



THE DAISY.

The daisy blossoms on the rocks,  
Amid the purple heath,  
It blossoms on the river's banks,  
That threads the glens beneath;  
The Eagle, at his pride of place,  
Beholds it by his nest,  
And in the mead, it cushions soft  
The Lark's descending breast.

Before the cuckoo, earliest spring  
Its silver circlet knoves,  
When greenish buds begin to swell,  
And zephyr melts the snows;  
And when December's breezes howl  
Along the moorlands bare,  
And only blooms the Christmas rose,  
The daisy still is there!

Samaritan of flowers! to it  
All races are alike,  
The Switzer on his glacier height—  
The Dutchman by his dyke—  
The seal-skin vested Esquimaux,  
Beside its icy seas—  
And underneath his burning noon,  
The parasolled Chinese.

The emigrant on distant shores,  
Mid scenes and faces strange,  
Beholds it flowering in the sward,  
Where'er his footsteps range,  
And when his yearning homesick heart  
Would bow in his despair,  
It reads his eye a lesson sage—  
That God is everywhere!

Stars are the daisies that begem  
The blue fields of the sky,  
Beheld by all, and every where,  
Bright prototypes on high—  
Bloom on, then, unpretending flower!  
And to the wanderer be  
An emblem of St. Paul's content,  
St. Stephen's constancy

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.—DESTINY.  
After Scott, walking one day along the banks of  
Mungo Park was born, saw the traveller

throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation "I was thinking," answered Park, "how often I had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface." It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended on it.—In a watch, the mainspring forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is with the machinery of human life; a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or alter it; a giant falls by a pebble, a girl, at the door of an inn, changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different. The Mahometans have a tradition, that when their Prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web, which covered the mouth of the cave.

Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion, Alexis, escaped the thunder-storm at Erfurt. Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appraisal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St. Andrew's Castle, if Mr Grenville had not carried, in 1764, his memorable resolutions as to the expediency of charging "certain stamp duties" on the plantations of America, the western world would have still bowed to the British sceptre. Cowley might never have been a poet, if he had not found the "Fairy Queen" in his mother's parlor; Opie might have perished in mute obscurity had he not looked over the shoulder of his young companion, Mark Otes, while he was drawing a butterfly; Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep, drawn by him upon a stone, had not attracted the notice of Ciambue, as he went that way.

We trace the same happy influence of Slight Circumstances in the history of science. Pascal was born with a genius for mathematical discovery, no discouragement could repress his eager passion for scientific investigation, he heard a common dancer-plate ring, and immediately wrote a treatise upon sound. While Galileo was studying medicine in the University of Pisa, the regular oscillation of a lamp, suspended from the roof of the cathedral, attracted his observation, and led him to consider the vibrations of pendulums. Kepler, having married a second time, and resembling, perhaps, the great Florentine astronomer in his partiality to wine, de-

termined to lay in a stock from the Austrian vineyards; some difference, however, arose between himself and the seller with respect to the measurement, and Kepler produced a treatise, which has been placed among the "earliest specimens of what is now called the modern analysis." The slight circumstance of Newton's observing the different refrangibility of the rays of light, seen through a prism upon a wall, suggested the achronic telescope, and led to the prodigious discoveries in astronomy. The motion of a speck of dust, it has been said, may illustrate causes adequate to generate worlds.

In our common hours of reading, we are affected by slight circumstances, a page, a line, a word, often touches in a large volume. Frederick Schlegel was preparing at Dresden, in the winter of 1829, a lecture which he was to deliver on the following Wednesday; the subject was—"The Extent of Knowledge to which the Mind of Man seems capable of attaining." It was between ten and eleven o'clock at night when he sat down to finish his manuscript. One sentence he had begun: "But the consummate and the perfect knowledge"..... There the pen dropped from his fingers, and when the clock struck one, the philosopher, the orator, and the scholar was no more! There is something solemn and even tremendous in that abrupt and mysterious termination—that dropping of the curtain upon the intellectual scenery, which he was about to display to the eyes of his audience. "The consummate and the perfect knowledge—and lo! even while he is gazing through the glass darkly, the mirror of the intellect is clouded by a shadow, still blacker, and the Angel of Death conducts him into a world where the consummate and the perfect knowledge alone can be found!

The light and shade of life are produced by Slight Circumstances, a little gleam of sunshine, a little cloud of gloom, usually give the tone and color to its scenery. Let us begin with the light. How abundantly are objects of consolation scattered about our feet! Mungo Park in his travels through the interior of Africa, was plun-dered by robbers at a village called Kooma. Stripped even of his clothes, he sat down in despair in the midst of a desert. The nearest European settlement lay at a distance of five hundred miles. His spirits drooped under the vivid sense of his desolation and distress. Still, his confidence in the providence of God had not entirely forsaken him; and he recollected that, even in the wilderness, there was the stranger's friend. At this moment, the extraordinary beauty of a small cove, in