

(8.) The reason must be found in the next line, "to see his hair with silver spread," indicating the cruel effects of "many a winter's storm," upon the Douglas, since he was exiled.

(9.) "Nature's law," here means, it seems to us, the *maximum* of ordinary human strength. It would scarcely have inspired the youth with awe, had his prowess simply been greater than could have been expected from his years. It was greater than that belonging to men, within their experience.

(10.) Impersonal, in a very common use of the term by grammarians, where the expletive *it* is usually prefixed. We should prefer to regard not *buffet*, but the whole clause "but a buffet and no more," as the subject and confine the use of the word impersonal to such expressions as "It rains," "It snows," in which the equivalent of the *it* is not expressed.

(11.) With the line preceding surely. We understand *trailing arms* to refer to the soldier's pike, the meaning being not that the guard actually trailed it, but that his bearing as he led the Douglas up the hill was gloomy and reluctant like that of a soldier trailing arms behind a comrade's bier. *Arms*, like the Latin *arma*, has no a singular form and may be used of a single weapon. "He lays down his *arms*, but not his wiles"—Milton.

Miscellaneous.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

The following hymn was written by the late Dean Alford, when he was but 16 years of age, and just beginning to look forward to his consecrated life work:—

"Forth to the land of promise bound,
Our desert path we tread;
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His captain at our head.

"E'en now, we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue;
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.

"Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death passed o'er,
Our pilgrim host shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

"There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise;
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise."

ESKIMO PATIENCE.

The number of years the Eskimo will spend in plodding away at the most simple things shows them to be probably the most patient people in the world.

When we were near King William's Land, I saw an Eskimo working upon a knife that, as nearly as I could ascertain, had engaged a good part of his time some six years preceding that date. He had a flat piece of iron, which had been taken from the wreck of one of Sir John Franklin's ships, and from this he was endeavoring to make a knife-blade, which, when completed, would be about twelve inches long. In cutting it from this iron plate, he was using for a chisel an old file, found on one of the ships, which it had taken him two or three years to sharpen by rubbing its edge against stones and rocks. His cold-chisel finished, he had been nearly as many years cutting a straight edge along the ragged sides of the irregular piece of iron, and when I discovered him he had

outlined the width of his knife on the plate, and was cutting away at it. It probably would have taken him two years to cut out this piece, and two more to fashion the knife into shape and usefulness.

The file which he had made into a cold-chisel was such a proof of labour and patience, that it was a great curiosity to me, and I gave him a butcher's knife in exchange for it. Thus almost the very thing he had been so long trying to make, he now unexpectedly found in his possession. When I told him that our factories, or big *igloos*, could make more than he could carry of such butcher-knives during the time we had spent in talking about his, he expressed great surprise.—From "The Children of the Cold," by Lieutenant Schwatka, in *St. Nicholas* for June.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim, dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the last year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft steps its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last found home, and know the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

CASED IN ARMOR.

The armadillos are the mail-clad warriors of nature; and the most completely armored of the whole odd family of armadillos is a beautifully ornamented little fellow called by the naturalists *Tolyptetes*, and, by the Brazilians, "bolita." "Bolita" means "little ball," and the armadillo was so named because it has the power of rolling itself up into the shape of a ball. Its various shields are so arranged that when the bolita rolls itself up, it makes a perfect ball of hard shell.

A traveller in Brazil tells of watching some little children at play tossing a large ball, about the size of a foot-ball. When they were tired of the game they threw the ball on the ground, and to his surprise it turned into an animal, and ran hastily away. It was one of these little armadillos.