

Family Circle.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

Many years since, when the late Lieutenant Governor Phillips of Andover, Massachusetts, was a student at Harvard College, owing to some boyish freak, he quitted the University, and went home. His father was a grave man of sound mind, strict judgment, and a few words, he inquired into the matter, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast he said, speaking to his wife, "My dear, have you any towel in the house suitable to make Sam a frock and trousers?" She replied, yes. "Well," replied the old gentleman, "follow me, my son." Samuel kept pace with his father as he walked near the common, and at length ventured to ask, "What are you going to do with me, father?" "I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith," replied his father, "take your choice; return to college, or you must work." "I had rather return," said the son. He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became a respectable man. If all parents were like Mr Phillips, the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a plentiful supply of blacksmiths.—Louisville Presbyterian Herald.

HINTS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

In giving instruction to the young and ignorant, take these rules—1. A little at a time, and often repeated. 2. When you give a definition, let it be clear, lest you produce confusion. 3. Do not suppose your labor lost, because you are not able to make your pupil understand everything. "Wonder is broken knowledge." Most of our knowledge is of that kind. 4. Never teach a scholar that he is dull; if you do, he will believe you after a while. There is great force in those words of our Saviour, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly." As if he had said, "I will not charge you with stupidity—I will teach you the same lesson over and over again—I will be patient with you." Follow this example. Invest your lessons with interest. Engage the cheerful attention—"Search out and set in order many proverbs," or striking modes of illustrating and enforcing truth. 6. Improve events and occasions—"Things are often good only as they are seasonable." 7. Avoid a gloomy countenance and manner. 8. Yet beware of levity. A frivolous manner belongs to frivolous men and subjects.

WASTE OF TIME IN BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

How much do young ladies learn at school, for which they never find any use in after life; nor is it possible, from their circumstances, they ever should! Let the hours spent on music by those who have no ear, upon drawing by those who never afterwards speak any but their mother tongue, be added together, year after year, and an aggregate of wasted time will present itself, sufficient to alarm those who are sensible of its value, and of the awful responsibility of using it aright. When we meet in society with that speechless, manumate, ignorant and useless being called a young lady just come from school, it is thought a sufficient apology for all her deficiencies, that she has, poor thing, just come from school! This implies, that nothing in the way of domestic usefulness, social intercourse or adaption to circumstances, can be expected from her till she has had time to learn it. "Poor thing! she has just come home from school—what can you expect?" is the best commentary I can offer.—Mrs. Ellis.

ENTHUSIASM.

In developing the religious feelings of your pupils, particularly of those of melancholic and enthusiastic temperaments, be careful that they do not dream out of the world, and live "things apart" from our common nature, and our common sympathies. Let not the visible world fade away from the sight as an unreal phantom; for when it is thus, the bright days of existence pass away in visions and ecstasies: "full of sound and of fury, signifying nothing;" reflection then becomes a brooding incubus, which presses down all the physical energies and makes the mental ones fantastic. Such pupils must commune with God, but let them view him as Christ declared him, full of mercy, pity, affection, love. Call them oft to gaze with rapture on the perfect pattern of our Lord; let them see how contemplation should be turned to a purification of our earthly motives and desires; and that it is in the world they must both think and act. Instruct them to hear that voice speaking momentarily from the inmost soul, and responded to by the whole of nature. Not for slothful speculation, or self-contemplation, or brooding over devout emotion.—no, but for action dost thou exist. True acts and thy motives, then, it is that determine thy worth.—Fichte.

A TEACHER SHOULD BE PATIENT—Almost every child has some trait which tries the temper of the teacher. He is stubborn or forgetful, idle or hasty; these are great faults, but that of the teacher who loses his temper, is greater. Patience is a virtue which is especially demanded in the work of instruction; but for this reason, above others, that all impatience on the teacher's part disturbs in a high degree the process of communicating moral truth.—S. Manual.

Two Faults of Nurses—1 To hiss in a baby style, when the same words, in an endearing tone, would please as well; the reverse should be—the voice clear, toned, and each syllable distinctly articulated for imitation. 2 To tell of witches, ghosts, and goblins, and superstitions impressed upon young minds, are rarely got rid of.

INDIGNATION—"We should be cautious," said Coleridge, "how we indulge the feeling, even of virtuous indignation. Indignation is the handsome brother of anger and hatred."

ADDRESS TO THE CHILDREN OF CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—Let me earnestly and affectionately remind you of the account you must give of the use you have made of your privileges. God has given you parents who are deeply concerned for your happiness both in time and eternity. To promote this they pray for you and wish you and endeavor to direct your thoughts to the Lord Jesus Christ, as the only Saviour of our guilty world and who invites all to come to him that they may have peace and rest to their souls. Their own hope depends on their believing on him, and in proportion as they love you, the earnestly desire that you should believe on him too and be saved. But they can only use the means. Everything in religion is personal. Your parents cannot answer for you, or you for them. "Every man shall bear his own burden." We must all pass along through the dark valley; and what is in the valley, and what lies beyond it, is only, in its full extent, known to those who have gone through it. It is only by your coming in secret—realizing the presence of the great Searcher of hearts, and hearer of prayer—and as an act of your own minds, and with your whole soul, deliberately putting your trust in the Saviour's great atonement, that you can be interested in his salvation.

We have seen a picture called "The Blessed Family." It represents a grave opening on the morning of the resurrection; the aged grandfather, with his son and daughter-in-law, with their children, rising together from the same grave, and looking up with sacred joy to meet their descending Lord. Will this, then, be the case with all families? Would it were! But alas! do we not often meet with pious parents who have wicked or careless children? Look at your beloved parents! Could you bear the idea of your being separated from them for ever by their appearing on the right hand of the Judge, and you on the left? But I forbear. The language of mortals would be quite inadequate to convey any conception of the mental agony which such a separation must involve! I merely suggest the thought to your mind, that in your case it may never be realized. This can only be accomplished by your coming now to that Saviour in whom your beloved parents put their trust, and then, being united with him, you will be united with them for ever, and appear with joy unspeakable along with them before the judgment seat of Christ.

Little books intended for children, of course fall into the hands of parents. Let me, then, mention what I felt to be an interesting and instructive visit which I paid some years ago to a parent after the sudden death of his eldest son, a young man of twenty who died rather suddenly at a distance from home. With a heart overwhelmed with anguish, he thus expressed himself: "The great object of my solicitude is the state of my dear boy's soul before God. I have just been endeavouring to collect all the little items of evidence that I could find that he had received the Saviour. Though he had not joined the church before he left us, I was happy to find that he had done so in the town whither he had gone to reside. I have also learned from his brother, who slept in the same room, that he was regular in private prayer. Oh! I hope that neither was a mere form. I have heard that the last words he uttered were, 'Lord Jesus, I look to thee; receive me.' I felt much comfort from that thought, that as none ever applied to our Lord in vain while on earth, surely none could do so now. He was a gentle and obedient boy, and I find that he was much liked by his employers. But, oh! that I had more decided evidence of his union with Christ by a true and living faith! I feel that I was too reserved, and did not speak with sufficient plainness, from what I now feel to have been a false delicacy."

In visiting aged Christians especially, in the near prospect of death, we have uniformly found an increased sense of the evil of sin, a deepening impress on of personal unworthiness and deficiency in the discharge of every duty, and hence a more simple and entire reliance on the atoning merits of the Redeemer as the only ground of hope. But while this is experienced by the most faithful and conscientious, nay, in the highest measure by such—it is of the utmost importance that all should guard against any such palpable neglect of any known duty, as will plant a thorn in their dying pillow, and be a source of the most painful recollection when our past history is just about to appear in the light of an opening eternity.

* The above is the closing section of a very valuable little book, "A Present, from Age to Youth," just issued by the Rev. W. James, of Edinburgh.

Geographic and Historic

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The last papers from New South Wales contain the details of an exceedingly interesting experiment undertaken by Mr Boyd, at Sydney with the view of increasing the supply of labor. It appeared to this gentleman that it would be desirable to obtain emigrants for the colony from the South Sea Islands, and he accordingly despatched a vessel for that purpose, the captain being instructed to call at as many islands as possible so that he might satisfy himself not only as to the people most fitted for the wants of the colonists, but also as to the number likely to be procured. In due time the vessel returned with sixty five of the natives of the New Hebrides group (distant about three weeks' sail from Sydney) of various ages, from fourteen to twenty five, while the general accounts given of the cruise were such as to warrant an expectation of satisfactory and extensive results. Mr Boyd's wish was that in the first instance only fifty should be engaged, but so eager were these people to be taken on board, that it was only through the authority of their chiefs that the number could be limited, the explanation of this desire for removal being that the inhabitants of all the Coral Islands are in a condition during upwards of eight months of the year, little short of starvation. With respect to the habits of the people and their fitness for the occupations of civilized life, it is stated that although cannibalism and infanticide prevail among them to a fearful extent, they manifest in their intercourse with strangers a very great degree of tractability and intelligence; and hence it is considered that their vices may be attributed rather to the influence of the sufferings to which they are periodically exposed than to any ineradicable peculiarity. The expense of introducing them is about £8 per man, and Mr Boyd's intention is to employ them as shepherds. At the same time, from the description given of them, it would seem that they might easily be instructed for other services. Regarding the conduct of the party during their three weeks' voyage, the master of the vessel reports as follows:—

"My first care on getting to sea was to limit the quantity of food for each person, particularly salt-meat, to have the hold well aired and constantly cleaned &c: and so successful have I been in my endeavors to preserve all in a healthy state that I landed them all at Two-fold Bay, with only one slight case of distemper having occurred during the passage; and I cannot refrain from mentioning the grateful attachment they have all shown to me, as it exhibits a trait in their characters rarely found amongst savages, and one which will contribute in no small degree to render them manageable during their residence in the colony; but on this score I have no doubt, as short as the time is that they have been with me in the Velocity, they have already learned to make themselves useful; and the alacrity with which they endeavored to obey any order I give fully proves their inclination to work."

With reference to the numbers to be procured, he adds—

"I have no hesitation in assuring you that from the various groups in the vicinity of New Hebrides, this vast island, now nearly uninhabited, may be supplied with an almost unlimited number; for as the miseries of an over-population are removed by emigration, the crime of infanticide will cease, and the desolating effects of perpetual warfare, not only carried on for the purpose of eating the slain enemies, but also in the hopes of plundering the enemies country for the fruit and roots produced in it, will end when the principal cause is removed."—London Record.

A NATIVE INVITATION IN BORNEO.

At Loonloo the Chief had been duly advised of our intended visit, and soon as our boats were seen from the town, a head man was sent out in a canoe to usher us in. After a little delay we got the barge within the boom. When within, we found that we had further reason to congratulate ourselves that we came as friends, as the raking fire from the forts would have been most effectual, for we discovered that we had to pass an inner boom equally well secured as the first. The town was surrounded by a strong stockade made of the trunks of the knee-bone palm, a wood superior in durability to any known. This stockade had but one opening of any dimensions. A few strokes of the oars brought us abreast of it, and we let go our anchors. The eldest son of the Chief came to us immediately in a canoe. He was a splendidly formed young man, about twenty-five years old. He wore his hair long and flowing, his countenance was open and ingenuous, his eyes black and knowing. His dress was a light blue velvet jacket without sleeves, and a many-colored sash went round his waist. His arms and legs which were symmetrical to admiration, were naked, but encircled with a profusion of heavy brass rings. He brought a present of fowls, coconuts, bananas to Mr Brooke from his father, and an invitation for us to pay him a visit whenever we feel inclined. Preparatory to landing, we began to perform our ablutions in the boat, much to the amusement and delight of the naked groups of Dyaks who were assembled at the landing-place, and who eyed

us in mute astonishment. The application of a hair brush was the signal for a general burst of laughter, but cleaning the teeth with a tooth brush caused a scream of wonder, a perfect yell I presume at our barbarous customs. —Murray's Borneo and the Indian Archipelago.

THE NITRE LAKES OF EGYPT.

In the midst of this sandy waste, where uniformity is rarely interrupted by grass or shrubs, there are extensive districts where nitre springs from the earth like crystallised figs. One thinks he sees a wild overgrown with moss, weeds, and shrubs, thickly covered with hoar frost. And to imagine this wintery scene beneath the fervent heat of an Egyptian sun, will give some idea of the strangeness of its aspect. The existence of this nitre upon the sandy surface is caused by the evaporation of the lake. According to the quantity of nitre left behind by the lake do these fantastic shapes assume either a dazzling white color, or are more or less tinted with the sober hue of the sand. The nitre lakes themselves, six in number, situated in a spacious valley, between two rows of low sandhills, presented—at least the three which we visited—a pleasing contrast, in their dark blue and red colors, to the dull hues of the sand. The nitre, which forms a thick crystallised crust upon these shallow lakes, is broken off in large square plates, which are either of a dirty white, or of a flesh color, or of a deep dark red. The fellahs employed upon this labor stand quite naked in the water, furnished with iron rods. The part which is removed being speedily renewed, the riches of its produce are inexhaustible. It is hence that nearly the whole of Europe is exclusively supplied with nitre, and this has probably been the case for ages, for Sicard mentions, at the commencement of the last century, that then 36,000 cwts. of nitre were broken annually for the grand signor, to whom it yielded 36 purses. By the side of one of the lakes, piled in large layers, was heaped the produce of last week's labors. My companion had occasion to find fault with the result of the work of one of the villages—the sheikh of the village stood before us—he sharply rebuked him, and to give greater effect to his words he crossed his naked shoulders two or three times with his whip of elephant's skin. The sheikh sprang as nimbly as a gazelle into the lake, and received his further instructions beyond arm's length. Such was the impressive discipline which even the Italian, who was a man of gentle manners, considered it necessary to adopt towards these fellahs. The plates of nitre, after undergoing a preliminary cleansing upon the banks of the lake, are carried to the castle, where by various processes, they become a dazzling white powder, and in this state it is carried in large quantities to Teraneth.—Tischendorf's Travels.

BORNSE SPIDERS—The spiders, so disgusting in appearance in many other countries, are here of quite a different nature, and are the most beautiful of the insect tribe. They have a skin of a shell like texture, furnished with curious process, in some long, in others short; in some few, in others numerous, but are found of this description only in thick woods and shaded places; their colors are of every hue, brilliant and metallic as the feathers of the humming bird, but are, unlike the colors of the beetle, totally dependent on the life of the insects which they beautify; so that it is impossible to preserve them.—Lut's Sarawak.

A LARGE SPIDER—We encountered a spider, leisurely crossing the road, that might rival the tarantula in bigness. A sharpened stick pinned him to the earth, and we bore him in triumph to town. Across his outstretched legs none of us could span, and his sharp teeth were like hawk's claws. This species spins no web, but lives in hollow logs, and probably feeds upon huge insects, perhaps small animals, or birds.—Voyage up the Amazon.

A MOONLIGHT SCENE IN AFRICA.

'Tis moonlight in Africa; and the moon's lustre falls on a spring of water in the wilderness, in which the constellation of a southern sky are reflected; the flowers of the ice-plant are closed; the monkeys and parroquets of the neighboring wood are silent. All is still. Timidly and swiftly the antelope comes to the water; the camelopard is not far distant; and the hoofs of the zebra crush the fair bells of the heath. They quench their thirst in peace: but it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move: and soon the milder denizens of the wilderness hear, with trembling, the fierce yell of the hyæna and the voice of the lion roaring after his prey. There is fierce conflict between the hyæna and the lion over the carcass of the antelope: the forest rings with their angry tones; the clear waters of the fountain are tinged, and the crushed bells of the heath are soaked with blood. At length the sun arises; the angry combatants get away together; and the wilderness is as solitary and silent as before; save that even here the wild bee seeks the heath's sweet honey, and the lordly Caffre or the timid Boschman passes by in haste to his distant home, for the traces of the lion are here.—The Englishwoman's Magazine.