

taken place. The work for this purpose is under the direction of Mr. Leonard Horner, who defrays the cost with a portion of the annual grant placed by government at the disposal of the Royal Society, which has lately received a consignment of cases filled with specimens of the earth taken from the excavation. Meanwhile it appears that, like Sweden, the Arabian Gulf region and Abyssinia are undergoing slow and gradual upheaval. In addition to these researches, active explorations are going on in the north, east, west, and south of Africa, and more than one treaty of commerce has been signed between England and the petty monarchs of the interior. The Rev. Mr. Livingston announces the existence of another large lake, 200 miles northwest of that now known as Ngami; the great lake Tchad is being navigated by European boats; and efforts are being made to reach those mysterious mountains in which the Nile is supposed to rise, for, as Captain Smyth observes, "no European traveller, from Bruce downwards, has yet seen its true source."—*Chambers' Journal*.

FRUIT TREES.

PRUNING.—The practice commonly pursued is to plant a tree, and let it grow in its own way. The consequence is, that it runs up to a long naked stem, with two or three naked limbs, having a few weak branches at the top. In order to obtain a well-formed tree, cut it down after planting to within two feet of the ground, with a sloping cut close to a bud. In this space there will be many buds which will send out shoots. When the shoots make their appearance, rub them all out but three. Leave the top one, and one on each side, not directly opposite each other, at a suitable distance. These will form limbs. The next year shorten the upright shoots that come out of the top bud, so as to produce other horizontal branches, in a different direction from those produced last year. In this way the tree will assume a spreading form. The aspiring shoots must be kept down, and some of the weak ones cut out as well as all dead ones, that the tree may not be overburdened with wood. If the tree get thin of branches near the trunk, cut some of the limbs back,—these will send out shoots, and fill up the naked space. The lowest limb should proceed from the trunk, at not more than fifteen inches from the ground. Large limbs should not be cut off unless absolutely necessary; they should always be pruned when small—less injury will then be done to the tree.

LOVE OF READING.

THE LOVE OF READING EMANCIPATES US FROM THE DOMINION OF THE PASSIONS.—When the intellect is not cultivated, the power of the passions is likely to prevail. They who cannot enjoy the pleasures of mind will naturally seek the gratification of the senses. They who can never spend time in the acquirement of knowledge and of delight from books, will commonly be disposed to give the leisure which they can spare from the bodily toils of life to those means of amusement and kinds of indulgence which have a tendency to corrupt the heart and debase the character. They who have little knowledge of moral duty, and of the physical evils of which many of its violations are productive, and who come into contact with but few of the mo-

tives which prompt to the cultivation of virtuous habits, can only be expected to become the slaves of vice. Where the range of desire and enjoyment is limited, and is confined almost entirely within the sphere of animal appetite and passion, and where pleasure depends chiefly, if not wholly, on companionship and personal intercourse with others, it is scarcely possible to escape from intemperance and impurity, and from the contaminating influence of evil example. But it is otherwise when the mind has been instructed and trained by reading. He who loves the good and useful book has within his reach, at all times, mental, moral, and religious enjoyments which, by occupying his hours of leisure and contributing to his happiness, preserve him from multitudes of temptations to immorality. He can sit down at his own table, and by his own hearth, and have his interest there awakened, his thoughts excited, his curiosity gratified, and his joys increased. He can look there upon mental pictures and scenes of beauty, which the bodily eye can never behold, listen to mental voices and conversations which the bodily senses can never experience. He may be alone and surrounded with little that is attractive; but he can fill his mind with ideas of grandeur and loveliness, and hold fellowship with multitudes of the wisest, the greatest, and the best of his fellow men. He becomes more and more acquainted with the duties which he owes to God and to his brethren of mankind, and feels with increasing force the obligations under which he lies to flee from vice, and to practise virtue. And being thus employed, the operations of evil passion are counteracted; the enticements of sinners are avoided; the taste is refined; the love of home, with its quiet and pure pleasures, is fostered; and habits of thought and restraint, of regularity and propriety, are formed and confirmed.—*A Lecture to Young Men, by Dr. McKerrow.*

DEATH OF THE ROBIN.

BY MRS. EMELINE SMITH.

From his sweet banquet, 'mid the perfumed clover,
A robin soared and sang;
Never the voice of a happy bard or lover
Such peals of gladness rung.
Lone Echo loitering by the distant hill-side,
Or hiding in the glen,
Caught up, with thirsting lip, the tide of sweetness,
Then bade it flow again,
The summer air was flooded with the music;
Winds held their breath to hear;
And blushing wild-flowers hung their heads, enamored,
To list that "joyance clear."
Just then, from neighbouring covert rudely ringing,
Broke forth discordant sound,
And wily Fowler from his ambush springing,
Gazed eagerly around.
Still upward, through the air that yet was thrilling
To his melodious lay,
One instant longer, on a trembling pinion,
The robin cleared his way.
But, ah, the death-shot rankled in his bosom—
His life of song is o'er!
Back, back to earth, from out his heavenward pathway,
He fell, to rise no more.
A sudden silence chilled the heart of nature—
Leaf, blossom, bird, and bee,
Seemed each a startled hush, to mourn the pausing
Of that sweet minstrelsy,
And Echo, breathless, in her secret dwelling,
Like love-lorn maid, in vain
Waited and listened long to catch the accents
She ne'er would hear again.
Oh, bird! sweet poet of the summer woodlands!
How like thy lay to those
Of tuneful birds, whose song, begun in gladness,
Have oft the saddest close,
Thus many a strain of human love and rapture,
Poured from a fond full heart,
Hath been, in one wild moment, hushed forever,
By sorrow's fatal dart.