

I once heard it related that a man who was in the habit of going to his neighbor's corn field to steal corn one day took with him his son, a boy of eight years of age. The father told him to stand still while he looked if any body was near to see them. After standing on the fence, peeping through all the corn rows, he returned to take the bag from the child and begin his guilty work. 'Father,' said the boy, 'you forgot to look somewhere else.' The man dropped the bag in a fright and said, 'Which way, child?'—supposing he had seen some one. 'You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God was noticing you.' The father felt this reproof so strong that he left the corn and returned home, and never again ventured to steal, remembering the truth the child had taught him. The eye of God always beholds us. 'Thou, God, seest me. Think of this when tempted to steal and take what you have no right to. Look upwards. God is in the sky, and in the clouds, and in the sun, and at night he is in the darkness and sees you.

Too LATE.—A country servant once by untoward delay put a whole house into a terrible fright, and the silly fellow might have met with a serious injury himself. One day his mistress sent him to a neighbour's about two miles distant, with her compliments, to inquire for the lady of the house, who had very recently been confined. The sot, however, could not pass a hamlet that lay in his way without indulging his favourite propensity of paying his respects to the public-house. When a drunkard loses his senses he is sure to lose his time. The first he may recover, but never the last. When he came to himself, he thought him of his errand; but was, perhaps, totally unconscious of the time lost, and had not quite sufficient senses to make inquiry; and the stars he never contemplated; there were always so many more than he could count. But to my neighbour's gate he found his way. He knocked, he beat, he rang, and he halloed—for now he did not like to waste time—and it was two o'clock in the morning. The inmates were all in confusion. 'Thieves! fire!' was the general cry. Some ran about half clad—some looked out of window—dogs barked, and women howled. The master took his blunderbuss, opened the window, and called out stoutly, 'Who's there! who's there!' Trinculo answered, but not very intelligibly. At last the master of the house dresses, unbolts and unbars his doors, and with one or two men-servants behind, boldly walks down the long-path to the gate. 'What's the matter—who are you?' Trinculo stammers out, 'My master and mistress' compliments, and be glad to know how Mrs.—and her baby is.'—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THALES, ONE OF THE WISE MEN OF GREECE.—A sophist, wishing to puzzle him with difficult questions, the sage of Miletus replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with the utmost precision.

What is the oldest of all things? God, because he always existed.

What is the most beautiful? The world, because it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things? Space, because it contains all that has been created.

What the most constant of all things? Hope, because it still remains in man after he has lost every thing else.

What is the best of all things? Virtue, because without it there is nothing good.

What is the quickest of all things? Thought, because in less than a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.

What is the strongest? Necessity, because it makes men face all the dangers of life.

What is the easiest? To give advice.

What is the most difficult? To know yourself.

MOUNT ARARAT.—We travelled an hour and a half in one of the clearest and most beautiful mornings that the heavens ever produced; and passing on our left the two villages of Dizeh and Kizzel Dizeh, we came to an opening of a small plain, covered with the black tents and cattle of the Elauts. Here, also, we had a view of Mount Ararat; the clouds no longer rested on its summit, but circled it round below. We went to the largest tent in the plain, and there enjoyed an opportunity of learning that the hospitality of these people is not exaggerated. As soon as it was announced at the tent that strangers were coming, every thing was in motion; some carried our horses to the best pastures, others spread carpets for us; one was despatched to the flock to bring a fat lamb; the women immediately made preparations for cooking; and we had not sat long, before two large dishes of stewed lamb, with several basins of *yaourt*, were placed before us. The senior of the tribe, an old man (by his own account eighty-five years of age), dressed in his best clothes, came out to meet us, and welcomed us to his tent with such kindness, yet with such respect, that his sincerity could not be mistaken. He was still full of activity and fire, although he had lost all his teeth, and his beard was as white as the snow on the venerable mountains near his tent. The simplicity of his manners, and the interesting scenery around, reminded me in the strongest colours of the lives of the patriarchs; and more immediately of him whose history is inseparable from the mountains of Ararat. We quitted our hospitable friends (who appeared to be almost more grateful

for our visit than we for their kindness), and passed along the plain. Mount Ararat bore N. 40 E., and extended itself completely to our view. Its N. W. ascent is not so rapid as its S. E., and I should conceive that in this quarter it might be possible to ascend it. The height of Ararat can best be understood by considering the distance at which it may be seen. Chardin mentions that it is visible at Morant; Bruce that he saw it at Deerbend; Struys describes his visit to a sick hermit at the top; Tournefort, one of first of travellers, has stated so fully the difficulties of his own attempt, that probably they have never yet been overcome. The mountain is divided into three regions, of different breadths; the first, composed of a short and slippery grass or sand, is occupied by shepherds; the second, by tigers or crows; the remainder, which is half the mountain, has been covered with snow since the ark rested there, and these snows are hid half the year under thick clouds. The common belief of the country may well be admitted, that no one ever yet ascended the Ararat of the Armenians.—*Morier's Embassy to Persia.*

THE QUEEN.

Written on seeing Chalon's magnificent Portrait of her Majesty.

Brave banners of England, your garlands revealing,
Wave high in the sunlight of freedom serene;
And come, every heart, with the warm-spring of feeling,
Bid Loyalty's voice glad the throne of your Queen!

That brow which the crown of Britannia entwreaths,
Shines pure as the day-star of beauty and truth;
And where is the form that such dignity breathes,
So blended with grace and the sweetness of youth?

Then maidens of England, shed roses around;
Bring laurels, ye brave, let your spirit be seen;
Whilst the song of a nation ascends from the ground—
Victoria for England, and God bless the Queen!

May Wisdom sit firm in her councils—and still
May the Angel of Mercy descend on her laws;
Whilst the bold sword of Britain springs forth at her will,
In defence of the right, and for Liberty's cause!

Oh! ne'er may a shadow her destiny dim;
But the wing of the dove with the eagle extend;
And defeat, and the world's execration on him
Who a pang to that breast for a moment would lend!

Then, maidens of England, shed roses around;
Bring laurels, ye brave, let your spirit be seen;
Whilst the song of a nation ascends from the ground—
Victoria for England, and God bless the Queen!

C. SWAIN.

EDIBLE EARTH.—New facts are constantly brought forward by the learned men of the continent, to show that the earth eaten in Lapland, as described by Baron de Humboldt, is known to other nations as a species of food. M. Edouard Biot has laid before the French Academy of Sciences, an account translated from the narratives of the Missionaries in the Japanese Encyclopedia. In China it is called *chi-mien*, or stone flour, and the description is as follows: "The stone flour is not an ordinary production, for it is a miraculous substance. Some say that it was born in seasons of scarcity; and, in the time of the Emperor Aien Tsong (740 of the Christian era), a miraculous spring came out of the ground, the stones were decomposed, and transformed into flour. The text is here accompanied by wood-cuts, representing the spring escaping in cascades, and the stones separating into filaments, but the latter are too incorrectly given, to enable us to form any mineralogical idea of their nature. Another missionary writes, that "in the province of Kiang Si, in consequence of the destruction of the crops by the overflowing of the rivers, a great many people subsisted on the bark of a tree, and others on a light earth, of a white colour, which they discovered in a mountain, but which was not abundant, and people sold even their wives, children, household goods, and houses, in order to procure it. It appears, that several of the enormous provinces of China consist of open plains, traversed by large rivers, the beds of which are constantly raised by the soil deposited by the water, so that it is necessary to border them with high dykes. If the rivers, as it occasionally happens, rise above these dykes, or break through them, the whole country is inundated, and the usual calamitous circumstances follow. If we add to these disasters, the frequent and widely extended earthquakes, which take place in China, those sudden and remarkable changes in the amount of population, which have often excited astonishment may be easily accounted for.

THE FAIR SEX.—Barret, in his 'Woman, a Poem,' pays the following compliment, as beautiful as it is true, to the enchanters of our pleasures, the solacers of our cares, in whose arms our first hours are nursed, and on whose bosoms we generally breathe our last:

'Ask the gray pilgrim, by the surges cast
On hostile shores, and numbed beneath the blast—
Ask who relieved him—who the hearth began
To kindle—who with spilling goblet ran
O, he will dart one spark of youthful flame,
And clasp his withered hands, and WOMAN name.'

HATH any wronged thee? be bravely revenged; slight it,
and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.—*Quarles.*

For the Pearl.

THE PRINCE'S LODGE.

Silence and Gloom, companions of Decay,
Still linger round these haunts of honors fled,
While on these mould'ring walls departing day
Rests like a gleam of beauty o'er the dead.

Through lonely walks now deeper grows the shade,
Save where the fire-fly lights his mimic lamp,
Or where beside yon leafy colonnade
A ruddy flame displays the rude-made camp.

Ere not a mark of other days appear,
Ere ruly sweep each vestige from the scene,
I pause to ask—And was it here,
Once dwelt the Sire of England's Virgin Queen.

Where are the festive lights, the garland flowers,
The sweet wild music melting on the wave,
Where are the stately guards, the princely bowers,
The Hermit's home, the stone that mark'd his grave?

Did merry laughter ever here rebound,
Did busy footsteps haste along this floor,
Did mingling voices in this hall resound,
And hearts beat high—that now shall beat no more!

Can grandeur pass away without a trace
To tell to present bliss or future trust?
Then let me linger near this lonely place
And write the record in its kindred dust.

Queen of the British Isles! I may not see,
Save by the graver's art, thy face divine,
Nor, Lady, wouldst thou deign to hear from me
The rustic strain that suits not cars like thine.

But could thine eye behold this lovely spot,
And mark the desolation Time hath wrought,
Though all exalted be thy royal lot,
A moral to thy heart would here be taught,—

"Fleeting and frail is all beneath the skies,
The reign of beauty and the throb of joy,
Mine be the choice amid the good and wise
To seek the Home no changes can destroy."

August, 1837.

* A small party of Aborigines or poor Emigrants, were preparing their evening meal under the shade of those beautiful poplars, which form the avenue to this interesting Ruin.

† The Hermitage and grave stone, which formerly were conspicuous in the romantic walks around the Lodge, have now as little existence as the imaginary being whose fate they were intended to commemorate.

LAUGHTER.—Physiologists and Physicians have demonstrated that laughter, in proper quantities, improves digestion, facilitates circulation and regulates the functions of various viscera. In this way it promotes health, cheerfulness and vivacity; inspires benevolence, and all the kindly feelings of the heart. In itself a pleasure, it adds to that of others by sympathy, and drives away the wrinkles of care and the sullen frown of habitual moroseness. Shakspeare, who seemed to know all the sciences by intuition, in his Julius Cæsar, makes the great Captain distrustful of the lean Cassius, who never laughed.

THE TEMPTATION AND AVOVAL.—"I have played," said Maltravers, "and I know the temptation. I dare not play now. I love the excitement, but I have been humbled at the debasement; it is a moral drunkenness that is worse than the physical." "You speak warmly." "Because I feel keenly. I once won of a man whom I respected, who was poor. His agony was a dreadful lesson to me. I went home and was terrified to think I had felt so much pleasure in the pain of another. I have never played since that night."—*Bulwer.*

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.—When Dr. Donne, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, took possession of his first living, as he walked into the churchyard, he took up a skull thrown by the sexton out of a grave, and in it he found a small headless nail, which he drew out secretly, and wrapt it up in the corner of his handkerchief. He then asked the grave-digger if he knew whose the skull was? He replied, that it was the skull of a person who had kept a gin shop, and who, having gone to bed intoxicated, was found dead in his bed in the morning. "Had he a wife?" asked the Doctor. "Yes." "What character does she bear?" "A very good one; only the neighbours reflect on her, because she married the day after her husband's burial." A few days afterwards the Doctor paid her a visit, as if by accident; asked her a few questions; and at last, of what sickness her former husband had died. As she was telling him the same story as the sexton, he opened his handkerchief, and cried out in an authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail?" Struck with horror, she instantly confessed the murder.

When Captain Bathurst, of the Genoa, who was mortally wounded in the Battle of Navarino, felt his end approach, he sent for his steward, and positively bargained for the price of a butt of rum to preserve his own body in: "I should like," said the veteran, "to have my old bones carried to my native land; but, steward, I am but a poor man, and I leave a family behind me. You must let me have the stuff as cheap as possible."