



POPISH SUPERSTITION.

One day this week, a poor boy came seeking work at the door of a spinning-factory.

When he was speaking to the man stationed there, a string was seen round his neck, and he was asked what that was for. The boy pulled out from under his waistcoat a little piece of leather sewed up and attached to a string, saying it had been blest by the priest. On being asked what it was for, he replied it was to keep him from having the worms, and that he had paid sixpence for it.

The poor little fellow had also got a small medal suspended in like manner, which he said was given him by one of the holy fathers to keep him from sinning.

The youthful readers of this statement will easily guess that the poor boy had just come from a Popish district, and will, I hope, be led to pity and pray for those who are beguiled and blinded by such deplorable trickeries; and, if they have been favoured with an education in a Protestant Sunday school, while they smile at such imposition, will be heartily thankful that they have been better taught.

May I not hope too, that they will not delay to seek for better safeguard from sin than a tawdry medal blest by a Romish priest?—*Early Days.*

THE GEOLOGIST AND THE FARMER.

There lived in the west of England, a few years since, an enthusiastic geologist, a Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. A farmer, who had seen him presiding on the Bench, overtook him shortly afterwards, while seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed at him for a moment, shook his head in commiseration of the mutability of human things, and then exclaimed, in mingled tones of pity and surprise, "What, Sir! be you come to this a'ready?" That there could be philosophy in stones, had never crossed the mind of the farmer in his most contemplative mood.—They were constantly in his thoughts, but always under the aspect of hard materials admirably adapted to employ paupers and mend roads. He would sooner have expected briars and thistles to yield him corn, than that quarries should supply instruction to a Magistrate.

"THERE IS MANY A SLIP BETWEEN
THE CUP AND THE LIP."

This warns us not to place too sanguine a dependence on projects yet to be completed, and is equivalent to the well-known admonition of "Do not