

tending not beyond the flood, the Chinese annals gave to eight generations following Noah, nearly the same duration as the Hebrew historian; and Hoang-tee, who reigned in China seven hundred and thirty years after the flood, is described as remarking the gradual decline of the term of human life, and as inquiring how it came to pass, that the lives of the ancients were so long, and the life of man so short in the age in which he lived? The Institutes of Menu, also, state that in the first ages (after the flood) the life of man extended to four hundred years.—*Kitto*.

CLOUD-LAND—AN EMBLEM OF FAITH.

In the autumn, when the fogs prevail, it is often a thick drizzling mist in Geneva, and nothing visible, while on the mountain tops the air is pure and the sun shining. On such a day as this, when the children of the mist tell you that on the mountain it is fair weather, you must start early for the range nearest Geneva, on the way to Champouy, the range of the Grand Saleve, the base of which is about four miles distant, prepared to spend the day upon the mountains, and you will witness one of the most singular and beautiful scenes to be enjoyed in Switzerland.

The day I set out was so misty that I took an umbrella, for the fog gathered and fell like rain, and I more than doubted whether I should see the sun at all. In the midst of this mist I climbed the rocky zigzag half hewn out of the face of the mountain, and half natural, and passing the village that is perched among the high rocks, which might be a refuge for the conies, began toiling up the last ascent of the mountain, seeing nothing, feeling nothing but the thick mist, the veil of which had closed below and behind me over the village, path, and precipice, and still continued heavy and dark above me, so that I thought I should never get out of it. Suddenly my head rose above the level of the fog into the clear air, and the heavens were shining, and Mont-Blanc, with the whole illimitable range of snowy mountain tops around him was throwing back the sun! An ocean of mist, as smooth as a chalcidony, as soft and white as the down of the eider-duck's breast, lay over the whole lower world; and as I rose above it, and ascended the mountain to its overhanging verge, it seemed an infinite abyss of vapour, where only the mountain tops were visible on the Jura range, like verdant wooded islands, on the Mont Blanc range as glittering surges and pyramids of ice and snow. No language can describe the extraordinary sublimity and beauty of the view. A level sea of white mist in every direction, as far as the eye could extend, with a confinement of frightful icebergs on the one side floating in it, and the other a forest promontory, with a slight undulating swell in the bosom of the sea, like the long smooth undulations of the ocean in a calm.

Standing on the overhanging crags, I could hear the chimé of bells, the hum of busy labour, and the lowing of cattle buried in the mist, and faintly coming up to you from the fields and villages. Now and then a bird darted up out of the mist into the clear sun and air, and sailed in playful circles, and then dived and disappeared again below the surface. By and bye the wind began to agitate the cloudy sea, and more and more of the mountain became visible. Sometimes you have a bright sunset athwart this sea of cloud, which then rolls in waves burnished and tipped with fire. When you go down into the mist again, and leave behind you the beautiful sky, a clear, brazen atmosphere, the bright sun and the snow-shining mountains, it is like passing from heaven to earth, from the brightness and serenity of the one to the darkness and cares of the other. The whole scene is a leaf in nature's book, which but few turn over, but how rich it is in beauty and glory, and in food for meditation, none can tell but those who have witnessed it. This is a scene in Cloud-land, which hath its mysteries of beauty that defy the skill of the painter and engraver.

The bird darting from the mist into the sunlight, was a very beautiful incident. "That," said Dr. Malan to me, as I recounted to him the experience of the day, "is Faith, an emblem of Faith;" for so as that soaring bird from the earth, when it was dark and raining, flew up and up, and onward, undiscouraged, till heaven was shining on her wings, and the clouds were all below her, and then returned, not to forget that sight, but to sing to her companions about it, and to dwell upon till clear weather; so does our Faith, when all looks dark and discouraging here, when within and around there is nothing but mist and rain, rise and still rise and soar onwards and upwards, till heaven is visible, and God is shining in the face of Jesus Christ, and then, as it were, comes back with glad tidings, to tell the soul to be of good cheer, for that heaven, is not far off, and to sing, even like the nightingale, in the darkness and the rain, for that soon again there shall be day-break and fair weather. And the memory of one such view of the gates of heaven, with the bright Alps of truth glittering around you, is enough to sustain the soul through many a weary day of her pilgrimage. When you see the face of Christ, all the darkness is forgotten, and you wonder what it was you were doubting about, and what it was that could have made you so perplexed and desponding. Because it is mist and rain here below, you are not therefore to suppose that it is raining on the mountains: it is all clear there. And besides, you know that the mist, the rain, the showers are necessary, and we cannot have them and the sunshine at the same time, though the showers that water the earth are as requisite to make it luxuriant as the sun's clear shining after rain. Any time Faith may get upon the mountains and see the Alps, though it is not to be done without labour. There must be much prayer and spiritual discipline, before you find that your head is above the mist and heaven is shining around you.—*G. E. Cheever, D.D.*

TWO KINDS OF RICHES.

A little boy sat by his mother. He looked long at the fire, and was silent. Then, as the deep thought began to press away, his eye grew bright, and he spoke, "Mother, I wish I was rich."

"Why do you wish to be rich, my son?"

The child said, "Because every one praises the rich. Every one inquires after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday, asked 'who was the richest man in the village?' At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He takes no pains to say his lessons well. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the children don't blame him, for they say he is a wealthy boy."

The mother saw that her child was in danger of believing wealth might take the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause them, to be held in honour who lead unworthy lives. So she asked him "What is it to be rich?"

And he answered, "I do not know. Yet tell me how I may become rich, that all may ask after me, and praise me?"

The mother replied, "To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait till you are a man."

Then the boy looked sorrowful and said, "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

She answered, the gain of money is not the only, nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away, moth and rust waste it, and the robber make it his prey. Men are wearied with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die, and carry nothing away. The son of a prince goeth forth, like that of the wayside beggar, without a garment. There is another kind of riches, which are not kept in the purse, but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God."

Then said the boy, "May I begin to gather this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?"

The mother laid her hand upon his little head, and said, "To day, if ye will hear His voice; for He hath promised that those who seek early shall find."

And the child said, "Teach me how I may become rich before God."

Then she looked tenderly on him and said, "Kneel down every night and morning, and ask that you may love the dear Saviour, and trust in him. Obey his word, and strive all the days of your life to be good, and to do good to all. So, though you may be poor in this world, you shall be rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom of heaven."—*Presbyterian*.

THE POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.—The population of the globe is supposed to be less than one thousand millions—937,000,000. A French writer, alluding to the subject, says:

"If all mankind were collected in one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre, the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of a country might be packed without squeezing, in its capital. But the mean idea this gives us of the number of the human race, is counterbalanced by its capability of extension. The new world is said to contain of productive land 4,000,000 square miles of middling quality, each capable of supporting 200 inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality, capable of supporting 500 persons. According to this calculation, the population of the new world, as peace and civilization advance, may attain to the extent of 4,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world to be double that of America, (and notwithstanding the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, if we say nothing of Australia and the various archipelagoes,) it would support 8,000,000,000; and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 12,000,000,000, or twelve times the present number."

LAZY BOYS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come up to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course, we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work little by little, as a child is taught at school. In this way they acquire habits of industry that will not forsake them when they grow up.

Many persons who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labour. Such children, not having any idea of what work is and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. There is a repulsiveness in all labour set before them; and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequence is, they do not stick to one thing but a short time; they rove about the world, get into mischief, and finally find their way to the prison or the almshouse.