosity, and enrich the mind with the knowledge of useful and interesting facts. Simple extracts, relating to Natural History, Elementary Science, Religion, and the Duties of the Young, have been preferred to Dramatic Scenes, impassioned Poetry, and Parliamentary Orations. And, while no pieces have been admitted but such as seemed likely to inform and entertain, care has been taken to abridge and otherwise alter them, so as to adapt their style as well as their sentiments to the juvenile capacity.

It may be mentioned, as new features in this Work, that the extracts are progressively arranged according to their simplicity,—that each section is preceded by Exercises on the more difficult words that occur in it,—and that, besides the ordinary selections, there is a series of Elliptical Lessons, or what have been termed, by the ingenious author of the "Diversions of Hollycot," *Rational Readings*. The list of Prefixes, Affixes, and Latin and Greek Primitives given in the Appendix, is, since the

publication of the Author's "Course of Elementary Reading," no longer a novelty in works of this description.

It has not been judged expedient to append any list of "Questions for Examination,"—although this plan has been adopted and recommended by several respectable writers of schoolbooks. Such questions, it is thought, should be left entirely to the discretion of the Teacher. *He* is the best qualified to suggest and to frame them. And the method of leaving him to put such as occur to him during the time of instruction, has this great advantage over that which supplies him with a List already prepared,—that it allows him to vary them according to the information and capacity of the Learner, as well as prevents the interest from flagging by the frequent repetition of the same lesson. If the best system of teaching be that which is most calculated to keep alive the attention of both Preceptor and Pupil, the method here recommended seems well entitled to consideration; inasmuch as it tends more than any other to sustain the interest and vigilance of both, by compelling the one to originate questions,—and by forcing the other to trust to his own resources for answers.

It seems only necessary to add, that the present Edition has undergone a very careful revision; in the course of which it was found necessary to make a few alterations in the Scientific department, as well as to correct two or three verbal inaccuracies which had crept into the works of the original authors.

DIRECTIONS.

The following simple hints on the mode of conducting the present Series of Lessons, are respectfully submitted to the consideration of Teachers :—

1. Endeavour to make the Pupil understand the *meaning* of every lesson, as well as read it with facility ; and, in doing this, aim principally at his acquiring a knowledge of its *scope* and the *amount* of the information contained in it. However important it is that he should accurately comprehend the signification of *particular words*, it is of far greater consequence that he should know the meaning of *sentences*. With mere memory he may be equal to the former ; the latter is an exercise for the judgment.

2. Never permit him to leave a lesson till he has *fully* acquired it ; nor to pass to a new section until he has carefully revised the preceding one. Unless due attention be paid to this rule, the advantages resulting from the progressive arrangement of the extracts will be in a great measure lost.

3. The *Introductory Exercises* are considerably more difficult than any other part of the book. But by frequent repetition the Pupil will be able to master them ; and it is absolutely necessary that he shall have done so before he proceed to the lessons which follow. It is no doubt a disadvantage that they consist in so great a degree of detached and unconnected sentences ; but this was inevitable ; and the evil will be completely remedied, if each separate paragraph be considered and prepared as a distinct lesson.

4. The *Prefixes, Affixes, and Latin and Greek Primitives*, should be accurately committed to memory, and the Pupil should be required to give other instances (in addition to those in the Appendix) of English words involving them or derived from them. The object, in impressing these Roots on the Learner's memory, is not merely to furnish him with a key to the correct understanding of his own language, but also to train him to the valuable habit of reflecting on the meaning and history of the words which he meets in his reading ; and this object is entirely defeated, when, instead of being presented with only one or two English derivatives, as in the present little volume, he is furnished, as in some late compilations and vocabularies, with a list

of almost all the derivatives that exist. It ought ever to be remembered, that the success of the Teacher is to be measured not by the number of words with which he loads the memory, but by the habits of application and reflection which he establishes in the mind of his Pupil.

5. The lists *of words of more than three, four, and five syllables*, given in the Introductory Exercises, are not intended as tasks for the memory, but only to be read and accurately pronounced. Being the longest that occur in the sections to which they are prefixed, it is hoped that a previous familiarity with them will facilitate the Pupil's subsequent progress. No exercises in spelling are given, because it is believed that this acquirement will be most successfully made by causing the Learner to spell every word which he reads.

6. It will be seen, from an inspection of the *Elliptical Lessons*, that they are intended to serve as exercises to the judgment and sagacity of the Pupil. It is his duty to discover the words that ought to fill up the blanks, and the Teacher can hardly be at a loss to ascertain whether the word suggested be the right one, as these lessons have been so printed, that, in every instance, the length of the vacant space determines the length of the omitted word. The following is an example of a sentence in the elliptical and in the complete form :—

The figures the Evangelists which decorate inside of St Peter's at Rome, do not appear to be larger life, and yet the pen in St Mark's is ten feet long, from which one may calculate their real .

The figures *of* the Evangelists which decorate *the* inside of St Peter's *Church* at Rome, do not appear to be larger *than* life, and yet the pen in St Mark's *hand* is ten feet long, from which one may calculate their real *stature*.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY EXERCISES.

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL PIECES.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,—*chiefly* NARRATIVE.

ELLIPTICAL PIECES.

POETRY.

APPENDIX.

A

SERIES OF LESSONS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

EXERCISES

ON WORDS OCCURRING IN SECTION I.

PREFIXES.

Circum, means *round about;* as, *circum*scribe.
Con, com, co, *together;* as, *con*join, *com*press, *co*-equal.
De, *down, from;* as, *de*scend, *de*ter.
E, ex, *out of;* as, *e*ject, *ex*pel.
Extra, *beyond* or *without;* as, *extra*ordinary.
In, il, im, ir, *in* or *into* before a verb, *not* before an adjective; as, *in*lay, *in*correct.
Inter, *between;* as, *inter*mix.
Mis, *error* or *defect;* as, *mis*conduct.
Pre, *before;* as, *pre*fix.
Pro, *forth* or *forward;* as, *pro*ceed.
Re, *back* or *again;* as, *re*turn.
Se, *aside* or *apart;* as, *se*duce.
Sub, suc, sup, sus, *under;* as, *sub*scribe.
Sur, *above* or *over;* as, *sur*mount.
Trans, *beyond;* as, *trans*port.
Un, *not;* as, *un*seen.

A round figure like a hoop or a coach-wheel is called a circle, and the line that bounds or goes round about the figure is called the *circum*ference.

Our ships are better *con*structed than those of any other country. British oak is the best in the world; our workmen are the best in the world; and the same may be said of our sailors. These things *con*spire to make our navy the envy of nations, and *com*pel our enemies to do us homage.

When children *de*scend to the meanness of telling lies, or speaking bad and profane words, they *de*base their nature, and make themselves *un*worthy of any kindness.

The most *ex*tensive empire in the world is Russia; the largest ocean is the Pacific; the highest mountains are in Asia. The most *e*normous sea-animal is the whale; the largest land-animal is the elephant; the most *extra*ordinary country in the world is our own island.

Our bodies are liable to death; but our souls are *im*mortal. No *pre*cautions we can take can prevent death from at last seizing upon his prey. He is an *in*truder who waves all ceremony; and it will be well for us if he do not come upon us *un*awares.

Nothing can *sur*pass the kindness of a mother to her child. The toils to which she will *sub*mit in order to *pro*vide for him are almost *in*credible. Yet how many *un*grateful children are there! O strive to *re*pay your mother's kindness! *Sub*mit to her commands; make *pro*gress in your learning; and *supp*ress every thought that is painful to her. You will thus fill her with *un*bounded joy.

A *trans*parent substance is one you can see through, and is the opposite of an opaque or dark substance. Thus, glass is *trans*parent; iron is opaque. An *a*scent and a *de*clivity are one and the same thing, only with this difference, that the one is an *a*scending or upward slope, and the other a *de*scending or downward slope. We are said to *ex*port goods when we send them out of the country; to *im*port them when we bring them into the country; and to *trans*port them when we *trans*mit or send them across either the land or the sea.

AFFIXES.

En, means *make;* as, harden.	Less, *without;* as, helpless.
Fy, *make;* as, magnify.	Ly, *like;* as, manly.
Ful, *full of;* as, graceful.	Ous, *full of;* as, clamorous.
Ize, *make;* as, equalize.	Ward, *toward;* as, homeward.
Let, *little;* as, streamlet.	

Heat *ex*pands, and cold *con*tracts bodies; this is the general rule; but there are some cases in which this rule does not seem to hold. For instance, heat harden*s* clay, though it soften*s* wax.

Mark that beautiful rivulet! It is now so small that you can dam it up with your hands. But follow its windings for a few miles, and you will find it swelled to a great river. Here there is scarcely water to float the paper-boat of a child; but before it reaches the ocean it is able to bear the number*less* ships of the civilized world. Man is like this rivulet. His beginnings are small; but when manhood arrives he becomes of importance, and forms numerous *con*nexions. And he resembles a river in death as well as during his life. The river is swallowed up at last in the ocean; and man passes into eternity.

When you make a *mis*take, rest not till you rectify it: when you fall into sin, rest not till you pray to God to pardon you for it, and to purify your heart.

True happiness is only to be found in the practice of virtue. Riches, honour, and pleasure, cannot cure a mournful soul. He only is the happy man who lives soberly, and righteously, and godly.

DERIVATIVES.

Af*fluence* (*fluo*)
Artifice (*urs* and *facio*)
As*cend* (*scando*)
Associate (*socius*)
*Cad*enco (*cado*)
*Cent*ury (*centum*)
*Civ*ilize (*civis*)
Com*pel* (*pello*)
Cons*pire* (spiro)
Cons*truct* (*struo*)
Con*tract* (*traho*)
*Curr*ent (*curro*)
Dece*ption* (*capio*)
Dec*livity* (*clivus*)
Des*cribe* (*scribo*)
Dete*ction* (*tego*)
Dis*gust* (*gusto*)
*Doc*ility (*doceo*)
*Dom*estic (*domus*)
E*normous* (*norma*)
Ex*tensive* (*tendo*)
*Fiss*ure (*fissum*)
*Hemi*sphere (*hemi*)
Il*lusion* (*ludo*)
Im*mort*al (*mors*)
Incan*tation* (*cano*)
Incre*d*ible (*credo*)
Inter*fere* (*fero*)
*Int*imate (*intus*)
Intru*der* (*trudo*)
Melody (*mel* and *odè*)
*Memor*ial (*memor*)
*Nat*al (*natus*)
Navy (*navis*)
*Oper*ation (*opus*)
*Opt*ical (*optomai*)
Para*sit*ical (*sitos*)
*Pend*ulous (*pendo*)
*Plum*age (*pluma*)
Prev*ent* (*venio*)
*Prim*rose (*primus*)
Pro*duce* (*duco*)
Pro*gress* (*gradior*)
Pro*spect* (*specio*)
Pro*vide* (*video*)
Quadruped (*quatuor* and *pes*)
*Rect*ify (*rectus*)
Re*flection* (*flecto*)
Re*ject* (*jacio*)
Sc*lect* (*lego*)
*Sol*itude (*solus*)
Succ*eed* (*cedo*)
*Tract*able (*tracto*)
Trans*port* (*porto*)
Trident (*tres* and *dens*)
*Vac*ant (*vaco*)

Events that happen one after another are said to fall out in suc*cess*ion. A son succ*eed*s his father. We pro*ceed* when we advance with our work. The sea rec*ede*s when its waters retire from the shore. Our Saviour inter*ced*es for his people in heaven.

Many things which at first sight seem in*cred*ible will be found to be worthy of *cred*it when fully examined. A *cent*ury ago, who would have believed that ships could be made to cross the sea without oars or sails? Yet steam-vessels are now quite common; and before the end of the present *cent*ury steam-carriages will probably be as common as steam-ships are now.

We speak of the *curr*ent of a river, and we speak of the *curr*ent year or the *curr*ent day; and in both cases with equal propriety; for time runs past as truly as flowing water does. Nay, time flows both more rapidly and more constantly than any river. Many things may oc*cur* to retard the course of a river, or even to stop its motion; but the pro*gress* of time can neither be arrested nor delayed. How important then to improve our time! what a loss do they in*cur* who waste it!

Goodness is true greatness and true happiness. All things con*duce* to benefit him who obeys the commandments of God. A good conscience is a perpetual feast; and a sense of God's favour pro*duce*s more real pleasure than all the wealth of the Indies. Re*pel*, therefore, every evil thought; re*ject* every bad advice; in*cur* no stain of sin. You will never repent being good; but if you are wicked your sins will certainly find you out.

John Heartless was a very idle and wicked youth. He re*ject*ed the counsel of his parents from a child, and was ex*pel*led from school for bad conduct. Without asking the advice of his friends he ran off to sea; but he grew tired of the hard work and severe discipline to which he was sub*ject*ed on shipboard, as he had before tired of his lessons

at school. Returning to his *nat*ive town, he fell into bad company, and con*duct*ed himself in the most *un*worthy manner. He soon re*duc*ed his parents to beggary, and brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Im*pel*led at last by want, he put forth his hand and stole. For a little time he succeeded in this wicked practice without being discovered; but at last his thefts began to tran*spir*e and to be talked of; and having engaged in an ex*tens*ive robbery with some of his worthless companions, he was found out and cast into prison. While in *soli*tary confinement he began to think of his folly; but it was too late. He was taken from his prison to the court of justice, found guilty, and sentenced to be trans*port*ed for life. Unhappy Heartless! he is now driven to his work by a cartwhip. He must now be obedient and *tract*able, whether he will or not; and, to make the matter worse, he has no prospect of escape from his sad condition. His life furnishes a *memor*ial of the folly and danger of re*ject*ing good advice and con*tract*ing wicked habits. May God grant *him* grace yet to repent of his sins, and *us* to take warning from his example!

PECULIAR WORDS.

Beaver	Cistus-flower	Furlong	Omen
Brazier	Cubit	Halcyon	Pinchbeck
Catkins	Earthquake	Insect	Prognostic
Chrysalis	Fathom	League	

Catkins are the imperfect flowers that hang from trees in the manner of a rope or cat's tail.

The *cistus-flower* is more commonly called the rock-rose. It grows wild in this country, and is one of the prettiest of wild-flowers.

It was a common notion in former times that coming events are often preceded by signs showing their nature. These signs were called *omens*. So rooted was this belief among the ancients that they seldom commenced a journey, or took any important step, without first inquiring whether the omens or *prognostics* were good or bad. This was foolish; but it would be well for us, before beginning any work, to think whether it be such as God approves and will bless.

The changes which winged *insects* undergo are very curious. The egg first becomes a grub or caterpillar. After sheddiug its skin several times, the grub changes its form, and becomes an object which has not the least appearance of a living creature. It is enclosed in a hard case, and is called a *chrysalis*. In this state it remains a week, a fortnight, or a month, and sometimes three, six, or ten months, till at length it issues from its tomb a winged butterfly.

An *earthquake* is a tremor or shaking of the earth. Earthquakes occur most frequently in warm countries, and they are amoug the most fearful of natural evils. They sometimes swallow up whole cities with their inhabitants. The west coast of South America is very often visited by them. In Europe no place has been so frequently and so fearfully visited by earthquakes as Lisbon, the chief city of Portugal. In Scotland there is one district where they are

often, though slightly felt,—the neighbourhood of Comrie, a small town in Perthshire.

In measnring length, we reekon by feet, yards, miles, &c. A *foot* is twelve inches ; a *cubit* is the distanee from the elbow to the end of the middle finger, or about eighteen inches ; a *yard* is three feet ; a *fathom* six feet ; a *mile* one thousand seven hundred and sixty yards ; a *furlong* the eighth part of a mile ; and a *league* three miles.

The *beaver* is a very remarkable animal, found in the northern parts of Amcrica. It is about two feet long and one foot high, and in figure somewhat resembles a rat. The beavers are social animals, and their societies gcnerally consist of more than two hundred. They always fix their abode by the side of a lake or river ; and, in order to make a dead watcr above and below, they ercet, with inercdible labour, a dam or pier, perhaps a hundred feet long, and ten or twelvo feet thiek at the base. When this dyke is eompleted they build their several apartments. These are divided into no less than threo stories, are most substantially built, and serve as most convenient and secure storehouses for the food which they lay up for the winter.

Halcyon is both a noun and an adjective. When a noun, it is the name of a bird, whieh the poets say eauses the sea to become ealm whenever it alights on the waves ; when an adjective, it signifies calm or tranquil.

A *brazier* or *brasier* is one who works in brass. Brass is a well-known metal ; but it is not a simple metal, whieh is got in the earth like gold, or silver, or eopper. It is formed by eombining eopper in a melted or fuscd state with a substanee called *lapis calaminaris*. *Pinchbeck* or *prince's metal*, which is a good deal like brass, is made by mixing eopper and zinc.

WORDS OF MORE THAN THREE SYLLABLES.

Abominable	Curiosity	Immediately	Parasitical
Accuracy	Declivity	Incantation	Particular
Acquisitions	Dexterity	Inclination	Perpetual
Agreeable	Disappointment	Incredible	Presumptuous
Anxiety	Disconsolate	Inferior	Protuberance
Assiduity	Discontinue	Inhabitant	Rapidity
Associate	Docility	Interwoven	Reality
Astonishing	Economy	Irregular	Regulation
Avaricious	Education	Materials	Religious
Barometer	Enumerate	Medicinal	Remarkable
Celebrated	Especially	Memorial	Resolution
Ceremony	Eternity	Mutually	Respiration
Circumference	Examination	Necessary	Sagacity
Comfortable	Experience	Necessity	Satisfaction
Commodious	Experiments	Nevertheless	Serviceable
Communicate	Extraordinary	Notwithstanding	Society
Community	Fidelity	Obligation	Superiority
Complacency	Frugality	Observation	Temperature
Congratulate	Habitation	Occupation	Undertakings
Continuance	Hesitation	Operation	Ventilator
Criminality	Imaginary	Opportunity	Whereabouts

SECTION I.

A GOOD SCHOLAR.

A GOOD scholar is known by his obedience to the rules of the school, and to the directions of his teacher. He does not give his teacher the trouble of telling him the same thing over and over again, but says or does immediately whatever he is desired. His attendance at the proper time of school is always punctual; he takes his place quietly, and instantly attends to his lesson; he takes no toys from his pocket to amuse himself or others; he has no fruit to eat—no sweetmeats to give away. If any of his companions attempt to take off his eye or his mind from his lesson, he does not give heed to them. If they still try to make him idle, he bids them let him alone, and do their own duties. And if, after this, they go on to disturb and vex him, he informs the teacher, that, both for their sakes and his own, *he* may interfere, and, by a wise reproof, prevent the continuance of such improper and hurtful conduct. When strangers enter the school, he does not stare rudely in their faces; but is as attentive to his lesson as if no one were present but the master. When the scholars in his class are reading, spelling, or repeating any thing, he is very attentive, and studies to learn by listening to them. His great desire is to improve, and therefore he is never idle, not even when he might be so and yet escape detection and punishment. He minds his business as well when his teacher is out of sight as when he is standing by him. If possible he is more diligent when his teacher happens to be for a little time away from him, that he may show "all good fidelity" in this as in every thing else. He is desirous of learning something useful every day; and he is not satisfied if a day passes without making him wiser than he was before. When he has a difficult lesson to prepare, or a hard task to perform, he does not fret or murmur at it. He knows that his master would

not have prescribed it to him unless he had thought that he was able, and that it would do him good. He therefore sets about it readily; and he encourages himself with such thoughts as these: "My parents will be very glad when they hear that I have learned this hard task; my teacher also will be pleased with me for my diligence; and I myself shall be comfortable and happy when the exercise is finished: the sooner and the more heartily I apply myself to it, the sooner and the better it will be done." When he reads, his words are pronounced so distinctly that you can easily hear and understand him. His copy-book is finely written, and free from blots and scrawls. His figures are well made; and his accounts are in general free from mistakes. He not only improves himself, but rejoices in the improvement of others. He loves to hear them commended and to see them rewarded. "If I do well," he says, "I shall be commended and rewarded too; and if all did well, what a happy school would ours be!" His books he is careful to preserve from any thing that might injure them. Having finished his lesson he puts them in their proper place, and does not leave them to be tossed about, and by that means torn and dirtied. He never forgets to pray for the blessing of God on himself, his schoolfellows, and his teacher; for he knows that the blessing of God is necessary to make his education truly useful to him, both in this life and that which is to come. And, finally, it is his constant endeavour to behave well when he is out of school, as well as when he is in it. He remembers that the eye of God is ever upon him, and that he must at last give an account of himself to the Great Judge of all. And therefore he studies to practise at all times the religious and moral lessons that he receives from his master, or that he reads in the Bible, or that he meets with in any other books that are given him to peruse.

MAY.

THE SEASONS.

WHO is this beautiful virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on

her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was on the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble to welcome her coming; when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful virgin? If ye have, tell me who she is, and what is her name.

Who is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? Her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries and the grateful acid of fruits. The tanned haymakers welcome her coming; and the sheep-shearer, who clips the fleeces off his flock with his sounding shears. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech-tree,—let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass,—let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of the evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who she is, and what is her name.

Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin, and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful gray. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who he is, and what is his name.

Who is he that cometh from the north, in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing

and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming upon us, and soon will be here. Tell me, if ye know, who he is, and what is his name.

MRS BARBAULD.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I AM coming, little maiden!
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark, the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing;
Little maiden, now is spring!

See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green
Starlike primroses are seen;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard-trees are white.

Hark! the little lambs are bleating;
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms,—a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee the Spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and clear'd the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food,—
Pour thy soul in gratitude!

MARY HOWITT.

THE ANT.

Let us come closer these ants. See how curious inside their house is! The hill which occupy seems to be divided various streets. Those little sticks are rafters of their houses. And these little parcels straw and leaves hanging over them prevent the rain coming in them, by turning current of water another way.

There is one property in the with respect to their food, which astonishing. In summer they provide a of corn for winter provision; but as grains would shoot out and grow when hid under the earth, rub off the buds before they lay up; place them sand, to prevent the moisture the earth from making them rot swell; and, in a very dry day, if the shines, they bring their corn, &c. out of holes, to dry and harden.

As they have one interest, they are always united in attacking enemies, or defending other. Those who go out in quest of food, all in the path, and you may see, that from their frequent marches, have worn path. When they have discovered any prey, such a ripe apple, or any other fruit or seed, some of the party return to others to the feast; and they have taken their fill, the whole party engaged in bringing the remainder home. If, in this honest labour, any foe an attack upon them, the whole party in resenting it.

Solomon very wisely observes, Go to the , thou sluggard, consider her ways, be wise: which, having no guide, overseer, ruler, yet provideth meat in the summer, gathereth her in the harvest.

Mylne's *Spelling Book.*

TO A BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy busy bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace
On the meadow with dew so gray,
I saw thee, thou busy busy bee!

Thou wert alive, thou busy busy bee!
When the crowd in their sleep were dead;
Thou wert abroad in the freshest hour,
When the sweetest odour comes from the flower;
Man will not learn to leave his lifeless bed,
And be wise and copy thee, thou busy busy bee!

Thou wert working late, thou busy busy bee!
After the fall of the cistus-flower,
I heard thee last as I saw thee first,
When the primrose-tree blossom was ready to burst,
In the coolness of the evening hour
I heard thee, thou busy busy bee!

Thou art a miser, thou busy busy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy youth in heaping and hoarding is spent
What thy age will never enjoy;
I will not copy thee, thou miserly bee!

Thou art a fool, thou busy busy bee!
Thus for another to toil;
Thy master waits till thy work is done,
Till the latest flowers of thy ivy are gone,
And then he will seize the spoil,
And will murder thee, thou poor little bee!

SOUTHEY.

WHANG, THE MILLER.

WHANG, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate. But if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man: he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of making many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company. Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but though these were small, they were certain; while it

stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence. One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning to night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Thanks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him! With what pleasure would I dig round the pan! how slily would I carry it home! not even my wife should see me: and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!" Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy: he discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed, that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money-dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its truth. His wishes in this also were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt: so getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken ring; digging still deeper, he turned up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad

flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond man's strength to remove it. "There!" cried he in raptures to himself, "here it is; under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined: she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not allay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning, therefore, together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not, indeed, the expected treasure—but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen! *Citizen of the World.*

THE ROOKERY.

F. Is that a rookery, papa?

Mr S. It is. Do you hear what a cawing the birds make?

F. Yes; and I see them hopping about among the boughs. Pray, are not rooks the same with crows?

Mr S. They are a species of crow. But they differ from the carrion crow and raven, in not feeding upon dead flesh, but upon corn and other seeds and grass, though indeed they pick up beetles and other insects and worms. See what a number of them have lighted on yonder ploughed field, almost blackening it over. They are searching for grubs and worms. The men in the field do not molest them, for they do a great deal of service by destroying grubs, which if suffered to grow to winged insects, would injure the trees and plants.

F. But do they not hurt the corn?

Mr S. Yes; they tear up a good deal of green corn; but, upon the whole, rooks are reckoned the farmer's friends.

F. Do all rooks live in rookeries?

Mr S. It is their nature to associate together, and build in numbers on the same or adjoining trees. They have no objection to the neighbourhood of man, but

readily take to a plantation of tall trees, though it be close to a house; and this is commonly called a rookery. They will even fix their habitations on trees in the midst of towns.

F. I think a rookery is a sort of town itself.

Mr S. It is;—a village in the air, peopled with numerous inhabitants; and nothing can be more amusing than to view them all in motion, flying to and fro, and busied in their several occupations. The spring is their busiest time. Early in the year they begin to repair their nests, or build new ones.

F. Do they all work together, or every one for itself?

Mr S. Each pair, after they have coupled, builds its own nest; and, instead of helping, they are very apt to steal the materials from one another. If both birds go out at once in search of sticks, they often find at their return the work all destroyed, and the materials carried off. However I have met with a story which shows that they are not without some sense of the criminality of thieving. There was in a rookery a lazy pair of rooks, who never went out to get sticks for themselves, but made a practice of watching when their neighbours were abroad and helping themselves from their nests. They had served most of the community in this manner, and by these means had just finished their own nest; when all the other rooks in a rage fell upon them at once, pulled their nest in pieces, beat them soundly, and drove them from their society.

F. But why do they live together, if they do not help one another?

Mr S. They probably receive pleasure from the company of their own kind, as men and various other creatures do. Then, though they do not assist one another in building, they are mutually serviceable in many ways. If a large bird of prey hovers about a rookery for the purpose of carrying off any of the young ones, they all unite to drive him away. And when they are feeding in a flock, several are placed as sentinels upon the trees all round, to give the alarm if any danger approaches.

F. Do rooks always keep to the same trees?

Mr S. Yes; they are much attached to them; and

when the trees happen to be cut down, they seem greatly distressed, and keep hovering about them as they are falling, and will scarcely desert them when they lie on the ground.

F. I suppose they feel as we should if our town was burned down, or overthrown by an earthquake.

Mr S. No doubt! the societies of animals greatly resemble those of men; and that of rooks is like those of men in a savage state, such as the communities of the North American Indians. It is a sort of league for mutual aid and defence, but in which every one is left to do as he pleases, without any obligation to employ himself for the whole body. Others unite in a manner resembling more civilized societies of men. This is the case with the beavers. They perform great public works by the united efforts of the whole community; such as damming up streams and constructing mounds for their habitations. As these are works of great art and labour, some of them probably act under the direction of others, and are compelled to work whether they will or not. Many curious stories are told to this purpose by those who have observed them in their remotest haunts, where they exercise their full sagacity.

F. But are they all true?

Mr S. That is more than I can answer for; yet what we certainly know of the economy of bees, may justify us in believing extraordinary things of the sagacity of animals. The society of bees goes further than that of beavers, and in some respects beyond most among men themselves. They not only inhabit a common dwelling, and perform great works in common, but they lay up a store of provision, which is the property of the whole community, and is not used except at certain seasons and under certain regulations. A bee-hive is a true image of a commonwealth, where no member acts for himself alone, but for the whole body. *Evenings at Home.*

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A LIAR AND A BOY OF TRUTH.

"Come," said Robert to Frank, "there is Trusty lying beside the fire, asleep; let us go and waken him, and he

will play with us."—"O yes, do let us," said Frank. So they both ran together, towards the hearth, to waken the dog.

Now there was a basin of milk standing upon the hearth, and the little boys did not see whereabouts it stood. As they were both playing with the dog, they kicked it with their feet, and threw it down; and the basin broke, and all the milk ran out: and, when the little boys saw what they had done, they were very sorry and frightened. Robert spoke first. "So we shall have no milk for supper to-night," said he, and sighed.—"No milk for supper! why not," said Frank, "is there no milk in the house?"—"Yes; but we shall have none of it: for do not you remember, last Monday, when we threw down the milk, mother said we were very careless, and that the next time we did so we should have no milk for supper."—"Well, then," said Frank, "we must do without it, that's all; we will take more care another time: come, let's run and tell mother. You know she bid us always tell her directly when we broke any thing."—"I will come just now," said Robert; "don't be in such a hurry, Frank—can't you stay a minute?"—So Frank staid; and then he said, "Come now, Robert."—But Robert answered, "Stay a little longer, for I dare not go yet. I am afraid."

Little boys, I advise you never be afraid to tell the truth; never say, "stay a minute," and "stay a little longer;" but run directly and tell what you have done that is wrong. The longer you stay, the more afraid you will grow; till, at last, perhaps, you will not dare to tell the truth at all. Hear what happened to Robert. The longer he staid, the more unwilling he was to go to tell his mother that he had thrown the milk down; and at last Frank went without him in search of his mother.

Now, whilst Frank was gone, Robert was left in the room by himself; and all the while he was alone he was thinking of some excuses to make to his mother. He said to himself, "If Frank and I both were to say that we did not throw down the basin, she would believe us, and we should have milk for supper! I am very sorry Frank would go to tell her about it." Just as he said this to

himself, he heard his mother coming down stairs. "O ho!" said he to himself, and so Frank has not met her, and cannot have told her; so I may say what I please." Then this cowardly boy determined to tell his mother a lie.

She came into the room; but when she saw the broken basin and the milk spilled, she stopped short, and cried, "So, so, what a piece of work is here—who did this, Robert?"—"I don't know, ma'am," said Robert, in a very low voice.—"You don't know, Robert!—tell me the truth—I shall not be angry with you—I would rather have you break all the basins I have, than to tell one lie;—I ask you, Robert, did you break the basin?"—"No, ma'am, I did not," said Robert; and he coloured as red as fire.—"Then where's Frank?—did he do it!"—"No, mother, he did not," said Robert; for he was in hopes that when Frank came in, he should persuade him to say that he did not do it.—"How do you know," said his mother, "that Frank did not do it?"—"Because—because—because, ma'am," said Robert, hesitating as liars do for an excuse, "because I was in the room all the time, and I did not see him do it."—"Then how was the basin thrown down? if you have been in the room all the time, you can tell."—Then Robert, going on from one lie to another, answered, "I suppose the dog must have done it."—"Did you see him do it?" said his mother.—"Yes," said this wicked boy.—"Trusty, Trusty," said his mother, turning round, "Fie! fie! Trusty; get me a switch out of the garden, Robert; Trusty must be beat for this."—Robert ran for the switch, and in the garden he met his brother; he stopped him, and told him in a great hurry all that he had said to his mother, and begged of him not to tell the truth, but to say the same that he had done. "No, I will not tell a lie," said Frank, "what! and is Trusty to be beat! He did not throw down the milk, and he shan't be beat for it. Let me go to my mother." They both ran towards the house. Robert got first home, and he locked the house-door, that Frank might not come in. He gave the switch to his mother. Poor Trusty, he looked up as the switch was lifted over his head; but HE could not speak to tell the truth. Just as the blow

was falling upon him, Frank's voice was heard at the window. "Stop, stop! dear mother, stop!" cried he, as loud as ever he could call; "Trusty did not do it—I and Robert did it; but do not beat Robert."—"Let us in, let us in," cried another voice, which Robert knew to be his father's voice; for his father always whipped him when he told a lie. His mother went to the door and unlocked it. "What's all this?" cried his father as he came in: so his mother told him all that had happened. —"Where is the switch with which you were going to beat Trusty?" said their father. Then Robert, who saw by his father's looks that he was going to beat him, fell upon his knees, and cried for mercy, saying, "Forgive me this time, and I will never tell a lie again." But his father caught hold of him by the arm; "I will whip you now," said he, "and then I hope you will not." So Robert was whipped till he cried so loud with the pain that the whole neighbourhood could hear him. "There," said his father, when he had done, "now, go without supper: you are to have no milk to-night, and you have been whipped. See how liars are served." Then turning to Frank, "Come here and shake hands with me, Frank: you will have no milk for supper, but that does not signify; you have told the truth, and have not been whipped, and every body is pleased with you. And now I'll tell you what I will do for you,—I will give you the little dog Trusty to be your own dog; you have saved him a beating, and I'll answer for it you'll be a good master to him. To-morrow I'll go to the brazier's and get a new collar made for him: from this day forward he shall be called after you, FRANK! And, wife, whenever, any of the neighbours' children ask you why the dog TRUSTY is to be called FRANK, tell them this story of our two boys: let them know the difference between a liar and a boy of truth!" MISS EDGEWORTH.

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

"WELL, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

R. I have been to Broomheath, and so round by the windmill upon Campmount, and home through the meadows by the river-side.

Mr A. Well, that is a pleasant round.

R. I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I had rather have gone along the turnpike road.

Mr A. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would, indeed, be better entertained on the high-road. But did you see William?

R. We set out together; but he lagged behind in the lane; so I walked on and left him: he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that!

Mr A. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

W. O sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broomheath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Mr A. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking, and he complains of dulness.

W. I wonder at that! I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought my handkerchief full of curiosities home.

Mr A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

W. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy, so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr A. Ah! this is mistletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites and incantations. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been styled *parasitical*, as being hangers-on, or dependants.

W. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air was so fresh, and the prospect on every

side so unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I never observed before There were at least three kinds of heath (I have got them in my handkerchief here). There was a flock of lapwings, too, upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying *pewet* so distinctly, one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always made a shift to get away.

Mr A. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in then! This was all an artifice of the bird to entice you away from its nest: for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed did not they draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

W. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy, who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. Well, I then took my course up to the windmill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church-steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, sir, if you will give me leave. I will go again, and take with me Carey's county map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

Mr A. You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spying-glass.

W. From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds and flags, and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had

seen on the heath. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange colour. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr A. I can tell you what that bird was,—a king-fisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it inhabits.

W. I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well, I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. There were a great many swallows sporting upon the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream, sometimes they pursued one another so quick that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high steep sandbank rose directly above the river, I observed some of them go in and out of holes, with which the bank was bored full.

Mr A. Those were sandmartins, the smallest of our four species of swallows. They are of a mouse-colour above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plun-derers.

W. A little farther I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole with broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's tri-dent, only there were five instead of three. This he pushed straight down among the mud in the deepest parts of the river, and fetched up the eels sticking be-tween the prongs.

Mr A. I have seen this method; it is called spearing of eels.

W. While I was looking at him a heron came flying

over my head, with his large flagging wings. He lit at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Mr A. Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together like rooks.

W. I then turned homeward across the meadows, and I got to the high field next our house just as the sun was setting. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged purple, and crimson, and yellow, of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets!

Mr A. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising. It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! Did *you* see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

R. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them; I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr A. That would have been right had you been sent a message; but, as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is, one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the Channel without

making some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town and country. Do *you* then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and *you*, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use. *Evenings at Home.*

THE WATERFALL AND THE BRIER-ROSE.

"Begone, thou fond presumptuous elf,"
Exclaim'd a thundering voice,
"Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
Between me and my choice!"

A fall of water swoln with snows
Thus spake to a poor brier-rose,
That, all bespatter'd with his foam,
And dancing high, and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

"Dost thou presume my course to block!
Off, off! or, puny thing!
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
To which thy fibres cling."
The flood was tyrannous and strong;
The patient brier suffer'd long,
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
Hoping the danger would be pass'd;
But seeing no relief, at last
He ventured to reply.

"Ah!" said the brier, "blame me not:
Why should we dwell in strife?
We who in this, our natal spot,
Once lived a happy life!
You stirr'd me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you spread!
The summer long, from day to day
My leaves you freshen'd and bedew'd;
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

"When spring came on with bud and bell,
Among these rocks did I
Before you hang my wreath, to tell
That gentle days were nigh!
And in the sultry summer hours
I shelter'd you with leaves and flowers;
And in my leaves, now shed and gone,
The linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when you
Had little voice or none."

What more he said I cannot tell.
The stream came thundering down the dell,
And gallop'd loud and fast;
I listen'd, nor aught else could hear:
The brier quaked, and much I fear
Those accents were his last.

WORDSWORTH.

GOLDFINCHES.

GOLDFINCHES are much esteemed for their docility and the sweetness of their note. They are fond of orchards, and frequently build their elegant mossy nest in an apple or pear tree. They commence this operation about the month of April, when the fruit-trees are in blossom. The nest is small: its outside consists of fine moss, curiously interwoven with other soft materials; and the inside is lined with grass, horsehair, wool, feathers, and down. The eggs are five in number, of a white colour, speckled and marked with reddish-brown.

These birds may be caught in great numbers, at almost any season of the year, either with limed twigs or the clap-net; but the best time is said to be about Michaelmas. They are readily tamed; and it requires very little trouble to teach them to perform several movements with accuracy; to fire a cracker, and to draw up small cups containing their food and drink.

Some years ago the Sieur Roman exhibited in this country the wonderful performances of his birds. These were goldfinches, linnets, and canary-birds. One appeared dead, and was held up by the tail or claw without exhibiting any signs of life. A second stood on its head,

with its claws in the air. A third imitated a Dutch milkmaid going to market, with pails on its shoulders. A fourth mimicked a Venetian girl looking out at a window. A fifth appeared as a soldier, and mounted guard as a sentinel. The sixth was a cannonier, with a cap on its head, a firelock on its shoulder, and a match in its claw, and discharged a small cannon. The same bird also acted as if it had been wounded: it was wheeled in a little barrow, to convey it (as it were) to the hospital; after which it flew away before the company. The seventh turned a kind of windmill. And the last stood in the midst of some fireworks, which were discharged all round it; and this without exhibiting the least sign of fear.

In solitude the goldfinch delights to view its image in a mirror; fancying, probably, that it sees another of its own species: and this attachment to society seems to equal the cravings of nature; for it is often observed to pick up the hempseed, grain by grain, and advance to eat it at the mirror, imagining, no doubt, that it is thus feeding in company. If a young goldfinch be educated under a canary-bird, a woodlark, or any other singing-bird, it will readily catch its song. Mr Albin mentions a lady who had a goldfinch which was even able to speak several words with great distinctness. Towards winter these birds usually assemble in flocks. They feed on various kinds of seeds, but are more partial to those of the thistle than any others. They have been known to arrive at the age of twenty years.

Calendar of Flora.

DETACHED PIECES.

Mylo, forbear to call him blest,
That only boasts a large estate:
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great,—
Should a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,—
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

Were I so tall as reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,

I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man!

WATTS.

WHAT is our duty here? To tend
From good to better—thence to best:
Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering our fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May shrine our names in memory's light;
And the blest seeds we scatter'd bloom
A hundredfold in days to come. BOWRING.

FORGIVE thy foes;—nor that alone—
Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.
So does the fragrant Sandal bow
In meek forgiveness to its doom,
And o'er the axe at every blow
Sheds in abundance rich perfume!

H. KNOWLES.

THE wretch who digs the mine for bread,—
Or ploughs that others may be fed,—
Feels less fatigue than that decreed
To him that cannot think or read!

HANNAH MORE.

WHEN he who dies is free from sin,
Why should we call it death?
When happy life will then begin,
Why fear the parting breath?
When he who lives loves wickedness,
Why should we call it life?
A life pass'd through in sinfulness
Is but a deathlike strife.

If pride and folly be our doom,
And sin be our delight,
Better our cradle were our tomb—
Or life one endless night.
"Good deeds are the gray hairs of man,"
Thus sung the Hebrew sage;
Virtue will lengthen out life's span,—
Wisdom alone is age!

The New Year's Gift.

The golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see;
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angels' thoughts can be!
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding-garment on?
Conduct me, Thou life-giver, there,
Conduct me to thy glorious throne!
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night.

Bowring—*Russian Poetry.*

THE WHALE.

The whale is beyond dispute the largest animal of which we have any certain account. The great Greenland whale, indeed, is of so enormous a size that it usually measures from sixty to seventy feet in length. The cleft of the mouth is about twenty feet long, which in general is about a third part of the animal's length. The tail is about twenty-four feet broad, and its stroke is sometimes tremendous. The catching of whales in the Greenland seas, among masses of ice frequently more than a mile long and above a hundred feet in thickness, affords one of the strangest spectacles that can be imagined. Every ship employed in this business is provided with six boats, to each of which six men are appointed for rowing, and a harpooner for striking the whale. Two of these boats are constantly kept on the watch at some distance from the ship. As soon as the whale is discovered both the boats set out in pursuit of it; and if either of them can come up before the fish descends, which is known by his throwing up his tail, the har-

pooner darts his harpoon at him. As soon as he is struck, the men make a signal to the ship, and the watchman alarms all the rest with the cry of "Fall, fall!" when all the other boats are immediately sent out to the assistance of the first. The whale, as soon as he finds himself wounded, runs off with amazing rapidity. Sometimes he descends straight downwards, and sometimes goes off at a small depth below the surface. The rope that is fastened to the harpoon is about two hundred fathoms long. If the whole line belonging to one boat be run out, that of another is immediately fastened to it. This is repeated as necessity requires; and instances have been met with where all the rope belonging to the six boats has been necessary. When the whale descends, and has run some hundred fathoms deep, he is obliged to come up for air, and then makes so dreadful a noise with his spouting, that some have compared it to the firing of cannon. As soon as he appears on the surface of the water, some of the harpooners fix another harpoon in him; upon which he plunges again into the deep; and on his coming up a second time they pierce him with spears, till he spouts out streams of blood instead of water, beating the waves with his fins and his tail, till the sea is all in a foam. When dying he turns himself on his back, and is drawn on shore, or to the ship if at a distance from land. BIGLAND.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAN AND THE INFERIOR ANIMALS.

THE chief difference between man and the other animals consists in this, that the former has reason, whereas the latter have only instinct; but in order to understand what we mean by the terms reason and instinct, it will be necessary to mention three things, in which the difference very distinctly appears.

Let us *first*, to bring the parties as nearly on a level as possible, consider man in a savage state, wholly occupied, like the beasts of the field, in providing for the wants of his animal nature; and here the first distinction that appears between him and the creatures around him

is, *the use of implements.* When the savage provides himself with a hut, or a wigwam for shelter, or that he may store up his provisions, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species. But the man cannot make any progress in this work without tools; he must provide himself with an axe even before he can lop down a tree for its timber; whereas these animals form their burrows, their cells, or their nests, with no other tools than those with which nature has provided them. In cultivating the ground, also, man can do nothing without a spade or a plough; nor can he reap what he has sown till he has shaped an implement with which to cut down his harvests. But the inferior animals provide for themselves and their young without any of these things.

Now for the *second* distinction. Man in all his operations *makes mistakes;* animals make none. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bird sitting disconsolate on a twig, lamenting over her half-finished nest, and puzzling her little poll to know how to complete it? Or did you ever see the cells of a bee-hive in clumsy irregular shapes, or observe any thing like a discussion in the little community as if there was a difference of opinion amongst the architects? The lower animals are even better physicians than we are; for when they are ill they will, many of them, seek out some particular herb which they do not use as food, and which possesses a medicinal quality exactly suited to the complaint; whereas the whole college of physicians will dispute for a century about the virtues of a single drug. Man undertakes nothing in which he is not more or less puzzled; he must try numberless experiments before he can bring his undertakings to any thing like perfection; even the simplest operations of domestic life are not well performed without some experience; and the term of man's life is half wasted before he has done with his *mistakes*, and begins to profit by his lessons.

The *third* distinction is, that animals make no *improvements;* while the knowledge, and the skill, and the success of man, are perpetually on the increase. Animals, in all their operations, follow the first impulse of

nature, or that instinct which God has implanted in them. In all they do undertake, therefore, their works are more perfect and regular than those of men. But man, having been endowed with the faculty of thinking or reasoning about what he does, is enabled by patience and industry to correct the mistakes into which he at first falls, and to go on constantly improving. A bird's nest is, indeed, a perfect and beautiful structure; yet the nest of a swallow of the nineteenth century is not at all more commodious or elegant than those that were built amid the rafters of Noah's ark. But if we compare the wigwam of the savage with the temples and palaces of ancient Greece and Rome, we then shall see to what man's mistakes, rectified and improved upon, conduct him.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE ELEPHANT.

THE elephant, which in size and strength surpasses all land-animals, and in sagacity is inferior only to man, is a native both of Asia and Africa. The height of this wonderful quadruped at the Cape of Good Hope is from twelve to fifteen feet. His eyes are very small in proportion to his size, but lively and full of expression; his ears are very large, long, and pendulous; but he can raise them with great ease, and make use of them as a fan, to cool himself and drive away the flies or insects. His hearing is remarkably fine; he delights in the sound of musical instruments, to which he is easily brought to move in cadence. His sense of smelling is equally delicate; and he is highly delighted with the scent of fragrant herbs. In each jaw he has four grinders, one of which sometimes measures nine inches in breadth, and weighs four pounds and a half. The texture of the skin is uneven and wrinkled, and full of deep fissures, resembling the bark of an old tree. The colour is tawny, inclining to gray. The legs of this animal are massy columns of three or four feet in circumference, and five or six in height. His feet are rounded at the bottom, divided into five toes covered with skin, so as not to be visible, and terminated in a nail or hoof of a horny sub-

stance. His body is remarkably round and bulky, and nearly destitute of hair. But the trunk is the most singular and peculiar feature of this quadruped. This fleshy tube the animal can bend, contract, lengthen, and turn in every direction. It terminates in a protuberance, which stretches out on the upper side in the form of a finger. With this the animal can lift from the ground the smallest piece of money, select herbs and flowers, untie knots, and grasp any thing so firmly that no force can tear it from him. At the end of this trunk are placed the nostrils, through which he draws in water for the purpose of quenching his thirst, or of washing and cooling himself, which he performs by taking in a large quantity, and then spouting it out over his whole body as if it issued from a fountain. These quadrupeds subsist wholly on vegetables; they associate in numerous herds; and when one of them happens to discover a plentiful pasture, he instantly gives a loud signal to the rest. They do incredible damage whenever they stray into cultivated grounds, not only devouring vast quantities of food, but also destroying, by the enormous weight of their bodies, more than they eat. The inhabitants of the countries where they abound use every artifice to prevent the approach of such unwelcome visitants, making loud noises, and kindling large fires round their dwellings; but, notwithstanding all these precautions, the elephants sometimes break in upon them and destroy their harvest. It is very difficult to repel them; for the whole herd advance together; and whether they attack, march, or fly, they act in concert. Although the elephant be the strongest as well as the largest of all quadrupeds, yet, in his native woods and deserts, he is by no means ferocious, and when tamed by man he is most tractable and obedient. He bends the knee for those who wish to mount upon his back, suffers himself to be harnessed, and seems to delight in the finery of his trappings. These animals are used in drawing chariots, wagons, and various sorts of machines, one elephant drawing as much as six horses, and are of great use in carrying large quantities of luggage across rivers. They can travel nearly a

hundred miles a-day, and fifty or sixty regularly, without any violent effort. BIGLAND.

SIN.

LET us take some views of the evil of sin.

Behold sin *with regard to God.* Sin is enmity against God, against his attributes, against his government. God never yet revealed a design which sin hath not withstood, nor gave a command which sin has not trampled under foot. Hence nothing is so offensive to God; and hence it is called the abominable thing which he hates.

Behold sin *in its effects on man.* How different is man from what he was at first! But sin has made this change. Sin has stripped him of his glory, and taken the crown from his head.—Observe the *soul* of man,—it is sin that has debased it, defiled it, robbed it of the image, and banished it from the presence of God; it is this that has produced unruly passions, tormenting anxieties, a terrified conscience, a wounded spirit.—Observe the *body* of man. This was once immortal, without defect and without disease. But "by sin death entered into the world," and was crowned "king of terrors." And now "man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble." Even every comfort has its cross, and every blessing its curse. O could we witness all the pains of the diseased at this moment; all the effects of war, pestilence, and famine! what could we think of an enemy capable of producing such mischief as this!

These are the effects of sin in *this* world. But there is another world that has been running parallel with this, and that will continue when this is no more. And here the effects of sin most frightfully appear. Sin built hell. Sin produced the worm that never dies. Sin kindled the fire that never shall be quenched. Now, I reason thus, and a child can understand me;—if God can righteously threaten all this misery, he can also righteously inflict it; and if he can righteously inflict such misery, sin must deserve it; and if sin deserves it, O my God, how is it possible for us to think too highly of its guilt!

JAY—*Short Discourses.*

AT A FUNERAL.

Beneath our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!
Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!
Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And Fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for Hell or Heaven!

Heber.

THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

As much have I of worldly good
As e'er my master ,
I diet on as dainty ,
And am richly clad,
Though plain my garb, though scant board,
As Mary's and Nature's .

The manger was his infant ,
His home mountain-cave,
He had not to lay his head,
He borrow'd even his ;
Earth yielded no resting-spot,
Her Maker, but she knew him .

As much world's good-will I share,
Its favours applause,
As He whose blessed I bear,
Hated without a ;
Despised, rejected, mock'd pride,
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.

Why should court my Master's foe ?
Why should fear its frown ?
Why should I seek for rest ?
Or sigh brief renown ?
A pilgrim to a better ,
An heir of joy God's right hand. CONDER.

THE WORLD A PASSING SHOW.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd from the tomb ;
There's nothing bright but Heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way ;
There's nothing calm but Heaven ! MOORE.

A NEWCASTLE COAL-PIT.

I WILL now describe to you our visit to one of the coal-pits in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. The first ceremony was to put on a kind of frock, that covered us all over, to prevent spoiling our clothes. We were then shown a large steam-engine at work at the mouth of the pit in order to drain off the water, and close to it a ventilator for purifying the air. Our guides now seated us on a piece of board, slung in a rope like the seat of a swing and hooked to an iron chain, which was let gently

down the pit by the assistance of six horses. I must confess I did not like this mode of travelling; my spirits, however, were cheered when I reached the solid bottom, and saw my good friend Mr Franklin with a smiling face at my side. He congratulated me on my arrival, and pointed to a huge fire burning for the purpose of keeping the air in a proper temperature. Gaining courage by a near examination, my brother and I walked about the chambers with as much ease as if they had been the apartments of a dwelling-house. The coal is hollowed out in spaces of four yards wide, between which are left pillars of coal to support the roof, ten yards broad and twenty deep. A number of horses live here for years together, and seem to enjoy perfect comfort: they are employed to draw the coal through the passages to the bottom of the opening of the pit. The machine which raises the coal to the surface of the earth is worked by stout horses. The coal is brought in strong baskets made of osier; they each contain twelve hundredweight of coal, and one ascends while the other descends. A single man receives these baskets as they arrive, and places them on a dray, having hooked an empty basket on in the place of a full one, before he drives the dray to a shed at a little distance, where he empties his load. The dust passes through holes prepared to receive it, whilst the large coal roll down the declivity in heaps, where they are loaded in wagons, and carried to wharfs on the river-side, to be put on board the vessels that wait to carry them to distant ports. The wagons, very heavily laden, run without horses to the water-side, along a railroad formed in a sloping direction, with grooves that fit the wagon-wheels to make them go more readily.

WAKEFIELD'S *Family Tour.*

SELF-DENIAL.

THE clock had just struck nine, and Harry recollected that his mother had desired them not to sit up a minute after the clock struck. He reminded his elder brother of this order. "Never mind," said Frank, "here's a famous fire, and I shall stay and enjoy it."—"Yes," said Harry "here's a famous fire, and I should *like* to

stay and enjoy it; but that would not be *self-denial;* would it, Frank?"—"Nonsense," said Frank; "I shall not stir yet, I promise you."—"Then good-night to you," said Harry.

Six o'cloek was the time at which the brothers were expeeted to rise. When it struck six the next morning Harry started up; but the air felt so frosty that he had a strong inelination to lie down again. "But no," thought he, "here's a fine opportunity for self-denial;" and up he jumped without farther hesitation. "Frank, Frank," said he to his sleeping brother, "past six o'cloek, and a fine starlight morning."—"Let me alone," eried Frank, in a eross, drowsy voiee.—"Very well, then, a pleasant nap to you," said Harry; and down he ran as gay as the lark. After finishing his Latin exercise, he had time to take a pleasant walk before breakfast; so that he came in fresh and rosy, with a good appetite, and, what was still better, in a good humour. But poor Frank, who had just tumbled out of bed when the bell rang for prayer, came down, looking pale, and cross, and cold, and discontented.—Harry, who had some sly drollery of his own, was just beginning to rally him on his forlorn appearanee, when he recollected his resolution.—"Frank does not like to be laughed at, especially when he is cross," thought he, so he suppressed his joke; and it requires some *self-denial* even to suppress a joke.

During breakfast his father promised that if the weather continued fine, Harry should ride out with him before dinner on the gray pony. Harry was much delighted with this proposal; and the thought of it occurred to him very often during the business of the morning. The sun shone cheerily in at the parlour-windows, and seemed to promise fair for a fine day. About noon, however, it became rather cloudy, and Harry was somewhat startled to perceive a few large drops upon the flag-stones in the court. He equipped himself, nevertheless, in his greateoat at the time appointed, and stood playing with his whip in the hall, waiting to see the horses led out. His mother now passing by, said, "My dear boy, I am afraid there can be no riding this morning: do you see that the stones are quite wet?"—"Dear mother," said

Harry, "you surely do not imagine that I am afraid of a few drops of rain; besides, it will be no more than a shower at any rate." Just then his father came in, who looked first at the clouds, then at the barometer, and then at Harry, and shook his head. "You intend to go, papa, don't you?" said Harry. "I must go, I have business to do; but I believe, Harry, it will be better for *you* to stay at home this morning," said his father.—"But, sir," repeated Harry, "do you think it possible, now, that this little sprinkling of rain should do me the least harm in the world, with my greatcoat and all?"—"Yes, Harry," said his father, "I do think that even this sprinkling of rain may do you harm, as you have not been quite well: I think, too, it will be more than a sprinkling. But you shall decide on this occasion for yourself; I know you have some self-command. I shall only tell you, that your going this morning would make your mother uneasy, and that we both think it improper; —now determine." Harry again looked at the clouds, at the stones, at his boots, and last of all at his kind mother, and then he recollected himself. "This," thought he, "is the best opportunity for *self-denial* that I have had to-day;" and he immediately ran out to tell Roger that he need not saddle the gray pony.

"I should like another, I think, mother," said Frank that day at dinner, just as he had despatched a large hemisphere of mince-pie. "Any more for you, my dear Harry?" said his mother. "If you please;—no, thank you, though," said Harry, withdrawing his plate, "for," thought he, "I have had enough, and more than enough, to satisfy my hunger; and now is the time for *self-denial.*"

"Brother Harry," said his little sister after dinner, "when will you show me how to do that pretty puzzle you said you would show me a long time ago?"—"I am busy now, child," said Harry, "don't tease me now; there's a good girl." She said no more, but looked disappointed, and still hung upon her brother's chair.—"Come, then," said he, suddenly recollecting himself, "bring me your puzzle;" and laying down his book, he very good-naturedly showed his little sister how to place it.

That night, when the two boys were going to bed,

Harry called to mind with some complacency the several instances in the course of the day in which he had exercised *self-denial*, and he was on the very point of communicating them to his brother Frank. "But no," thought he, "this is another opportunity still for *self-denial;* I will not say a word about it; besides, to boast of it would spoil all." So Harry lay down quietly, making the following sage reflections:—"This has been a pleasant day to me, although I have had one great disappointment, and done several things against my will. I find that *self-denial* is painful for a moment, but very agreeable in the end; and, if I go on this plan every day, I shall stand a good chance of leading a happy life."

JANE TAYLOR.

THE ORPHAN-BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady! stay for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan-boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan-boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,—
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd—
My mother answer'd with her tears.
"Oh! why do tears steal down your cheek,"
Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"—
She kiss'd me, and, in accents weak,
She call'd me her poor orphan-boy.

"What is an orphan-boy?" I said,
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
And her eyes closed;—I shriek'd for aid,—
But, ah! her eyes were closed in death!
My hardships since I will not tell;
But now no more a parent's joy,—
Ah, lady! I have learnt too well
What 'tis to be an orphan-boy!

O were I by your bounty fed!
Nay, gentle lady! do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,—
The sailor's orphan-boy has pride.
Lady, you weep:—what is't you say?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look and see
Your happy, happy orphan-boy. MRS OPIE.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the butterfly's ball and the grashopper's feast;
The trumpeter gadfly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass by the side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages has stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there was the gnat, and the dragonfly too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the moth, in his plumage of down,
And the hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the wasp, his companion, did bring;
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother the mole;
And the snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell,
Came from a great distance,—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made ;
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The frog from a corner look'd up to the skies ;
And the squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in the tree.

Then out came the spider, with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line ;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle, oh ! shocking to tell !
From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell ;
Yet he touch'd not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the grashopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing ;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirp'd his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance ;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he pull'd in his head,
And went to his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glowworm, came out with his light ;
Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

T. Roscoe.

EXERCISES

ON WORDS OCCURRING IN SECTION II.

PREFIXES.

Ab, abs, means *from;* as, *ab*solve, *abs*tract.

Ad, ac, af, a, *to* or *near;* as, *ad*join, *ac*cess, *af*fluence, *a*scend.

Contra, *against;* as, *contra*dict.

Di, dis, dif, *asunder*, also *the opposite of;* as, *di*verge, *dis*please, *dif*fuse.

En, em, *in* or *round about*, also *make;* as, *en*close, *em*brace, *en*large.

Super, sur, *above, over;* as, *super*fluous, *sur*pass.

Jerusalem and the places *ad*jacent are visited with great interest by the Christian traveller. In no place of the world have events so wonderful occurred as in the garden of Gethsemane, Mount Calvary, the Mount of Olives, and the places *ad*joining.

No one ought rudely to *contra*dict another. Such conduct is *inter*dicted by the laws of good society; and we may *pre*dict with confidence of the boy who is guilty of this rudeness, that he will prove an ill-bred and *dis*agreeable man.

In a few years your schoolfellows will be separated and *dis*persed over perhaps a great part of the world. Few of you will live as men in the place where you have lived together as boys; few of you will be buried in the same churchyard; not many perhaps in the same country. Even the ashes of the members of the same family are often separated by seas and continents. "The graves of a household" are not *un*frequently in all the quarters of the globe. Surely it should lead you to be kind to your companions, when you think that, after leaving school, you may never meet them again until the last day.

This world is often compared to a wilderness, through which good men are travelling to heaven. The path is *en*compassed with dangers; but God has given his Word and his Spirit to be our guides; and if we consult and obey their directions, we shall be enabled to *sur*mount all perils, and at last to arrive in safety at the promised land.

What a pity it is that boys are so apt to think all prudence and all *pre*cautions *super*fluous. I have heard of boys meeting with frightful accidents, even when engaged at what seemed harmless pastimes. Arms have often been broken, ankles sprained, limbs *dis*located, and even lives lost, by mere carelessness. Exercise is necessary to health; and it would be unwise to forbid all games and sports; but boys should be anxiously cautioned against rashness and thoughtlessness even in their pastimes.

It is our duty to rejoice with our friends when they rejoice, and to

condole with them when they mourn. It is a sign of a selfish heart when we keep all our joy and all our tears for ourselves. We ought to do to others as we would have others do to us; and how can we expect sympathy from others if we extend no sympathy to them? "Compassion," says Dr Blair, "is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of wo. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty." The following tender lines of Dr Beattie should be engraved on every youthful heart:—

"And from the prayer of want and plaint of wo,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done;
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor these alone;
All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine own!"

DERIVATIVES.

Absolution (*solvo*)
Accidental (*cado*)
Adjacent (*jaceo*)
Assume (*sumo*)
Beneficent (*benè* and *facio*)
Composition (*pono*)
Condole (*doleo*)
Conjure (*juro*)
Contortion (*torqueo*)
Contradict (*contra* and *dico*)
Culprit (*culpa*)
Decoration (*decus*)
Depredation (*præda*)
Devolve (*volvo*)
Dislocate (*locus*)
Disperse (*spargo*)
Eloquent (*loquor*)
Emerge (*mergo*)
Exhaust (*haurio*)
Expose (pono)
Filial (*filius*)
Foliage (*folium*)
Fraternal (*frater*)
Gradual (*gradus*)
Impotent (*potens*)
Incarnate (*caro*)
Infidel (*fides*)
Infinite (*finis*)
Interrupt (*rumpo*)
Invest (*vestis*)
Itinerant (*iter*)
Licentious (*licet*)
Lucid (*lux*)
Magnify (*magnus*)
Mariners (*mare*)
Miraculous (*mirus*)
Monarch (*monos* and *arche*)
Monitor (*moneo*)
Multiply (*multus* and *plico*)
Nutriment (*nutrio*)
Oblation (*latus*)
Participate (*pars* and *capio*)
Precipice (*caput*)
Radiant (*radius*)
Redeemer (*emo*)
Regal (*rex*)
Replenish (*plenus*)
Salvation (*salvus*)
Sustain (*teneo*)
Testimony (*testis*)
Umbrageous (*umbra*)
Vigilance (*vigil*)

At the birth of Christ, God became incarnate; and accordingly the birth of Christ is often termed his incarnation.

Boys are often able to spell by the ear when they cannot spell by the eye,—that is, to spell in their reading-class when they cannot spell on their copy-books. It is a useful exercise, practised at many schools, to cause boys occasionally write and spell to *dictation*.

No animal surpasses the dog in sagacity, *vigil*ance, and fidelity.

He pre*fers* his master's will to his own ; no bribe will in*duce* him to betray any trust committed to him ; he will even die to *testi*fy his fidelity. He is said to be the only animal who uniformly knows his master and the friends of the family ; who distinguishes a stranger as soon as he arrives ; who understands his own name ; and who calls for his lost master by cries and lamentations.

Sponge, though a common, is a remarkable substance. It is found in the sea, and is understood to be the pro*duction* and habitation of some species of *mar*ine worms. Upon a nice in*spection*, it appears to be com*posed* of fibres or threads folded together so as to make a number of little cells. It is the fittest of all bodies to im*bibe* and re*tain* a great quantity of *fluid ;* and, after it is re*pleni*shed, it requires to be forcibly squeezed together before it will part with its contents.

A man who is uniformly silent is disagreeable ; a *loqua*cious man is still more difficult to endure. The least tolerable is the *magnil-oquent*, or boastful man. He who pre*fers* his own praise to any other theme, generally loves, next to applauding himself, to a*sperse* and throw ob*loquy* on others. He is, therefore, a wicked as well as a vain and foolish man ; and his company is to be dreaded as well as disliked.

There is not a more *magni*ficent object in nature than a large and spreading oak in the *pleni*tude of its summer *vest*ments. As it stands forth to view with its *pend*ent branches and *umbra*geous foliage, it seems to be the presiding genius of the ad*jacent* country, and it almost commands our homage like a thing of life. One of the finest spectacles in the fields of merry England is "England's oak."

PECULIAR WORDS.

Archbishop	Compass	Pendulum	Temperature
Botany	Diadem	Perpendicular	Tiara
Charity	Diocese	Providence	Vertical
Classic	Horizon	Temperate	

The mariner's *compass* is a wonderful, though a simple instrument. It consists of nothing more than a needle and a card ; and yet it enables the mariner to traverse the pathless sea with perfect confidence. The needle, being converted into a magnet, or loadstone, which is easily done—and being balanced on a point above the centre of the card—always points to the north : And the sailor has therefore only to examine the card on which the cardinal points, east, west, north, and south, are marked, to know in what direction he is steering.

In the church of Scotland all the clergy are, in respect of rank, upon a level ; but in the churches of England and Rome, and in all Episcopal churches, there are different orders of clergy, such as archbishops, bishops, &c. A *bishop* has the oversight of the inferior clergy within certain bounds, called his *diocese* or bishopric ; and an *archbishop* superintends the conduct of the bishops. In England there are two archbishopries, Canterbury and York ; and twenty-four bishopries.

Botany is the science that treats of plants. A *botanist* is one skilled in plants. A *botanical garden* is a place set apart for rearing rare and peculiar plants. The plants of one climate differ from those of another; and, in some botanical gardens, plants may be seen collected from all quarters of the globe.

The words and phrases of a living language gradually change their meaning. We have an example of this in the alteration which has taken place in the sense of the term *charity*, since the period at which our present version of the Scriptures was made. This word, when used in Scripture, signifies love; for example, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity (love), it profiteth me nothing." The word is now restricted in its signification to almsgiving, and the sense in which it occurs in Scripture is obsolete.

The appendages of royalty have various names, which it is important to distinguish. The chair or seat of the king is called his *throne;* the staff or ensign of royalty borne in the hand is called his *sceptre;* and the ornament on the head, denoting regal dignity, has various names, according to its shape and the extent of the royal sway, as *crown*, *diadem*, and *tiara*.

Horizon is the name we give to the circle which bounds our view in all directions,—where sea and sky or land and sky meet. A body is said to be horizontal when it points from one side of the horizon to the other. Thus, the surface of standing water is horizontal. The opposite of horizontal is *vertical*,—that is, right up and down; thus the *pendulum* of a clock when at rest is *vertical*. A vertical line, therefore, is *perpendicular*, or at right angles to a horizontal line.

Of the various names which are given to the Supreme Being, there are none more common in ordinary discourse and in profane authors than Providence, Nature, and Heaven. Be careful then to remember that these are names of God; and when you hear such phrases as the following,—"We owe all our blessings to a good *Providence*"—"*Nature* makes nothing in vain"—"*Heaven* be merciful unto us"—be careful to think of the great and good Creator in whom all things live, and move, and have their being. *Nature* is employed to describe God, when he is spoken of as the Being who created and sustains the material creation; and *Providence*, when he is spoken of as the Being who disposes all events. *Heaven* is one of the Scriptural titles of God, as we may perceive from the language of the prodigal son to his father,—"Father, I have sinned against *Heaven* and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

The adjective *temperate* means the opposite of excessive, and is nearly the same with moderate. It is variously applied. We speak of a *temperate* man,—that is, a man who is moderate in meat and drink; and we speak of a *temperate climate*,—that is, a climate which is neither too hot nor too cold. In like manner we speak of a *temperate* attack of disease, or a *temperate* state of the passions. But the noun *temperature* is generally restricted in its application to the state of a thing in regard to heat or cold; and when we speak of a high temperature, or a low temperature, we allude only to different degrees of heat or cold.

A *classic* is an author of the first rank; and accordingly every country that has distinguished itself in the world of letters has its classics or eminent writers. But the phrase, "*the classics,*" is commonly used to describe only the distinguished authors of ancient Greece and Rome. On the same principle we call an acquaintance with the works of these writers, "*classical learning.*"

WORDS OF MORE THAN FOUR SYLLABLES.

Accidentally	Ineffectual	Proportionably
Affectionately	Ingenuity	Providentially
Consideration	Invaluable	Sufficiently
Disobedience	Justification	Superfluities
Generosity	Miraculously	Unchangeableness
Immoderately	Perpendicular	Unnecessarily
Individuals	Principality	

SECTION II.

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

WHAT an invaluable blessing is it to have the Bible in our own tongue! It is not only the oldest, but the best book in the world. Our forefathers rejoiced when they were first favoured with the opportunity of reading it for themselves. Infidels may reject, and the licentious may sneer; but no one who ever wished to take away this foundation-stone, could produce any other equal to it, on which the structure of a pious mind, a solid hope, a comfortable state, or wise conduct, could be raised. We are told, that when Archbishop Cranmer's edition of the Bible was printed in 1538, and fixed to a desk in all parochial churches, the ardour with which men flocked to read it was incredible. They who could procured it, and they who could not crowded to read it, or to hear it read in churches. It was common to see little assemblies of mechanics meeting together for that purpose after the labour of the day. Many even learned to read in

their old age, that they might have the pleasure of instructing themselves from the Scriptures.

It is recorded of Edward VI. that upon a certain occasion, a paper which was called for in the council-chamber happened to be out of reach; the person concerned to produce it took a Bible that lay near, and, standing upon it, reached down the paper. The king, observing what was done, ran to the place, and taking the Bible in his hands kissed it, and laid it up again. This circumstance, though trifling in itself, showed his majesty's great reverence for that *best of all books;* and his example is a striking reproof to those who suffer their Bibles to lie covered with dust for months together, or who throw them about as if they were only a piece of useless lumber.

BUCK'S *Anecdotes.*

CHILDREN—you should read the Bible, not merely as a task-book, but to become wise unto salvation. I know even young children, who love to retire by themselves, that they may read this blessed book, and pray to God in secret. Jesus says,—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." And again, "They that seek me early shall find me." You have just read of the reverence which Edward VI., one of our kings who died young, showed to the Bible; but he is only one out of many pious young persons who have thought it their duty to treasure that book in their heart, rather than to trample it under foot. The child Samuel early sought the Lord—Josiah was but eight years old when he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord—Jesus at twelve years old was found in the temple—Timothy knew the Scriptures from a child. In the Bible you will read about Jesus Christ—how he became a child for you, and how kind he was to children;—there you will learn also that it is your duty to love one another, and to love and obey your parents and teachers. You therefore should read your Bibles. BICKERSTETH.

THE STREET-MUSICIAN, OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN Orpheus! an Orpheus!—he works on the crowd,
He sways them with harmony merry and loud;

He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him?

What an eager assembly! what an empire is this!
The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss;
The mourner is cheer'd, and the anxious have rest;
And the guilt-burthen'd soul is no longer opprest.

That errand-bound 'prentice was passing in haste—
What matter! he's caught—and his time runs to waste—
The newsman is stopp'd, though he stops on the fret,
And the half-breathless lamplighter—he's in the net!

The porter sits down on the weight which he bore;
The lass with her barrow wheels hither her store;—
If a thief could be here, he might pilfer at ease;
She sees the musician, 'tis all that she sees!

That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
Can he keep himself still, if he would, oh, not he!
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that cripple,—but little would tempt him to try
To dance to the strain and to fling his crutch by!—
That mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,
While she dandles the babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a stream;
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream:
They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, not what ye pursue!

WORDSWORTH.

NICKNAMES.

O. TELL me what story you have been reading now, Charlotte.

C. I was reading, Olivia, in the 2d Book of Kings, about the children that mocked the prophet Elisha, and how two she-bears came out of the wood and tore them to pieces.

O. That is a very remarkable story, indeed: what did you think when you read it?

C. I thought they were very wicked children: and God

showed how angry he was with them by letting the bears kill them.

O. You remember what they said, don't you?

C. Yes, "Go up, thou baldhead, Go up, thou baldhead!"

O. Well! and what made it so wicked in them to say so? for it was perhaps true that the prophet was bald.

C. I suppose it was because they spake it to deride and jeer him; did they not?

O. Yes, to be sure they did. They could not think what to say to express their scorn and contempt of this holy man, and so jeered him on account of a natural defect. And sure this should be a caution to all children (who are but too prone to this evil) never to express their contempt of others by mentioning any natural or accidental infirmity or defect.

C. I did not think of this use of the story before; but, as you say, it is indeed a very common thing, when we would show our anger against individuals, to call them crooked, hump-backed, bald-pated, one-eyed, or whatever other imperfection they may have, which this story shows to be very wrong.

O. It is indeed; and as my papa told me when I read it to him, I should consider that it is both foolish and wicked. It is very silly to reflect on any one for what he can't help; and it is very wicked, as it is indeed reflecting on God himself, who made us all, and for wise reasons permitted those defects in nature, or suffered those accidents to befall us, by which they came. And the dreadful lot of those children, methinks, should be enough to check us, whenever we find any inclination so much as to entertain a thought of this nature; much rather ought we to turn our minds to thankfulness and praise to our gracious God, who has formed us so perfect, and preserved us from being maimed or deformed by such disasters. *Evenings at Home.*

A GOOD BOY.

A GOOD boy is dutiful to his and mother,
to his masters, loving to playfellows, and civil and

obliging to . He is diligent in his book, and takes a pleasure in improving himself in every thing that is of praise. He rises early in the , makes himself clean and decent, and his prayers. If he has done a he confesses it, and is sorry for ; and he scorns to a lie, though he might thus it. He loves to hear good advice, is . to those that give it him, and always it. He never swears, or calls names, or uses any ill to his companions. He is never peevish and fretful, but always cheerful good-humoured. He scorns to steal or pilfer any from his playfellows; and would rather wrong than wrong to any of them. He is always ready to what he is bid, and to mind what is to him. He is not a wrangler or quarrelsome, and he himself out of all kinds of mischief other boys run into. By these he becomes, as he up, a man of sense and virtue; he is beloved and respected by all who him; he lives in the world credit; and when he he is lamented by all.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden show'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By toreh and trumpet-sound array'd,
Eaeh horseman drew his battle-blade;
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;
And, volleying like the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder still these fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of purpled snow;
And bloodier still shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout 'mid their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens: On, ye brave!
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

CAMPBELL.

THE STRUCTURE OF BIRDS.

THE structure of birds affords a striking instance of the care of Providence, in fitting animals for the kind of life to which they are appointed. Their bodies are so light as easily to float in the air. Their largest bones are hollow, so as to have sufficient strength without much weight. A certain degree of thickness is necessary to give strength to the bone, according to the size of the bird; but it is found that a hollow bone is as little liable to break as a solid one of the same thickness. The hollowness therefore, of the bones does not make them weaker, while at the same time it makes them lighter than if they were solid. Besides this the entrails are so constructed as to contain certain cavities, which may be blown up like bladders,—and are supposed to be useful, both in making the animal more buoyant, and in enabling it to keep its breath during the swiftness of its flight. The shape of birds is no less beautifully adapted to their situation. The small round head terminating in a sharp beak; the neck growing gradually thicker towards the shoulders, the gentle swell of the breast, the body lengthened out, and narrowing behind; all are admirably fitted for enabling them to

cleave their way through the yielding air. Nothing, indeed, can be more finely adapted for swiftness of motion than the whole frame of the bird in its flight; the forepart piercing the atmosphere by its sharpness, the feet drawn up or stretched out behind, the wings and tail spread out so as to float on the air, and the body of the animal all light and buoyant.

The wings of birds are so constructed as to combine lightness with strength. The feathers of which they consist are thickest at the roots, where most strength is required, but formed into a quill, hollow, and of a tough light consistency. They gradually grow thinner, and taper towards a point at the other extremity, where they do not need to be so strong; and thus every thing superfluous is avoided that would in the least add to the weight of the bird. To enable the animal to move the wings quickly and with force, it is provided with very strong muscles lying along each side of the breast,—so strong in proportion to its size, that a swan has been known to break a man's leg with a flap of its wing. Thus it pursues its way for a long time through the air without weariness, though its wings be in constant motion.

The feathers of birds would be apt to be ruffled and put out of order by rain, were there not a curious contrivance to prevent it. Most birds have a gland or bag of oil situated under a tuft of feathers near the tail. The bird, by pressing this bag with its beak, extracts the oil from it, and with this oil it trims and dresses its feathers. This keeps them always in good order, and fits them for throwing off any wetness that may fall upon them. You often see birds working with their beak among their feathers: at these times they are pluming and dressing themselves with the oil which nature has provided for that purpose. Hens, and other birds which have better opportunities of shelter and fewer occasions for flight, have little or none of this oil; and, accordingly, when they are caught in a shower, they have a very drenched and moping appearance.

Besides these advantages in their structure, which are common to the generality of birds, each kind has some peculiarity fitted for its own situation. Ducks, for ex-

ample, and other waterfowl, have their breasts and bellies thickly covered with down, that these parts may receive no injury from being much in the water. They are also web-footed, for the purpose of swimming. Some such as the heron, have long legs for wading in marshes and pools, and necks proportionably long for picking up their food. Others, again, such as swans, have short legs, with webbed feet for swimming easily, but still have long necks to gather up their food from below the water. Woodpeckers, which feed on insects in the rotten parts of trees, have short strong legs, with four claws, two standing out forwards, and two backwards, that they may climb and take fast hold of the trunks of the trees. They have a sharp beak, by which they pierce the wood, and are provided with a tongue, which they can shoot out to a great length, and which ends in a sharp bony point, barbed somewhat like a fish-hook, so as to pierce and keep fast the insects on which the bird feeds. Swallows are so formed as not only to fly with great swiftness, but to wind and shift about quickly in the air; by which means, together with the wideness of their mouths, they are enabled to catch the insects flying about, which are their principal food. The pelican, which feeds on fish, has a large bag or net at the lower part of its beak, by which it catches the fish in sufficient abundance for the supply of its wants.

These are some instances of the care which Providence employs in furnishing those animals with the means of safety and subsistence. How pleasant is the thought that we are under the protection of the same great Being, whose care is so bountifully extended to the fowls of heaven!

CRUELTY TO INSECTS.

A CERTAIN youth indulged himself in the cruel entertainment of torturing and killing flies. He tore off their wings and legs, and then watched with pleasure their impotent attempts to escape from him. Sometimes he collected a number of them together, and crushed them at once to death, glorying in the devastation he committed.

Alexis remonstrated with him in vain on this barbarous conduct. He could not persuade him to believe that flies are capable of pain, and have a right, no less than ourselves, to life, liberty, and enjoyment. The signs of agony which they expressed, by the contortions of their bodies, the cruel boy neither understood nor would attend to.

Alexis had a glass for enabling us to see small objects; and he desired his companion one day to examine a most beautiful and surprising animal. Mark, said he, it is studded from head to tail with black and silver, and its body is covered all over with the most curious bristles! The head contains a pair of lively eyes encircled with silver hairs, and the trunk consists of two parts which fold over each other. The whole body is ornamented with plumes and decorations, which surpass the dress of the greatest princes. Pleased and astonished with what he saw, the youth was impatient to know the name and properties of this wonderful animal. It was withdrawn from the magnifier, and, when presented to his naked eye, proved to be a poor fly, which had been the victim of his wanton cruelty! PERCIVAL.

THE NESTS OF BIRDS.

How curious is the structure of the nest of the goldfinch or chaffinch! The inside of it is lined with cotton and fine silken threads; and the outside cannot be sufficiently admired, though it is composed only of various species of fine moss. The colour of these mosses, resembling that of the bark of the tree on which the nest is built, proves that the bird intended it should not be easily discovered. In some nests, hair, wool, and rushes, are dexterously interwoven. In some, all the parts are firmly fastened by a thread, which the bird makes of hemp, wool, hair, or more commonly of spiders' webs.—Other birds, as for instance the blackbird and the lapwing, after they have constructed their nest, plaster the inside with mortar, which cements and binds the whole together; they then stick upon it, while quite wet, some wool or moss, to give it the necessary degree of warmth.—The nests of swal-

lows are of a very different construction from those of other birds. They require neither wood, nor hay, nor cords; they make a kind of mortar, with which they form a neat, secure, and comfortable habitation for themselves and their family. To moisten the dust, of which they build their nest, they dip their breasts in water, and shake the drops from their wet feathers upon it. But the nests most worthy of admiration are those of certain Indian birds, which suspend them with great art from the branches of trees, to secure them from the depredations of various animals and insects.—In general, every species of birds has a peculiar mode of building; but it may be remarked of all alike, that they always construct their nests in the way that is best adapted to their security, and to the preservation and welfare of their species.

Such is the wonderful instinct of birds with respect to the structure of their nests. What skill and sagacity! what industry and patience do they display! And is it not apparent that all their labours tend towards certain ends? They construct their nests hollow and nearly round, that they may retain the heat so much the better. They line them with the most delicate substances, that the young may lie soft and warm. What is it that teaches the bird to place her nest in a situation sheltered from the rain, and secure against the attacks of other animals? How did she learn that she should lay eggs,—that eggs would require a nest to prevent them from falling to the ground, and to keep them warm! Whence does she know that the heat would not be maintained around the eggs if the nest were too large; and that, on the other hand, the young would not have sufficient room if it were smaller? By what rules does she determine the due proportions between the nest, and the young which are not yet in existence? Who has taught her to calculate the time with such accuracy that she never commits a mistake, in producing her eggs before the nest is ready to receive them? Admire in all these things the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of the Creator! STURM.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOWWORM.

A NIGHTINGALE that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,—
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite:
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied, far off upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glowworm by his spark!
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:—
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the selfsame power Divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."

The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else. COWPER.

HONESTY OF A MORAVIAN.

IN the last German war, a captain of cavalry was appointed to procure forage; he accordingly went at the head of his troops to the place assigned them for the purpose;—it was a solitary valley, in which the eye perceived nothing but clusters of trees. At last the officer discovered a cottage, and, knocking at the door, it was opened by an old Moravian with a white beard. "Father," said the captain, "show me a field where we can procure forage."—"I will," replied the old man. He then put himself at their head, and conducted them out of the valley. After riding for about a quarter of an hour, they arrived

at a fine field of barley. "Stop," said the officer to his guide, "this is what we want."—"Wait a little," replied the Moravian, "and you shall be satisfied." They then continued their progress, and at the distance of a quarter of a league they found another field of the same grain. When the soldiers had cut the corn and remounted their horses, the officer said to his guide,—"Father, you have brought us a great way unnecessarily; the first field was better than this."—"True," replied the old man, "but that field does not belong to me!" What a noble instance of truly Christian virtue! rather than injure his neighbour's property, the worthy Moravian sacrificed his own. ST PIERRE.

THE NETTLE.—*Father*, *Agnes*.

A. OH, papa! I have stung my hand with that nasty nettle.

F. Well, my dear, I am sorry for it; but pull up that large dock-leaf you see near it;—now, bruise the juice out of it on the part you have stung.—Well, is the pain lessened?

A. Oh, very much indeed—I hardly feel it now. But I wish there was not a nettle in the world; I am sure I do not know what use there can be in them.

F. If you knew any thing of botany, Nanny, you would not say so; for there is much beauty, and use and instruction, in a nettle.

A. Oh, papa! how can you make that out?

F. Put on your glove, pluck up that nettle, and let us examine it. Take this magnifying glass, and look at the leaves.

A. Oh! I see they are all covered over with little bristles; and when I examine them with the glass I see a little bag filled with a juice like water at the bottom of each:—Ha! these are the things which stung me.

F. Now, touch the bag with the point of this pin.

A. When I press the bag the juice runs up, and comes out at the small point at the top; so I suppose the little thorn must be hollow inside, though it is finer than the point of my cambric needle.

F. Now, look at the stem, and break it.

A. I can easily crack it, but I cannot break it asunder.

F. Well, now you see there are more curious things in a nettle than you expected.

A. You have often told me, papa, that God made nothing in vain; but I am sure I cannot see any use for all these things in a nettle.

F. That we will now consider. God has given to all his creatures some kind of defence that they may protect themselves; and for this purpose the bull has horns, and the nettle stings. But even these things are made of use to man. There are certain diseases which require sharp remedies. You yourself had occasion to know this; for once you were in pain, and your good uncle, the doctor, thought it necessary to put a blister on the part, and, under God, you got relief. Well, the poor cannot always get a blister, so they frequently use nettles. They strike the part that is in pain, and the points entering the skin, it presses on the little bags at the bottom; the juice is then forced up and comes out at the point; and wherever it is left behind it makes a little blister, which gives relief to the pain. But when there is no occasion to use nettles in this way, and you accidentally sting your hand with them, you find a plant beside them, and the mild juice of the one immediately corrects the sharp pain of the other; so that you see how good Providence is. When the nettle is wanted for a remedy, it removes the pain of the sick; when it is not necessary for that purpose, the dock-leaf grows beside it to heal the pain it may have inflicted.

A. But is the stalk of any use, papa?

F. You saw how very tough the fibres or strings of the bark were; they are for that reason often used in the room of hemp or flax. There is a plant called *hemp-nettle* (not, however, a real nettle), which the farmers of Yorkshire sow for the purpose. When ripe it is steeped in water, the stem decays, and the bark remains in strings; these are dressed like flax, and the farmers weave them into strong bags, frock-coats, and other useful articles.

A. Well, I am sure, I never thought of such things

when I have trampled on a poor nettle, and I am very much obliged to you for instructing me.

F. I would wish to instruct you a little more, my dear child, and on a still more important point. You were angry and impatient when the nettle stung you, and seemed to repine at that which God had made; but you see how good and perfect is the thing you despised. Every thing, when examined, is equally a proof of God's wisdom and goodness. He creates nothing in vain. The Bible tells us, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork;" and so does every thing else in nature. God is everywhere, and his hand is in all things; you see him in the sun, moon, and stars, which glitter in the sky; and you see him in the humble nettle, which you despise and trample on.

DR WALSH.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

IT is of the late President Washington, when about six of age, that some one made him the of a hatchet; of which, being, like most , immoderately fond, he about chopping every thing that in his way; and going into the garden, he unluckily tried its on an English cherry-tree, which he so terribly as to leave very little of its recovery. The next morning his father the tree, which was a favourite, in that condition, and who had done the mischief, declaring he would not have taken five guineas for the , but nobody could him. Presently after, however, George , with the hatchet in hand, into the place where his was, who immediately suspected him to be the . "George," said the old gentleman, "do you know who that beautiful little cherry-tree, yonder in the ?" The child hesitated for a , and then nobly replied, "I can't tell a , papa;—you know I can't tell a , I did cut it with my ."—"Run to my arms, my boy!" exclaimed his ; "run to my ! glad am I, George, that you have killed my for you have

paid me for it a thousand fold! such an of heroism in my son is of more than a thousand , though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of !"

THE SAVIOUR'S FAITHFULNESS.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom evening, in the west,
Sinks smilingly forsworn.
The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding bark untrue;
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.
But Thou art true, incarnate Lord!
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die,
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify. WORDSWORTH.

GENEROSITY OF A SAILOR.

A FEW weeks ago, as I was walking along one of the back-streets of this city on a rainy morning, I was very much struck with the melancholy figure of a blind man, who was endeavouring to excite charity by ballad-singing. Misery could not have found a form more suited to her nature. Whilst I was contemplating the wretchedness of the object, and comparing it with the strain which necessity compelled him to chant, a sailor, who came whistling along the street with a stick under his arm, stopped and purchased a ballad from him: "God preserve you!" cried the blind man, "for I have not tasted bread this blessed day!"—when the sailor, looking round him for a moment, sprung up four steps into a baker's shop near which he stood, and returning immediately, thrust a small loaf quietly into the poor man's hand, and went off whistling as he came.

I was so affected with this singular act of generosity,

that I called the honest seaman back to me. Taking the silver I had about me, which I think was no more than four shillings, "Thy nobleness of soul," said I, "which I have seen so bright an instance of, makes me sorry that I cannot reward thee as thou dost deserve. I must, however, beg thy acceptance of this trifle, as a small testimony how much I admire thy generous nature."—"God bless your noble honour!" said the sailor, "and thank you; but we will divide the prize-money fairly." Stepping back therefore to the blind man, he gave him half of it; and, clapping him upon the shoulder at the same time, added, "Here are two shillings for thee, my blind Cupid, for which you are not indebted to me, but to a noble gentleman who stands within five yards of you; so get into harbour, and make yourself warm, and keep your *hum-strum* for fairer weather." MACKENZIE.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

THINK not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?
  Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind Heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
He hears their gay and their distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
  Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow;
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with theirs compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!
  If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven he feeds;
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unwise? or are ye less than they? THOMSON.

THE CHILD JESUS.

The birth of any infant is a far greater event than the production of the sun. The sun is only a lump of senseless matter; it sees not its own light; it feels not its own heat: and with all its grandeur it will cease to be:—but the infant, beginning only to breathe yesterday, is possessed of reason—has within it a principle far superior to all matter—and will live for ever.

But *this child* is all prodigy. He is miraculously conceived; and born of a virgin. His coming "shakes the heaven and the earth." For what other child did ever the heavens assume a new star, or wise men come out of the East, or angels descend from glory?

What are other children at twelve years of age! The mind is only beginning to open; the ideas are few and trifling. But behold this child, when twelve years old, doing his Heavenly "Father's" business; sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions,—while all that hear him are astonished at his understanding and answers.

Nor did his manhood disappoint the promise of his childhood. When he appeared in public, he spake "as never man spake." He healed the sick. He raised the dead. He cast out devils. "He went about doing good." "He died for our sins; he rose for our justification." And he "entered into his glory, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come."—Such was the child Jesus!

JAY—*Short Discourses.*

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining!
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall!
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid! HEBER.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

AN old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm,—the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course, the wheels remained motionless with surprise, the weights hung speechless, each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stop; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of *striking*. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate. "As to that," replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness!—you, who have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up

for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."—"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"—"But what," resumed the pendulum, "although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours,—perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum." The minute-hand, being *quick at figures*, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."—"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one;—and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—I'll stop!"

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue, but, resuming its gravity, at last replied:

"Dear Mr Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, will it fatigue us to *do?* Would you now do me the favour to give about half-a-dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?" The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "was that exertion at all fatiguing to you?"—"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of *six* strokes that I complain, nor of *sixty*, but of *millions*."—"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."—"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then, I hope," added the dial-plate,

"we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever,—while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night. JANE TAYLOR.

HALF-A-CROWN'S WORTH.

VALENTINE was in his thirteenth year, and a scholar in one of our great schools. He was a well-disposed boy, but could not help envying a little some of his companions, who had a larger allowance of money than himself. He ventured in a letter to sound his father on the subject, not directly asking for a particular sum, but mentioning that many of the boys in his class had half-a-crown a-week for pocket-money.

His father, who did not choose to comply with his wishes, nor yet to refuse him in a mortifying manner, wrote an answer, the chief purpose of which was to make him sensible what sort of a sum half-a-crown a-week was; and to how many more important uses it might be put, than to provide a schoolboy with things absolutely superfluous to him.

It is calculated, said he, that a grown man may be kept in health, and fit for labour, upon a pound and a half of good bread a-day. Suppose the value of this to be twopence halfpenny, and add a penny for a quart of milk, which will greatly improve his diet, half-a-crown will keep him eight or nine days in this manner.

A common labourer's wages in our country are seven shillings a-week; and, if we add something extraordinary for harvest-work, this will not make it amount to three half-crowns on an average the year round. Suppose his

wife and children to earn another half-crown. For this ten shillings per week, he will maintain himself, his wife, and half-a-dozen children, in food, lodging, clothes, and fuel. A half-crown then may be reckoned the full weekly maintenance of two human creatures in every thing necessary.

Many of the cottagers round us would receive with great thankfulness a sixpenny loaf per week, and reckon it a very material addition to their children's bread. For half-a-crown, therefore, you might purchase—the weekly blessing of five poor families!

Many a cottage in the country, inhabited by a large family, is let for forty shillings a-year. Half-a-crown a-week would pay the full rent of three such cottages, and allow somewhat over for repairs.

The usual price for schooling, at a dame-school in a village, is twopence a-week. You might, therefore, get fifteen children instructed in reading, and the girls in sewing, for half-a-crown weekly! But even in a town, you might have them taught reading, writing, and accounts, and so fitted for any common trade, for five shillings a-quarter; and therefore half-a-crown a-week would keep *six children* at such a school, and provide them with books besides.

All these are ways in which half-a-crown a-week might be made to do a great deal of good to *others*. I shall now just mention one or two ways of laying it out with advantage to *yourself*. I know you are fond of coloured plates of plants, and other objects of natural history. There are now several works of this sort publishing in monthly numbers. Now, half-a-crown a-week would reach the purchase of the best of them.

The same sum, laid out in the old-book shops in London, would buy you more classics, and pretty editions too, in one year, than you could read in five.

Now, I do not grudge laying out half-a-crown a-week upon you; but when so many good things for yourself and others may be done with it, I am unwilling you should squander it away, like your schoolfellows, in tarts and trinkets. *Evenings at Home.*

WINTER.

The scenes around us have assumed a new and chilling appearance. The trees are shorn of their foliage, the hedges are laid bare, the fields and favourite walks have lost their charms, and the garden, now that it yields no perfumes, and offers no fruits, is, like a friend in adversity, forsaken. The tuneful tribes are dumb, the cattle no longer play in the meadows, the north wind blows. "He sendeth abroad his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold?"—We rush in for shelter.

But winter is not without its uses. It aids the system of life and vegetation; it kills the seeds of infection; it refines the blood; it strengthens the nerves; it braces the whole frame. Snow is a warm covering for the corn; and while it defends the tender blades from nipping frosts, it also nourishes their growth. When the snow thaws, it becomes a genial moisture to the soil into which it sinks; and thus the glebe is replenished with nutriment to produce the bloom of spring and the bounty of autumn.

Winter has also its pleasures. I love to hear the roaring of the wind,—I love to see the figures which the frost has painted on the glass,—I love to watch the redbreast with his slender legs, standing at the window, and knocking with his bill to ask for the crumbs which fall from the table. Is it not pleasant to view a landscape whitened with snow?—to gaze upon the trees and hedges dressed in such sparkling lustre?—to behold the rising sun labouring to pierce the morning fog, and gradually causing objects to emerge from it by little and little, and appear in their own forms; whilst the mist rolls up the side of the hill and is seen no more?

Winter is a season in which we should feel gratitude for our comforts. How much more temperate is our climate than that of many other countries! Think of those who live within the polar circle, dispersed, exposed to beasts of prey, their poor huts furnishing only a wretched refuge! They endure months of perpetual night; and by the absence of heat almost complete barrenness reigns around. But we have houses to defend us, and clothes

to cover us, and fires to warm us, and beds to comfort us, and provisions to nourish us. How becoming, in our circumstances, is gratitude to God!

This season calls upon us to exercise benevolence. While we are enjoying every comfort which the tenderness of Providence can afford, let us think of the indigent and the miserable. Let us think of those whose poor hovels and shattered panes cannot screen them from the piercing cold. Let us think of the old and the infirm, of the sick and the diseased. O let "the blessing of them that are ready to perish come upon us." Who would not deny himself superfluities, and something more, that his bounty may visit "the fatherless and the widows in their affliction?"

This season is instructive as an emblem. Here is the picture of thy life. Thy flowery spring, thy summer strength, thy sober autumn, are all hastening into winter. Decay and death will soon, very soon, lay all waste! What provision hast thou made for the evil day? Hast thou been laying up treasure in heaven?—hast thou been labouring for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life?

Soon spring will dawn again upon us with its beauty and its songs. And "we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." No winter there; but we shall flourish in perpetual spring, in endless youth, in everlasting life!

JAY—*Family Discourses.*

WINTER.

No longer autumn's glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed;
No more beneath the evening beam
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam,
Away hath pass'd the heather-bell
That bloom'd so rich on Needpath fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister heights of Yair.
The sheep before the pinching heaven,
To shelter'd dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines.

In meek despondency they eye
The wither'd sward and wintry sky.
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanish'd flower;
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask,—Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

AND wherefore do the poor complain?
The rich man ask'd of me,—
Come, walk abroad with me, I said,
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold;
And we were wrapt and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bareheaded man,
His locks were few and white;
I ask'd him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,

And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child,
And she begg'd loud and bold;
I ask'd her what she did abroad,
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick in bed;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there,
When the wind it was so chill;—
She turn'd her head, and bade the child
That scream'd behind be still.

She told us that her husband served
A soldier far away;
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he;
You ask'd me why the poor complain,
And *these* have answer'd thee. SOUTHEY.

WINTER EVENING OF AN ICELAND FAMILY.

A WINTER evening in an Iceland family presents a in the highest degree interesting pleasing. Between three and four the lamp is hung up the *badstofa* or principal apartment, which answers the double of a bedchamber sitting-room; and all the of the family take station, with their work in hands, on their respective beds, all of which face other. The master and , together with the children, or other , occupy the beds at the inner end the room; the rest are by the servants.

The work no sooner begun, than of the family, selected purpose, advances to a seat the lamp, and commences the evening lecture, which generally of some old saga, or such histories as are to be on the island. Being but supplied with printed books, the Icelanders are the necessity of copying such as they can the loan of, which sufficiently accounts for the , that most of write a hand equal in beauty to of the ablest writing-masters in parts of Europe. Some specimens of Gothic writing are scarcely inferior copperplate. The reader is frequently interrupted, either by the head or some of the more intelligent of the family, who make on various parts of story, and propose with a view to exercise the of the children servants. In some houses the sagas are repeated by as have got by heart; and instances are uncommon, of itinerant historians, who a livelihood the winter, by staying at different farms till they have exhausted their of literary knowledge. At the of the evening labours, which are frequently till near midnight, the family join in singing a or two; after which a chapter from some of devotion is read, if the family be not in of a Bible; but where this sacred exists, it is preferred to other. A prayer is also read by the of the family, and the exercise concludes a psalm. Their devotions are conducted in a similar at the lamp. When the Icelander awakes, he does not salute any that may have slept in the with him, but hastens to door, and, lifting up his towards heaven, adores Him who the heavens and earth, the author preserver of his being, and the source of blessing. He then returns into the , and salutes every one he with "God grant you a good day!" DR HENDERSON.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

LET the commands of your parents be ever sacred in your ears, and implicitly obeyed, where they do not contradict

the commands of God. Pretend not to be wiser than they who have had so much more experience than you; and despise them not, if happily you should be so blest as to have gained a degree of knowledge or of fortune superior to theirs. Let your carriage towards them be always respectful, your words always affectionate; and especially beware of pert replies and pevish looks. Never imagine, if they oppose your inclinations, that this arises from any thing but love to you; but let the remembrance of what they have done, and suffered for you, preserve you from acts of disobedience, and from paining those good hearts which have already felt so much for you. Admire and imitate the following examples of *filial love*:—

Boleslaus the Fourth, King of Poland, had a picture of his father, which he carried about his neck, set in a plate of gold, and when he was going to say or do any thing of importance, he took this pleasing monitor in his hand, and kissing it, used to say, "My dear father! may I do nothing unworthy of thy name!"

During an eruption of Mount Etna, the inhabitants of the adjacent country were obliged for safety to abandon their houses, and retire to a great distance. Amidst the hurry and confusion of the scene, whilst every one was carrying away whatever he deemed most precious, two sons, in the height of their solicitude to preserve their wealth and goods, recollected that their father and mother, who were both very old, were unable to save themselves by flight. Filial tenderness set aside every other consideration. "Where," cried the generous youths, "shall we find a more precious treasure than those who gave us being?" This said, the one took up his father on his shoulders, and the other his mother, and they thus made their way through the surrounding smoke and flames. The deed struck all beholders with admiration; and ever since, the path they took in their retreat has been called "the Field of the Pious," in memory of this pleasing incident.

While Octavius was at Samos, after the famous battle of Actium, which made him master of the world, he held a council in order to try the prisoners who had been engaged in Antony's party. Among the rest was brought

before him Metellus, an old man oppressed with infirmities and ill-fortune, whose son sat as one of the judges. At first the son did not recognise the father. At length, however, having recollected his features, the generous youth, instead of being ashamed to own him, ran to embrace the old man, and cried bitterly. Then, returning towards the tribunal, "Cæsar," said he, "my father has been your enemy, and I your officer; he deserves to be punished, and I to be rewarded. The favour I desire of you is either to save him on my account, or to order me to be put to death with him." As was to be expected, all the judges were touched with pity at this affecting scene; and Octavius himself, relenting, granted to old Metellus his life and liberty.

The emperor Decimus, intending and desiring to place the crown on the head of Decius, his son, the young prince refused it in the most strenuous manner. "I am afraid," said he, "lest, being made an emperor, I should forget that I am a son. I had rather be no emperor and a dutiful son, than an emperor and a disobedient son. Let then my father bear the rule; and let this only be my empire, to obey with all humility whatsoever he shall command me."—Thus the solemnity was waived, and the young man was not crowned,—unless it be thought that this signal piety towards an indulgent parent was a more glorious diadem than the crown of an empire.

Beauties of History.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

The father of that eminent lawyer, Mr Sergeant Glanvil, had a good estate, which he intended to settle on his eldest son; but he proving a vicious young man, and there being no hopes of his recovery, he devolved it upon the Sergeant, who was his second son. Upon his father's death, the eldest, finding that what he had before considered as the mere threatenings of an angry old man, were now but too certain, became melancholy, and an altered man. His brother, observing this, invited him, together with many of his friends, to a feast; where, after other dishes had been served up, he ordered one,

which was covered, to be set before his brother, and desired him to uncover it. What was the surprise of the company and of the brother when the dish proved to be full of writings! "These," said the Sergeant to his brother, "are the title-deeds of the property left by our father; I now do what I am sure our father would have done had he lived to see the happy change which we now all see in you; and I therefore freely restore to you the whole estate."

In the year 1585 the Portuguese carracks sailed from Lisbon to Goa, then a flourishing colony of that nation in the East Indies. On board of one of these vessels were no less than 1200 souls,—mariners, passengers, priests, and friars. The beginning of the voyage was prosperous; but not many days after, through the perverseness of the pilot, the ship struck on a rock, and instant death stared the crew in the face. The captain ordered the pinnace to be launched; into which having tossed a small quantity of biscuit, he then leaped in himself, with nineteen others, who, with their swords, prevented any more from following them, lest the boat should sink. Thus scantily equipped, they put off into the great Indian Ocean, without a compass to steer by, or any fresh water but what might happen to fall from the heavens. At the end of four or five days the captain fell sick and died; and they were obliged, in order to prevent confusion, to elect one of their company to command them. This person proposed to them to draw lots, and cast every fourth man overboard; their small stock of provisions being now so far spent as not to be sufficient to sustain life above three days longer. To this they agreed; so that four were to die out of their unhappy number,—the captain, a friar, and a carpenter, being exempted by general consent. The lots being cast, three submitted to their fate, after they had confessed and received absolution. The fourth victim was a Portuguese gentleman, who had a younger brother in the boat. When he was about to be thrown overboard, the latter most tenderly embraced him, and with tears besought permission to die in his room; enforcing his arguments by stating, "that he was a married man,

and had a wife and children at Goa, besides the care of three sisters, who absolutely depended upon him for support; whereas he was single, and his life of no great importance:"—he therefore conjured his brother to allow him to suffer in his place, protesting that he would rather die than live without him. The elder brother, astonished and melted with this generosity, replied, "that, since the Divine Providence had appointed him to suffer, it would be wicked and unjust to permit any other to die for him, but especially a brother to whom he was so infinitely obliged." The younger, however, would take no denial, but, throwing himself on his knees, held his brother so fast that the company could not disengage him. Thus they disputed awhile, the elder bidding him be a father to his children, and recommending his wife and sisters to his protection; but all that he said could not make the younger desist. At last the constancy of the elder brother yielded to the piety of the other, and he suffered the gallant youth to supply his place, who was accordingly cast into the sea. It is but right to add, that this devoted brother did not lose his life. Land being soon after descried, the crew made an effort to take him again on board, which was crowned with success; and in a few hours the whole party were landed in safety on the coast of Mozambique.

Beauties of History.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The cottage-homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brook,
And round the hamlet-fanes,
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God. MRS HEMANS.

THE SHEPHERD BOY AND HIS DOG SHAG.

ONE Saturday evening Halbert's mother was taken very ill; the cottage they lived in was away among the mountains far from any path. The snow fell in large heavy flakes, and Malcolm (that was the shepherd's name) took down his long pole with the intention of setting out to the village to procure some medicine for his wife. "Father," said little Halbert, "I know the sheep-path through the dark glen better than you; and with Shag, who will walk before me, I am quite safe; let me go for the doctor, and do you stay and comfort my mother." Malcolm consented. Halbert had been accustomed to the mountains from his earliest infancy; and Shag set out with his young master, wagging his tail, and making many jumps and grimaces.—They went safely on,—Halbert arrived at the village—saw the doctor—received some medicine for his mother—and then commenced his return with a cheerful heart.

Shag went on before to ascertain that all was right; —suddenly, however, he stopped and began snuffing

and smelling about. "Go on, Shag," said Halbert. Shag would not stir.—"Shag, go on, sir," repeated the boy; "we are nearly at the top of the glen; look through the night, you can see the candle glimmer in our own window." Shag appeared obstinate for the first time in his life; and at last Halbert advanced alone, heedless of the warning growl of his companion. He had proceeded but a few steps when he fell over a precipice, which had been concealed by a snow-wreath.

Malcolm repeatedly snuffed the little candle which he had affectionately placed so as to throw light over his boy's path—replenished the fire—and spoke to his wife that comfort in which his own anxious heart could not participate. Often did he go to the door, but no footstep sounded on the crackling ice, no figure darkened the wide waste of snow.—"Perhaps the doctor is not at home, and he is waiting for him," said his poor mother. She felt so uneasy at her child's absence, that she almost forgot her own pain. It was nearly midnight, when Malcolm heard the well-known bark of the faithful Shag. "My son! my son!" cried both parents at the same moment. The cottage-door opened, and Shag entered without his master! "My brave boy has perished in the snow!" exclaimed the mother; at the same moment the father saw a small packet round the dog's neck, who was lying panting on the floor. "Our boy lives," said the shepherd; "here is the medicine tied with his handkerchief; he has fallen into some of the pits; but he is safe. Trust in God! I will go out, and Shag will conduct me safely to the rescue of my child."—In an instant Shag was again on his feet, and testified the most unbounded joy as they both issued from the cottage.—You may imagine the misery and grief the poor mother suffered—alone in her mountain-dwelling—the snow and the wind beating round her solitary cot—the certainty of her son's danger, and the fear lest her husband also might perish. She felt that both their lives depended on the sagacity of a poor dog; but she knew that God could guide the dumb creature's steps to the saving of both; and she clasped her hands, and fervently prayed that God would not desert her in the most severe trial she had ever met.

Shag went on straight and steadily for some yards, and then suddenly turned down a path which led to the bottom of the crag over which Halbert had fallen. The descent was steep and dangerous, and Malcolm was frequently obliged to support himself by the frozen branches of the trees. Providentially, however, it had ceased snowing, and the clouds were drifting fast from the moon. At last Malcolm stood at the lower and opposite edge of the pit into which his son had fallen!—he hallooed—he strained his eyes, but could not see or hear any thing. Shag was making his way down an almost perpendicular height, and Malcolm resolved at all hazards to follow him. After getting to the bottom, Shag scrambled to a projecting ledge of rock, which was nearly embedded in snow, and commenced whining and scratching in a violent manner. Malcolm followed, and after some search found what appeared the dead body of his son. He hastily tore off the jacket, which was soaked with blood and snow, and, wrapping Halbert in his plaid, strapped him across his shoulders, and with much toil and difficulty reascended. Halbert was placed in his mother's bed; and by using great exertion they aroused him from his dangerous sleep. He was much bruised, and his ankle dislocated; but he had no other hurt: and when he recovered his senses, he fixed his eyes on his mother, and his first words were, "Thank God!—but did you get the medicine, mother?" When he fell, Shag had descended after him, and the affectionate son used what little strength he had left to tie what he had received from the doctor round the dog's neck, and directed him home with it.

—— It is many years since this happened, and Shag is now old and gray; but he still toddles about after his master, who is now one of the most handsome and trusty shepherds among the bonny Highlands of Scotland.

Juvenile Forget-me-Not.

GELERT.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave, a lamb at home—
A lion in the chase!"

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved;
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore—
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd
(And on went Gelert too),
And still where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stain'd cover rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
He search'd—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side!—

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell,
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kiss'd!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain,
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's wo,—
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell! SPENCER.

EXERCISES

ON WORDS OCCURRING IN SECTION III.

DERIVATIVES.

Ad*apt*, (*aptus*)
*Alter*nate (*alter*)
*Annu*al (*annus*)
*Arbitr*ary (*arbiter*)
Assi*du*ous (*sedeo*)
Bene*vol*ence (*volo*)
*Cav*ity (*cavus*)
Con*nex*ion (*necto*)
Con*vert* (*verto*)
Con*vey* (*veho*)
Con*vul*se (*vello*)
Deity (*deus*)
Deve*lop* (*velo*)
Dif*fuse* (*fundo*)
Dis*sect* (*seco*)
Dis*tend* (*tendo*)
*Dur*ability (*durus*)
E*jac*ulation (*jacio*)
Ex*clude*, Ex*clusive* (*claudo*)
Ex*pand* (*pando*)
*Facil*ity (*facilis*)
*Hospit*ality (*hospes*)
Im*bibe* (*bibo*)
In*dign*ity (*dignus*)
Inexo*rable* (*oro*)
In*flex*ible (*flecto*)
Inter*cession* (*cedo*)
*Legislat*ion (*lex* and *latus*)
*Liber*ate (*liber*)
Manuscript (*manus* and *scribo*)
*Medi*ator (*medius*)
Microscope (*micros* and *skopeo*)
Nautical (*nauta*)
Orient (*oriens*)
Patriot (*patria*)
Pre*cinct*s (*cinctus*)
Pre*cipit*ate (*caput*)
Reptile (*repo*)
Re*spons*e (*spondeo*)
Re*tention*, Re*tinue* (*teneo*)
*Simil*ar (*similis*)
*Spont*aneous (*sponté*)
Sub*miss*ive (*mitto*)
*Techn*ical (*technè*)
*Terr*ace, *Terr*itory (*terra*)
Trans*lat*e (*latus*)
*Uni*form (*unus*)
Vital (*vita*)

The *annu*al meetings of several institutions are held in London and Edinburgh *alter*nately. This is found to be a *bene*ficial arrangement, as it keeps up an interest in the institution in both parts of the island. *Dom*estic comforts are of all others the most delightful. He who takes care to ex*clud*e all strife from his fireside is sure to be happy; and he who im*bib*es a taste for home-delights when young, runs little risk of being led astray by the giddy pleasures of the world when old.

Of all bodies the metals are the most *dur*able. They are distinguished from other substances by their peculiar lustre and great weight. They are generally found at a considerable depth in the earth, de*posit*ed in veins of various thickness, and in a state of combination with other substances:—in which state they are called o*res*. They are got by making ex*cav*ations in the earth, called mines; and after they are brought to the surface, they undergo various pro*cesses* in order to separate the pure metal from the baser substances. They are all *fus*ible, and, when polished, possess the power of re*flect*ing objects like *mir*rors. Their many and important uses are well known.

Labour is essential to man; and when he has *liber*ty it is no hardship. But labour and slavery form together a grievous curse. It was long a disgrace to our free country that slavery was allowed to exist

and held to be *leg*al in our West India colonies. But the negro-slaves are now re*deem*ed from their bondage, and their *manu*al labour is sweetened by the blessings of liberty!

At some schools and colleges it is customary for the masters to pre*scrib*e to their pupils a subject for a literary theme or essay. A prize is adjudged to the author of the best theme; and if sufficient sub*scrib*ers can be obtained to defray the expense, the essay is printed, and in*scrib*ed to the master. Many beautiful specimens of com*posi*tion, written by boys of fifteen and sixteen years of age as prize-essays, exist in this country.

> Lo, o'er the blue expanse the steam-ship rides,
> Careless alike of either winds or tides;
> No oar she plies, no sail doth e'er ex*pand*,
> And yet she walks the waves from land to land;—
> Pro*ceeds*—re*verts*—and moveth variously,
> As if a living monster of the sea!
> She is a marvel—but the vessel slight
> That ploughs the waters, like a thing of light,
> Flashing her sails and streamers in the sun,
> Is much the dearer and the lovelier one.

PECULIAR WORDS.

Atmosphere	Ichneumon	Mercury	Septuagint
Discovery	Invention	Natural History	Volume
Hallelujah	Mediator	Philosopher	Zephyr
Hosanna	Messiah	Redeemer	

Atmosphere is the name given to that vast mass of air that surrounds the earth. It is supposed to extend forty or fifty miles above the surface of the earth, and it becomes continually rarer or less dense as it recedes from the earth. The weight of the atmosphere at the surface of the earth is such, that a man of middling stature is computed to sustain little less than fourteen tons.

To *discover* means to find out a thing that previously existed though it was unknown; to *invent* means to find out a thing that had no previous existence. The finding out of America was a *discovery;* the finding out of a watch was an *invention.* Harvey *discovered* the circulation of the blood; the Marquis of Worcester *invented* the steam-engine.

Hallelujah, or *Alleluia*, signifies "Praise the Lord," and is an exclamation used in songs of thanksgiving. *Hosanna* is a form of blessing or wishing well. At our Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem, when the people cried Hosanna, their meaning was, Lord, preserve this son of David, heap favours and blessings on him!

Ichneumon is the name of a small animal that breaks the eggs of the crocodile; but the word is applied to all animals of whatever sort that destroy the eggs of other animals. It is most commonly used to describe several species of destructive flies. They are also called cuckoo-flies, because, like the cuckoo, they thrust their eggs into the nest of another species.

Proper names have some meaning probably in all languages; but this is especially the case in the languages in which the Scriptures were written. Adam means, of the earth; Abraham, exalted father; Moses, taken out of the water; David, well-beloved; and Solomon, peaceable. The names of our Saviour are peculiarly significant and appropriate. *Jesus* means, saviour or deliverer, and he is so called because he saves or delivers his people from their sins; *Christ* and *Messiah* both mean anointed, and he is so called because he has been anointed or consecrated by God to his office. A *mediator* is one who mediates between two parties for the purpose of reconciling them; and the Saviour is so called, because he mediates between God and man, and makes reconciliation. A *redeemer* is one who ransoms or buys back another from bondage; and the Saviour is so called because he ransoms his people from the bondage of sin and Satan. Jesus Christ is our *prophet* or teacher, because he reveals to us by his word and spirit the will of God; our *priest*, because he has atoned for our sins, and intercedes for our acceptance; and our *king*, because he subdues our hearts, and rules and defends us.

Mercury is one of the metals. It is always fluid at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere; and its most remarkable property is, that, when it is divided into small parts, each of its parts assumes a globular form. Its name quicksilver must have been given it in ignorance of its true nature; for, though it is undoubtedly *quick*, yet it has no other alliance with *silver* than its white appearance.

Natural objects are divided into three classes,—minerals, vegetables, and animals. The sciences that describe and classify these objects have various names. Mineralogy is the science of minerals; Botany, the science of plants; and Zoology, the science of animals. These again, especially the last, admit of several subdivisions; each class of animals having a science specially relating to it. *Natural History*, or the History of Nature, is an appellation comprehending the whole, though it is sometimes applied in a restricted sense to the science of Zoology or animals.

Septuagint means seventy; but the phrase, "*the Septuagint*," is uniformly employed to describe a Greek version of the Old Testament, which was made at Alexandria before the time of our Saviour by seventy or seventy-two learned Jews. This version is that which was generally used and quoted by our Saviour and his apostles; and it ought to be considered as a wonderful providence in favour of the religion of Jesus, that such a translation was made and published previous to his coming. It not only prepared the way for his coming, but it afterwards greatly promoted the setting up of his kingdom in the world. The Hebrew language, in which the Scriptures had been hitherto locked up, was known only to the Jews; but the Greek language was understood by the whole civilized world.

Every one knows what is meant by the *volume* of a book; but it should be remembered that the word strictly signifies something "rolled up." It is used in its literal acceptation when we say "a volume of smoke or vapour." Before the invention of printing all works were written on parchment and rolled up. A roll of parch-

ment was called a volume ; and hence the application of the word to books.

Zephyr is a poetical name for the west wind, in the same manner as *Boreas* is a poetical name for the north wind, *Eurus* for the east, and *Auster* for the south wind. The ancient Greeks and Romans supposed the winds to be gods, and hence gave them these and similar names.

A *philosopher* means literally "a lover of wisdom." It happened while Pythagoras was on a visit to King Leon, that the latter was exceedingly charmed with the ingenuity and eloquence with which he discoursed upon various topics, and asked him in what art he principally excelled : to which Pythagoras replied, that he did not profess himself master of any art, but that he was "a philosopher." Leon, struck with the novelty of the term, asked Pythagoras who were philosophers ? Pythagoras replied, that, as in the public games, while some are contending for glory, and others are buying and selling in pursuit of gain, there is always a third class of persons who attend merely as spectators ; so in human life, amidst the various characters of men, there is a select number of those who, despising all other pursuits, assiduously apply themselves to the study of nature, and to the search after wisdom. "These," added Pythagoras, "are the persons whom I call *philosophers*."

WORDS OF MORE THAN FOUR SYLLABLES.

Accommodation	Expostulated	Inferiority	Reconciliation
Authenticity	Hospitality	Ingenuity	Regeneration
Beneficial	Humiliation	Initiated	Satisfactory
Christianity	Immortality	Mortification	Superiority
Comparatively	Immutable	Occasionally	Unconquerable
Considerable	Imperceptible	Particularly	Unfavourable
Durability	Inconsolable	Physiognomy	Uniformity
Ejaculation	Inexorable	Providential	Unreasonable
Eventually	Inexperienced		

SECTION III.

THE BIBLE.

THE word BIBLE means *book*, and the sacred volume is so called because it is the book of books—the best book. The word SCRIPTURE signifies *writings*. The Bible was not written at one time, nor by one person; but consists

of various parts, written at different times by different men. It is divided into two Testaments, called the *Old* and the *New*, chiefly with reference to the time when they were published; the *Old* being published before the coming of Christ, and the *New* after his death. As a testament, the Bible is the will of our gracious Redeemer, full of noble gifts and legacies, confirmed to us by the death of the Testator. The great promise of the *Old* Testament is a Saviour to come; the *New* shows us that this Saviour is come, and gives us another great promise (though this promise is not excluded from the *Old*), the promise of the Holy Ghost.

The *Apocrypha*, sometimes bound up with the Bible, is no part of the inspired volume, and has no Divine authority. The books which compose it were not admitted into the sacred canon until the Council of Trent, which was held in the year 1546, under Pope Paul III., and they have therefore no claim to be considered a part of the Word of God.

The *Canon of Scripture* is that body of sacred books which serves for the rule of faith and practice. It is the authorized catalogue of sacred writings. The word *canon* is derived from a Greek word signifying *rule*.

The Old Testament was chiefly written in the Hebrew language, and the New Testament in the Greek. The present authorized English Bible was translated out of the original languages in the reign of King James I. Where LORD is printed in capital letters, it is, in the original, Jehovah, or the self-existent and independent Being. The word Lord, in the common characters, is, in the original, Adonai,—that is Ruler or Sustainer. This distinction may be observed, Psalm cx. 1, and elsewhere. Such words as are printed in *italics* are used to complete the sense in the translation, there being no corresponding original words. In the margin of the larger Bibles there are *references* to parallel or similar passages, the knowledge of which often helps us in understanding the Scriptures. There are also *various readings;* for when the excellent translators of the Bible thought any passage might justly bear a different construction, they have put this in the margin. And where they thought that the

idioms of the English language would not permit them to translate the Hebrew literally into English, they still put the literal translation in the margin. This is pointed out in the Old Testament by putting *Heb.* before it,—that is, literally in the Hebrew; and in the New Testament, *Gr.*,—that is, literally in the Greek. The books of the Bible, when first written, were not divided into chapters and verses. This was a modern invention, useful in many respects; but the sense is frequently obscured by it. Thus the 1st verse of 2d Corinthians, 7th chapter, should be read along with the 6th chapter. In order to obtain a general view of the plan and connexion of any particular book, we should disregard this arbitrary division. The names in the New Testament are sometimes differently spelt from what they are in the Old: thus, Isaiah is called Esaias; Joshua, Jesus; Hosea, Osee, &c. This should be kept in mind, to prevent us mistaking the names that frequently occur in reading.

BICKERSTETH—*Scripture Help.*

HUMANITY.

DURING the retreat of the famous King Alfred at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, the following circumstance happened, which shows the extremities to which that great man was reduced, and gives a striking proof of his pious and benevolent disposition:—A beggar came to his little castle and requested alms. His queen informed him that they had only one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone abroad in quest of food, though with little hopes of success. But the king replied, "Give the poor Christian the one-half of the loaf. He that could feed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make that half of the loaf suffice for more than our necessities." Accordingly the poor man was relieved; and this noble act of charity was soon recompensed by a providential store of fresh provisions, with which his people returned.

Sir Philip Sydney, at the battle near Zutphen, displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him; and, whilst mounting a third, was

wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half on horseback to the camp; and being faint with the loss of blood, and parched with thirst from the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought him; but as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried along at that instant, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sydney took the flagon from his lips, just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

Frederick, king of Prussia, one day rang his bell, and nobody answered; on which he opened his door, and found his page fast asleep in an elbow-chair. He advanced toward him, and was going to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket. His curiosity prompting him to know what it was, he took it out and read it. It was a letter from this young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her part of his wages to relieve her in her misery, and finished with telling him that God would reward him for his dutiful affection. The king, after having read it, went back softly into his chamber, took a bag full of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his chamber, he rang the bell so violently that he awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance. "You have had a sound sleep," said the king. The page was at a loss how to excuse himself, and, putting his hand into his pocket by chance, to his utter astonishment he there found a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and looking at the bag, burst into tears, without being able to utter a single word. "What is that?" said the king; "what is the matter?"—"Ah, Sire!" said the young man, throwing himself on his knees, "somebody seeks my ruin! I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket!"—"My young friend," replied Frederick, "God often does great things for us even in our sleep. Send that to your mother, salute her on my part, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you." *Beauties of History.*

LORD WILLIAM.

No eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream:
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
The murderer for their lord;
And he, as rightful heir, possess'd
The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
Stood in a fair domain,
And Severn's ample waters near
Roll'd through the fertile plain.

But never could Lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves
He heard young Edmund scream!

In vain, at midnight's silent hour,
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes;
In every dream the murderer saw
Young Edmund's form arise!

——Slow were the passing hours, yet swift
The months appear'd to roll;
And now the day return'd, that shook
With terror William's soul—

A day that William never felt
Return without dismay;
For well had conscience calendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! the rains
Fell fast with tempest-roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he press'd
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep,—
To sleep—but not to rest.

Beside that couch, his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand,—
Such, and so pale, as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand;—

Such, and so pale his face, as when,
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge!
He left his orphan son.

"I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard—
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge!
Now take thy due reward."

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonizing fear;—
He only heard the storm of night,—
'Twas music to his ear.

When, lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals;
"What, ho! Lord William, rise in haste;
The water saps thy walls!"

He rose in haste,—beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round,—'twas midnight now,—
No human aid was near!

He heard the shout of joy! for now
A boat approach'd the wall;
And eager to the welcome aid
They crowd for safety all.—

"My boat is small," the boatman cried,
"'Twill bear but one away;
Come in, Lord William, and do ye
In God's protection stay."

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream;—

Sudden Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paused,—"Methought I heard
A child's distressful cry!"
"'Twas but the howling wind of night,"
Lord William made reply.

"Haste!—haste!—ply swift and strong the oar!
Haste!—haste across the stream!"
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

"I heard a child's distressful scream,"
The boatman cried again.
"Nay, hasten on!—the night is dark—
And we should search in vain."

"And, oh! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die?
And canst thou without pitying hear
A child's expiring cry?

"How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the chilly stream!
To stretch the powerless arms in vain!
In vain for help to scream!"

The shriek again was heard: It came
More deep, more piercing loud:
That instant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud;

And near them they beheld a child;
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his resting-place:
The moonbeam shone upon the child,
And show'd how pale his face.

"Now reach thine hand!" the boatman cried,
"Lord William, reach and save!"
The child stretch'd forth his little hands
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd;—the hand he touch'd
Was cold, and damp, and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms,
A heavier weight than lead!

The boat sunk down—the murderer sunk,
Beneath th' avenging stream;
He rose—he shriek'd—no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

SOUTHEY.

THE CLAIMS OF JESUS CHRIST TO THE LOVE OF THE CHRISTIAN.

LOOK backward, and consider what Christ *has done* for you. He remembered you in your low estate; and without your desert, without your desire, he interposed between you and the curse of the law, and said, "Deliver from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." He came and preached peace. He established the gospel dispensation. He gave apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers. He sent the Word of Life to this country, and brought it to your door. He preserved you through years of ignorance and rebellion by his power; and at last he called you by his grace—so that you are no longer a stranger and a foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God.

Look upward, and consider what he *is doing* for you. He remembers you, now that he is come into his kingdom. He ever liveth to make intercession for you. He is moving the wheels of nature, and ordering the dispensations of Providence for your welfare; he is making all things work together for your good. There is not a prayer you offer up, but he hears it,—nor a duty you discharge, but he enables you to perform it,—nor a trial you endure, but he gives you power to sustain it.

Look forward, and consider what he *will do* for you. He is engaged to be with you in trouble; to render your strength equal to your day; and to make his grace sufficient for you. He is engaged to comfort you upon the bed of languishing; to receive your departing spirit to

himself; to change your vile body into a resemblance of his own glorious body; to confess you before an assembled world; and to say to you, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy lord!"

JAY—*Family Discourses.*

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?—
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at his doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

MILMAN.

THE BEGGAR-MAN.

AROUND the fire, one winter night,
The farmer's rosy children ;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes round and careless chat.
When, hark! a gentle they hear
Low tapping the bolted ;
And thus, to gain their willing ,
A feeble was heard to implore :—

"Cold blows the across the moor;
The sleet hissing in the wind:
Yon toilsome mountain before;
A dreary treeless waste .

My are weak and dim with age;
No road, path, can descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the
Of a keen inclement .

So faint I —these tottering feet
No my palsied frame can bear;
My freezing heart forgets to ,
And drifting my tomb prepare.
Open your hospitable ,
And shield from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows the moor,
The weary moor that I pass'd."

hasty step the farmer ran;—
And close beside the they place
The poor half-frozen beggar- ,
With shaking limbs and blue-pale face.
The little flocking came,
And chafed his frozen in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable prepares.

Their cheer'd his drooping soul,
And slowly down his wrinkled
The big round were seen to ,
And told the he could not speak.
The children too began to sigh,
And all their merry chat o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not ,
More glad than they had before!

LUCY AIKIN.

WISDOM DISPLAYED IN THE COVERING OF ANIMALS.

THE *covering* of different animals is, both for its variety and its suitableness to their several natures, as much to be admired as any part of their structure. We have bristles, hair, wool, furs, feathers, quills, prickles, scales; yet, in this diversity, we cannot change one animal's coat for another, without evidently changing it for the worse; and these coverings are, in many cases, armour as well as clothing. The *human* animal is the only one which is naked, and the only one which can clothe itself. This is one of the properties which renders him an animal of

all climates and of all seasons. He can adapt the warmth or lightness of his covering to the temperature of his habitation. Had he been born with a fleece upon his back, although he might have been comforted by its warmth in cold climates, it would have oppressed him by its weight and heat, as the species spread towards the warmer regions. What art, however, does for men, nature has, in many instances, done for those animals which are incapable of art. Their clothing, of its own accord, changes with their necessities. This is particularly the case with that large tribe of quadrupeds which are covered with *furs*. Every dealer in hare-skins and rabbit-skins knows how much the fur is thickened by the approach of winter. It seems to be a part of the same constitution, that wool in hot countries degenerates, as it is called, but in truth, most happily for the animal's ease, passes into hair; whilst, on the contrary, hair on the dogs of the polar regions is turned into wool, or something very like it. To which may be referred, what naturalists have remarked, that bears, wolves, foxes, hares, which do not take the water, have the fur much thicker upon the back than the belly; whereas, in the beaver, it is the thickest upon the belly, as are the feathers in waterfowl.

The *covering of birds* cannot escape the most vulgar observation:—its lightness, its smoothness, its warmth; the disposition of the feathers all inclined backward, the down about their stem, the overlapping of their tips, not to mention their variety of colours, constitute a vestment for the body, so beautiful and so appropriate, that, I think, we should have had no conception of any thing equally perfect, if we had never seen it. Let us suppose a person who had never seen a bird, to be presented with a plucked pheasant, and bid to set his wits to work how to contrive for it a covering which shall unite the qualities of warmth, lightness, and least resistance to the air, giving it also as much of beauty and of ornament as he could afford: he is the person to behold the work of the Deity, in this part of his creation, with the sentiments which are due to it.

PALEY.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

ALNASCHAR was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died he left him to the value of a hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in bottles, glasses, and the finest earthenware. These he piled up in a large open basket; and, having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner:—"This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's a hundred drachmas, which is all I had in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred; which, of course, will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by these means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there; but still continue my traffic until I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the footing of a prince, and will demand the grand vizier's daughter in marriage.

"When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed her in due respect for me. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartments, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness; but I shall still remain inexorable. Her mother will then come and bring her daugh-

ter to me, as I am seated on a sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg me to receive her into my favour. Then will I, to imprint her with a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs, and spurn her from me with my foot in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in his vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that, unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

ADDISON.

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

No stir on the air, no swell on the sea,
The ship was still as she might be:
The sails from heaven received no motion;
The keel was steady in the ocean.

With neither sign nor sound of shock,
The waves flow'd o'er the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The pious abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the abbot of Aberbrothock.

The float of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker spot on the ocean green.
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd the deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

His eye was on the bell and float,—
Quoth he, "My men, put down the boat,

And row me to the Inchcape Rock,—
I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock !"

The boat was lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go.
Sir Ralph leant over from the boat,
And cut the bell from off the float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound ;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth he, " Who next comes to the rock
Won't bless the priest of Aberbrothock !"

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away ;
He scour'd the sea for many a day ;
And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his way for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspread the sky,
They could not see the sun on high ;
The wind had blown a gale all day ;
At evening it hath died away.

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar ?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now, where we are, I cannot tell,—
I wish we heard the Inchcape Bell."

They heard no sound—the swell is strong,
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along ;
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
" Oh heavens ! it is the Inchcape Rock !"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And cursed himself in his despair ;
And waves rush in on every side,
The ship sinks fast beneath the tide.

SOUTHEY.

THE SECRET OF BEING ALWAYS SATISFIED.

A CERTAIN Italian bishop was remarkable for his happy and contented disposition. He met with much opposition, and encountered many difficulties in his journey through life; but it was observed that he never repined at his condition, or betrayed the least degree of impa-

tience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired the virtue which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always satisfied. "Yes," replied the good old man, "I can teach you my secret, and with great facility. It consists in nothing more than in making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and reflect that my principal business here is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind that when I am dead I shall occupy but a small space of it. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who, in every respect, are less fortunate than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or to complain."

JOHNSTONE'S *Collection.*

INTEGRITY AND LOYALTY.

A MORE striking instance of inflexible integrity and steadfast loyalty is scarcely to be found than that which is related of a New-England farmer of the name of Stedman, who, having espoused the side of the royalists at the breaking out of the American war, shared the same unhappy fate with many of his countrymen who embarked in the same desperate cause. His story is thus narrated by the person who appeared as his counsel on his trial:—

The jail in which he was confined was in the western part of Massachusetts, and nearly in a ruinous condition. The farmer was one night awakened from his sleep by several persons in his room. "Come," said they, "you can now regain your liberty; we have made a breach in the prison through which you can escape." To their astonishment Stedman refused to leave the prison. In vain they expostulated with him,—in vain they represented to him that his life was at stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of King George, and that he would not creep out of a hole at night, and

sneak away from the rebels to save his neck from the gallows.

The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoners. The distance to the place where the court was sitting at that time was about sixty miles. Stedman remarked to the sheriff, when he came to attend him, that it would save some expense if he could be permitted to go alone and on foot. "And suppose," said the sheriff, "you should prefer your safety to your honour, and leave me to seek you in the British camp."—"I had thought," said the farmer, reddening with indignation, "that I was speaking to one who knew me."—"I do know you, indeed," said the sheriff,—"I spoke but in jest; you shall have your own way. Go, and on the third day I shall expect to see you." The farmer departed, and at the appointed time he placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

I was now engaged as his counsel. Stedman insisted before the court upon telling his whole story; and when I would have taken advantage of some technical points, he sharply rebuked me, and told me he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling the truth. I had never seen such a display of simple integrity. I saw the tears more than once springing from the eyes of his judges; never before or since have I felt such an interest in a client. I pleaded for him as I should have pleaded for my own life. I drew tears; but I could not sway the judgment of stern men, controlled more by a sense of duty than the compassionate promptings of humanity. Stedman was condemned. I told him there was a chance of pardon, if he would ask it. I drew up a petition and requested him to sign it, but he refused. "I have done," said he, "what I thought my duty. I can ask pardon of my God and my king; but it would be hypocrisy to ask forgiveness of these men for an action I should repeat were I again placed in similar circumstances. No! ask me not to sign that petition. Go to my judges, and tell them I place not my fears nor my hopes in them." It was in vain that I pressed the subject, and I went away in despair.

THE SCOTTISH EXILE'S FAREWELL.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue.
The battle mound—the Border tower,
That Scotia's annals tell—
The martyr's grave—the lover's bower,—
To each—to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts!—our fathers' home!—
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee.
We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Or view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!
Our native land—our native vale—
A long—a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

LETTER COMMUNICATING THE DEATH OF A YOUNGER BROTHER.

A very dear member of your family has been suddenly removed—your amiable brother Edward is no more. He died on the night of the first of November, after an illness of twelve days. He suffered much until within the last two days; when, mortification having taken place internally, he became easier, and remained so to the last. I am not a very young man, and it has fallen to my lot to witness the last hours of many. Never did I see any one give a brighter evidence of faith, hope, and love, than poor Edward. His patient endurance of acute pain, his constant anxiety to spare the feelings of his

mother, his fear of giving trouble to the servants, and his tearful gratitude for every little attention, affected all very deeply. Until the day before his death, the nature of his disorder was so distressing that he could neither read himself, nor give the attention of a listener; but he frequently prayed in whispering ejaculations, or silently, with the closed lid, or the quiet upward glancing of the humble eye. On the last day of his life, he read a little in the morning out of the pocket-bible which you gave him on his tenth birth-day; but growing faint and weak, he closed the book, continuing, however, to hold it in his hands with his eyes shut, and to press it with fervour and affection. I knelt by him, and read to him a chapter of St John, and prayed: he joined faintly in the responses, and thanked me with great tenderness. Towards evening he said to me, in a very solemn tone, "The forgetting of God is a great sin; the cause of all others; the cause of all wo and guilt. It has been mine." I whispered to him peace, and told him it had been mightily atoned for. "Yes, I know," said he, "in whom I have believed. I love and trust him; but I feel great, great awe. It is not fear—it is a bitter thing to die; a great sorrow to leave all whom we love on earth; yet I know it is best for me, or it would not be."

I watched in his chamber the last night of his earthly existence. He died as gently as he had lived. About midnight I heard a soft sound, as of quiet suppressed weeping; I did not like to disturb him at such a moment. Some time after, when all was still, I drew back the curtain to look upon him. His gentle spirit had fled. I believe he died in those sweet tears. I cannot write more. Come, come to the house of mourning, it will be good for you. *History of a Life.*

THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end!
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

THE BROTHERS' PARTING.

WHEN shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant land we sigh,
Pareh'd beneath a fervid sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Still in Fancy's rich domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;
When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day,
May this long-loved bower remain,
—Here may we three meet again!

When the dreams of life are fled;
When its wasted lamp is dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, youth, and power, are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we three meet again!

The Poetical Primer.

THE BROTHERS.

A London merchant had two , James and Richard. James, from a boy, accustomed to every indulgence in his power, and when he up, was quite a fine . He dressed expensively, frequented public diversions, kept his hunter at a livery , and was a of several convivial . At home it was almost a footman's sole to on him. He would have thought it greatly him to buckle his shoes; and if he anything at the other of the room, he would ring bell, and bring a servant up two , rather than rise from his to fetch it. He did a little business in the counting-house on , but devoted all his time after dinner to indolence amusement.

Richard was a very character. He was plain in his appearance, and domestic in his way of . He gave as little as possible, and would have been to ask assistance in doing what he could easily do for . He was assiduous in , and employed his leisure chiefly in reading and acquiring useful . Both were still young and unsettled their father died, leaving behind him a very trifling . As the young had not a capital sufficient to follow the same of mercantile business in which they had been , they were obliged to look out for a new of maintenance; and a great reduction of was the first thing requisite.

This was a severe to James, who found himself at once cut off from all the pleasures and indulgences to which he was so , that he thought life of no without them. He melancholy and dejected, hazarded all his little property in tickets. Still to think of retrieving himself by industry frugality,

he accepted a in a new-raised regiment ordered for the West , where soon after his arrival he a fever died.

Richard, in the mean time, whose comforts were little impaired by this of situation, preserved his cheerfulness, and found no in accommodating himself as clerk in a house his father had been with, and lived as frugally as upon his salary. It furnished him with decent board, lodging, and , which was all he , and his hours of leisure were nearly as as before. A book or a sober friend always sufficed to him an agreeable evening. He gradually in the confidence of his employers, who from time to time his salary and emoluments. Every increase was a of gratification to him, because he was able to pleasures which, however, habit had not made to his comfort. In process of he was enabled to settle for himself, and passed through life in the of that modest competence which best his disposition.

THE LIFE OF A LOOKING-GLASS.

My earliest recollection is that of a carver and gilder's workshop, where I remained for many months leaning with my face to the wall; and having never known any livelier scene, I was very well contented with my quiet condition. The first object that I remember to have arrested my attention was a large spider, which, after a vast deal of scampering about, began to weave a curious web all over my face. This afforded me great amusement; and not then knowing that far lovelier objects were destined to my gaze, I did not resist the indignity.

At length, when little dreaming of any change of fortune, I was taken from my station, and made to undergo a curious operation. This gave me at the time considerable apprehensions for my safety; but these were succeeded by pleasure, upon finding myself arrayed in a broad black frame handsomely carved and gilt. This process being finished, I was presently placed in a packing-case, and sent a long journey, by wagon, to Lon-

don. At last, after many distressing and dangerous movements in this state of extreme darkness and dreariness, I was liberated from my confinement. No sooner had my new master's apprentice, with whom I soon became well acquainted, cleared away from my face the straw and paper with which I had been well nigh suffocated, than he gave me a very significant look, which, to confess the truth, I took at the time for a compliment to myself; but I have since learnt to interpret such compliments more truly. Striking, indeed, was the contrast between my late mode of life and that to which I was now introduced. My new situation was in the shop-window, with my face to the street, which was one of the most public in London. Though at first almost distracted by the constant succession of objects that passed before me, I soon began to remark the considerable degree of attention I myself excited, and how much I was distinguished in this respect from my neighbours, the other articles in the shop-window. I observed that passengers, who appeared to be posting away upon public business, would often just turn and give me a friendly glance as they passed. But I was particularly gratified to observe, that while the old, the shabby, and the wretched, seldom took any notice of me, the young, the gay, and the handsome, generally paid me this compliment, and that good-looking people always appeared the best pleased with me, which I then ascribed to their superior discernment. My vanity, however, received a considerable check from one circumstance; nearly all the goods around me in the shop-window, though many of them much more homely in their structure, were disposed of sooner than myself. At last a gentleman and lady from the country, who had been standing some time in the street inspecting, and, as I perceived, conversing about me, walked into the shop, and, after some altercation with my master, purchased me. I was now once more packed up, and, after sundry adventures, at last found myself hung up opposite the fire, in the best parlour of a large lone house in the country, at an angle of ten degrees from the wall, according to the fashion of those times. I felt at first very well pleased with my new situation, for the various ob-

jects before me were then, like myself, new and handsome; but perhaps I should have felt some dismay, if I could have known that I was destined to spend *fifty* years in that spot without undergoing or witnessing any change, except that imperceptibly produced by time. Yes, there I hung, year after year, almost in perpetual solitude. My master and mistress were sober, regular, old-fashioned people; they saw no company except at fair-time and Christmas-day, on which occasion only they occupied the best parlour. My countenance used to brighten up when I saw the annual fire lighted up in the ample grate; and at those times I always got a little notice from the young folks. How familiar to my recollection at this hour is that large, old-fashioned parlour! I can remember as well as if I had seen them but yesterday, the flowers on the crimson-damask chair-covers and window-curtains; I could describe every one of the stories on the Dutch tiles that surrounded the grate; the rich china ornamants on the mantel-piece; and the pattern of the paper-hangings, which consisted alternately of a parrot, a poppy, and a shepherdess. The room being so little used, the window-shutters were rarely opened; but there were three holes cut in each, in the shape of a heart, through which, day after day, I used to watch the long, dim, dusty sunbeams streaming across the dark parlour. I should mention, however, that I seldom missed a short visit from my master and mistress on a Sunday morning, when they came down stairs ready dressed for church. I can remember how my mistress used to trot in upon her high-heeled shoes, unfold the leaf of the shutters, then come and stand straight before me; then turn half round to the right and left; never failing to see if the corner of her well-starched handkerchief was pinned exactly in the middle. Then followed my good master, who, though his visit was somewhat shorter, never failed to come and settle his Sunday wig before me.

Time rolled away; and my master and mistress, with all that appertained to them, insensibly suffered from its influence. My mistress began to stoop a little, and my master got a cough which troubled him, more or less to the end of his days. At first, and for many years, my

mistress's foot upon the stairs was light and nimble, and she would come in as blithe and as brisk as the lark; but at last it was a slow, heavy step, and even my master's began to totter. After I had remained in this condition five-and-forty years, I suddenly missed my poor old master: he came to visit me no more; and, by the change in my mistress's apparel, I guessed what had happened. Five years more passed away, and then I saw no more of her. In a short time after this, several rude strangers entered the room; the long rusty screw, which had held me up for so many years, was drawn out, and I, together with all the goods and chattels in the house, was put up to auction. I felt a good deal hurt at the contemptuous terms in which I was spoken of by some of the bidders; for I was not aware that I had become as old-fashioned as my poor old master and mistress. At last I was knocked down for a trifling sum, and sent away to a new residence. JANE TAYLOR.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

BEFORE going home, however, I was sent to a workman to be refitted in a new gilt frame, which completely modernized my appearance. And now, in my old age, I, for the first time, became acquainted with my natural use and importance. My new station was no other than the dressing-room of a young lady just come from school. Before I was well fixed in the destined spot, she came to survey me, and with a look of such complacency and good-will as I had not seen for many a day. I was now initiated in all the mysteries of the toilet; and if I had been heretofore tired with the sight of my good old mistress's everlasting dove-coloured lustring, I really felt more so with the profusion of ornament I had now to survey. I was, indeed, favoured with my fair mistress's constant attentions. Never did she enter her room, on the most hasty errand, without vouchsafing me a kind glance; and at leisure hours I was indulged with much longer visits. During the hour of dressing, in particular, there was, I could perceive, nothing in the room,—in the house,—nay, nothing in the world of so much im-

portance, in her estimation, as myself. But I have frequently marked with concern the different aspect with which she would regard me at those times, and when she returned at night from the evening's engagements. However late it was, still I was sure of a greeting the moment she entered; but instead of the bright blooming face I had seen a few hours before, it was generally pale and haggard, and not unfrequently bearing a strong expression of disappointment or chagrin.

In this manner I continued some years in my present service; but at length I began to perceive that my mistress's aspect towards me was considerably changed. She began to regard me with less complacency, and would frequently survey me with a mingled expression of displeasure and suspicion, as if some change had taken place on *me*, though I am sure it was no fault of mine: indeed, I have ever been a faithful servant; nor have I once, in the course of my life, given a false answer to any one I had to do with. Many a cross and reproachful look had I now to endure; but time was at fault, not the faithful mirror. I was one day greatly shocked by beholding my poor mistress stretched out in a remote part of the room, arrayed in very different ornaments from those I had been used to see her wear. She was so much altered that I scarcely knew her; but for this she could not now reproach me. I watched her thus for a few days as she lay before me as cold and motionless as myself; but she was soon conveyed away, and I, shortly afterwards, was engaged in the service of another mistress.

My new station was, in some respects, very similar to my last; that is, I was again placed in a young lady's apartment, but I soon found that my new mistress differed from my late one. The first circumstance that made me suspect this was, that when she first entered her chamber after my arrival, she remained there for a considerable time, and went out again without taking the least notice of me. The first time I had a full view of her was the next morning as soon as she arose, when she came and spent a very few minutes in my company, adjusting a neat morning dress, and combing out some pretty simple ringlets upon her fair forehead. It was

not such a fine-formed face as my last mistress's was when I first entered her service, but it pleased me much better; and although I soon found I should meet with less attention here than I had lately been accustomed to, I was now too old, and knew too well how to value these attentions, to feel at all mortified at the neglect. The visits my new mistress paid me were very regular,—about thrice in the day she used to avail herself of my services; and while on these occasions I never remember to have received a cross look from her, so I never, on the other hand, witnessed that expression of secret satisfaction or anxious inquiry which I had often heretofore had occasion to remark. My mistress spent much time alone in her chamber; but it was rarely indeed that she took any notice of me except at those times when I was really wanted. I have known her sit many a time for two or three hours, working or reading at the table over which I hung, without once lifting up her head to look at me, though I could see her all the time. I have observed her light figure pass and repass twenty times before me, without her once glancing at me as she went by. Thus we lived together very good friends, neither of us making any unreasonable demands upon the other. Time, as usual, passed by; but though, of course, there was some alteration visible in her, yet she retained the same placid smile, the same unclouded brow, the same mildness in her eye, during all the ten years I was in her service.

One morning early she appeared before me with several fair attendants, and devoted to me a little more time and attention than was usual with her. I shall never forget the expression of her countenance as she stood arrayed all in white, and gave me one more pensive look, which I little thought at the time would be the last I should ever receive from her; but so it was. There was a great bustle in the house that morning (whatever was the reason), and I saw my fair mistress no more.

Ever since, I have continued in quiet possession of her deserted chamber, which is only occasionally visited by other parts of the family. Sometimes my mistress's favourite cat will steal in, as if in quest of her, leap up

upon the table, pur, and sweep her long tail across my face; then, catching a glimpse of me, jump down again, and run out as if she was frightened. I feel that I am now getting old, and almost beyond further service. I have an ugly crack, occasioned by the careless stroke of a broom, all across my left corner; my coat is very much worn in several places; even my new frame is now tarnished and old-fashioned, so that I cannot expect any new employment. Having now, therefore, nothing to reflect on but the past scenes of my life, I have amused myself with giving you this account of them. I have made physiognomy my study; and I have seen occasion so far to alter the opinions of my inexperienced youth, that for those who pass the least time with me, and treat me with little consideration, I conceive the highest esteem, and their aspect generally produces the most pleasing *reflections.*

JANE TAYLOR.

ARABIAN HOSPITALITY.

A CHIEF of a party of the Bey's troops, pursued by the Arabs, his way, and was benighted the enemy's camp. Passing the door of a tent that was , he stopped his horse and assistance, being almost exhausted fatigue and thirst. The warlike Arab bid his enter his with confidence, and him with all the hospitality and respect for which his are so famous.

Though these two chiefs were in war, they talked with candour and friendship to other, recounting the of themselves and their ancestors, when a sudden paleness the countenance of the host. He from his seat and retired, and in a few afterwards sent word to his that his bed was , and all things for his repose; that he not well himself, and could not attend to the repast; that he had examined the Moor's horse; and found it too much to bear him through a hard the next day, but that before sunrise an able , with every , would be ready at the of the tent, where he would meet him, and

him to depart with all expedition. The stranger, not able to for the conduct of his host, to rest.

He was waked in time to take , before his departure, which was ready prepared for him; but he saw of the family, till he perceived, on the door of the tent, the master of it the bridle of his horse, and supporting his stirrups for him to . No sooner was the stranger mounted, than his announced to him, that through the of the enemy's camp he had not so an enemy to dread as himself. "Last ," said he, "in the of your ancestors, you to me the murderer of my father. I have many sworn to his death, and to seek the of his murderer from to sunset. The sun has not yet risen, the will be no more than risen, when I you. It is against our religion to you while you are my ; but all my obligations as soon as we , and from that moment you must me as one determined on destruction. You have mounted a horse not to the one that stands for myself; on its swiftness surpassing that of mine, one of our or both." After saying this, he shook his by the hand, and from him. The Moor, profiting by the few moments he had in , reached the Bey's army in to escape his , who followed closely, as near the camp as he could with safety.

Travels of Ali Bey.

THE SAGACITY OF INSECTS IN PROVIDING FOR THEIR OFFSPRING.

The parental instinct of Insects is well worthy your attention. Not only do these minute creatures when alive undergo as severe privations as the largest quadrupeds in nourishing their offspring; but they also exhibit, in the very article of death, as much anxiety for their preservation. A very large proportion of them are doomed to die before their young come into existence; but these, like affectionate parents in similar circumstances, employ their last

efforts in providing for the offspring that are to succeed them.

Observe the motions of that common white *butterfly*, which you see flying from herb to herb. You perceive that it is not food she is in pursuit of; for flowers have no attraction for her. Her object is to discover a plant upon which to deposit her eggs. Her own food has been honey drawn from the nectary of a flower. This, therefore, or its neighbourhood, we might expect would be the situation she would select for them. But, no: as if aware that this food would be to them poison, she is in quest of some plant of the cabbage tribe. But how is she to distinguish it from the surrounding vegetables? She is taught of God! led by an instinct far more unerring than the practised eye of the botanist, she recognises the desired plant the moment she approaches it, and upon this she places her precious burden; yet not without the farther precaution of ascertaining that it is not preoccupied by the eggs of some other butterfly. Having fulfilled this duty, from which scarcely any obstacle, any danger, can divert her, the affectionate mother dies.

The *dragonfly* is an inhabitant of the air, and could not exist in water; yet in this element, which is alone adapted for her young, she ever carefully drops her eggs. The *larvæ* of the *gadfly* are destined to live in the stomach of the horse:—how shall the parent, a two-winged fly, conduct them thither? By a mode truly extraordinary. Flying round the animal, she curiously poises her body for an instant, while she glues a single egg to one of the hairs of his skin; and she repeats this process until she has fixed, in a similar way, many hundred eggs. Whenever, therefore, the horse chances to lick any part of his body to which they are attached, some of them stick to his tongue, and by that means are conveyed into his mouth, and thence into his stomach. But here a question occurs to you. It is but a small part of the horse's body which he can reach with his tongue: what, you ask, becomes of the eggs deposited in other parts? I will tell you how the gadfly avoids this dilemma. She places her eggs only on those parts of the

skin which the horse is able to reach with his tongue; nay, she confines them almost exclusively to the knee or the shoulder, which he is sure to lick.

Not less admirable is the parental instinct of that vast tribe of insects called *ichneumons*, whose young are destined to feed upon the living bodies of other insects. You see this animal alight upon the plants where the caterpillar is to be met with, which is appropriate food for her young. She runs quickly over them, carefully examining every leaf, and, having found the unfortunate object of her search, she inserts her sting into its flesh, and there deposits an egg. She repeats the same operation until she has darted into her victim the requisite number of eggs. The *larvæ*, hatched from the eggs thus deposited, find a delicious banquet in the body of the caterpillar, which is sure eventually to fall a victim to their ravages. So accurately, however, is the supply of food proportioned to the demand, that this event does not take place until the young ichneumons have attained their full growth. In this strange operation, one thing is truly remarkable. The larva of the ichneumon, though every day, perhaps for months, it gnaws the inside of the caterpillar, carefully all this time avoids injuring the *vital parts*, as if aware that its own existence depends on that of the insect on which it preys. Thus the caterpillar continues to eat, to digest, and to move, apparently little injured to the last, and only perishes when the grub within it no longer requires its aid.

KIRBY & SPENCE.—*Entomology.*

A GOOD MAN.

WHEN a man is said to be "good," the term is to be understood with limitations. None are good *perfectly;* for "there is not a just man upon the earth that doeth good and sinneth not." None are good *naturally;* for all men are derived from the same depraved source: "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" We are not *born* "good" but are *made* such. Only those are "good," who are saved by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.——Such is the origin of the character. But what are its features?

In a "good man" there must be *piety*. He loves and fears God. He keeps holy the Sabbath of the Lord—he enters His house—he reads and hears His word—he goes to His table—he approaches His throne for mercy and grace to help him in time of need. And while others live without God in the world, he is actuated by a desire to please and glorify Him in all his actions.

In a "good man" there must be *sincerity*. You would not think of applying the word to a mere pretender—to one whose actions were at variance with his word and his heart—to a whited sepulchre, which looks fair outwardly, but is within full of corruption. But you feel no reluctance to apply the term to one who *is* what he *appears* to be—even though he has not much light, and is not free from infirmities. Our Saviour would have said of such a one,—"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

In a "good man" there must be *uniformity*. He is not one thing alone, and another in company. He is not a meek follower of the Lamb in the house of God, and a tyrant in his own house. He is not prayerful in sickness, and prayerless in health. He is not humble in adversity and proud in prosperity. He is the same in all the varieties of human condition: the changes of life serve only to prove and to develop his character.

In a "good man" there must be also *benevolence* and *beneficence*. It is not enough to be barely moral, and to render to all their due. A "good man" does not keep just within the precincts of legal obligation; but goes forth where no human statute would punish him for neglect; and having freely received, he freely gives. The love and the gratitude which he cannot extend to God himself, overflow upon his fellow-creatures. He has imbibed the spirit of him who went about doing good; and, as he has opportunity, he does "good unto all men, especially unto them that are of the household of faith."—— This is what is meant by a "good man."—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the latter end of that man is peace."—"Go, and do thou likewise!"

JAY—*Short Discourses.*

CHRIST'S GLORY VISIBLE IN HIS HUMILIATION.

His birth was mean on earth below; but it was celebrated with hallelujahs by the heavenly host in the air above: he had but a poor lodging; but a star lighted visitants to it from distant countries. Never prince had such visitants so conducted. He had not the magnificent equipage that other kings have; but he was attended with multitudes of patients, seeking and obtaining healing of soul and body. He made the dumb that attended him to sing his praises, and the lame to leap for joy; the deaf to hear his wonders, and the blind to see his glory. He had no guard of soldiers, nor magnificent retinue of servants; but health and sickness, life and death, received and obeyed his orders. Even the winds and storms, which no earthly power can control, obeyed him; and death and the grave durst not refuse to deliver up their prey when he demanded it. He did not walk upon tapestry; but when he walked on the sea the waters supported him. All parts of the creation, excepting sinful man, honoured him as their Creator. He kept no treasure; but when he had occasion for money the sea sent it to him in the mouth of a fish. He had no barns nor corn-fields; but when he inclined to make a feast, a few loaves covered a table sufficient for many thousands. None of all the monarchs of the world ever gave such entertainment!

By these and many such things, the Redeemer's glory shone through his meanness in the several parts of his life. Nor was it wholly clouded at his death. He had not, indeed, that fantastic equipage of sorrow that other great persons have on such occasions; but the frame of nature solemnized the death of its author,—heaven and earth were mourners,—the sun was clad in black,—and if the inhabitants of the earth were unmoved, the earth itself trembled under the awful load. There were few to pay the Jewish compliment of rending their garments; but the rocks were not so insensible,—they rent their bowels. He had not a grave of his own; but other men's graves opened to him. Death and the grave might have been proud of such a tenant in their territories; but he

came not there as a subject, but as an invader,—a conqueror. It was then the king of terrors lost his sting; and on the third day, the Prince of Life triumphed over him, spoiling death and the grave. MACLAURIN.

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry!
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Oh Christ! thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down, with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God! thy power and reign!

MILMAN.

THE OAK.

IN point of strength, durability, and general use, oak claims the precedence of all timber; and to England, which has risen to the highest rank among the nations mainly through her commerce and her marine, the oak, "the father of ships," as it has been called, is inferior in value only to her religion, her liberty, and the spirit and industry of her people. The knotty oak of England, when cut down at a proper age,—from fifty to seventy years,—is really the best timber that is known. Some timber is harder, some more difficult to rend, and some less capable of being broken across; but none contains all the three qualities in so great and so equal proportions. For at once supporting a weight, resisting a strain, and

not splintering by a cannon-shot, the timber of the oak is superior to every other. Excepting the sap-wood, the part nearest the bark, which is not properly matured, it is very durable, whether in air, in earth, or in water; and it is said that no insects in the island will eat into the heart of oak, as they do, sooner or later, into most of the domestic and many of the foreign kinds of timber. It has been used in England in shipbuilding from the time of Alfred, who first gave England a navy capable of contending with her enemies upon the sea, to that of Nelson, in whom nautical skill appears to have been raised to the greatest possible height. It is more than probable that the inferiority of some of our more recently built ships, and the ravages which the dry-rot is making among them, have arisen from the use of foreign oak instead of that of native growth.

The age to which the oak can continue to grow, even after the core has decayed, has not been fully ascertained. In the New Forest, Evelyn, the celebrated planter, counted in the sections of some trees 300 or 400 concentric rings or layers of wood, each of which must have recorded a year's growth. The largest oak of which mention is made was Damory's Oak in Dorsetshire. Its circumference was sixty-eight feet, and the cavity of it, which was sixteen feet long and twenty feet high, was, about the time of the Commonwealth, used by an old man for the entertainment of travellers as an alehouse. It was shattered by the dreadful storm of 1703; and in 1755 the last vestiges of it were sold as firewood. The oaks most celebrated for being the records of historical events are, the oak in the New Forest, against which the arrow of Sir William Tyrrel glanced before it killed William Rufus; the Royal Oak at Boscobell, in which Charles II. concealed himself after the defeat at Worcester; and the Torwood Oak in Stirlingshire, under the shadow of which the Scottish patriot Wallace is reported to have persuaded his followers to attempt rescuing their country from the thraldom of Edward.

Lib. of Entertaining Knowledge.

USE OF SQUIRRELS TO THE BRITISH NAVY.

It is a curious , and not generally known. that most of those which are called spontaneous are *by the squirrel.* This little has performed the most essential to the British . A gentleman walking one , in the woods to the Duke of Beaufort, near Troy House, in the of Monmouth, was diverted by observing a sitting very composedly upon the ground. He stopped to his motions. In a few the squirrel darted like to the top of a tree, beneath he had been sitting. In an he was down with an acorn in mouth, and began to burrow in the with his hands. After a small hole, he stooped down, and the acorn; then it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was with another, which he buried in the manner. This he continued to as long as the observer proper to watch . The industry of this little is directed to the of securing him against in the winter; and, as it is probable that his memory is not sufficiently to enable him to the spots in which he deposits every , the industrious little fellow, no doubt, loses a few year. These few up, and are destined to supply the of the parent tree. Thus is Britain, in some measure, to the industry and bad of a squirrel for her pride, her glory, and her very existence. *Youth's Monthly Visitor.*

ENGLAND'S OAK.

Let India boast its spicy trees,
Whose fruit and gorgeous bloom
Give to each faint and languid breeze
Its rich and rare perfume.
Let Portugal and haughty Spain
Display their orange-groves;
And France exult her vines to train
Around her trim alcoves.

Old England has a tree as strong,
As stately as them all,
As worthy of a minstrel's song
In cottage and in hall.
'Tis not the yew-tree, though it lends
Its greenness to the grave;
Nor willow, though it fondly bends
Its branches o'er the wave;

Nor birch, although its slender tress
Be beautifully fair,
As graceful in its loveliness
As maiden's flowing hair.
'Tis not the poplar, though its height
May from afar be seen;
Nor beech, although its boughs be dight
With leaves of glossy green.

All these are fair, but they may fling
Their shade unsung by me;
My favourite, and the forest's king,
The British Oak shall be!
Its stem, though rough, is stout and sound,
Its giant branches throw
Their arms in shady blessings round
O'er man and beast below;

Its leaf, though late in spring it shares
The zephyr's gentle sigh,
As late and long in autumn wears
A deeper, richer dye.
Type of an honest English heart,
It opes not at a breath,
But having open'd plays its part
Until it sinks in death.

Its acorns, graceful to the sight,
Are toys to childhood dear;
Its mistletoe, with berries white,
Adds mirth to Christmas cheer.
And when we reach life's closing stage,
Worn out with care or ill,
For childhood, youth, or hoary age,
Its arms are open still.

But prouder yet its glories shine,
When, in a nobler form,
It floats upon the heaving brine,
And braves the bursting storm;
Or when, to aid the work of love,
To some benighted clime
It bears glad tidings from above,
Of Gospel-truths sublime:

Oh! then, triumphant in its might,
O'er waters dim and dark,
It seems, in Heaven's approving sight,
A second glorious ARK.
On earth the forest's honour'd king!
Man's castle on the sea!
Who will, another tree may sing,
Old England's Oak for me!

BERNARD BARTON.

THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England!
Who guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;

Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep:
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages long and loud,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

THE PINE.

THE pine claims, next to the oak, the second place among timber-trees. It is very abundant, its growth is comparatively rapid, and its wood is straight, elastic, and easily worked. As the oak is the chief timber in building ships for the sea, pine is the principal one in the construction of houses upon land. It is "the builder's timber." The distinct species of pines mentioned by botanists are upwards of forty; but the best known are the Scotch fir, the silver-fir, the larch, the Norway spruce-fir, and the cedar of Lebanon.

The *Scotch fir*, or *wild pine*, is very generally diffused, being found in all the northern regions and in elevated ones considerably to the south. The timber which it produces is called red deal or yellow deal, according to the colour; and as deals are the form in which it is often imported from Norway and the Baltic, the word *deal* has become the common name for all sorts of pine-timber. Excepting cedar and larch, it produces tougher and more durable timber than any of the pines. It is good in proportion to the slowness of its growth; and it is best in

cold situations and on light soils, and when planted by nature.

The *silver-fir*, so called from two lines of white on the under side of the leaves, is a majestic tree, and grows with great rapidity. It is a native of the south of Europe and the Levant, the silver-firs upon Mount Olympus being the most magnificent trees in that country. Requiring a richer soil and a warmer climate than the pine and the larch, it cannot be well cultivated in bleak situations. Its timber is softer and less durable than that of either of them, and therefore it is not so well adapted for general purposes; but its lightness renders it a very fit material for boats; and planks made of it are said to have the property of not shrinking. It is used in this country chiefly as an ornamental tree.

The *larch* is, after the common pine, the most valuable of all the tribe. Though a native of the Alps and Apennines, it thrives uncommonly well in Britain. Indeed, it grows in almost every soil and situation. In the south it attains to an immense height; and even in the plantations of the Duke of Atholl, at Dunkeld in Perthshire, some larches are at least 100 feet high. Larches were first brought to this country in flowerpots as rarities; but they are now extensively planted, especially in Scotland; and the success in cultivating them is far greater and far more uniform than in the case of any other tree not a native of the country. Larch timber is preferable to every other for many purposes. It is very tough and compact, and it approaches nearly to being proof, not only against water, but against fire. If the principal beams of houses were made of it, fires would be not only less frequent but less destructive; for before a larch beam be even charred on the surface, a beam of pine or of dry oak will be in a blaze. Larch, however, is heavier to transport, and also much harder to work, than pine; and as these circumstances are against the profits of the builder, they prevent the general use of this most safe and durable timber. The Venetian houses constructed of it show no symptoms of decay; and the complete preservation of some of the finest paintings of

the great masters of Italy, is, in some respects, owing to the panels of larch on which they are executed.

The *Norway spruce-fir* is the loftiest of the pine tribe in Europe. In Norway it is often found from 150 to 200 feet in height. It grows very rapidly, forms excellent shelter, and has a majestic appearance. But it is more generally introduced than it deserves; for the timber is soft and far from durable. Its chief use is for masts to large ships. The masts of our men-of-war are brought principally from Riga.

The *cedar of Lebanon* would, if the rapidity of its growth were at all correspondent with its other qualities, be the most valuable tree in the forest. Its resistance to absolute wear is not indeed equal to that of the oak, but it is so bitter that no insect will touch it, and it seems to be proof against Time himself. Some of the most celebrated erections of antiquity, accordingly, were constructed of this tree. Solomon's Temple is a well-known example, and so is the palace of cedar which the same monarch built in the forest of Lebanon. Ancient writers notice, that the ships of Sesostris, the Egyptian conqueror, one of them 280 cubits long, were formed of this timber, as was also the gigantic statue of Diana in the Temple of Ephesus. In addition to the durability of its timber, the cedar is, in its appearance, the most majestic of trees; and, when it stands alone in a situation worthy of it, it is hardly possible to conceive a finer vegetable ornament. Its height in this country has seldom equalled the taller of the larches; but the very air of the tree impresses one with the idea of its comparative immortality. The description of this tree by the prophet Ezekiel is fine and true:—"Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and of an high stature; his top was among the thick boughs. His boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long. The fir-trees were not like his boughs, nor the chestnut-trees like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God like unto him in beauty."

Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

THE PALM-TREE.

It waved not through an Eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fann'd by southern breeze
In some green isle of Indian seas,
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled Palm-tree grew
'Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange look'd it there!—the willow stream'd
Where silvery waters near it gleam'd;
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the Desert's Tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music fill'd that garden's bowers
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colours flung,
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
Seem'd reckless all of dance or song;
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the Palm-tree there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms:
He pass'd the pale-green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut flowers his eye
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame

To him, to him its rustling spoke;
The silence of his soul it broke!

It whisper'd of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Aye to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan!

His mother's cabin-home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringe the bay;
The dashing of his brethren's oar,
The conch-note heard along the shore;
All through his wakening bosom swept:
He clasp'd his country's Tree and wept!

Oh! scorn him not!—the strength, whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
The unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman battling on his hills,—
These have one fountain deep and clear—
The same whence gush'd that child-like tear!

MRS HEMANS.

THE BOAST OF KNOWLEDGE.

MAURICE CLEMENT was at this time on a visit to Hollycot. He had been at many different schools, and was lately sent to that which George Herbert attended. He was sure that he *must* know a great deal more than the Hollycot children; for he was thirteen, and had been at fashionable schools, and much in London. His young cousins were very desirous to amuse and please him while he staid with them, but they had not yet succeeded.

"Come and look at Bewick's birds Mr Dodsley has lent us," said Charles; "or George will play at chess with you, I am sure; or if you would look at our series of kings and queens, or dissected maps.

"I don't care for baby amusements," said Maurice.

"But Mr Dodsley says any thing is better than listlessness," said Sophia. "When Captain Harding came to visit mamma, he romped *famously* with little Henry, and gave Charles good help in rigging his first frigate."

"I am not listless, cousin Sophia, only I have done my theme, and have nothing to do more to-night."

"Has Maurice nothing to learn, nothing to teach, nothing to amuse himself or his friends with?" asked Mrs Herbert.

"No, ma'am; I have done my theme, and I have read every book, and looked at every picture, and know every thing in this room."

"It is not large, to be sure," said Mrs Herbert; "just twenty feet by sixteen. But how many wonders do these four walls enclose, my dear Maurice!"

The drawing-room, play-room, and general sitting-room of the family, though not spacious, contained many useful, and a few ornamental and curious things. There was a cabinet with books belonging to the children, and another with books of their mother's. There was also a small cabinet of natural history. There were globes, a few books of prints, some plaster-casts, a few plants, Sophia's piano-forte, and a time-piece on the chimney-shelf, with some foreign curiosities; there was also a prism and a microscope. It was a light, pleasant room, looking over the orchard-trees, and across the meadows to the village-church rising below a wooded hill.

"And you know every thing within the room, Maurice!" said Mrs Herbert.

Maurice looked rather sheepish. "I assure you, mamma, Maurice knows a very great deal from his catechism. He knows about the barometer, and what thunder *is*, and how the people of England are governed, and a hundred things. But pray, Maurice," added George, "tell us what thunder is?"

"The explosion of lightning, just like the report of a cannon, with the echoes between the clouds and the earth."

"And the barometer?" inquired Mrs Herbert. "An instrument for ascertaining the weight of the atmosphere in inches of mercury."

"But how?" cried Charles. "I would like to know what does the weight of the atmosphere mean?"

"I am sure, ma'am," said Maurice, appealing to his aunt, "I have given the right answer. I have repeated it to my father a hundred times."

"I trust Mr Clement was instructed, though we are not," said George in a tone which drew on him his mother's glance; but ere that reproving glance fell, he had said, "Favour us now, Maurice, with an account of the manner in which the people of England are governed."

"By laws made, and powers enacted by the legislature," said Maurice, looking round in triumph. Sophia gazed, Charles stared, and George smiled outright.

"So I suppose there is nothing in this room, indeed, that you don't know, Maurice?"

"I think not, George."

"Suppose you tell Sophia," said Mrs Herbert, "why the lid of that tea-urn James has just now placed on the table is forced up and shaken,—why the smoke comes hissing up from it?"

"It is quite simple that, aunt,—just *steam* or *vapour*."

"True, but there is no steam in the water of the pump with which the urn is filled."

"It is the boiling, the *heat*, ma'am, I suppose makes it."

"Answered like a catechism," said Mrs Herbert; "but still, how,—in what manner,—by what sort of strange process—does heat convert pump-water into vapour?"

Maurice looked rather disconcerted. "This, then, is one thing within this small room which you do not yet know, Maurice. Think you, are there no more wonders around you?"

"I daresay not, ma'am," replied Maurice, looking cautiously round. "I am pretty sure I know all besides."

"Ah! don't you be too sure, cousin," said Charles with good-natured earnestness.

"Then tell us, Maurice, why the wind is whistling in passing through the key-hole of that closet-door.—You do not know. This little room contains wonders, the result of powers and principles in nature and in art, that to describe would fill volumes, my dear nephew. Can you tell us how this piece of honeycomb on the table is formed? Why the quicksilver mounts and falls in yonder weather-glass? Why or how the fagots James has placed on the fire crackle so? Why or how that fly crawls along the wall? and how yonder other fly can creep, back downmost, along the ceiling up there?"

"No, aunt," said Maurice, rather ashamed of his boast of universal knowledge.

"Would you be astonished to learn that the self-same cause, which makes the wind whistle through the key-hole, enables that fly to creep along on the ceiling, forces up the lid of my urn and of Sally's pot, sets in motion some

of the steam-engines you have seen at work, and performs far more seeming, and indeed real wonders, than I can enumerate."

"*We must read and learn*, mamma," said Charles; "where may we read of this?"

"There are some things we must *see* to understand, Charles, at least to understand clearly. Perhaps you are too young this year to comprehend all this; but if a week hence you still wish to try, tell me, and I shall request Mr Dodsley to be so kind as to show you some experiments on AIR."

Abridged from "Diversions of Hollycot."

THE ANT AND THE CATERPILLAR.

As an Ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain,
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cried—"Bless your good worship wherever you go;
I hope your great mightiness wo'n't take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt, and impertinent pride,
"Begone you vile reptile," his antship replied;
"Go—go, and lament your contemptible state,
But first—look at me—see my limbs how complete;
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
Run backward and forward, and turn when I please;
Of nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way."

The reptile insulted, and vex'd to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
But nature, determined to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

Erelong the proud Ant, as repassing the road,
(Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load,)
The beau on a violet-bank he beheld,
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd;
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant, quite amazed at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away.
"Stop, friend," says the Butterfly—"don't be surprised,
I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despised;
But now I can mount, in the sunbeams I play,
While you must for ever drudge on in your way."

CUNNINGHAM.

EXERCISES

ON WORDS OCCURRING IN SECTION IV.

PREFIXES.

A implies *privation*, as *a*theist.
Ob, oc, op, *in the way of*, as *ob*staele, *oc*cur, *op*pose.
Per, *through*, as *per*vade.
Post, *after*, as *post*pone.
Retro, *backward*, as *retro*spect.

The marks of Divine contrivance are every where visible throughout creation. An *a*theist is not merely an *in*devout and *un*discerning man; he is a monster.

Withhold not thy hand from doing good; but *ab*stain from every evil way. One sin leads to others. Sins are like circles in the water when a stone is thrown in, one produces another. To trifle with any of God's laws is awfully perilous. One leak may sink a vessel; —one spark may *ex*plode a fortress;—one lust may damn the soul.

Never *post*pone till to-morrow what you can do to-day. To-morrow belongs not to you, but to *poste*rity; and, even should you be spared to behold it, you are likely to be still more *a*verse to doing an irksome duty then than you are now.

Often take a *retro*spect of your past lives. This will show you the temptations before which you are most liable to fall, and the virtues which it is most incumbent on you to cultivate. He who never *de*duces a lesson from the past, has little chance of acting wisely for the future.

The road to life is a narrow way; and he who is determined to walk in it must stand prepared to encounter many trials, and to *re*sist many temptations. He must never for a moment become *retro*grade; he must never *se*cede from the path; he must never *con*cede any thing to his evil inclinations. *Ab*stinence from the very appearance of evil is necessary in order to ensure *unin*terrupted progress.

"I was never reduced," says the author of the Persian Fables, "into the sin of repining on account of the vicissitudes of life, except once, when I was not able to buy myself shoes. I went barefooted, and sore at heart, into a mosque at Damascus. I saw a person there who had no legs; I immediately *ab*stained from my complaints, and offered up my thanksgiving to the great God, and was patient at having no shoes."

DERIVATIVES.

Accumulate (*cumulus*)
Agriculture (*ager* and *colo*)
Aggregate (*grex*)
Aliment (*alo*)
Aqueduct (*aqua* and *duco*)
Atheism (*theos*)
Beatitude (*beatus*)
Celestial (*cœlum*)
Complicated (*plico*)
Consummation (*summus*)
Corporation (*corpus*)
Debility (*debilis*)
Declension (*clino*)
Deprecate (*precor*)
Diary (*dies*)
Equivalent (*equus* and *valeo*)
Geographical (*gè* and *graphè*)
Inanimate (*animus*)
Incursion (*cursus*)
Infallible (*fallo*)
Inundation (*unda*)
Junction (*jungo*)
Laceration (*lacer*)
Ligaments (*ligo*)
Manufacture (*manus* and *facio*)
Memorable, Memorandum (*memor*)
Microscope (*micros* & *skopeo*)
Military (*miles*)
Navigation (*navis*)
Omnipotent (*omnis* and *potens*)
Optative (*opto*)
Passive (*patior*)
Pedestal (*pes*)
Penalty (*pœna*)
Prosecution (*sequor*)
Querulous (*queror*)
Refract (*frango*)
Resurrection (*surgo*)
Rotatory (*rota*)
Sacrifice (*sacer* and *facio*)
Sanctify (*sanctus*)
Sensation (*sentio*)
Telescope (*telè* and *skopeo*)
Temporary (*tempus*)
Unremitting (*mitto*)
Verdure (*ver*)
Vivid (*vivo*)
Voluntary (*volo*)

During the early ages of the world, the Jews were in all respects the most *extra*ordinary people in the world. To them only was the knowledge of the true God communicated, and among them only did his spiritual worship exist. Dim as were their conceptions of that religion which beams in the fulness of light and purity from the New Testament, they were, nevertheless, a moral oasis amidst the desolation of surrounding idolatry. The *se*ductive example of their neighbours, and the singular depravity of their own disposition, were for ever *precipit*ating them into sin, and causing them to *degrade* themselves by a*brupt* departures from the living God; nothing but a constant course of miracle and chastisement could keep them in any degree to their duty. Still the knowledge of the glorious Jehovah, however unwillingly they obeyed his precepts, *convey*ed to their character a vast elevation above that of the whole world around them. The *Deity* himself was the Supreme Ruler of their state. The knowledge that they were the chosen people and con*grega*tion of Jehovah, *anim*ated them with an *intense patri*otic feeling. The expectation of an *Omni*potent Messiah, whose coming was declared to be the *capit*al object of their separate existence as the people of the Lord, powerfully strengthened and sus*tain*ed as well as *sanct*ified their native attachments. Almost every passage in their history, every ruler of their country, every circumstance in their *milit*ary annals, and every ceremony in their worship, were connected with the expected Deliverer, and pointed forward to his ad*vent*.

The Jewish government was a *theo*cracy, and the idea of their Heavenly King was intimately connected with all their employments.

They were a pastoral and *agri*cultural rather than a commercial people, though in Solomon's time they seem to have had a small *navy*. In respect of local situation they were the most highly favoured people on the *terraque*ous globe. The extent of the country was indeed narrow; yet being inter*sect*ed with numerous ranges of hills that were capable of cultivation to the summit, its surface was in reality extensive, and the variety of its climate *multi*plied. At the foot of the hills grew the products of the torrid zone; on their side those of the temperate; on their summit the robust vegetation of the north. The ascending *rota*tion of the orange-grove, the vineyard, and the forest, covered them with perpetual beauty; and there was no want of an *aque*ous supply—fountains and rivulets—most grateful to the inhabitants of the East.

PECULIAR WORDS.

Air-pump	Embalm	Muses	Sacrifice
Archimedes	Euclid	Natural Philosophy	Satrap
Bastile	Geometry	Newton	Secretion
Cicero	Lever	Oriental	Vacuum
Demosthenes	Martyr	Pyramids	Vizier

An *air-pump* is an ingenious instrument made for making experiments on air. By its means you may extract the air from a vessel placed upon it, and make what is called a *vacuum* or void. In a vacuum, that is a space in which there is no air, a bell emits no sound; water boils at a low temperature; and a guinea and a feather fall with equal rapidity to the ground. An animal cannot live in a vacuum, air being necessary to the existence of all animals. A light cannot burn in it, air being also necessary to burning.

The *Bastile* is the name of a celebrated state-prison in France. From the atrocities that have been committed in it, the Bastile has come to signify a place of cruel captivity.

Cicero, or, as he is often called, Tully, was the most distinguished orator among the Romans; and Demosthenes among the Greeks. The latter had great natural defects to struggle against before he attained to distinction in his art; but by self-denial and perseverance he made himself the greatest orator the world ever saw. He got over a defect in his articulation by speaking with stones in his mouth; and he strengthened his voice by reciting his orations on the sea-shore amidst the noise of the waves. He was accustomed to say, that the first and second and third parts of oratory was delivery. The great Roman orator, whose eloquence was chiefly distinguished by its grace and elegance, is thus beautifully described by Pope:

> "Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
> In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand."

The ancient Egyptians and the Hebrews *embalmed* the bodies of the dead. The process of embalming was to render the body incorruptible; and the process chiefly consisted in removing the brain and bowels, and filling the cavities of the body with astringent drugs. It is generally supposed that embalming was first practised in Egypt,

and that it became necessary in that country by reason of the inundations of the Nile, which covered the flat country for two months of the year, and rendered *interment* in the ordinary way impracticable.

Geometry teaches the properties of figures, or particular portions of space, such as triangles, squares, circles, &c. The most celebrated writer on this science is Euclid, who flourished at Alexandria about three hundred years before Christ. *Natural Philosophy* teaches the nature and properties of natural substances, as air, water, light, the stars, &c.—their motions—their connexions—and their influences on one another. It is sometimes also called *Physics*, or *Physical Science*, from the Greek word signifying *nature*, though that Greek word is more frequently in common speech confined to one particular branch of the science, concerning the bodily health. The greatest natural philosopher the world ever saw was Sir Isaac Newton, an Englishman, who was born in 1642, and died in 1727. Though he made more discoveries than almost all other philosophers together, and actually carried, as it has been finely said, the line and plummet to the outskirts of creation, he was yet so humble, that he is reported to have said, a little before his death,—"I don't know what I may seem to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself by now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

You have often seen a man raising a stone by means of a strong bar of iron. This bar is a *lever*. The spoke by which a sailor turns the windlass of a ship, or by which a carpenter turns a log of wood, is also a *lever*. In short, any long bar or beam by which another body is moved is entitled to this appellation. Archimedes, the celebrated philosopher of Syracuse, is reported to have said, that with a sufficient lever and prop to rest it upon he could move the globe.

Martyr is a Greek word, and means *witness;* but in ordinary language it is applied to one who seals his testimony with his blood. Those who submitted to death rather than retract or disavow their Christian principles, are the persons most commonly described by the title martyrs.

The *Muses* were fabled by the ancients to be certain goddesses who presided over poetry, music, dancing, and all the liberal arts. They were supposed to be nine in number; and they were believed to inspire all who excelled in any of the arts over which they presided. Parnassus, Helicon, Pindus, &c., are names often mentioned by the poets in connexion with them, as being the places where they commonly dwelt; and certain trees, as the palm, the laurel, &c., were held in veneration as being sacred to them. However excusable it might be in the ancients to refer to these fabulous beings as the authors of their poetry, history, music, &c., it is surely very absurd in the moderns to invoke the Muses in their writings.

Every one has seen prints of the *Pyramids* of Egypt. They are among the oldest and most famous structures in the world. It is not precisely known when, or by whom, or for what purpose, they were erected; but it is commonly supposed that they were intended as

burying-places for the Egyptian kings. Next to Egypt, Greece and Italy are the countries most celebrated for specimens of ancient architecture.

Vizier and *Satrap* are titles which occur frequently in books, which, like "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," relate to *Oriental*, that is, Eastern, or Asiatic countries. The former is the title of the prime-minister of the Turkish empire; the latter is the title of the governor of a province in Persia.

A *sacrifice* is an offering made to God on his altar by the hand of a lawful minister. *Sacrifice* differs from *oblation:* in a sacrifice there must be a real change or destruction of the thing offered: whereas an oblation is but a simple offering or gift. Abel offered the firstlings of his flock—this was a sacrifice: Cain offered the fruits of the earth —this was an oblation. Animal sacrifices were appointed by God himself immediately after the fall, and were meant to be a memorial of the first promise—a type of the lamb of God who was to take away the sins of the world—and a confession on the part of the offerers of their sinfulness and their need of salvation through the merits of another.

WORDS OF THE SAME SOUND BUT OF DIFFERENT SIGNIFICATIONS.

Air, heir.	Hail, hale (*verb*),	Scent, sent.
Ascent, assent.	hale (*adj.*)	Sea, see.
Beach, beech.	Hear, here.	Soar, sore.
Blew, blue.	Hew, hue.	Sole, soul.
Boughs, bows (*3d per. sing.*)	I, eye.	Son, sun.
	Oh, owe.	Thyme, time.
Buy, by.	Our, hour.	Vale, veil.
Coarse, course.	Pray, prey.	Vain, vane, vein.
Dow, due.	Road, rode.	Way, weigh.
Fain, feign.	Scene, seen.	Yew, you.

Shall we ride up this gentle *ascent* to the hill-top, and enjoy the charming *scene* which may be *seen* from it. You *assent* to the proposal! How mild the *air*, and how bright the *sun*, and how beautiful that *blue* sky! Who can sufficiently admire the goodness of God in making the *Son* of Man the *heir* of nature! *See*, in the distance, the *sea* as calm as if the wind never *blew*, and as silent as if the waves never dashed on yon sandy beach. The very fishermen are forced from want of wind to *hale* their boats to the shore. How *hale* these hardy sons of Neptune are! Yet, doubtless, they have often been out in storm and calm, in *hail* and hurricane. *Oh*, how much do we *owe* to the adventurous men, who *weigh* their anchors and make their *way* across the pathless waters, that we who sit idly *by* in our quiet homes may have only to *buy* all the luxuries of life.

And what a landscape is beneath our *eye!* *I* cannot even recount its beauties. See the very *road* by which we *rode* up, *coarse* and rugged as it then appeared, seems now in its winding *course*, to be a girdle of beauty. How rich the foliage of the wood that stretches along the

seabeach! It is of every *hue*, from the delicate green of the larch to the gorgeous olive of the sycamore. Long may it be ere the woodman come to *hew* down that pensive *yew* which *you* love to celebrate, or to lop the *boughs* of that noble oak that *bows* with the load of its foliage to the earth, or to mar the princely beauty of that glossy *beech* which, placed apart from the rest, one *fain* would *feign* to be the sentinel of the *beach*.

And is not the church, with its little spire and gilded *vane*, embosomed nest-like among the trees, a lovely object! A person of a poetical *vein* might describe it as a temple, where tho *soul* that is *sore* of this *vain* life, and whose *sole* hope is in Heaven, is taught to *pray* and to *soar* above all tho ills that *prey* upon us. How pleasant would it be, did *our time* permit, to linger *here* until the *hour* of evening—to *hear* the birds bid adieu to the sun as he set in his *veil* of clouds behind the western *vale*—and to *scent* the *thyme* and tho heathflower as they *sent* out their *due* odour in the *dew* of evening.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The pleasant seat, the quiet sea,
The gilded spire—th' embowering tree;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gives each a double charm."

WORDS OF MORE THAN FOUR SYLLABLES.

Abominable	Deliberation	Inactivity	Periodical
Accumulation	Disagreeable	Incontestable	Perpendicularly
Agricultural	Emancipation	Incorruptible	Precipitated
Articulation	Evaporated	Indispensable	Proficiency
Artificial	Geographical	Innumerable	Superabundant
Cartilaginous	Habituated	Intolerably	Undegenerate
Commemoration	Horizontally	Laboratory	Universities
Communication	Ignominious	Manufactory	Unpremeditated
Continually	Imperceptibly	Necessitated	Vicissitude
Degeneracy	Impracticable		

SECTION IV.

THE DILIGENT EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

"PRAY of what did your brother die?" said the Marquis Spinoli one day to Sir Horace Vere. "He died, sir," replied he, "of having nothing to do."—"Alas! sir," said Spinoli, "that is enough to kill any general of us all."

Montesquieu says, "We in general place idleness among the beatitudes of heaven; it should rather, I think, be placed among the torments of hell."

A gentleman was under close confinement in the Bastile for seven years, during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

A gentleman in Surrey had a farm worth £200 a-year, which he kept in his own hands; but, losing by it every year, he was necessitated to sell the half of it, and to let the rest to a farmer for one-and-twenty years. —Before this term was expired, the farmer, one day, bringing his rent, asked him if he would sell his land. "Why," said the gentleman, "will you buy it?"—"Yes, if it please you," said the farmer. "How?" returned he; "that's strange! tell me how this comes to pass, that I could not live upon twice as much land as you have, though it was my own, while you, after paying the rent for it, are able to buy it?"—"Oh! sir," said the farmer, "but two words make the difference; you said, Go, and I said, Come."—"What's the meaning of that?" said the gentleman. "Why," replied the other, "you lay in bed or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business, and I rose betimes and saw my business done myself."

Alfred the Great was one of the wisest monarchs that ever swayed the sceptre of this realm. Every hour of his life had its peculiar business assigned it. He divided the day and night into three portions of eight hours each; and, though much afflicted with a very painful disorder, assigned only eight hours to sleep, meals, and exercise, devoting the remaining sixteen, one half to reading, writing, and prayer, and the other half to public business: So sensible was this great man that time was not a trifle to be dissipated, but a rich talent intrusted to him, for which he was accountable to the Great Dispenser of it.

It was a memorable practice of Vespasian, the Roman emperor, to call himself to an account every night for the actions of the past day. When he found he had lived any one day without doing some good action, he entered upon his diary the memorandum, "I have lost a day!"

"Whenever chance brings within my observation," says Dr Johnson, in the Rambler, "a knot of young ladies busy at their needles, I consider myself as in the school of virtue; and though I have no extraordinary skill in plain-work or in embroidery, I look upon their operations with as much satisfaction as their governess, because I regard them as providing a security against the most dangerous ensnarers of the soul, by enabling themselves to exclude idleness from their solitary moments, and with idleness her attendant train of passions, fancies, chimeras, fears, sorrows, and desires."

Beauties of History.

INDUSTRY.

NATURE expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth? To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd:
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide;
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While some, of genius more refined,
With head and tongue assist mankind.
Each aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown obliged for bread;
And, when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from the inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?

All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with content the fruits enjoy.
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all. GAY.

PARTRIDGES.

PARTRIDGES are chiefly found in temperate , but nowhere in such as England. Partridges pair early in spring: about the of May, the female lays fourteen to twenty eggs, making her of dry leaves or grass the ground. The birds learn to run as soon as , frequently encumbered with part of the shell to them; and picking up slugs, grain, ants, &c. While the is standing they have a secure retreat from numerous enemies; but when the harvest is in, they resort, in the , to groves and covers. At night, however, they return to the stubble to foxes, weasels, &c., and there nestle together. From they have no means escape; for they are traced to hiding-places by pointers, and are often in nets, and taken by whole coveys.

The affection of the for her young is peculiarly strong. She is greatly assisted the care of rearing by her mate; they frequently sit close by each other, the chickens with their wings like the hen. In this they are not easily *flushed;* and the , who is attentive to the preservation of game, will carefully giving any disturbance to a so truly interesting. Should the pointer, however, too near, or unfortunately run in upon , there are few who are ignorant of the confusion that . The *male* first gives the signal of by a peculiar of distress, throwing himself, at the same moment, more immediately into the way of , in to deceive or mislead the enemy; he flies, or

runs, along the , hanging his , and exhibiting every of debility, in order to decoy the dog to a from the covey: the *female* flies off in a contrary , and to a greater , but, returning soon after by secret ways, she her scattered brood closely squatted among the grass; and, collecting them in haste, she them from the danger before the dog has had time to from his pursuit.

Calendar of Flora.

ON KEEPING HOLY THE SABBATH-DAY.

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. It is a matter of deep regret to see how much that holy day is profaned, both by old and young. Religion can never prosper with those who devote the Sabbath to idleness or amusement. If you are in the habit of violating its sanctity, you break one of the Divine commandments. And, while the breach of one of the commandments naturally leads to a disregard of the rest, the neglect of the fourth commandment is particularly to be deprecated; because the Sabbath is the wise and gracious appointment of God, for providing us with a season of instruction and meditation, that we may be fitted for the duties of the succeeding week. Accordingly, wherever there is a degeneracy in the observance of the Sabbath, there is sure to be a corresponding declension of religious principle and moral conduct. Almost all those who have advanced in the path of iniquity till it became their ruin, and have suffered from the hand of justice for their crimes, almost all of them have confessed that Sabbath-breaking was the commencement of their guilty career. —O, my dear children! let me conjure you to sanctify the Sabbath. It was sanctified by God, who on that day rested from all his works. It was sanctified by Christ, whose resurrection from the dead it commemorates. Do not then profane it. Abstain from all worldly employments that are not necessary. Never think of vain amusement. Occupy yourselves with religious exercises,—reading the Scriptures,—conversing on sacred subjects,—attending public worship,—praying in secret,

—reflecting seriously on what you are, and on what you ought to be,—and using every means with which Providence has furnished you, for your improvement in knowledge, in piety, and in holiness.

ANDREW THOMSON.

SCOTTISH PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SOLEMN the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground:—
They enter in. A placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Arise, and read the anointed Shepherd's lays.—
Loud swells the song. O, how that simple song,
Though rudely chanted, how it melts the heart,
Commingling soul with soul in one full tide
Of praise, of thankfulness, of humble trust!
Next comes the unpremeditated prayer,
Breathed from the inmost heart, in accents low
But earnest.——Alter'd is the tone; to man
Are now address'd the sacred speaker's words.
Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace,
Flow from his tongue: O chief let comfort flow!
It is most needed in this vale of tears!
Yes, make the widow's heart to sing for joy;
The stranger to discern the Almighty's shield
Held o'er his friendless head; the orphan child
Feel, 'mid his tears, I have a father still!
'Tis done. But hark that infant querulous voice!
And see the father raise the white-robed babe
In solemn dedication to the Lord:
The holy man sprinkles with forth-stretch'd hand
The face of innocence; then earnest turns,
And prays a blessing in the name of Him
Who said, "Let little children come to me;
Forbid them not." The infant is replaced
Among the happy band: they smilingly,
In gay attire, hie to the house of mirth,
The poor man's festival, a jubilee day,
Remember'd long.

GRAHAME.

CAMILLUS AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

CAMILLUS created one the military tribunes, and against the Falisci, who had been making their ac-

customed upon the Roman territories. His usual good attended him in this expedition; he their army, and besieged their capital. reduction of this place would have been scarce mentioning, were it not an action of the Roman general, that has him more credit with posterity all his other triumphs united. A , who had the care of the children belonging to the principal of the city, having found to decoy them into the Roman camp, offered to put into the hands of Camillus, as the surest of inducing the to a speedy surrender. The was struck with the treachery of a wretch whose it was to protect innocence. He for some time the traitor with a stern air; but at finding words, "Villain," the noble Roman, "offer thy abominable to creatures like thyself, and to me! What though we be the of your city, yet there are natural ties that bind mankind, which should never be ; there are duties from us in war as well as in ; we fight not against an age of innocence, but men,—men who have used us , indeed, but yet whose crimes are virtues when with thine. such base arts let it be my duty to use only Roman arts,—the arts of valour of arms." So he immediately him to be stripped, his hands tied him, and in that ignominious to be whipped into town by his own scholars. This generous behaviour in Camillus more than his arms; and the magistrates of the town immediately to the senate. GOLDSMITH.

HUMOROUS ACCOUNT OF THE BREAKING UP OF AN AMERICAN SCHOOL DURING THE LATE WAR.

THIS recital, the master observed, is painful; but I shall endeavour to proceed in it. My sorrows commenced with the dispersion of my pupils, who, not having taken up the sword, were no otherwise engaged in the quarrel than by *books*. And when the enemy entered, not contented with *Alexander* to ravage the *terrestrial globe*, they had the cruelty to demolish it in a few min-

utes; and next, like the giants of old, they attempted the *celestial*, and sueeeeded also in this. All the elements of Euclid afforded no *demonstration* to them of the errors of their eonduet; his *propositions* were torn out, and scattered about the ground. The *philosophy* of Newton shared the same fate. In vain did the *air-pump* assure them with its last gasp that a perfeet *vacuum* was not to be made by them, though they were determined to make a *void*. The eloquenee of Cicero could not save him from laceration. Next fell the languages, and every part of *speech* in the grammar begged for quarter. The *nouns* suffered a general *declension*. The *pronouns*, as they frequently stood in the plaee of the *nouns*, shared a similar fate. The *verbs* were redueed to the *optative* mood, perpetually wishing to be in any *tense* rather than the *present*. In vain they tried the *imperative* mood, but *ne occidè* would not do. The *supines* lay helpless on the floor ready to give up the ghost, and every *participle* partieipated with the verb in all its sufferings, the whole being *passive*. *Adverbs* and *conjunctions* tried in vain to rally, and join their forces against the eommon foe. The *prepositions* could no longer stand their ground before the *nouns* to govern them, though armed with the *pro* and *con* of each subjeet. And during the whole havoc, the *interjections* were uttering the most melancholy plaints, as Alas! Ah! Oh! Woe is me!

Youth's Monthly Visitor.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE treacherous *Spider*, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:
And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy eord should bind the struggling fly.
Then, if at last she finds him fast beset,
She issues forth, and runs along her loom;
She joys to toueh the eaptive in her net,
And drags the little wreteh in triumph home!

DRYDEN.

WHILE moonlight, silvering all the walls,
Through every mouldering crevice falls,

And tips with white his powdery plume,
As shades or shifts the changing gloom—
The *Owl*—that, watching in the barn,
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch. BUTLER.

SEE! from the brake the whirring *Pheasant* springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings;
Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold.
POPE.

BEHOLD, ye pilgrims of the earth, behold!
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay!
See her bright robes the *Butterfly* unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead on gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.
THOMSON.

THE tawny *Eagle* seats his callow brood
High on the cliff, and feasts his young with blood;
On Snowdon's rocks, or Orkney's wide domain,
Whose beetling cliffs o'erhang the western main,
The royal bird his lonely kingdom forms
Amidst the gathering clouds and sullen storms;
Through the wide waste of air he darts his sight,
And holds his sounding pinions poised for flight:
With cruel eye premeditates the war,
And marks his destined victim from afar;
Descending in a whirlwind to the ground,
His pinions like the rush of waters sound;

The fairest of the fold he bears away,
And to his nest compels the struggling prey,—
He scorns the game by meaner hunters tore,
And dips his talons in no vulgar gore!

MRS BARBAULD.

THE fiery *Courser*, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight:
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
Eager he stands,—then starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe!

DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

THE *Ostrich* flies:—her scatter'd eggs are found
Without an owner on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky:
Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed,—
Along the wilderness she skims with speed,
And scorns the rider and pursuing steed!

YOUNG.

THE PARROT.

THE natural [illegible] of the parrot is very disagreeable; but it more exactly [illegible] the human than [illegible] of any other bird does, and is [illegible] of numerous modulations, which the tones of men cannot [illegible]. It can whistle, and it can be [illegible] to speak. At first, it obstinately [illegible] all instruction, but it seems to be won [illegible] perseverance; makes a few attempts to imitate the first [illegible]; and when it has acquired the articulation of one word distinctly, the rest of its [illegible] is generally learned with great ease. The following anecdote is [illegible] of a bird of this species:—"A [illegible] belonging to King Henry the Seventh, who then resided at his [illegible] of West-

minster, by the Thames, had learned to talk many
from the passengers happened to take the
water. One day, sporting on his perch, the poor
fell into the water, and immediately as loud
as possible, 'A boat! a boat—twenty pounds for a !'
A waterman, who happened to be , hearing the ,
made for the place where the was floating, and
taking him up, restored him to the . As the bird
happened to be a , the man insisted that he ought
to have a more equal to his services to his
trouble; and as the parrot had proposed pounds,
he said that his was bound in honour to it.
The king agreed to leave it to the parrot's ;
which the bird hearing, cried out, ' the knave a
groat.' "

SUPPLY AND DISTRIBUTION OF WATER IN CITIES.

The supply and distribution of water in a large city are well worth observing. From a general reservoir, a few main pipes issue to the chief divisions of the town: these send suitable branches to every street; and the branches again divide to the lanes and alleys: while at last a small leaden conduit rises into every house, and, if required, carries its precious freight into every apartment. A corresponding arrangement of drains and sewers carries the water away again when it has answered its purpose, and sends it to be purified in the great laboratory of the ocean. In former times large bridges, called *aqueducts*, were constructed for the purpose of carrying water into towns; and many such buildings still remain in various parts of the world, especially in China. But since it was discovered that water rises to the level of its source when carried in pipes, even though it should have to cross valleys on the way to its place of destination, a single pipe of large dimensions is found quite adequate to carry water from the fountain-head to the reservoir in the city.

English citizens have now become so habituated to the blessing of a supply of pure water, that it causes them no more surprise than the regularly returning light of

day, or warmth of summer. But a retrospect into past times awakes us to a sense of our obligation to advancing art. How often have periodical pestilences arisen from deficiency of water and accumulation of impurities; and how often have whole cities been devoured by fire, which a timely supply of water might have saved. In the present day, he who has travelled on the sandy plains of Asia or Africa, where a well is more prized than mines of gold—or he who has spent months on ship-board, where the fresh water is often doled out with more caution than the most precious product of the still—only *he* can appreciate fully the blessing of that abundant supply which most of us now so thoughtlessly enjoy.

DR ARNOTT.

MARTYRS.

PATRIOTS have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The Historic Muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust.

But fairer wreaths are due—though never paid—
To those who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time ensure, to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,—
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar and to anticipate the skies.—
Yet few remember them! They lived unknown,
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to Heaven. Their ashes flew
—No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song;
And History, so warm on meaner themes,

Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise. COWPER.

THE HUMAN FRAME.

How wonderful is the union of my soul with my body! I daily find that, when the rays of light are reflected from external objects, my soul forms a conception of the magnitude, figure, and colour of these objects. I find, that when a certain tremulous motion of the air penetrates my ears, my soul receives an idea of sound. By these means I have a perception of a thousand changes that take place around me, and even obtain a knowledge of the thoughts of others. I find, that whenever my soul is desirous that my body shall move from one place to another, and do this or that, the members of my body instantly comply with the suggestions of my soul; that my arms, hands, and legs, immediately set themselves in motion to execute their respective functions. All these are incontestable facts; but how these changes take place is beyond my comprehension. In this influence of the soul upon the body, and the body upon the soul, is displayed a wisdom too profound for me to fathom; and the result of all my researches on this subject is astonishment and admiration.

My body, separately considered, is a surprising masterpiece of the Creator. It has nothing superfluous, nothing deficient. Every member is placed in the most convenient situation, whether for service or for ornament. My body was made to answer more than one purpose, and to fulfil various functions. It was intended, in the first place, for a medium to convey to the soul, in various ways, information concerning external objects. To this end it is provided with the organs of sight, of hearing, of smelling, of taste, and of feeling. Each of these is a miracle of the Divine power and wisdom. That the body may be serviceable to the soul in the perception of external objects, and in many other respects, it is necessary that it should be moveable. And what a number of parts concur to accomplish this end! The

bones, the joints, the ligaments, the muscles, susceptible of contraction and expansion, give my body and its members the faculty of moving in a thousand ways. But so wonderful a machine must sustain a continual loss by its motions, and the performance of its various functions. This loss must be repaired. Thus other parts became necessary,—some to receive the aliments; others to grind them; others to digest them, and to separate their nutritious juices; others to circulate these juices through the body, and to convey to each member the portion of which it stands in need. All these parts are actually found in my body, and so constructed that the end for which they were destined is perfectly accomplished.

STURM.

MARKS OF DESIGN IN THE ANIMAL ECONOMY—THE EYE—THE BONES OF THE NECK.

STURMIUS held that the examination of the eye was a cure for atheism. There is to be seen, in every thing belonging to it and about it, an extraordinary degree of care, an anxiety for its preservation, due, if we may so speak, to its value and its tenderness. It is lodged in a strong, deep, bony socket, composed by the junction of seven different bones, hollowed out at their edges. Within this socket it is embedded in fat, of all animal substances the best adapted both to its repose and motion. It is sheltered by the eyebrows; an arch of hair, which, like a thatched penthouse, prevents the sweat and moisture of the forehead from running down into it.

But it is still better protected by its *lid*. The eyelid defends the eye, it wipes it, it closes it in sleep. Are there, in any work of art whatever, purposes more evident than those which this organ fulfils? or an apparatus for executing those purposes more appropriate? If it be overlooked by the observer of nature, it can only be because it is obvious and familiar. This is a tendency to be guarded against. We pass by the plainest instances, whilst we are exploring those which are rare and curious; by which conduct of the understanding we sometimes neglect the strongest observations.

In order to keep the eye moist and clean (which qualities are necessary to its brightness and its use), a wash is constantly supplied by a secretion for the purpose; and the superfluous brine is conveyed to the nose through a perforation in the bone as large as a goose-quill. When once the fluid has entered the nose, it spreads itself upon the inside of the nostril, and is evaporated by the current of warm air, which, in the course of respiration, is continually passing over it. Can any pipe or outlet, for carrying off the waste liquor from a dye-house or a distillery, be more mechanical than this is?

It is observable that this provision is not found in fishes, the element in which they live supplying a constant lotion to the eye.

I challenge any man to produce, in the joints and pivots of the most complicated machine that was ever contrived, a construction more artificial than that which is seen in the vertebræ of the *human neck*.—Two things were to be done. The head was to have the power of bending forward and backward, as in the act of nodding, stooping, &c.; and, at the same time, of turning itself round upon the body to a certain extent.—For these two purposes two distinct contrivances are employed: First, the head rests immediately upon the uppermost of the vertebræ, and is united to it by a *hinge*-joint; upon which joint the head plays freely forward and backward, as far either way as is necessary: this was the first thing required.—But then the rotatory motion is unprovided for: Therefore, secondly, to make the head capable of this, a farther mechanism is introduced, not between the head and the uppermost bone of the neck, where the hinge is, but between that bone and the next bone underneath it. It is a mechanism resembling a tenon and mortise. This second, or uppermost bone but one, has what anatomists call a process, viz. a projection somewhat similar in size and shape to a tooth; which tooth, entering a corresponding hole or socket in the bone above it, forms a pivot or axle, upon which that upper bone, together with the head which it supports, turns freely in a circle, and as far in the circle as the attached muscles permit the head to turn. Thus are both motions

perfect without interfering with each other. When we nod the head, we use the hinge-joint, which lies between the head and the first bone of the neck. When we turn the head round, we use the tenon and mortise, which runs between the first bone of the neck and the second. We see the same contrivance, and the same prineiple, employed in the frame or mounting of a telescope. It is occasionally requisite that the objeet-end of the instrument be moved up and down as well as horizontally. For the vertical motion there is a hinge, upon which the telescope plays; for the horizontal motion an axis, upon which the telescope and the hinge turn round together. And this is exactly the mechanism which is applied to the motion of the head: nor will any one here doubt of the existence of eounsel and design, except it be by that debility of mind which can trust to its own reasonings in nothing. PALEY.

MUSCULAR POWER.

I HAVE calculated the average weight carried by a stout porter in London at two hundred pounds; but we are told there are porters in Turkey, who, by accustoming themselves to this kind of burden from an early period, are able to carry from seven hundred to nine hundred pounds. The weakest man ean lift with his hands about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, a strong man four hundred. Topham, a earpenter, could lift eight hundred pounds. He lifted with his teeth and knees a table six feet long, with a half-hundredweight at the end. He bent a poker, three inches in eircumference, to a right angle, by striking it upon his left fore-arm; another he bent and unbent about his neck, and snapped a hempen rope two inches in circumference.—A few years ago, there was a person at Oxford who could hold his arm extended for half a minute, with half a hundredweight hanging on his little finger.—We are also told of a man who, by bending his body into an arch, was capable of sustaining a cannon weighing two or three thousand pounds. And not many winters ago, the celebrated Belzoni, when first

he exhibited himself to the theatres of London, was capable of supporting a pyramid of ten or twelve men, surmounted by two or three children, whose aggregate weight could not be much less than two thousand pounds; with which weight he walked repeatedly towards the front of the stage.

The prodigious powers thus exerted by human muscles, will lead us to behold with less surprise the proofs of far superior powers exerted by the muscles of other animals.

The elephant is capable of carrying with ease a burden of between three and four thousand pounds. With its stupendous trunk (which has been calculated to consist of upwards of thirty thousand distinct muscles) it snaps off the strongest branches from the largest trees, and tears up the trees themselves with its tusks.—How accumulated the power that is lodged in the muscles of the lion! With a single stroke of his paw he breaks the back-bone of a horse, and runs off with a buffalo in his jaws at full speed: he crushes the bones between his teeth, and swallows them as a part of his food.

Nor is it necessary that the muscles should always have the benefit of a bony lever. The tail of the whale is merely muscular, and yet this is the instrument of its chief and most powerful attack; and possessed of this instrument, to adopt the language of an old and accurate observer, "a long-boat he valueth no more than dust; for he can beat it all in shatters at a blow." The skeleton of the shark is entirely cartilaginous, and totally destitute of proper bone; yet it is the most dreadful tyrant of the ocean: it devours with its cartilaginous jaws whatever falls in its way; and one of its species, the white shark, which is often found thirty feet long, and of not less than four thousand pounds weight, has been known to swallow a man whole at a mouthful.

J. M. GOOD—*Book of Nature.*

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

"To your homes," said the leader of Israel's host,
"And slaughter a sacrifice:

Let the life-blood be sprinkled on each door-post,
Nor stir till the morn arise;
And the Angel of Vengeance shall pass you by,
He shall see the red stain, and shall not come nigh
Where the hope of your household lies."

The people hear, and they bow them low—
Each to his house hath flown;
The lamb is slain, and with blood they go,
And sprinkle the lintel-stone;
And the doors they close when the sun hath set,
But few in oblivious sleep forget
The judgment to be done.

'Tis midnight—yet they hear no sound
Along the lone still street:
No blast of a pestilence sweeps the ground,
No tramp of unearthly feet,
Nor rush as of harpy-wing goes by,
But the calm moon floats in the cloudless sky,
'Mid her wan light clear and sweet.

Once only, shot like an arrowy ray,
A pale-blue flash was seen;
It pass'd so swift, the eye scarce could say
That such a thing had been:
Yet the beat of every heart was still,
And the flesh crawl'd fearfully and chill,
And back flow'd every vein.

The courage of Israel's bravest quail'd
At the view of that awful light,
Though knowing the blood of their offering avail'd
To shield them from its might:
They felt 'twas the Spirit of Death had pass'd,
That the brightness they saw his cold glance had cast
On Egypt's land that night.

Wail, King of the Pyramids! Death hath cast
His shafts through thine empire wide,
But o'er Israel in bondage his rage hath pass'd,
No firstborn of hers hath died—
Go, Satrap! command that the captive be free,
Lest their God in fierce anger should smite even thee,
On the crown of thy purple pride.

Anonymous.

HALF OF THE PROFIT.

A NOBLEMAN, resident at a chateau near Pisa, was about to celebrate his marriage-feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a large turbot. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visiters, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him. "One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, "on my bare back is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whipcord on the bargain. The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished; but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have; but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence." After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold!" exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share."—"What! are there two such madcaps in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman; "name him, and he shall be sent for instantly."—"You need not go very far for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot."—"Oh, oh!" said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly; he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice." This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman. *Youth's Monthly Visitor.*

PROGRESS OF TOWNS.

IT is amusing to observe how rapidly, and from what small beginnings, towns arise in a thickly inhabited and enterprising country like ours. There is a church; that is the ordinary foundation. Where there is a church,

there must be a parson, a clerk, and a sexton. Thus we account for three houses. An inn is required on the road; this produces a smith, a saddler, a butcher, and a brewer. The parson, the clerk, the sexton, the butcher, the smith, the saddler, and the brewer, require a baker, a tailor, a shoemaker, and a carpenter. They soon learn to eat plum-pudding, and a grocer follows. The grocer's wife and parson's wife contend for superiority in dress, whence flow a milliner and a mantua-maker. A barber is introduced to curl the parson's wig, and to shave the smith on Saturday nights, and a stationer to furnish the ladies with paper for their sentimental correspondence; an exciseman is sent to gauge the casks, and a schoolmaster discovers that the ladies require to be taught to spell. A hatter, a hosier, and a linen-draper, follow by degrees; and as children are born they begin to cry out for rattles and gingerbread. In the mean time a neighbouring apothecary, hearing with indignation that there is a community living without physic, places three blue bottles in the window. The butcher having called the tailor pricklouse over a pot of ale, Snip knocks him down with his goose; upon this plea an action for assault is brought at the next sessions. The attorney sends his clerk over to collect evidence; the clerk, finding a good opening, sets all the people by the ears, becomes a pettifogging attorney, and peace flies the village for ever. But the village becomes a town, and acquires a bank; and should it have existed in happier days, might have gained a corporation, a mayor, a mace, a quarter-sessions of its own, a county assembly, the assizes, and the gallows.

DR M'CULLOCH.

SLEEP, A BLESSING.

OFTEN as you have been refreshed by sleep, this is perhaps the first time that you have been led to reflect on this state, or perhaps you may think that there is nothing remarkable about it; but it is one of the wonders of Divine goodness, and it is well worth while to reflect upon it.

It is a proof of the wisdom of God that we fall asleep imperceptibly to ourselves. Endeavour to discover in

what manner sleep steals upon you;—that very attention will prevent its approach, nor can you fall asleep till the power of thought is suspended. Sleep comes unbidden; it is a change in our state in which reflection has no part; for the more we strive to procure it, the less successful we are. Thus God has rendered sleep an agreeable necessity to man, and has made it independent both of his reason and of his will. Pursue these reflections still farther, and consider the wonderful state in which you exist during sleep. You live without knowing, without being sensible of it. The pulsation of the heart, the circulation of the blood, the digestion of the aliments, the secretion of the various juices—in a word, all the animal functions are continued without interruption or derangement. The soul is reduced to a temporary inactivity, and gradually loses all distinct ideas and sensations. The senses become languid, and cease to perform their respective functions. The muscles by degrees move more slowly, till at length all voluntary motion is suspended.

In a word, the state of a person asleep is in every respect wonderful; and perhaps there is only one other state to which man can be reduced that is equally remarkable. Who can think of sleep without being reminded of this other state—death. As imperceptibly as you now fall asleep shall you one day fall into the slumber of death. Oh! be prepared for its approach. Redeem the time, and so number your days that you may apply your hearts to wisdom.

STURM.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL STATUE OF A DEAD CHILD.

I *saw* thee in thy beauty! thou wert graceful as the fawn,
When in very wantonness of glee it sports upon the lawn:
I saw thee seek the mirror, and when it met thy sight
The very air was musical with thy burst of wild delight.

I *saw* thee in thy beauty! with thy sister by thy side;
She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride:
I look'd upon thy mother—there was triumph in her eyes,
And I trembled for her happiness, for grief had made me wise.

I *saw* thee in thy beauty! with one hand among her curls—
The other with no gentle grasp had seized a string of pearls;
She felt the pretty trespass, and she chid thee, though she smiled,
And I knew not which was lovelier, the mother or the child!

I *see* thee in thy beauty! for there thou seem'st to lie
In slumber resting peacefully: but, oh! the change of eye—
That still serenity of brow—those lips that breathe no more,
Proclaim thee but a mockery fair of what thou wert of yore.

I *see* thee in thy beauty! with thy waving hair at rest,
And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast;
But thy merry dance is over, and thy little race is run,
And the mirror that reflected two can now give back but one!

I *see* thee in thy beauty! as I saw thee on that day!
But the mirth that gladden'd then thy home fled with thy life away.
I see thee lying motionless upon the accustom'd floor;
But my heart hath blinded both mine eyes, and I can see no more!

MRS A. WATTS.

ARABIAN HORSES.

OF all in the world, Arabia produces the most beautiful horses. They are , though not in great numbers, in the deserts of that , and the natives use every stratagem to them. The usual in which the Arabians the swiftness of these animals is by hunting ostrich. The is the only animal whose speed is to this creature, which is found in the sandy plains that abound in those . The instant the perceives itself aimed at, it to the mountains, while the horseman it with all the swiftness possible, and to cut off its retreat. The chase then continues along the plain, while the ostrich makes use of both legs and wings to its motion. A horse of the first speed is to outrun it; so that the poor animal is then obliged to have to art to elude the hunter, by frequently turning. At length, finding all hopeless, it its head

wherever it can, and tamely suffers to be taken. If the horse, in a trial of this kind, great speed, and is not readily tired, his is fixed, and he is held in high reputation.

The horses of the form the principal of many of their tribes, who use them in the chase in their expeditions for plunder. They never carry heavy , and are seldom on long journeys. They are so tractable and familiar that they will from the fields to the call of their . The Arab, his wife, and his , often lie in the tent with the mare and foal, which, instead of them, suffer the children to rest on their bodies and necks, and seem afraid even to move lest they should them. They never beat or correct their , but them with kindness, and even affection. The following of the compassion and attachment by a poor Arabian to one of these animals will be interesting to every :—The whole property of this Arab of a very beautiful mare. This animal the French consul at Saide to purchase, with the intention of sending her to the of France, Louis Fourteenth. The Arab, by want, hesitated a time; but at length on condition of receiving a considerable of money, which he named. The consul to France for permission to close the ; and, having obtained it, sent the information to the . The man, so poor as to possess only a few rags to his body, arrived with his magnificent courser. He dismounted, but appeared to be greatly by contending emotions. Looking first at the gold, and then at his , he heaved a deep , and exclaimed, "To is it I am going to surrender thee? To Europeans! who will tie close; who beat thee; who will thee miserable! Return with , my beauty, jewel, and rejoice the of my children!" As he pronounced the last , he sprung upon her , and in a few was out of .

MINUTE WONDERS.

EVERY grain of sand appears round when examined with the naked eye; but by the aid of a microscope we can

discover that each differs from the others in figure and size. One is perfectly spherical, another square, a third conical; but the greatest number are of an irregular figure. A species of diminutive animals, called mites, is found in cheese. To the naked eye they appear like specks; but the microscope proves that they are insects of a very singular figure. They have not only eyes, mouth, and legs, but also transparent bodies, provided with long hair-like bristles. In the vegetable kingdom, the mould which generally collects on damp bodies exhibits the resemblance of a thick forest of trees and plants. The branches, leaves, blossom, and fruit, may be clearly distinguished. The flowers have long, white, transparent stems: before they open they appear like small green buds, which become white when they are blown. As little as we should have expected to discover this in mould, so little should we have imagined that the dust which covers the wings of the butterfly is a collection of small feathers, had not the microscope convinced us that this is the case. But, reader, you have no occasion to extend your researches to remote objects. Go no farther than yourself. Observe the surface of your skin through a microscope; it resembles the scaly armour of a fish. It has been calculated that one single grain of sand can cover two hundred and fifty of these scales; that one scale covers five hundred pores; and that, consequently, a space equivalent to a grain of sand contains one hundred and twenty-five thousand pores.

Thus you see how great your Creator is, even in those things which prejudice has taught us to consider as trifles, and how innumerable are the creatures which he has distributed over the earth. We are already acquainted with more than thirty thousand different plants, and several thousand species of insects; but all these are nothing in comparison of the whole. Were the bottom of the sea and the beds of rivers uncovered to our view, how would our astonishment at the immense number of the creatures of God be increased! and this could not fail to appear to us the most wonderful of all, that God should have employed as much wisdom in the production of the smallest, as he has manifested in the greatest of his works. The Creator extends the same beneficent care to the worm

that creeps in the dust as to the whale which towers above the waves. Strive, O reader, to imitate him in this respect. The meanest of created beings deserves thy kindness. STURM.

HAPPINESS OF INSECT LIFE.

IT is well known that the examination of flowers and plants of every description, by the microscope, opens a new and interesting field of wonders to the naturalist. Sir John Hill has given the following curious account of what appeared on his examining a carnation :—

The principal flower in an elegant bouquet was a carnation ; its fragrance led me to enjoy it frequently and near. The sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions. The ear also was constantly attacked by an extremely soft, but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal within the covert must be the musician, and that the noise must come from some little creature, suited to produce it. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and placing it in a full light, I could discover troops of little insects frisking, with wild jollity, among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre. What a fragrant world for their habitation! what a perfect security from all annoyance, in the dusky husk that surrounded the scene of action! Adapting a microscope to take in, at one view, the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance. Thus, I could discover their economy, their passions, and their enjoyments. The microscope, on this occasion, had given what nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contemplation. The base of the flower extended itself under its influence to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars ; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged in walks, parterres, and terraces. On the polished bot-

toms of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants: these, from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with living purple, and with a glossy gold, that would have made all the labours of the loom contemptible in the comparison.—I could at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs vying with the empyrean in its blue; and their eyes, each formed of a thousand others, out-glittering the little planes on a brilliant, above description, and too great almost for admiration. I could observe them here singling out their favourite females; courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades, and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar, just bursting from some vein within the living trunk.—Here were the perfumed groves, the more than mystic shades of the poet's fancy realized. DICK—*Christian Philosopher.*

THE SUNBEAM.

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea:
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest-shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains,—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou brakest forth,—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot,—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;—
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of Heaven!

MRS HEMANS.

PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER.

RED clouds in the west, at sunset, especially when they have a tint of purple, portend fine weather; the reason of which is, that the air, when dry, refracts more red or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A coppery or yellow sunset generally foretells rain; but as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than the halo around the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall. The old proverb is often correct:

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing the rain are opposite to the sun. In the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us.

When the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. This is explained as follows:—Swallows pursue the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister than cold air, when the warm strata of our air are high,

there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.

When sea-gulls assemble on the land, stormy and rainy weather is almost always approaching; the reason of which might be thought to be, that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm. This is not the case, however. The storm is their element; and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea-insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave, and he may be seen flitting above the edge of the highest surge. The reason of this migration of gulls, and other sea-birds, to the land, is their security of finding food; and they may be observed, at this time, feeding greedily on the earth-worms and larvæ driven out of the ground by severe floods; and the fish, on which they prey in fine weather on the sea, leave the surface and go deeper in storms. The search after food is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds always migrate when rain is about to take place. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and there is no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instinct of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies, but two may be always regarded as a favourable omen; and the reason is, that in cold and stormy weather, one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but if two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favourable for fishing. SIR H. DAVY—*Salmonia.*

SIGNS OF RAIN.

THE hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,

The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack;
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry;
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits, wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest;
My dog, so alter'd in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones, on grass to feast:
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight!
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.—
——'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

DR JENNER.

PERSEVERANCE—WILLIAM DAVY.

WILLIAM DAVY was born in 1743, near Chudleigh in Devonshire, where his father resided on a small farm, his own freehold. From a very early age he gave proofs of a mechanical genius, and when only eight years old he cut out with a knife, and put together, the parts of a small mill, after the model of one that was then building in the neighbourhood. Being intended for the church, he was placed at the Exeter grammar-school; and here he distinguished himself by his proficiency in classical learning, while he still retained his early attachment to mechanical pursuits. At the age of eighteen he entered at Oxford, where he took the degree of A.B. at the usual time; and it was here that he conceived the idea of compiling his celebrated system of divinity, and began to collect, in a commonplace-book, such passages from the best writers as he thought would suit his purpose.

On leaving college, he was ordained to the curacy of Moreton, in the diocese of Exeter; and, not long after, he removed to the adjoining curacy of Lustleigh, with a salary of £40 a-year. In the year 1786, he published, by subscription, six volumes of sermons, by way of introduction to his intended work; but this proved an unfortunate speculation,—many of the subscribers forgetting to pay for their copies,—and he remained in consequence indebted to his printer above a hundred pounds. This bad success, however, did not discourage him: he pursued his researches, and completed the work. But when the manuscript was finished, he found that, from its extent, it would cost £2000 to get it printed. In these circumstances, he again contemplated publication by subscription, and issued his proposals accordingly; but the names he collected were too few to induce any bookseller to risk the expense of an impression of the work. Mr Davy, therefore, resolved to become printer himself; so, having constructed his own press, and purchased from a printer at Exeter a quantity of worn and cast-off types, he commenced operations, having no one to assist him except his female servant, and having of course to perform alternately the offices of compositor and pressman. Yet in this manner did the ingenious and persevering man proceed, until he had printed off forty copies of the first three hundred pages, his press permitting him to do only a single page at a time. Confident that he had now produced so ample a specimen of the work as would be certain to secure for it the general patronage of the learned, he here suspended his labours for a while; and, having forwarded copies to the Royal Society, the universities, certain of the bishops, and the editors of the principal reviews, waited with eager expectation for the notice and assistance which he thought himself sure of receiving from some of these quarters. He waited, however, in vain; the looked-for encouragement came not. Still, although thus a second time disappointed, he was not to be driven from his purpose, but returned with unabated courage to his neglected labours. In one respect, however, he determined to alter his plan. His presents to the learned bodies, &c. had cost him twenty-six of his

copies; and for the completion of these, so thanklessly received, he resolved that he would give himself no farther trouble, but limit the impression of the remainder of the work, so as merely to complete the fourteen copies which he had reserved, in this way saving both his labour and his paper. And he had at last, after thirteen years of unremitting toil, the gratification of bringing his extraordinary undertaking to a conclusion. The book, when finished, the reader will be astonished to learn, extended to no fewer than twenty-six volumes octavo, of nearly 500 pages each! In a like spirit of independence, he next bound all the fourteen copies with his own hands; after which he proceeded in person to London, and deposited one in each of the public libraries there. We may smile at so preposterous a dedication of the labours of a lifetime as this; but at least the power of extraordinary perseverance was not wanting here. It is true, this perseverance might have been more wisely exercised, and the patience, ingenuity, and toil, which were expended on a performance of no great use in itself, bestowed upon something better fitted to benefit both the zealous labourer and his fellow-men. Yet this consideration does not entitle us to refuse our admiration to so rare an example of the unwearied prosecution of an object, in the absence of all those vulgar encouragements which are generally believed and felt to be so indispensable.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

THE SPANIELS OF THE MONKS OF ST BERNARD.

THE convent of the Great St Bernard is situated near the top of the mountain known by that name, near one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions the traveller is often overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sunshine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron appear as if they were never to be sullied by the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on; the roads are rendered impassable by drifts of snow: the avalanches, which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice, are swept into the val-

leys, carrying trees and crags of rock before them. The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To be cold, to be weary, to be benighted, constitutes the title to their comfortable shelter, their cheering meal, and their agreeable converse. But their attention to the distressed does not end here. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm, and would perish but for their charitable succour. Most remarkably are they assisted in these truly Christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in the search for a lost track, his senses yielding to the stupefying influences of frost, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow-drift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and the exquisite docility of these admirable dogs are called into action. Though the perishing man lie ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the delicacy of smell with which they can trace him offers a chance of escape. They scratch away the snow with their feet; they set up a continued hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and labourers of the convent to their assistance. To provide for the chance that the dogs, without human help, may succeed in discovering the unfortunate traveller, one of them has a flask of spirits round his neck, to which the fainting man may apply for support; and another has a cloak to cover him. These wonderful exertions are often successful; and even where they fail of restoring him who has perished, the dogs discover the body, so that it may be secured for the recognition of friends; and such is the effect of the cold, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for the space of two years. One of these noble creatures was decorated with a medal, in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who, but for his sagacity, must have perished. Many travellers, who have crossed the passage of St Bernard, have seen this dog, and have heard, around the blazing fire of the monks, the story of

his extraordinary career. He died about the year 1816, in an attempt to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family: The Piedmontese courier arrived at St Bernard in a very stormy season, labouring to make his way to the little village of St Pierre, in the valley beneath the mountain, where his wife and children dwelt. It was in vain that the monks attempted to check his resolution to reach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the remarkable creature whose services had been so valuable to mankind. Descending from the convent, they were in an instant overwhelmed by an avalanche; and the same common destruction awaited the family of the poor courier, who were toiling up the mountain in the hope of obtaining some news of their expected friend. They all perished. *The Menageries.*

PRE-EMINENT POWER AND GREATNESS OF BRITAIN.

If true dominion is to be found, not in main strength but in influence, England, small as it is in geographical extent, is now the actual governor of the earth. She is the common source of appeal in all the conflicts of rival nations. She is the common succour against the calamities of nature. She is the great ally which every power threatened with war labours first to secure. For whose opulence and enjoyment are the ends of the earth labouring at this hour? For whom does the Polish peasant run his plough through the ground? For whom does the American hunt down his cattle or plant his cotton? For whom does the Chinese gather in his teas, or the Brazilian his gold and precious stones? England is before the eyes of them all. To whose market does every merchant of the remotest corners of the world look? To whose cabinet does every power, from America to India, turn with most engrossing interest! The answer is suggested at once. England sits queen among the nations. At any moment, a British cannon fired would be the signal for every kingdom of Europe to plunge into war.

The population of the British Isles is worthy of a great dominion. It probably amounts to *twenty millions;*

and that vast number is generally placed under such circumstances of rapid communication and easy concentration, as to be equal to, perhaps, half as many more in any other kingdom. For whatever purpose united strength can be demanded, it is, in consequence of a facility of intercourse peculiar to this country, forwarded to the spot at once. If England were threatened with invasion, a hundred thousand men could be conveyed to the defence of any of her coasts within four-and-twenty hours. Some common yet curious calculations evince the singular facility and frequency of this intercourse. The mail-coaches of England run over twelve thousand miles in a single night,—half the circumference of the globe. A newspaper published in the morning in London, is, by the same night, read a hundred and twenty miles off! The twopenny post revenue of London alone is said to equal the whole post-office revenue of France! The traveller going at night from London, sleeps, on the second night, four hundred miles off? The length of canal navigation in the vicinity of London is computed to equal the whole canal navigation of France!

But Britain is great, not merely in the extent, but in the diversity of her population. The land is not all a dock-yard, nor a manufactory, nor a barrack, nor a ploughed field; our national ship does not sweep on by a single sail. With a manufacturing population of three millions, we have a professional population, a naval population, and a most powerful, healthy, and superabundant agricultural population which supplies the drain of all the others. Of this last class the famous commercial republics were wholly destitute, and they therefore fell. England has been an independent and ruling kingdom since the invasion in 1066,—a period already longer than the duration of the Roman empire from Cæsar, and equal to its whole duration from the consulate, the time of its emerging into national importance.

Monthly Review for 1826.

BRITAIN.

Beauteous isle
And plenteous! what though in thy atmosphere

Float not the taintless luxury of light,
The dazzling azure of the southern skies;—
Around thee the rich orb of thy renown
Spreads stainless, and unsullied by a cloud.—
Though thy hills blush not with the purple vine,
And softer climes excel thee in the hue
And fragrance of thy summer fruits and flowers,
Nor flow thy rivers over golden beds,
Thou in the soul of man,—thy better wealth,—
Art richest: Nature's noblest produce, thou
Bear'st with an opulence prodigal; this thy right,
Thy privilege of climate and of soil.

MILMAN.

MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood:

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won!

Yet remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the virtues of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

Pageants!—let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a thousand Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny:
They defied the field and scaffold,
For their birthrights—so will we.

CAMPBELL.

THE CHRISTIAN SALVATION.

SALVATION means deliverance from something that is feared or suffered, and it is therefore a term of very general application; but in reference to our spiritual condition it means deliverance from those evils with which we are afflicted in consequence of our departure from God.

It implies deliverance from *ignorance*,—not from ignorance of human science, but from ignorance of God, the first and the last, the greatest and the wisest, the holiest and the best of beings, the maker of all things, the centre of all perfection, the fountain of all happiness. Ignorant of God, we cannot give him acceptable worship, we cannot rightly obey his will, we cannot hold communion with him here, we cannot be prepared for the enjoyment of his presence hereafter. But from this ignorance we are rescued by the salvation of the gospel, which reveals God to us, which makes us acquainted with his nature, his attributes, his character, his government, and which especially unfolds to us that scheme of mercy in which he has most clearly manifested his own glory.

Salvation implies deliverance from *guilt*. The law denounces a penalty against those who break it. That penalty is exclusion from heaven, and deprivation of God's favour, and consignment to the place of misery. But from this penalty there is deliverance provided. Christ has expiated guilt. He has made "reconciliation for iniquity." He has purchased eternal life. And "to those who are in him there is now no condemnation." Their sins are forgiven. They are at "peace with God." And there is nothing to prevent him from pouring out upon them all the riches of his mercy, and making them happy for ever.

This salvation implies deliverance from the *power of sin*. We are naturally the slaves of this power. Sin reigns in us as the descendants of apostate Adam. We

cannot throw off its yoke by any virtue or efforts of our own. And so long as it maintains its ascendency, we are degraded, and polluted, and miserable. But provision is made in the gospel for our emancipation. Christ "gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all our iniquities," and that sin might have no more "dominion over us." And all who believe in him are made free to serve that God whose service is the sweetest liberty and the highest honour.

The salvation of the gospel implies deliverance from the *ills and calamities of life*. It does not imply this literally; for, under the dispensation of the gospel, there is, strictly speaking, no exemption from bodily disease, from outward misfortune, or from the thousand distresses that flesh is heir to. But Christ has given such views of the providence of God,—he has brought life and immortality so clearly to light, and has so modified and subdued the operations of sin, which is the cause of all our sufferings, that these are no longer real evils to them that believe. When we are brought into a filial relation to God, the afflictions that he sends form a part of that discipline which he employs to improve our graces, and to prepare us for his presence. He supports us under them, he overrules and sanctifies them for our spiritual advantage, and he thus divests them of all that is frightful, and converts them into blessings.

This salvation implies deliverance from *the power and the fear of death*. It is indeed an awful thing to die. Nature recoils from the agonies of dissolution, and from the corruption of the grave. But Christ has "vanquished death, and him that had the power of it." He has plucked out its sting, he has secured our final triumph over it, and has thus taught us to dismiss all our alarms. Our bodies must return to their kindred earth; but they shall be raised again, spiritual, incorruptible, and glorious. They shall be reunited to their never-dying and sainted partners, and shall enter into the regions of immortality.

And while the salvation of the gospel implies our deliverance from all these evils, it also implies our *admission into the heavenly state*. It is in order to bring us there at last that all the benefits just enumerated are

conferred upon us, and it is there accordingly that they shall be consummated. We are delivered from ignorance; and in heaven no cloud shall obscure our view,—no veil of prejudice shall cover our hearts. We are delivered from guilt; and in heaven, at its very threshold, our acquittal and justification shall be proclaimed before an assembled world, and God's reconciled countenance shall shine upon us for ever. We are delivered from the power of sin; and in heaven there shall be found no tempter and no temptation,—nothing that defileth and nothing that is defiled. We are delivered from the ills and calamities of life; and in heaven all tears shall be wiped from the eye, and all sorrow banished from the heart,—there shall be undecaying health, and there shall be unbroken rest, and there shall be songs of unmingled gladness. We are delivered from the power and the fear of death; and in heaven there shall be no more death; the saints shall dwell in that sinless and unsuffering land as the redeemed of him who "was dead and is alive again, and liveth for evermore." All things are theirs; theirs is the unfading crown, theirs is the incorruptible inheritance, theirs is the kingdom that cannot be moved, theirs are the blessedness and the glories of eternity. ANDREW THOMSON.

EXERCISES

ON WORDS OCCURRING IN SECTION V.

DERIVATIVES.

*Aer*ial (*aer*)	Ex*patri*ate (*patria*)	*Patri*mony (*pater*)
*Alt*itudo (*altus*)	Exposure (*pono*)	*Peninsula* (*penè* and *insula*)
An*archy* (*archè*)	*Frag*ments (*frango*)	Pervious (*via*)
An*nihil*ate (*nihil*)	Ill*umin*ate (*lumen*)	*Proximity* (*proximus*)
Assim*il*ate (*similis*)	Im*pede* (*pes*)	*Ram*ification (*ramus*)
*Aug*mentation (*augeo*)	Incon*test*ible (*testis*)	Recess (*cedo*)
Co-*eval* (*aevum*)	*Insul*ate (*insula*)	Re*tard* (*tardus*)
Com*plet*ion (*pleo*)	Inv*inc*ible (*vinco*)	*Sal*ine (*sal*)
Cor*rode* (*rodo*)	Irrevocable (*voco*)	*Serr*ated (*serra*)
De*vi*ation (*via*)	*Lat*ent (*lateo*)	*Steril*ity (*sterilis*)
Dis*til* (*stillo*)	*Mand*ible (*mando*)	Survivor (*vivo*)
Edifice (*ædes* and *facio*)	*Mediterra*nean (*medius* and *terra*)	Trans*it* (*eo*)
Ex*cav*ation (*cavus*)	*Mo*notonous (*monos*)	*Vin*ous (*vinum*)
Ex*hale* (*halo*)		

Few can expect to be ex*alt*ed to the rank of *monarchs* or nobles; but all may a*spire* to those moral qualities which are of greater intrinsic value than the sceptres of kings and the stars of nobles. In the heraldry of heaven, goodness alone constitutes greatness.

Many of the early Christians submitted to martyrdom rather than dishonour their Saviour and re*cant* their conscientious opinions. No consideration could induce them to in*fring*e the law of their master, or de*vi*ate from the path of duty; and by the inv*inc*iblo courage with which they bore their sufferings, and the divine forgiveness which they showed to their enemies, they rendered it apparent that they had in*hal*ed the very spirit of the Lord Jesus.

The *insul*ar situation of this country might seem at first sight to be a disadvantage; but it is in reality the source of much of its strength. To it, under Providence, are we indebted for our ex*empt*ion from foreign ag*gress*ion; to it do we owe the mon*archy* of the ocean; to it is to be ascribed our unrivalled commercial greatness; nor is it a small benefit, that it has, in some measure, *insul*ated us from the lax morality of the continental nations, and im*ped*ed the spread of their unholy principles and practices.

In needle *manu*factories, the workmen who point the needles are constantly exposed to excessively minute particles of steel which fly

from the grindstones, and are in*hal*ed with their breath. These particles, though imperceptible as the finest dust, are so destructive to health, that persons employed in this kind of work used scarcely ever to attain the age of forty years. In vain was it attempted to purify the air before its entry into the lungs, by gauzes and other *simil*ar guards; the dust was too fine and penetrating to be im*ped*ed by such coarse contrivances. At length some ingenious person bethought him of that wonderful power which every child who searches for its mother's needle with a *magnet* sees in exercise. Masks of magnetized steel-wire were constructed, and adapted to the faces of the workmen. By this ex*pedi*ent, an evil re*plete* with sure though *tardy* destruction to a useful class of men, has been not merely ob*vi*ated, but an*nihil*ated; for by the magnetized wire the air is not merely strained, but se*arch*ed in its passage through it, and each obnoxious atom arrested and removed. Many sur*viv*ing artisans daily bless God for giving to the magnet its surprising property, and for leading an ingenious man to apply it to such a valuable purpose.

WORDS WHERE THE ACCENT IS APT TO BE MISPLACED.

Nouns.	*Nouns.*	*Adjectives.*	*Verbs.*
Access′	Hori′zon	Ac′ceptable	Advertise′
Adept′	In′dustry	Ad′verse	Can′cel
Adver′tisement	Inqui′ry	Corrupt′	Can′vass
Ally′	Lev′ee	Elect′	Con′strue
Ap′erture	Lu′natic	In′teresting	Coun′tenance
Artif′icer	Ped′estal	Irrep′arable	Distrib′ute
Balco′ny	Prec′edent	Irrev′ocable	Har′ass
Commit′tee	Pursuit′	Perverse′	In′fluence
Div′idend	Remain′der	Rep′utable	In′terest
Es′cort	Res′pite	Sin′ister	Metamor′phose
Ex′cellency	Sub′altern	Unprec′edented	Res′pite
Excess′	Success′		Sen′tence
Fanat′ic	U′tensil		Trav′erse

The title *subaltern* is given to all officers in the army under the rank of a captain.

Where there is no statute-law to regulate the judge, he disposes of the case according to the decisions which have been given in similar cases; and when he does this, he is said to be guided by *precedent.*

The *pursuits* of men are so various, that he must be strangely deficient, either in talent or in industry, who cannot find one which he may prosecute with success.

His *Excellency* the Governor-general of India occasionally holds *levees*, to which British residents of respectability have *access.*

The *committee* of a society is a select number of the members, who are chosen by the whole society to conduct its concerns and transact its business.

That foolish *artificer*, by drinking to *excess*, has squandered the chief part of his means: he is now a bankrupt; and I perceive, by

an *advertisement* in the newspapers, that the *remainder* of his funds will be taken to pay a *dividend* to his creditors.

Upon *inquiry* it was ascertained that the vessel which was seen in the *horizon*, and which we supposed to be one of the enemy's *escort*, belonged to our *allies*.

The wretched creature who scrambled up our *balcony*, entered the house by an *aperture* in the window, and stole the bust from the *pedestal* in the library, now pretends that he is a *lunatic;* but he is known to have robbed the house of various *utensils* before this, and he is too much an *adept* in crime to obtain a *respite*.

Even the most *reputable* of men inherit a *corrupt* and *perverse* nature.

The *elect* are those whom God has purposed to save ; and none are *acceptable* in God's sight, or entitled to reckon themselves *elect*, who are *adverse* to holiness, or affect to be holy from *sinister* ends.

God's sentence against sin is *irrevocable;* but it is *interesting* to know that such was the *unprecedented* love of our Saviour, that he suffered for sin in our stead, and thereby effected the removal of an evil which otherwise would have been *irreparable*.

The criminal had contrived to *metamorphose* himself so effectually, that for a long time he eluded justice, though his appearance and dress were daily *advertised;* but at last he was taken, tried, and *sentenced* to death : he is now in jail, awaiting the execution of the sentence, and there is no chance of his being *respited*.

The candidates for the representation of the people commence operations by *canvassing* for votes : they *traverse* the country for this purpose ; they *harass* the electors with their attentions ; and they labour especially to get those to *countenance* them, and *interest* themselves in their cause, who have it in their power, from their rank or station, to *influence* others. On these occasions the candidates *distribute* their wealth with the greatest prodigality ; and scarcely does a contested election ever occur in which there are not presents made that might easily be *construed* into bribes, and votes given which ought to be questioned and *cancelled*.

WORDS OF MORE THAN FOUR SYLLABLES.

Advantageously	Decomposition	Inconceivable	Peculiarity
Assimilated	Domesticated	Inconvenience	Possibility
Barometrical	Expatriated	Insignificant	Probability
Circumnavigated	Extraordinary	Irradiated	Prognostication
Civilisation	Imagination	Manufactory	Qualification
Consolidated	Imperishable	Mathematical	Ramification
Continuation	Inaccessible	Mediterranean	Subterranean
Continuity	Incalculable	Ordinarily	Variegated

SECTION V.

MY BIRTHDAY.

VAIN was the man, and false as vain,
Who said,*—"were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he *had* done."—
Ah! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birthdays speaks to me;
Far otherwise—of time it tells,
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly—
Of counsel mock'd—of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines.—

All this it tells, and could I trace
Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface,
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all should melt away——
All—but that Freedom of the Mind,
Which hath been more than wealth to me:
Those friendships, in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly,
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy round! MOORE.

JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON, who is pre-eminently the divine of England, was in London on the 9th December 1608. His was a scrivener, and a person of accomplishments learning. Milton educated with the most sedulous care; and the intensity of his boyish laid the seeds of future blindness. After Cambridge, he remained for some time in retirement at his father's in Buckinghamshire; and

* Fontenelle.

there some of exquisite minor pieces. When turned thirty, after a youth of severe study, he to Italy, "the most accomplished Englishman ever visited her classic shores." He returned to England about the breaking out of the civil , and took an active in public affairs. He came into office Cromwell; and, as the literary champion of the Commonwealth, many controversial pieces. Milton's , which had long been weak, failed entirely in middle life; and the Paradise Lost, and his large poems, were all during the long of darkness preceded his death. After the Restoration, the undaunted of the Commonwealth could expect no from the government; but he had been merciful in his of power, and some of the royalists whom he had interfered for protection. He fled for a ; but, when the first danger was over, to London, where he on the 8th of November 1674, after twenty-five of total blindness. Milton was three married, and a widow and three daughters.

Milton was so beautiful in his youth, that he was the Lady of Christ's Church College. His , which was of a bright brown, and parted at the forehead, down upon his shoulders in those "hyacinthine curls" which he has to the father of mankind. He was an active fencer, and in the exercise, in he was well skilled. The of his domestic day, after he became blind, is thus by Johnson;—"When he first rose he a chapter read in the Hebrew Bible, and then studied twelve; then exercise for an hour; dined; then played on the organ and sung, or heard another ; then studied six; then visiters till eight; then supped; and, after a pipe of and a glass of water, to bed."

JOHNSTONE'S *Specimens*.

THE CORAL INSECT.

CORALS abound chiefly in the tropical regions. These animals vary from the size of a pin's head to somewhat more than the bulk of a pea; and it is by the persevering efforts of creatures so insignificant, working in myriads,

and working through ages, that the enormous structures, called coral reefs, are erected.

The great coral reef of New Holland alone is a thousand miles in length, and its altitude cannot range to less than between one and two thousand feet. It is a mountain-ridge that would reach almost three times from one extremity of England to the other, with the height of Ingleborough, or that of the ordinary class of Scottish mountains.—And this is the work of insects whose dimensions are less than those of a house-fly!

But what is even this? The whole of the Pacific Ocean is crowded with islands of the same architecture, the produce of the same insignificant architects. An animal barely possessing life, tied down to its narrow cell, ephemeral in existence, is daily, hourly, creating the habitations of men, of animals, of plants. It is founding a new continent; it is constructing a new world. These are among the wonders of His mighty hand; such are among the means He uses to forward His ends of benevolence.

If we have said that the coral insect is creating a new continent, we have not said more than the truth. Navigators now know that the Great Southern Ocean is not only crowded with those islands, but that it is crowded with submarine rocks of the same nature, rapidly growing up to the surface, where, at length overtopping the ocean, they are destined to form new habitations for man to extend his dominion. They grow and unite into circles and ridges, and, ultimately, they become extensive tracts.—This process is equally visible in the Red Sea. That sea is daily becoming less and less navigable, in consequence of the growth of its coral rocks; and the day is to come, when perhaps one plain will unite the opposite shores of Egypt and Arabia.

But let us here also admire the wonderful provision which is made deep in the earth, for completing the work which those animals have commenced. It is the volcano and the earthquake that are to complete the structure, to elevate the mountain and form the valley, and to introduce beneath the equator the range of climate which belongs to the temperate regions, and to lay the great

hydraulic engine by which the clouds are collected to fertilize the earth, and which causes springs to burst forth and rivers to flow. And this is the work of one short hour. —If the coral insect was not made in vain, neither was it for destruction that God ordained the volcano and the earthquake. Thus also by means so opposed, so contrasted, is one single end attained. And that end is the welfare, the happiness of man. *Universal Review.*

THE SHADOW ON THE SUNDIAL.

Upon yon dial-stone
Behold the shade of time
For ever circling on and on,
In silence more sublime
Than if the thunders of the spheres
Peal'd forth its march to mortal ears.

Day is the time for toil;
Night balms the weary breast;
Stars have their vigils: seas awhile
Will sink to peaceful rest:—
But round and round the shadow creeps
Of that which slumbers not nor sleeps.

In beauty fading fast
Its silent trace appears,
And—where a phantom of the past
Dim in the mist of years,
Gleams Tadmor o'er oblivion's waves,
Like wrecks above their ocean-graves.

Before the ceaseless shade,
That round the world doth sail,
Its towers and temples bow the head—
The Pyramids look pale—
The festal halls grow hush'd and cold—
The everlasting hills wax old!

Coëval with the sun
Its silent course began,
And still its phantom-race shall run
Till worlds with age grow wan—
Till darkness spread her funeral pall—
And one vast shadow circle all.

JOHN MALCOLM.

MAHOGANY.

THE mahogany is, perhaps, the most majestic of timber-trees; for though some rise to a greater height, this tree, like the oak and the cedar, impresses the spectator with the strongest feelings of its firmness and duration. In the rich valleys among the mountains of Cuba, and those that open upon the Bay of Honduras, the mahogany expands to so giant a trunk, divides into so many massy arms, and throws the shade of its shining green leaves, spotted with tufts of pearly flowers, over so vast an extent of surface, that it is difficult to imagine a vegetable production combining in such a degree the qualities of elegance and strength. The precise period of its growth is not actually known; but as, when large, it changes but little during the life of a man, the time of its arriving at maturity is probably not less than two hundred years. Some idea of its size, and also of its commercial value, may be formed from the fact, that a single log imported at Liverpool weighed nearly seven tons,—was, in the first instance, sold for £378,—resold for £525—and would, had the dealers been certain of its quality, have been worth £1000.

As is the case with much other timber, the finest mahogany trees are not in the most accessible situations. They grow for the most part in the rich inland valleys, whence transportation is so difficult as to defy all the means of removal possessed by the natives. Masses of from six to eight tons are not very easily moved in any country; and in a mountainous and rocky one, where little attention is paid to mechanical power, to move them is impossible. In Cuba, the inhabitants have neither enterprise nor skill adequate to felling the mahogany-trees, and transporting them to the shore; and thus the finest timber remains unused.

The discovery of this beautiful timber was accidental, and its introduction into notice was slow. The first mention of it is, that it was used in the repair of some of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships at Trinidad, in 1597. Its finely variegated tints were admired; but in that age the dream of El Dorado caused matters of more value to be neglected.

The first that was brought to England was about the beginning of last century; a few planks having been sent to Dr Gibbons, of London, by a brother who was a West India captain. The Doctor was erecting a house in King Street, Covent-Garden, and gave the timber to the workmen, who rejected it as being too hard. The Doctor's cabinet-maker, named Wollaston, was employed to make a candle-box of it, and as he was sawing up the plank he also complained of the hardness of the timber. But when the candle-box was finished, it outshone in beauty all the Doctor's other furniture, and became an object of curiosity and exhibition. The wood was then taken into favour; Dr Gibbons had a bureau made of it, and the Duchess of Buckingham another; and the despised mahogany now became a prominent article of luxury, and at the same time raised the fortunes of the cabinet-maker, by whom it had been at first so little regarded.

Mahogany is now in universal use for furniture, from the common tables of a village inn to the splendid cabinets of a regal palace. Indeed, so universal is the demand for it, that a very nice selection is rendered necessary for those articles which are costly and fashionable. A short time ago, Messrs Broadwood, the celebrated piano-forte makers, gave the enormous sum of £3000 for three logs of mahogany. These logs, the produce of one tree, were each about 15 feet long and 38 inches wide. They were cut into veneers of eight to an inch. The wood was peculiarly beautiful, and when polished, reflected the light in the most varied manner, like the surface of a crystal. *Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

ADVANTAGES AND POWER OF STEAM.

Since the invention of printing, the power of man to extend knowledge has been immensely increased; but, within the last thirty years, a prodigious augmentation has taken place even in this power. The steam-press which now works the *Times* newspaper prints *four thousand* sheets per hour, or more than a sheet per second. It may be clearly proved, that to write by hand the num-

ber published by the *Times* daily, would require a million and a half of scribes; yet they are printed with ease by two dozen men. Such is the effect of a skilful division of labour, that a debate in the House of Commons of eight or ten hours length, may be reported, printed, and published, so as to be read in London within three or four hours of its close.

Steam works wonders on sea as well as on land. Since steam-vessels were employed, intercourse has been vastly extended, not only between all parts of the British islands, but between the United States and the countries of Europe. By the steam-packets we pass easily, and with certainty, in a single night from Liverpool to Dublin. They operate as bridges, connecting the sister island with England. Calms do not retard their flight over the waves; adverse tides and winds, though they somewhat impede, cannot arrest their progress. Instinct with power, "they walk the waters like a thing of life." By their aid the voyage to India will probably be made erelong almost as easy an enterprise as a journey from London to Scotland was a century ago.—*Liverpool Times.*

THE age in which we live may be called the mechanical age. It is the age which, with its whole might, teaches and practises the art of adapting means to ends. Nothing is now done directly, or by hand; all is by rule and contrivance. For the simplest operation, some help is in readiness. Our old modes of exertion are all thrown aside. On every hand the living artisan is driven from his workshop to make room for a speedier inanimate one. The shuttle drops from the fingers of the weaver, and falls into iron fingers that drive it faster. The sailor furls his sail, and lays down his oar, and bids a strong, unwearied servant, on vaporous wings, bear him through the waters. Even the horse is stripped of his harness, and finds a fleet fire-horse yoked in his stead. Nay, we have an artist that hatches chickens by steam. We remove mountains, and make seas our smooth highway. Nothing can resist us. We war with rude nature, and, by our resistless engines, come off always victorious, and loaded with spoils. *Edinburgh Review.*

A BOOK.

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old,
I am often in tatters, and oft deck'd with gold—
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found:
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound—
I am always in black, and I'm always in white;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.—
In form too I differ,—I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh and no bone, yet I'm covered with skin;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking confute;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

HANNAH MORE.

THE BAROMETER.

THE barometer or weather-glass shows us, strictly speaking, only the weight of the air; but as the weight of the air depends greatly upon the quantity of moisture that is in it, and as the state of the air in regard to moisture determines in a great measure the state of the weather—this instrument is not incorrectly described and employed as a weather-glass. The heavier the air is, the higher does the quicksilver rise in the barometrical tube; and as the air is heaviest in clear weather, the higher the degree of the scale at which the mercury stands, the greater is the probability of fine weather.

The great practical value of this instrument to the farmer, whose operations are so much regulated by the weather, is obvious. It is of use, by aiding and correcting his prognostications of the weather drawn from other sources. It is of equal value to the traveller, who must guide his motions in a great measure according to its intimations. But its great use as a weather-glass is to the mariner, who roams over the whole ocean under skies and climates altogether new to him. The watchful captain of the present day, trusting to its warnings, is often enabled to take in sail and to make ready for the storm, in cases where, in former times, the dreadful

visitation would have fallen upon him unprepared. Dr Arnott relates a striking instance of this which occurred to himself:—

"It was," says he, "in a southern latitude. The sun had just set with placid appearance, after a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's order came to prepare with all haste for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet, the old sailors had not perceived even a threatening in the sky, and they were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations: but the required measures were not completed, when a more awful hurricane burst upon them than the most experienced had ever braved. Nothing could withstand it; the sails, already furled and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters; even the bare yards and masts were in great part disabled; and at one time the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the board. Such, for a few hours, was the mingled roar of the hurricane above, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard, and, amidst the general consternation, even the trumpet sounded in vain. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given the warning, neither the extraordinary strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, would have saved one man to tell the tale. On the following morning the wind was again at rest, but the ship lay upon the yet heaving waves an unsightly wreck."

THE CASTAWAY SHIP.

Her mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand;
And weeping eyes are on the main
Until its verge she wanders o'er;—
But from that hour of parting pain,
Oh! she was never heard of more!

When, on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doom'd to flee,

Say, sank she 'mid the blending wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea?
Or—where the land but mocks the eye—
Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all! Her destiny
Is dark!—she ne'er was heard of more!

The moon hath twelve times changed her form,
From glowing orb to crescent wan,
'Mid skies of calm and scowl of storm,
Since from her port that ship hath gone:
But ocean keeps its secret well;
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate:—she ne'er was heard of more!

Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,
'Twere something to the broken heart:
The pangs of doubt would then be gone,—
And fancy's endless dreams depart!—
It may not be:—there is no ray
By which her doom we may explore;
We only know—she sail'd away,
And ne'er was seen nor heard of more!

JOHN MALCOLM.

NESTS OF SOLITARY WASPS.

MOST persons have more or less acquaintance with the hives of the social species of bees and wasps; but the nests constructed by the solitary species are not less worthy of notice, nor less remarkable for displays of ingenuity and skill. We admire the social bees labouring together for one common end, in the same way that we look with delight upon the great division of labour in a well-ordered manufactory. As in a cotton-mill, some attend to the carding of the raw material, some to its formation into single threads, some to the gathering these threads upon spindles, others to the union of many threads into one; so do we view with delight and wonder the successive steps by which the hive-bees bring their beautiful work to its completion, striving, by individual efforts, to accomplish their general task, never impeding each other by useless assistance, each taking a particular

department, and each knowing its own duties. We may, however, not the less admire the solitary wasp or bee, who begins and finishes every part of its destined work, just as we admire the ingenious mechanic who perfects something useful or ornamental entirely by the labour of his own hands,—whether he be the patient Chinese carver, who cuts his decorated boxes out of a piece of ivory, or the turner of Europe, who produces every variety of elegant form by the skilful application of the simplest means.

Our island abounds with many varieties of solitary wasps and bees; and as a specimen of the entertainment that you may derive from observing the operations of these creatures, I shall give you a description of the nest of one of them.

In September 1828, says Mr Rennie, I observed, on the east wall of a house at Lee in Kent, a solitary *mason-wasp*, busy excavating a hole in one of the bricks, about five feet from the ground. Whether there might not have been an accidental hole in the brick before the wasp commenced her labours is unknown; but the brick was one of the hardest of the yellow sort. The most remarkable circumstance in the process of hewing into the brick, was the care of the insect in removing to a distance the fragments which from time to time she succeeded in detaching. It might have been supposed that these fragments would have been tossed out of the hole, as the work proceeded, without farther concern, as the mole tosses above ground the earth which has been cleared out of its subterranean gallery. The wasp was of a different opinion; for it was possible that a heap of brick-chips, at the bottom of the wall, might lead to the discovery of her nest by some of her enemies, particularly by one or other of the numerous tribe of what are called *ichneumon* flies. These flies are continually prowling about and prying into every corner, to find, by stealth, a nest for their eggs. It might have been some such consideration as this which induced the wasp to carry off the fragments as they were successively detached. That concealment was the motive, indeed, was proved; for one of the fragments, which fell out of the hole by accident, she imme-

diately sought for at the bottom of the wall, and carried off with her jaws, like the rest. Within two days the excavation was completed; but it required two other days to line it with a coating of clay, to deposit the eggs, two in number, and, no doubt, to imprison a few live spiders or caterpillars, for the young when hatched. After this the little architect was observed closing up the entrance with a layer of clay. The whole excavation was found, on examination afterwards, to be rather less than an inch in depth. Notwithstanding, however, all the precautions of the careful parent to conceal her nest, it was found out by one of the cuckoo-flies, which deposited an egg there; and the grub hatched from it, after devouring one of the wasp grubs, formed itself a cocoon, as did the other undevoured grub of the wasp. Both awaited the return of summer to change into winged insects, burst their cerements, and proceed as their parents did. *Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

HEROISM OF A PHYSICIAN.

THE plague violently in Marseilles. Every link of affection was ; the father turned from the child, the from the father: ingratitude no longer indignation. Misery is at its when it thus destroys every generous feeling! The city a desert, grass grew in the , a funeral you at every step. The physicians in a body to hold a consultation on the fearful , for which no had yet been discovered. After a long deliberation, they decided, the malady had a peculiar mysterious character, which only be found out opening a corpse,—an operation which it was to attempt, since the operator must infallibly a victim in a few hours, beyond the of human art to save him. A dead pause succeeded this fatal . Suddenly a surgeon Guyon, in the prime of , and of great celebrity in his , rose and said firmly, "Be so: I devote myself for the of my country. To-morrow, at the break of , I will dissect a , and write down as I what I observe."

Guyon acted up to words. had never married; he was rich; and he immediately a will, dictated by justice and piety. A had died of the in his house within four-and-twenty hours. Guyon, at day-break, himself up in the same room, with him pens, an inkstand, and paper. He began, finished the dreadful operation, and in detail his surgical operations. He then left the room, the papers into a vase of vinegar, and afterwards sought the lazaretto, where he in twelve hours,—a ten thousand times more glorious than that of the , who, to his country, rushes on the ranks of the enemy.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

TRIVIAL OCCURRENCES OFTEN DEVELOP LATENT GENIUS.

IT was the accident of the roof of his father's cottage coming down, while he was a child, that first turned the attention of the celebrated James Ferguson to mechanical contrivance. The eminent engineer, John Rennie, used to trace his first notions, in regard to the powers of machinery, to his having been obliged, when a boy, in consequence of the breaking down of a bridge, to go one winter every morning to school by a circuitous road, which carried him past a place where a thrashing-machine was generally at work. The great Linnæus was probably made a botanist by the circumstance of his father having a few rather uncommon plants in his garden. Harrison is said to have been originally inspired with the idea of devoting himself to the constructing of marine timepieces by his residence in view of the sea. James Tassie, the celebrated modeller and maker of paste-gems, commenced life as a stone-mason in Glasgow, and was first prompted to aspire to something beyond his humble occupation by having gone on a holiday to see the paintings in an academy for instruction in the fine arts. George Edwards, the naturalist, and author of the splendid book entitled the "History of Birds," was in the first instance apprenticed to a London merchant; but the accident of a bedroom being assigned to him which contained a collection of

books on natural history, left by a former lodger of his master, formed in him so strong an attachment to this study, that he resolved to give up commerce, and devote his life to science. The celebrated Bernard Palissy, to whom France was indebted, in the sixteenth century, for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, had his attention first attracted to the art by having one day seen by chance a beautiful enamelled cup which had been brought from Italy. He laboured sixteen years at the attempt to discover the secret of making these cups, and arrived at the discovery after undergoing incredible toil, and submitting to incredible privations; but Palissy was, in all respects, an extraordinary man. In his moral character he displayed a high-mindedness not inferior to the vigour of his understanding. Although a Protestant, he had escaped, through the royal favour, from the massacre of St Bartholomew; but having been soon after shut up in the Bastile, he was visited in his prison by the king, who told him, that if he did not comply with the established religion, he should be forced, however unwillingly, to leave him in the hands of his enemies. "Forced!" replied Palissy. "This is not to speak like a king; but they who force you cannot force me,—I can die!" He never regained his liberty, but ended his life in the Bastile in the 90th year of his age.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

THE CAMEL.

The inhabitants of London, and of other large towns of England, sometimes see the camel led along their streets for exhibition; but the existence of this animal is comparatively miserable when it is led about the rough and often muddy pavements of our towns. The climate of England causes the animal to feel enfeebled. It limps along with difficulty, at a wretched pace, and appears a sluggish, feeble, and almost useless creature. The camel has been created with a special adaptation to its native region,—the region of hot and sandy deserts. It is constituted to endure the severest hardships in these countries with little inconvenience. Its feet are formed

to tread lightly upon a dry and shifting soil; its nostrils have the capacity of closing so as to shut out the driving sand, when the whirlwind scatters it over the desert; it is provided with a peculiar apparatus for retaining water in its stomach, so that it can march from well to well without great inconvenience, although they be several hundred miles apart. And thus, when a company of Eastern merchants cross from Aleppo to Bussorah, over a plain of sand which offers no refreshment to the exhausted senses, the whole journey being about eight hundred miles, the camel of the heavy caravan moves cheerfully along, with a burden of six or seven hundredweight, at the rate of twenty miles a-day; while those of greater speed, that carry a man without much other load, go forward at double that pace and daily distance. Patient under his duties, he kneels down at the command of his driver, and rises up cheerfully with his load. He requires no whip or spur during his monotonous march; but, like many other animals, he feels an evident pleasure in musical sounds, and therefore, when fatigue comes upon him, the driver sings some cheering snatch of his Arabian melodies, and the delighted creature toils forward with a brisker step till the hour of rest arrives, when he again kneels down to have his load removed for a little while. Under a burning sun, upon an arid soil, enduring great fatigue, sometimes without food for days, and seldom completely slaking his thirst more than once during a progress of several hundred miles, the camel is patient and apparently happy. He ordinarily lives to a great age, and is seldom visited by any disease. And why is this? He lives according to the peculiar nature which God has given him; whilst with us, as we sometimes see him in our streets, his nature is outraged, and the purpose of his creation defeated.

The uses which the camel has served in the civilisation of mankind, in those countries of the East where civilisation first commenced, are incalculable. Unless such an animal had existed in Asia,—a country intersected by immense arid plains, the intercourse of mankind would have been confined to small fertile spots; the commodities of one part of that immense region could

not have been exchanged for those of another; commerce would have been unknown; and knowledge, from being limited to particular districts, would have been of the most stunted and feeble growth, in the same way that a native crab-stock produces sour and worthless fruit, till some slip from the tree of another climate is grafted upon it. Thus, instead of the learning of the Egyptians being communicated from country to country, and instead of the produce of the East being brought to the West, to induce that taste for comforts which principally develops the human mind, many portions of mankind, which were early civilized, would probably at this day be in the same state of ignorance as the Indians of South America, whose communications are cut off by sandy deserts and inaccessible mountains.

Think of the camel, therefore, as a benefactor of man as well as an example of patient endurance; and admire the wisdom and goodness of Providence in providing an animal in all respects so valuable and useful.

The Menageries.

THE REIN-DEER.

THE rein-deer is a native of the polar regions, and presents another of the many forcible examples of the inseparable connexion of animals with the wants of human society, and of the goodness of God in providing for his creatures. The rein-deer has been domesticated by the Laplanders from the earliest ages, and has alone rendered the dreary region in which this portion of mankind abides at all supportable. The civilisation of those extreme northern regions entirely depends upon the rein-deer. The traveller from Sweden or Norway may proceed with ease and safety even beyond the polar circle, but when he enters Finmark he cannot stir without the rein-deer. The rein-deer alone connects two extremities of a kingdom, and causes knowledge and civilisation to be extended over countries which, during a great part of the year, are cut off from all other communication with the rest of mankind.

As camels are the chief possession of an Arab, so the

rein-deer comprise all the wealth of a Laplander. The number of deer belonging to a herd is from three hundred to five hundred; with these a Laplander can do well, and live in tolerable comfort. He can make in summer a sufficient quantity of cheese for the year's consumption; and, during the winter season, can afford to kill deer enough to supply him and his family pretty constantly with venison. With two hundred deer, a man, if his family be but small, can manage to get on. If he have but one hundred, his subsistence is very precarious, as he cannot rely entirely upon them for support. Should he have but fifty, he is no longer independent, or able to keep a separate establishment.

As the winter approaches, the coat of the rein-deer begins to thicken in the most remarkable manner, and assumes that lighter colour which is the great peculiarity of polar quadrupeds. During the summer the animal pastures upon the green herbage, and browses upon the shrubs which he finds in his march; but in winter his sole food is the lichen or moss, which he instinctively discovers under the snow.

Harnessed to a sledge, the rein-deer will draw about 300 lbs., though the Laplanders generally limit the burden to 240 lbs. The trot of the rein-deer is about ten miles an hour, and their power of endurance is such, that journeys of one hundred and fifty miles in nineteen hours are not uncommon. There is a portrait of a rein-deer in one of the palaces of Sweden, which is said to have drawn, upon an occasion of emergency, an officer with important despatches the incredible distance of eight hundred English miles in forty-eight hours. Pictet, a French astronomer, who visited the northern parts of Lapland in 1769 for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus, started three rein-deer in light sledges for a short distance, which he actually measured in order to know their speed, and the following was the result:— The first deer performed 3089 feet in two minutes, being at the rate of nearly nineteen English miles in an hour; the second did the same in three minutes; and the third in three minutes and twenty-six seconds. The ground chosen for the race was nearly level.

The rein-deer requires considerable training to prepare him for sledge-travelling, and he always demands an experienced driver. Sometimes, when the animal is ill broken and the driver inexpert, the deer turns round, and rids himself of his burden by the most furious assaults; but such instances of resistance are exceptions. He is ordinarily so docile that he scarcely needs any direction; and so persevering that he toils on, hour after hour, without any refreshment except a mouthful of snow which he hastily snatches.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
—"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

"We have swept o'er cities in song renown'd,—
Silent they lie with the deserts round!
We have cross'd proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
All dark with the warrior blood of old;
And each worn wing hath regain'd its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
—"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt,—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

Oh! joyous birds, it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!—
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep,—
Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

—"A change we have found there—and many a change!
Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,

And the place is hush'd where the children played—
Nought looks the same save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it, in power and mirth!
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have pass'd,—
So may we reach our bright home at last

Mrs Hemans.

PRESERVATION AND DISPERSION OF PLANTS.

It is wonderful to the various methods which Divine Providence hath for preserving and multiplying . The root down into the earth to nourishment from it, and to stability to the plant. The fibres the sap. The leaves imbibe from the air, and afford shelter from the of the sun, and give protection to the flower-bud when it is to open. The flowers serve to the seed, and assist in keeping it so as to ripen it: the itself, after it is separated from the plant, is guarded in ways, till it shall have an of springing again from the . Sometimes it is in a stone surrounded with a pulp, as in cherries and plums. Sometimes it is with a husk, and sometimes, as in rape and mustard seed, it has in it an oily juice, which it from soon injured by cold or wet.

There are many different ways by which are multiplied, so as to afford always a sufficient supply for covering the of the earth. Grass and strawberries, besides seed, send out shoots along the , which take and spread. Thistles and dandelions have their seeds with a light down, by which means, in a windy day, they are flying off, sometimes to a distance. Burs have hooked beards, which to sheep and other , and are sown by that in different . Other seeds are up by birds, and pass through them without digested, and so spring up where they to be dropped. Others again, such walnuts and cocoa-nuts upon the

water, and are by streams or by sea soften to
far remote. And it is of observation, that the form
of the seed usually with the soil on which the
to which it belongs is likely to grow best. The
thistles and other plants, which best on light and
somewhat elevated , are provided with the downy
for flying about. Plants which well in moist
, near pools or streams, generally have seeds fitted
for . The red berry of the yew, for example,
whose favourite is the cold and humid moun-
tain, by the of the lake, is hollowed into a little bell.
This berry, on from the tree, is at first
down by its fall to the bottom of the water; but it
instantly to the surface, by means of the little
in the berry above the seed. In this little hole is
an air-bubble, which brings it back to the of the
water, and thus it floats, till it be carried to some of
the bank, from which it again, to throw its dusky
shade the lake. PALEY.

MAP OF THE WORLD—ASIA.

ASIA is distinguished, by natural divisions, into Central, Northern, South-eastern, and South-western Asia. Central Asia is separated by ranges of mountains into the middle, eastern, and western regions. The middle region may be considered as the headland of Asia, from which the mountains break off in all directions, and from which the immense rivers of Asia run to the east and to the west, or fall into the Icy Sea or into the Indian Ocean. This elevated region of snows and clouds, which maintains an almost unbroken winter in the vicinity of the tropic, has assimilated its peculiar inhabitants to itself, who, in their stunted frames and flattened features, bear the impress of their iron soil and relentless sky. Yet even here there are favoured spots; some sheltered enclosure protected by the projecting rocks from the ice-wind, or some valley which the rivers have hollowed out and clad with soil, or some plain to which an almost vertical sun has given a transient but abundant vegetation. Central Asia is somewhat softened in its

eastern division, where the cold is thawed by the neighbourhood of the sea, and the inland regions are fertilized by the waters of the Amoor, and sheltered by its magnificent forests. But its shores are desert, and its woods solitary; the tomb of the fisher is more frequently seen on its coast than the boat of the living; the mausoleum which the emperors of China have erected to their ancestors is more splendid than their palace; and it seems as if the mass of the nation had expatriated themselves to take possession of their conquests in the south. The third division of Central Asia is a still milder and more fertile region; as the ground rapidly descends, and the sky brightens after passing the Belur Tag or the Mountains of Darkness, till the delicious valley of Samarcand and Bokhara opens out, and displays the green meadows and blossoming gardens, the castles and towns of Mawar-al-Nahar, whose inhabitants, in the mildness of their climate, lose the Scythian cast of countenance, and are alike celebrated for their bravery and their beauty.

Northern Asia, or Siberia, loses, by its northern exposure and latitude, what it gains by the descent of the ground towards the Icy Sea; and winter lingers round the year in the recesses of its woods and in the depth of its morasses, where the ice never melts: only some favoured situations enjoy the benefit of a brief but rapid summer. But even in its uniform desolation there are shades of difference, and the country beyond the Yenisei is still more Siberian than that which is nearer to Russia. It is thus that Asia has no temperate climate; it is divided by its central range of mountains between winter and summer.

South-eastern Asia, which is its warm and tropical division, may be divided into China, India, and the Indo-Chinese countries. In China the hills retain the coldness of Tartary, and the valleys unite the warmth of India to the mildness and moisture of the neighbourhood of the Southern Sea; and China thus furnishes, with every variety of climate, every variety of production. Japan may be considered as a smaller and insulated China, surrounded by the atmosphere of the Pacific, and therefore presenting the same range of temperature, modi-

fied by its vicinity to the ocean. In India beyond the Ganges, both the animal and vegetable worlds assume their largest dimensions; this is the native region of the teak forest and of the elephant. Nature itself is on so large a scale, that every range of mountains forms the boundary of a kingdom, and every valley constitutes an empire. This region, by the jutting out of the peninsula of Malacca, forms a connexion with the Spice Islands, which owe their luxuriance to their being placed beneath the sun of the equator, in the midst of a boundless ocean; and while, in one of their group, New Holland, they attain almost to the dimensions of a continent, their size is lessened in the Isles of Polynesia, till they form but a single rock, or a bed of coral emerging from the waves.

South-western Asia, which consists of Persia, the countries watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates, Caucasus, Asia Minor, Syria, and Arabia, may be considered the most temperate region of Asia. The Tigris and the Euphrates no longer water the gardens of the king of the world. The forests of Lebanon and Carmel, with the groves of Daphne, the orchards of Damascus, the vines of the hills of Judea, and the corn of its plains, once ranked among the most luxuriant and most cultivated spots of the earth. Arabia, farther to the south, forms a desolate contrast, stripped of all vegetation but the few palms which indicate the secret waters of the desert; and its steril uniformity is only interrupted by mountains which break the clouds, retain their waters in the wells of the rock, and form upon their terraced sides the gardens of the burning wastes around them. These mountains, becoming frequent and continuous towards the south, enclose the happy Arabia, where hills and valleys, showers and sunshine, produce a variety of verdure the reverse of the burnt-up expanse of the sands.

DOUGLAS—*Advancement of Society.*

MAP OF THE WORLD—AFRICA, EUROPE, AND AMERICA.

THE north of Africa is, on a large scale and to an intense degree, a repetition of the heat and barrenness of Arabia, with two lines of vegetation interrupting its im-

mense sterility. The course of the Nile on the east and the Mediterranean, with the range of Atlas, to the north, secure each a strip of Northern Africa from the barrenness of the rest. The vale of the Nile widens towards its mouth; and the double valley of Atlas, on either side of the mountains, stretches wider as the shores of the Mediterranean approach to those of the Atlantic. The islands of verdure (oases) in Africa are still more remarkable than those of Arabia, from the vaster desolation around them. Beyond the Great Sahara, the most steril region of the world, arises the most productive and fertile,—Central Africa, where heat and moisture, the two great instruments of vegetation, are most abundant. Africa presents some variety of features on its eastern and western sides. The eastern appears to be the most elevated and open; to the west are the mouths of the largest and most frequented rivers. The whole of Africa may be considered as being under the heats of the torrid zone, except at its two extremities, where the productions of the temperate zone arrive at perfection.

Europe is the temperate region of the earth, where all the extremes of temperature are arrested and modified by its insular and intersected situation. The east of Europe partakes of the character of the steppes of Asia, but is fitter for cultivation; and while merchandise can only be transported along the high and parched plains of Asia by beasts of burden, the rivers of Russia are navigable, and afford an easy communication by water. As the mainland of Europe is prolonged to the south-west, the land increases in fertility, and in its aptitude for agriculture. The two seas by which Europe is intersected,—the Mediterranean and the Baltic,—have been the earliest scenes of the Grecian and the Gothic tribes, to whom ancient and modern Europe owe their civilisation and renown; while Spain, Portugal, and Britain, the frontiers and outposts of the Old World towards the west, have spread themselves over a new continent, and begun a fresh career of glory upon the opposite side of the globe.

America, or the New World, is separated into two subdivisions by the ocean, which has broken the continuity of the United States and the Caraccas by inter-

vening seas and a number of islands. Each nation has obtained that portion of the continent of the New World which was most adapted to its previous habits. The United States, while they possess the finest inland communication in the world, are admirably placed for intercourse with the West India Islands and with Europe. The Brazils are well situated, on the other hand, for extending the influence acquired by the Portuguese, for becoming the emporium between Europe and the East, and for receiving into their own soil, and rearing to perfection, the rich productions of those islands which the Portuguese have lost for ever. The United States possess every variety of temperature and of soil, from the snows and barrenness of the Rocky Mountains to the perpetual bloom of the Floridas; while the Brazils, to the north and towards the line, approach the climate and the luxuriance of Africa, and, towards the south, are able to rear the tea-plant and the productions of China. The Spaniards, in the New as in the Old World, and in modern as in ancient times, are the great possessors of mines. They spread themselves along the back of the Andes as other nations spread themselves along the valleys of rivers, and live, an aerial people, above the clouds, having built their cities in the purer and higher regions of the air; and while the Americans are placed over against Europe, and the Brazilians are advantageously situated in the neighbourhood of Africa, the Spaniards, from the ridge of the Andes, overlook that vast ocean which will soon open to them a direct communication with China and the islands of the South Sea, and connect, by a new channel, the gold and silver of the West with the rich productions of the East.

DOUGLAS—*Advancement of Society.*

ACCORDANCE BETWEEN THE SONGS OF BIRDS AND THE DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF THE DAY.

THERE is a beautiful propriety in the order in which nature seems to have directed the singing-birds to fill up the day with their pleasing harmony. The accordance between their songs and the external aspect of nature,

at the successive periods of the day at which they sing, is quite remarkable. And it is impossible to visit the forest or the sequestered dell, where the notes of the feathered tribes are heard to the greatest advantage, without being impressed with the conviction that there is design in the arrangement of this sylvan minstrelsy.

First the robin (and not the lark as has been generally imagined), as soon as twilight has drawn its imperceptible line between night and day, begins his lovely song. How sweetly does this harmonize with the soft dawning of the day! He goes on till the twinkling sunbeams begin to tell him that his notes no longer accord with the rising scene. Up starts the lark, and with him a variety of sprightly songsters, whose lively notes are in perfect correspondence with the gayety of the morning. The general warbling continues, with now and then an interruption by the transient croak of the raven, the screams of the jay, or the pert chattering of the daw. The nightingale, unwearied by the vocal exertions of the night, joins his inferiors in sound in the general harmony. The thrush is wisely placed on the summit of some lofty tree, that its loud and piercing notes may be softened by distance before they reach the ear, while the mellow blackbird seeks the inferior branches.

Should the sun, having been eclipsed with a cloud, shine forth with fresh effulgence, how frequently we see the goldfinch perch on some blossomed bough, and hear its song poured forth in a strain peculiarly energetic; while the sun, full shining on his beautiful plumes, displays his golden wings and crimson crest to charming advantage. The notes of the cuckoo blend with this cheering concert in a pleasing manner, and for a short time are highly grateful to the ear. But sweet as this singular song is, it would tire by its uniformity, were it not given in so transient a manner.

At length evening advances, the performers gradually retire, and the concert softly dies away. The sun is seen no more. The robin again sends up his twilight song, till the still more serene hour of night sets him to the bower to rest. And now to close the scene in full and perfect harmony; no sooner is the voice of the robin

hushed, and night again spreads in gloom over the horizon, than the owl sends forth his slow and solemn tones. They are more than plaintive and less than melancholy, and tend to inspire the imagination with a train of contemplations well adapted to the serious hour.

Thus we see that birds bear no inconsiderable share in harmonizing some of the most beautiful and interesting scenes in nature. DR JENNER.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES HOW THEY GROW!"

I KNOW not why the beech delights the glade
With boughs extended and a rounder shade,
Whilst towering firs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies;
Nor why again, the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head,
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
Unchanged his branch, and permanent his green.
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle station and an even plain,
Whilst in the lower marsh the gourd is found,
And while the hill with olive-shade is crown'd?
Why does one climate and one soil endue
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?—
Whence has the tree (resolve me), or the flower,
A various instinct, or a different power?
Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one breath,
Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?
Whence does it happen, that the plant, which well
We name the sensitive, should move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?
Along the sunny bank, or watery mead,
Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread;
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin nor care to toil;
Yet with confest magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride. PRIOR.

BRITISH IMPORTS—MINERALS.

THE principal materials of commerce may be classed under the *mineral*, *vegetable*, and *animal* kingdoms, and the

articles manufactured from them.—In the mineral kingdom are included the metals and the precious stones.

The principal metals are, gold, silver, mercury, copper, iron, lead, and tin. Gold, the most precious metal, is found in most parts of the world; but the most productive mines are those of Mexico and the East Indies.—Silver is also to be met with in many countries; but the mines of Norway and Sweden in Europe, and still more those of Potosi in South America, are the richest.—Mercury, or quicksilver, is a fluid metal that looks like melted silver. It is found in the mines of Hungary, Spain, &c., at a great expenditure of human life; for the fumes from the quicksilver produce the most terrible diseases. It is principally used as an alloy; combined with tinfoil, it forms the back, or silvering, of looking-glasses.—Copper is imported in great quantities from Sweden, but is also obtained in several parts of the British dominions, especially in the island of Anglesea. Combined with zinc (a metal resembling lead in appearance), it forms brass, and with a smaller proportion of zinc it forms bronze.—Iron is found in several parts of England, but great quantities are annually imported from Sweden. Steel is formed by combining iron with carbon,—a substance that exists in charcoal. The loadstone is generally found in iron-mines, and is remarkable, as is well known, for its property of attracting iron, and, when at liberty, disposing itself in the direction of the poles of the earth.—Lead and tin are native metals, and are found in great abundance in Cornwall.

Precious stones are principally obtained from the East Indies and South America. The most remarkable are the diamond, which is colourless and transparent; the ruby, red; the sapphire, blue; the topaz, yellow; the amethyst, purple; and the garnet, a deep red. Pearls are usually reckoned among precious stones; but they do not belong to the mineral kingdom, being found in a species of oyster: the most celebrated pearl-fishery is that at the island of Ceylon.

There are many other mineral productions imported into Great Britain, such as the different species of marble, porphyry, jasper, &c. The best marble is obtained from

Italy; but there are several excellent marble-quarries both in Scotland and Ireland.

TAYLOR'S *Historical Miscellany.*

BRITISH IMPORTS—VEGETABLES.

A NATION like Great Britain, that employs so many ships and is so thickly inhabited, must of necessity consume much timber. From the north of Europe we import pine-fir, and the planks cut off from the fir, called *deals*. The forests of Canada and North America annually send over immense quantities of timber, from which our ships and houses are built. The best material for ships is our own native oak; but as that is not produced in sufficient abundance, it is seldom used except in building vessels for the royal navy. The woods imported from foreign countries are chiefly,—*teak*, from the East Indies, which is useful for many naval purposes; *mahogany*, from which articles of furniture are made, and which is procured in great abundance in different parts of the West Indies; *cedar*, valuable for its fragrance and durability; *rose* and *satin* wood, useful in ornamental cabinet-making; *logwood* and *Brazil-wood*, used in dyeing; and many others.

The bark of many trees forms an important article of commerce; that of the cork-tree supplies us with corks: this tree grows chiefly in Spain and Portugal. The bark of the oak and larch is used in tanning; but the most important barks are those of several trees in South America, which produce that valuable medicine, Peruvian bark; and cinnamon, which is produced in the island of Ceylon.

Passing from trees to shrubs, we must notice the tea-plant, a native of China, whose leaves supply us with a pleasant and wholesome beverage; the cotton-tree, from the seed-pods of which cotton is procured; and the coffee-shrub, whose berries, when roasted, ground, and diluted with water, form the drink that we call coffee.

The fruits imported into England are very numerous, —we shall only notice the spices. Nutmegs are the fruit of a tree that grows in the Moluccas, or Spice-islands; pepper is obtained from a shrub that grows abundantly in the islands of Java and Sumatra; red pepper

is of a different species, being derived from the seeds of a plant called the *capsicum*. The fruit of the cocoa-tree, when ground with other ingredients, forms chocolate. But the flowers or buds of some plants are the parts valuable in commerce, such as *cloves*, the flower of a tree found chiefly at Amboyna; and *capers*, the bud of a trailing shrub produced abundantly in the south of France.

TAYLOR'S *Historical Miscellany.*

BRITISH IMPORTS—VEGETABLES CONTINUED—ANIMALS.

THE sugar-cane, which is principally cultivated in the West Indies, forms the greater part of the riches of those valuable islands. The pith of the cane, when pressed, gives a rich liquor, from which sugar is obtained; the remainder of the juice, after the sugar has been extracted, is called molasses or treacle; and when distilled yields the strong spirit called rum.

From several trees various viscid juices exude, which harden in the open air, and form the resins and gums of commerce. Some of the pine tribes yield *tar* and *turpentine*. *Frankincense* is procured in Arabia; *camphor* is the gum of a tree in the islands of Borneo, Ceylon, &c.; *gamboge* is brought from Cambodia in the East Indies; and *caoutchouc*, or *Indian-rubber*, exudes from a tree which is found both in Asia and America. *Amber* is generally considered to be a gum or resin, but there is some difficulty in accounting for its production; it is usually found floating on the sea, or cast on the shore; *ambergris*, an inflammable fragrant substance, is of equally dubious formation; but it is probable that it is a secretion of the whale.

In the lower ranks of vegetables, the articles of commerce are so numerous that it would be impossible to recount them. Among the most remarkable are—*hemp*, the rind of whose stalk affords materials for the manufacture of coarse cloth and cordage; *flax*, which is similarly used for thread and linen; *indigo*, which yields a beautiful blue; *tobacco*, which affords the well-known articles of luxury, tobacco and snuff; and *ginger*, the root of a species of rush in the East Indies.

Various extracts, called *oils*, are obtained from vegetable substances: the principal are,—*olive* oil, procured from Spain; *castor* oil, extracted from the fruit of the Palma Christi, a native of South America; and *linseed* oil, derived from the seeds of flax.—*Wines* and *ardent spirits* are also obtained from vegetable substances. *Wine* is the fermented juice of the grape; *brandy* is procured from the same fruit by distillation; *gin* is obtained by distilling malt with juniper-berries; *whisky* is derived solely from the malt. Malt is a preparation of barley; the grain is steeped in water until it is completely sodden; it is then laid in heaps to ferment; as soon as signs of vegetation are perceived, the grain is dried to prevent its progress, and it then becomes malt. The reason of this proceeding is, that barley and indeed other grains contain a quantity of *saccharine*, or sugary matter, which yields a vinous liquor when fermented, and spirits when distilled. This saccharine matter is most fully developed when vegetation is about to commence, but becomes exhausted as it proceeds; the grain is therefore forced to begin to grow, and then when its saccharine powers have been put forth the progress is arrested, in order that these powers may be retained.

The last portion of vegetable commerce that we shall notice, is the articles derived from the ashes of different plants. These are by a common name called *kalies*, or *alkalies*. The principal are,—*potash*, which is chiefly derived from the United States; *soda*, or *kelp*, which is obtained from the ashes of a marine plant growing on the seashore of the British islands; and *barilla*, a stronger species of soda, which is imported from Spain. These are principally valuable for their cleansing qualities; but since they would injure and corrode if applied by themselves, they are combined with tallow, and thus form *soap*, which possesses all the useful properties of the kalies, free from those that would hurt and destroy.

The principal *animal* productions imported into England are the hair and fur of beasts, their skins, and their teeth. From the extreme north of America is procured the fur of the beaver, used in the manufacture of the finer sort of hats. Wool, for broadcloth, is imported from

Spain and Saxony. Mohair is produced by a species of goat in Angora. Besides the different species of leather that are made from the skins of animals, there are,—*parchment*, which is prepared from the skins of sheep, and *vellum*, made from those of young calves. The parings of leather, when boiled, form glue; fish-glue, or *isinglass*, is obtained by boiling certain parts of various fishes. The tusks of the elephant furnish us with *ivory;* and *whalebone* is a substance found in the jaw of the whale, where it is a substitute for teeth. *Silk* is the production of a caterpillar called the silkworm, which, when about to change its form, wraps itself up in a ball of fine thread, which, like the spider, it spins from its own bowels. The ball, when unrolled, is frequently six miles in length. The silkworm was originally a native of the interior of Asia, but it is now abundantly produced in the south of Europe. TAYLOR'S *Historical Miscellany.*

THE COFFEE-SLIPS.

WHENE'ER I fragrant coffee drink,
I the generous Frenchman
Whose noble perseverance
The tree to Martinico's shore,
While yet her colony was new,
And island products a few.

Two shoots off a coffee-tree
He with him o'er the sea.
Each little tender coffee-slip
waters daily in the .
But soon, alas! darling pleasure,
watching this his precious ,
Is like to fade;—for fails
On the ship in which he sails,
Now all the reservoirs are shut,
The on short allowance put;
So small a drop is each man's ,
Few leavings you may think there are
To these poor coffee-plants;
But supplies their gasping ;
Ev'n from his own dry parched ;
He spares it his coffee-slips.
He them droop for want of more;—

Yet when they the destined ,
With pride the heroic gardener sees
A living sap still in his .
The islanders his praise resound!
plantations rise ,
And Martinico loads her
With produce those dear-saved slips.*

MRS LEICESTER.

SAVAGE LIFE AND CIVILIZED LIFE.

PERSONS in general attribute to statesmen and warriors a much greater share in the work of improving and civilizing the world than really belongs to them. What they have done is in reality little. The beginning of civilisation is the discovery of some useful arts by which men acquire property, comforts, or luxuries. The necessity or desire of preserving them leads to laws and social institutions. The discovery of peculiar arts gives superiority to particular nations; and the love of power induces them to employ this superiority to conquer other nations, who learn their arts, and ultimately adopt their manners; so that, in reality, the origin, as well as the progress and improvement of civil society, is founded in mechanical and chemical inventions. No people have ever arrived at any degree of perfection in their institutions, who have not possessed in a high degree the useful and refined arts.

Look at the condition of man in the lowest state in which we are acquainted with him. Take the native of New Holland, advanced only a few steps above the brute creation, and that principally by the use of fire,—naked, defending himself against wild beasts, or killing them for food, by weapons made of wood hardened in the fire,—living only in holes dug out of the earth, or in huts rudely constructed of a few branches of trees covered with grass,—having no approach to the enjoyment of luxuries, or even comforts,—having a language scarcely articulate, relating only to the great objects of nature, or to his most pressing wants,—and, living solitary or in single families,

* The name of this man was Desclieux, and the story is to be found in Raynal's History of the East and West Indies.

unacquainted with religion, government, or laws. How different is man in his highest state of cultivation!—every part of his body covered with the products of different chemical and mechanical arts;—he creates out of the dust of the earth instruments of use and ornament,—he extracts metals from the rude ore, and gives to them a hundred different shapes for a thousand different purposes,—he selects and improves the vegetable productions with which he covers the earth,—he tames and domesticates the wildest, the fleetest, and the strongest inhabitants of the wood, the mountain, and the air,—he makes the winds carry him on every part of the immense ocean, and compels the elements of air, water, and even fire, as it were, to labour for him,—he concentrates in small space materials which act as the thunderbolt, and directs their energies so as to act at immense distances,—he blasts the rock, removes the mountain, carries water from the valley to the hill,—and he perpetuates thought in imperishable words, rendering immortal the exertions of genius, and presenting them as common property to the world.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

WHAT were they?—you ask: you shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
Oh no;—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles, small or immense,
From mountains and planets to atoms of sense;
Nought was there so bulky but there it could lay,
And nought so ethereal but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant but in it must go:——
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire*,
Which retain'd all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of his cell.

Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,
With a garment that *Dorcas* had made—for a weight;

And though clad in armour from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of *alms-houses*, amply endow'd
By a well-esteem'd Pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weigh'd less than one plough.
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail.
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,—
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heap'd in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weigh'd less than some atoms of candour and sense;—
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just wash'd from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh—'twas "the pearl of great price!"

At last the whole world was bowl'd in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight;—
When the former sprung up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof—
While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell,
That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his cell.

JANE TAYLOR.

MOUNTAINS, LAKES, AND RIVERS.

Mountains, lakes, and rivers, are closely connected in the purposes they serve in the economy of nature; and are each, but especially the last, of great importance to man. The mountain is the father of streams, and the lake is the regulator of their discharge. The lofty summit of the mountain attracts and breaks the clouds, which would otherwise pass over without falling to fertilize the earth. These are collected in snow, and laid up in a store against the bleak drought of spring; and as the water, into which the melting snow is gradually converted during the thaw,

penetrates deep into the fissures of the rock, or into the porous strata of loose materials, the fountains continue to pour out their cooling stores during the summer. The lake, as has been mentioned, prevents the waste of water which would otherwise take place in mountain-rivers, as well as the ravage and ruin by which that waste would be attended.

But though mountains and lakes have thus their beauty and their value, they cannot, in either respect, be compared to the river. They are fixed in their places, but the river is continually in motion—the emblem of life—the active servant of man—and one of the greatest means of intercourse, and, consequently, of civilisation. The spots where man first put forth his powers as a rational being were on the banks of rivers; and if no Euphrates had rolled its waters to the Indian Ocean, and no Nile its flood to the Mediterranean, the learning of the Chaldeans and the wisdom of the Egyptians would never have shone forth; and the western world, which is indebted to them for the rudiments of science and the spirit which leads to the cultivation of science, might have still been in a state of ignorance and barbarity no way superior to that of the nations of Australia, where the want of rivers separates the people into little hordes, and prevents that general intercourse which is essential to even a very moderate degree of civilisation.

Nor ought we to omit to mention that the river is a minister of health and purity. It carries off the superabundant moisture, which, if left to stagnate on the surface of the ground, would be injurious both to plants and animals. It carries off to the sea those saline products which result from animal and vegetable decomposition, and which soon convert into deserts those places where there are no streams. *British Naturalist.*

THE UNIVERSE.

To us who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can anywhere behold; but, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it looks no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still

greater distances, it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star, as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn, is a planetary world, which, with the five others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life. All these, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on the sun, receive their light from his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency. The sun, which seems to us to perform its daily stages through the sky, is, in this respect, fixed and immovable; it is the great axle about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though apparently smaller than the dial it illuminates, is immensely larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Are we startled at these reports of philosophers? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame!" Let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming. The sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day: so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence,—all which are lost to our sight. That the stars appear like so many diminutive points, is owing to their immense

and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball shot from a loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel at this impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While beholding this vast expanse I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishingly grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck hardly perceptible in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds which move about him were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature any more than a grain of sand upon the seashore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works. If, then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions; but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure; they shrink into pompous nothings! ADDISON.

WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning-star;
While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips,—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

BYRON.

THE BATTLE OF THE LEAGUE.

THE King is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye:
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your Oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the Golden Lilies,—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale.
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St Bartholomew!" was pass'd from man to man:
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go."

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Luecrne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright:
Ho! burghers of St Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night,
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

MACAULAY.

RELIGION MORE IMPORTANT THAN LEARNING.

THE love of learning, though truly commendable, must never be gratified beyond a certain limit. It must not be indulged in to the injury of your health, nor to the hinderance of your virtue. What will the fame derived from the most profound learning avail you, if you have not learned to be pious, and humble, and temperate, and charitable? If the condition of your parents be such as enables them to give you a learned education, it will be a shame for you to disappoint their hopes by idleness and profligacy; but you must not suffer the praises you hear bestowed on learning to induce you to believe that there is nothing more excellent as a qualification; for piety is more excellent; so is benevolence; so is sobriety; so is every virtue which adorns a Christian.—If there were to be an end of all when there is an end of life, you would be in some measure at liberty to make your choice between virtue and vice; and though you would make a bad choice in preferring impiety, injustice, and excess, before the fear of God, honesty, and sobriety; yet, as the effects of your bad choice would terminate with your life, your folly might admit of some excuse. But this is not the case: the end of this mortal life is the beginning

of one which will have no end; you must lead an eternal life in another world, whether you desire to do it or not. Have you ever seriously thought how long this future life will last? Yes, you will tell me, you know it will last for ever. You answer rightly; but have you weighed the importance of the word—EVER? It is a little word, and soon passes the lips; but the largest capacity cannot fully comprehend its meaning. Compare it with a thousand, or with ten thousand, or with ten times ten hundred thousand years, and you will find the longest period you can imagine to be so greatly exceeded by it, as to be absolutely no part of it at all. A grain of sand is a part of the earth, a drop of water is a part of the ocean, but the greatest number of years is no part of eternity. This consideration is wonderful in itself; but it becomes inexpressibly interesting, when you know that nothing less than this eternity will be the measure of the length of your future life? How would you wish to spend this endless life? There is no doubt you will say—happily. God is very good to you; he has provided for you means of happiness in the other world far exceeding any thought you can form of them in this: but this happiness will not become yours till you have stood your trial; and the issue of that trial may be, not happiness, but misery; misery unspeakable both in degree and in duration! BP. WATSON.

THE FIRST STAGES OF THE SCHOOLBOY'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE TEMPLE OF LEARNING.

NOTHING could be more easy and agreeable than my condition when I was first summoned to set out on the road to learning, and it was not without letting fall a few ominous tears that I took the first step. Several companions of my own age accompanied me in the outset, and we travelled pleasantly together a good part of the way.

We had no sooner entered upon our path than we were accosted by three diminutive strangers. These we presently discovered to be the advance-guard of a Lilliputian army, which was seen advancing towards us in battle-array. Their forms were singularly grotesque;

some were striding across the path, others standing with their arms a-kimbo, some hanging down their heads, others quite erect, some standing on one leg, others on two, and one, strange to say, on three; another had his arms crossed, and one was remarkably crooked; some were very slender, and others as broad as they were long. But, notwithstanding this diversity of figure, when they were all marshalled in line of battle, they had a very orderly and regular appearance. Feeling disconcerted by their numbers, we were presently for sounding a retreat; but, being urged forward by our guide, we soon mastered the three who led the van, and this gave us spirit to encounter the main army, who were conquered to a man before we left the field. We had scarcely taken breath after this victory, when, to our no small dismay, we descried a strong reinforcement of the enemy stationed on the opposite side. These were exactly equal in number to the former army, but vastly superior in size and stature; they were, in fact, a race of giants, though of the same species with the others, and were capitally accoutred for the onset. Their appearance discouraged us greatly at first, but we found their strength was not proportioned to their size; and having acquired much skill and courage by the late engagement, we soon succeeded in subduing them, and passed off the field in triumph. After this we were perpetually engaged with small bands of the enemy, no longer extended in line of battle, but in small detachments of two, three, and four in company. We had some tough work here, and now and then they were too many for us. Having annoyed us thus for a time, they began to form themselves into close columns, six or eight abreast; but we had now attained so much address that we no longer found them formidable.

After continuing this route for a considerable way, the face of the country suddenly changed, and we began to enter upon a vast succession of snowy plains, where we were each furnished with a certain light weapon, peculiar to the country, which we flourished continually, and with which we made many light strokes, and some desperate ones. The waters hereabouts were dark and brackish,

and the snowy surface of the plain was often defaced by them. Probably we were now on the borders of the Black Sea. These plains we traversed across and across for many a day.

Upon quitting this district, the country became far more dreary; it appeared nothing but a dry and steril region, the soil being remarkably hard and slaty. Here we saw many curious figures; but we soon found that the inhabitants of this desert were mere ciphers. Sometimes they appeared in vast numbers, but only to be again suddenly diminished.

Our road, after this, wound through a rugged and hilly country, which was divided into nine principal parts or districts, each under a different governor; and these again were reduced into endless subdivisions. Some of them we were obliged to decline. It was not a little puzzling to perceive the intricate ramifications of the paths in these parts. Here the natives spoke several dialects, which rendered our intercourse with them very perplexing. However, it must be confessed, that every step we set in this country was less fatiguing and more interesting. Our course at first lay all up hill; but when we had proceeded to a certain height, the distant country, which is most richly variegated, opened freely to our view.

I do not mean at present to describe that country, or the different stages by which we advance through its scenery. Suffice it to say, that the journey, though always arduous, has become more and more pleasant every stage; and though, after years of travel and labour, we are still very far from the temple of learning, yet we have found on the way more than enough to make us thankful to the kindness of the friends who first set us on the path, and to induce us to go forward courageously and rejoicingly to the end of the journey. JANE TAYLOR.

APPENDIX.

PREFIXES, AFFIXES, AND PRINCIPAL LATIN AND GREEK ROOTS OCCURRING IN THE PRECEDING LESSONS.

(*To be committed to Memory.*)

*** The Greek Roots are indicated by (Gr.)

I. PREFIXES.

A implies *privation*
A, ab, abs, *from*
Ad, ap, *to* or *near*
Circum, circu, *round* or *about*
Con, com, co, col, *together*
Contra, *against*
De, *down*
Di, dis, *asunder*
E, ex, *out of*
En, *in* or *around*
Extra, *without* or *beyond*
In, *in* before a verb, *not* before an adjective
Inter, *between*
Intro, *to*, *within*
Juxta, *nigh to*
Ob, oc, of, op, *in the way of*
Per, *through*
Post, *after*
Pre, *before*
Pro, *forward*
Preter, *beyond*
Re, *back* or *again*
Retro, *backward*
Se, *aside* or *apart*
Sub, suc, sup, sus, *under*
Super, sur, *above*
Trans, *beyond*
Un, *not*

II. AFFIXES.

Ble, *able*
Cle, *little*
En, *make*
Ful, *full*
Fy, *make*
Ize, *make*
Less, *without*
Let, *little*
Ly, *like*
Ous, *full*

LATIN AND GREEK WORDS, WITH THEIR ENGLISH REPRESENTATIVES.

AED AGO ALO ANN

A

Aedes, a house, as *edify*
Aër, air, as *aeriform*
Aequus, equal, as *equivalent*
Aevum, an ago, as *coeval*
Ager, agri, a field, as *agriculture*
Ago, I do, actus, done, as *agent*, *actor*, *agitate*
Alo, I nourish, as *aliment*
Alter, another, as *alternate*
Altus, high, as *altitude*, *exalt*
Amo, I love, } as *amorous*, *amiable*
Amor, love, }
Animus, mind, as *animate*, *unanimous*, *animadvert*
Annus, a year, as *annual*, *annals*, *biennial*

Aptus, suitable, as ad*apt*ation
Aqua, water, as *aque*ous, *aqua*tic, *aque*duct
Arbiter, a judge or umpire, as *arbiter*, *arbitr*ary
Archè (Gr.), sovercignty, as hept*archy*
Ars, artis, art, as *art*ificial, in*ert*
Asper, rough, as *asper*ity, ex*asper*ate
Aster (Gr.), a star, as *astr*onomy
Audio, I hear, as *audit*, *audi*ence
Augeo, I increase, as *aug*ment

B

Baros (Gr.), weight, as *bar*ometer
Beatus, blessed, as *beat*itude, *beat*ific
Benè, well, as *bene*diction, *bene*fit
Biblos (Gr.), a book, as *bible*, *bibl*iography
Bibo, I drink, as im*bib*e, wine-*bib*ber
Bios (Gr.), life, as *bi*ography
Bis, twice, as *bi*ped
Brevis, short, as *brev*ity, ab*brev*iate

C

Cado, I fall (changed into cido when compounded), casus, fallen, as *cad*ence, *casu*al, acci*dent*
Cando, I set on fire, census, inflamed, as in*cens*e, in*cend*iary
Cano, canto, I sing, as re*cant*, *cant*icles, pre*cent*or
Capio, I take, captus, taken (cipio and ceptus when compounded), as *capt*ure, re*ception*, re*cipient*
Caput, the head, as *capit*al, pre*cipit*ate
Caro, carnis, flesh, as in*carn*ate, *carn*ivorous
Cavus, hollow, as con*cave*, ex*cav*ato
Cedo, I give place, I go, cessio, a giving place to, as re*cede*, suc*ceed*, con*cession*, ac*cess*
Celer, swift, as *celer*ity, ac*celer*ato
Centum, a hundred, as *cent*ury, *cent*onnial
Cinctus, girt about, as *succinct*, pre*cincts*
Claudo, I shut, clausus, shut (cludo and clusus when compounded), as ex*clude*, se*clusion*, *clause*
Clino, I bend, as re*cline*
Clivus, a slope, as de*clivity*
Coelum, heaven, as *cel*estial
Colo, I cultivate, cultus, cultivated, as *col*ony, *cult*ure
Cor, cordis, the heart, as *cord*ial, con*cord*
Corpus, corporis, the body, as *corpus*cle, *corpse*, in*corporate*, *corpulent*
Credo, I believe, I trust, as *credit*, *credulous*, *credible*
Cubo, I lie (cumbo when compounded), as in*cub*ation, in *cumbent*
Culpa, a fault, as *culp*able, ex*culp*ate
Cumulus, a heap, as ac*cumul*ato
Curro, I run, as in*cur*, *curricle*, suc*cour*
Cursus, a running, as ex*curs*ion

D

Debilis, weak, as *debil*ity
Decus, decoris, grace, honour, as *decor*um, *decor*ation
Demos (Gr.), the people, as *demo*cracy
Dens, dentis, a tooth, as *dent*ist
Deus, a god, as *Deity*, *deify*
Dexter, right-handed, clever, as *dexter*ity
Dico, I say, dictus, said, as pre*dict*, *dict*ate
Dies, a day, as *di*al, *di*ary
Dignus, worthy, meet, as *dign*ity, *dign*itary
Doceo, I teach, doctus, taught, as *doct*or, *docile*, *doctrine*
Doleo, I grieve, as con*dolo*
Domus, a house, as *domi*cile, *do*mestic
Duco, I lead, ductus, led, as in*duce*, aque*duct*
Durus, hard, as *dur*able, en*dure*

E

Emo, I buy, emptus, bought, as redeem exemption
Eo, I go, itum, to go, as exit, circuit, transit, sedition
Eu, well, as *eu*logy
Exter, outward, as *exter*nal

F

Facilis, easy, as *facil*itate, difficulty
Facio, I make, factus, made (ficio and fectus when compounded), as *fact*or, per*fect*, omnific
Fallo, I deceive, as in*fall*ible
Felix, felicis, happy, as *felic*ity
Fero, I carry, as *ferry*, in*fer*, circum*fer*ence
Fidēlis, faithful, as *fidel*ity
Fido, I trust, as con*fide*
Filia, a daughter, Filius, a son, } as *fil*ial
Finis, an end, as *fin*ite, de*fin*itive
Fissum, a cleft, as *fiss*ure
Flecto, I bend, flexus, bent, as re*flect*, *flex*ible
Fluo, I flow, as *fluent*, re*flux*, *fluidity*
Foedus, foederis, a treaty, as con*fedcr*ate
Folium, a leaf, as *foli*age
Frango, I break, (fringo when compounded), fractus, broken, as *fract*ure, *frag*ment, in*fring*e
Frater, a brother, as *frater*nal
Frustra, in vain, as *frustr*ate
Fugio, I flee, as *fug*itive, re*fuge*
Fundo, I pour out, fusus, poured out, as *fus*ible, re*fund*, in*fuse*

G

Gè (Gr.), the earth, as *ge*ography
Glacies, ice, as *glaci*al, *glacier*
Gradior, I go, gradus, a step, gressus, having gone, as retro*grade*, ag*gression*, *grad*ual
Graphè (Gr.), a description, as geo*graphy*
Gravis, heavy, as *grav*ity
Grex, gregis, a flock, as *greg*arious, con*greg*ation, e*greg*ious
Gusto, I taste, as *gust*, dis*gust*

H

Habeo, I have, habitus, had, as *habit*, ex*hibit*, in*habit*
Haereo, I stick, haesus, stuck, as ad*here*, co*hesion*
Halo, I breathe, as ex*hale*
Haurio, I draw, haustus, drawn, as ex*haust*
Hemi (Gr.), half, as *hemi*sphere
Hepta (Gr.), seven, as *hepta*rchy
Hospes, hospitis, a guest, as *hospit*able
Hostis, an enemy, as *host*ile

I

Imperium, command, Impero, I command, } as *imper*ial *imper*ative
Infra, below, as *infer*nal
Insula, an island, as *insul*ate, pen*insula*
Intra, within, Intus, within, } as *inter*nal, *inti*mate
Iter, itineris, a journey, as *itiner*ate

J

Jaceo, I lie, as ad*jacent*
Jacio, I throw, jactus, thrown (jicio and jectus, when compounded), as in*ject*, con*jecture*
Jungo, I join, junctus, joined, as ad*junct*, con*junction*
Juro, I swear, as con*jure*
Juvenis, a youth, as *juven*ile

K

Kratos (Gr.), strength, power, as demo*cracy*

L

Lacer, torn, as *lacer*ato
Lapis, a stone, as *lapid*ary, di*lapid*ate
Lateo, I lie hid, as *lat*ent
Latus broad, as di*late*

Lego, I gather, lectus, gathered, as al*lege*, col*lect*
Lex, legis, a law, as *leg*al, *legis*lator
Liber, libri, a book, as *libr*ary
Liber, free, as *liber*ty, *liber*al
Licet, it is lawful, as ill*icit*
Ligo, I bind, as *liga*ment
Linquo, I leave, as re*linqui*sh
Locus, a place, as *local*, *loco*motion
Logos (Gr.), a description, as mine*ralogy*
Loqui, to speak, locutus, having spoken, as ob*loquy*, col*loqui*al, *loqu*acity, e*locu*tion
Ludo, I play, lusus, played, ludus, play, as *ludi*crous, ill*usi*on
Lumen, light, as *lumin*ous
Lux, lucis, light, as *luc*id

M

Magnus, great, as *magni*fy
Male, wickedly, as *male*volent
Mando, I chew, as *mandi*ble
Manus, a hand, as *manu*mit
Mare, the sea, as *mari*no
Mater, a mother, as *mater*nal
Maturus, ripe, as *matur*ity
Medius, middle, as *medi*ator, *medium*
Mel, mellis, honey, as *mel*ody, *melli*fluous
Memor, mindful, as *memor*able
Mens, mentis, the mind, as *ment*al
Mergo, I plunge, mersus, plunged, as e*merge*, im*mersi*on
Metron (Gr.), a measure, as thermo*meter*
Micros (Gr.), little, as *micro*scope
Migro, I remove, as *migr*ate, e*migr*ation
Miles, militis, a soldier, as *milit*ary
Mirus, wonderful, as *mir*ror, ad*mire*
Mitto, I send, missus, sent, as re*mit*, *miss*ionary
Moneo, I warn, monĭtus, warned, as *monit*or, ad*monit*ion
Monos (Gr.), alone, as *mono*syllable
Morphè (Gr.), shape, as meta*morpho*so
Mors, mortis, death, as im*mort*al
Multus, many, as *multi*form
Muto, I change, as *muta*blo
Mythos (Gr.), a fable, as *myth*ology

N

Natus, born, as *nati*ve, *nat*al
Nauta, a sailor, as *naut*ical
Navis, a ship, as *naval*, *navi*gate
Necto, I tie, nexus, a tie, as con*nect*, an*nex*
Nihil, nothing, as an*nihil*ate
Nomen, a name, as de*nomin*ato
Nomos (Gr.), a law, as astro*nomy*
Non, not, as *non*entity
Norma, a rule, as e*normous*
Novus, new, as in*novate*, *novelty*
Nudus, naked, as de*nude*
Nullus, none, as an*nul*, *null*ify
Nutrio, I nourish, as *nutri*ment

O

Odè (Gr.), a song, a poem, as melo*dy*
Omnis, all, as *omni*potent
Opto, I wish, as ad*opt*, *option*
Optomai (Gr.), I see, as *optic*al
Opus, operis, a work, as *operation*
Oriens, rising, eastern, as *orient*al
Oro, I beg, as inex*orable*

P

Pando, I spread, passus, or pansus, spread, as ex*pand*, com*pass*, ex*panse*
Par, equal, as *pari*ty
Pastor, a shepherd, as *pastor*al
Pater, patris, a father, as *patern*al, *patri*mony
Pathos (Gr.), feeling, as a*pathy*
Patior, I suffer, passus, having suffered, as *pati*ent, *passi*ve
Patria, one's country, as *patri*ot
Pello, I drive away, pulsus, driven, as ex*pel*, re*puls*ion
Pendo, I hang, pensus, hung, as de*pend*, *pensi*ve, *pend*ulum
Penè, almost, as *peni*usula
Pes, pedis, the foot, as bi*ped*
Pestis, a plague, as *pesti*lence
Philos (Gr.), a lover, as *philo*sophy

Plenus, full, as *plen*itude, re*plen*ish
Pleo, I fill, pletus, filled, as com*plete*, ex*plet*ive, sup*ply*
Plico, I fold, as com*plic*ate
Poena, punishment, as *pen*alty
Polis (Gr.), a city, as metro*polis*
Polys (Gr.), many, as *poly*syllable
Pono, I place, positus, placed, as de*pone*, im*pose*, *posit*ion
Porto, I carry, as ex*port*, *port*able
Potens, powerful, as *potent*ate
Praeda, plunder, as *preda*tory, de*preda*tion
Precor, I pray, as de*prec*ate
Primus, first, as *prim*ary
Proximus, nearest, or next, as *proxim*ity

Q

Quaero, I ask, quaesītus, sought (quiro and quisitus when compounded), as in*quir*e, re*quest*, re*quisit*ion, *quer*y
Quatio, I shake, quassus, shaken (cutio and cussus when compounded), as *quash*, dis*cuss*
Quatuor, four, as *quadr*uped
Queror, I complain, as *quer*ulous

R

Radius, a ray, as *radi*ate
Ramus, a branch, as *ram*ification
Rectus, straight, as *right*, *rect*ify
Rego, I rule, Rex, regis, a king, } as *reg*al
Regula, a rule, as *regul*ate
Repo, I creep, reptus, crept, as *rept*ile
Rivus, a river, as *rivul*et
Rodo, I gnaw, rosus, gnawed, as cor*rode*, cor*rosion*
Rota, a wheel, as *rot*ation
Rumpo, I break, ruptus, broken, as bank*rupt*, *erupt*ion

S

Sacer, sacred, as *sacri*fice, con*secr*ate
Sal, salt, as *sal*ine
Salvus, sound, as *salv*ation
Sanctus, holy, as *sanct*ify
Satis, enough, as *satis*fy
Scando, I climb, as a*scend*
Scio, I know, as *sci*ence
Scribo, I write, scriptus, written, as in*scrib*e, *script*ure
Sculpo, I carve, sculptus, carved, as *sculpt*ure
Seco, I cut, sectus, cut, as dis*sect*, *sect*arian
Sedeo, I sit, sessus, sat, as pre*sid*e, *session*, *sed*entary, as*sid*uous
Semi, half, as *semi*circle
Sentio, I feel, sensus, felt, as *sent*ient, *sens*ation, dis*sent*
Sequor, I follow, secutus, followed, as ob*sequi*es, sub*sequ*ent, per*secut*e
Serra, a saw, as *serr*ated
Similis, like, as *simil*itude
Sitos (Gr.), food, as para*sit*e
Skopeo (Gr.), I see, as tele*scope*
Socius, a companion, as *soci*al
Solor, I comfort, as con*sol*e
Solus, alone, as *soli*tude, *soli*loquy
Solvo, I loose, solutus, loosed, as dis*solv*e, *solut*ion
Sophos (Gr.), wise, as philo*sophy*
Spargo, I spread, sparsus, spread (spergo and spersus when compounded), as di*sperse*
Species, appearance, kind, as *species*, *specific*
Specio, I see, spectus, seen, as in*spect*ion
Spiro, I breathe, as re*spir*ation, ex*pire* (e*espire*)
Spondeo, I promise, sponsus, promised, as re*spond*, re*sponse*
Sponte, of one's own accord, as *sponta*neous
Sterilis, barren, as *steril*ity
Stillo, I drop, as di*still*
Stratum, a layer, strata, layers, as *strata*
Struo, I pile up, structus, piled up, as *struct*ure, con*stru*e, de*stroy*
Summus, the highest, as *summ*it, con*summ*ation

Sumo, I take, sumptus, taken, as as*sume*, pre*sumption*
Surgo, I riso, surrectus, risen, as in*surgent*, re*surrection*

T

Tango, I touch, tactus, touched, as *tangent*, con*tact*
Tardus, slow, as re*tard*
Technè (Gr.), art, as *technical*
Tego, I cover, tectus, covered, as pro*tect*
Telè (Gr.), distant, as *tele*scope
Temno, I despise, temptus, despised, as con*temn*, con*tempt*
Tempus, tempŏris, time, as *tempor*al, con*tempor*ary
Tendo, I stretch, tentus, stretched, as dis*tend*, *tent*
Teneo, I hold, tentus, held, as con*tain*, de*tention*
Terra, tho earth, as *terr*aqueous, in*ter*
Testis, a witness, as *testi*fy, at*test*
Theos (Gr.), a god, as a*the*ist
Torqueo, I twist, tortus, twisted, as ex*tort*
Tracto, I handle, as *tract*able
Traho, I draw, tractus, drawn, as ex*tract*
Tres, tria, three, as *tri*pod
Trudo, I thrust, trusus, thrust, as in*trude*, ob*trusion*

U

Umbra, a shadow, as *umbra*geous, *umbr*ella
Unda, a wave, as in*und*ate, *und*ulate
Unus, one, as *uni*form, *una*nimous

V

Vaco, I am empty, as *vac*ant, *vac*ation
Vacuus, empty, as *vacuum*
Vado, I go, vasus, gone, as in*vade*, in*vasion*
Valeo, I am strong, as *vali*d, pre*valent*
Vasto, I lay waste, as de*vast*ation
Veho, I carry, as sur*vey*, *vehi*cle
Vello, I pull, vulsus, pulled, as con*vulsion*
Velo, I veil or cover, as re*vel*ation
Venio, I come, ventus, come, as con*vene*, ad*vent*
Ver, tho spring, as *ver*nal
Verto, I turn, versus, turned, as re*vert*, di*verse*, *vers*atile
Verus, true, as a*ver*, *verity*
Vestis, a garment, as *vest*ment, in*vest*
Via, a way, as de*vi*ate, ob*vi*ous
Video, I see, visus, seen, as pro*vide*, *visible*
Vigil, watchful, as *vigil*ant
Vinco, I conquer, victus, conquered, as in*vinc*ible, *victory*
Vinum, wine, as *vin*ous
Vita, life, as *vital*
Vivo, I live, as *vivid*, sur*vive*
Voco, I call, vox, vocis, the voice, vocatus, called, as *voca*tive, *voc*al, re*voke*
Volo, I will, I wish, as *vol*untary, bene*vol*ent
Volvo, I roll, volutus, rolled, as re*volve*, re*volution*

Z

Zoon (Gr.), an animal, as *zo*ology

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