

Still changing I dreamed that a septré I bore,
And the arms and insignia of royalty wore;
That I reigned a proud monarch with absolute
sway,

O'er realms that from Indus to polar seas lay:
That crowds in my presence obsequious bowed,
And armies unnumbered my mandate obeyed;
Yet my heart 'neath the purple throbb'd weary
with care,

For constrained was that homage, *the heart
spoke not there.*

Then I woke, and the visions of grandeur and
pride

Were gone; yet I mourned not thus quickly
they died;

For I woke to calm trust in the fond faithful
few

Who tried by life's changes prove constant
and true.

Oh! why then, worn toiler, this vain eager
chase

For that which can yield thee so little of peace;
Dost seek for real pleasure? turn from that
false glare,

And rest in thy home, *for the heart speaketh there.*

Original.

INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

BY G. M. D.

MAN is said to excel by his reason. Reason is what truly distinguishes him from the brute creation. As wonderful as is the power of man, through this mighty gift of God, yet few think, until it is calmly considered, that there is another wonder in animal creation—instinct in animals. Vain man *supposes*, too often, that Providence can do nothing on earth except through his reason!—Futile thought!

The Almighty can use various ways to bring about the same end. Thus, with all our pride, we are often excelled by animals through the mysterious gift of instinct. It is altogether likely that there are in the wide universe of worlds, (that the mighty powers of the telescope have brought to the knowledge of the human mind,) powers and gifts, given by God

to his creatures, far exceeding and exceedingly more wonderful than the reasoning powers of man, or the instinct of animals. No doubt there are degrees inferior and superior of instinct, as there are degrees in intelligence among rational creatures and angels of light. Some of the bright worlds in infinite space may be inhabited by beings more perfect in form and beauty, and more excellent in mind and comprehensive in thought. Oh! the wonders and powers of Jehovah's Creation! Mind hath never conceived, and can never imagine, even its vastness and infinite variety! What Philosopher, yet ever told or could imagine, the impulsive agency that bids the mustard seed vegetate in the ground, and mount, from an atom, to a tree, wherein the birds of heaven may rest? What hidden power commands it to move? What hidden power commands the sap of the mighty oak and pine to ascend from the roots to the topmost branch?

There is an instinct of plants and an instinct of animals: the power of this gift in animals, at times, almost equals reason in man. We have all beheld, year after year, the migration of the feathered creation. Some may reasonably ask, what teaches the little bird to wend its unerring way from southern climes to northern regions, when winter is over and spring has come? What impels the mighty flocks of ducks, geese, pigeons, snipe, black-birds, and thousands of songsters, to traverse, annually, our continent from south to north, and north to south, unerringly, always at the same seasons of the year? The answer is—the inward impulse of instinct implanted by nature—which is truth!

The power of instinct can be imagined when one sees a bird, without compass to guide or reason to direct, always come at the right season and leave in time to avoid the winter, and travel direct from north to south or *vice versa*. When the bird leaves the south, where the weather is warm, what tells it that winter has left our climate? When the birds leave us, as they mostly do in September and some as early as August, when our weather is still fine and plenty of food still remaining, what proclaims the approach of winter? What bids the young