

The ostrich is very sly. It betakes itself to flight on the first alarm and traverses the waste with such swiftness that the Arab is never able to overtake it, even when mounted on his horse. "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider." (Job xxxix. 18.) Nothing can be more beautiful than such a sight; the wings, by their continual though unwearied vibrations, serving at once for sails and oars, whilst the feet no less assisting in conveying the bird out of sight. The swiftness of the ostrich is confirmed by the writer of a voyage to Senegal, who says: "She sets off at a hand gallop; but, after being excited a little, she expands her wings as if to catch the wind, and abandons herself to a speed so great that she seems not to touch the ground." "I am persuaded," continues that writer, "she would leave far behind the swiftest English coursers." These testimonies illustrate the assertion of the inspired writer.

"When the Arab rouses an ostrich," says Buffon, "he follows her at a distance, without pressing her too hard, but sufficiently to prevent her from taking food, yet not to determine her to escape by a prompt flight." Here is an admission that the ostrich has in its power to escape if sufficiently alarmed. "It is the more easy," continues our author, "to follow her in this manner, because she does not proceed in a straight line, and because she describes almost always in her course a circle more or less extended." The Arabs, then, direct their pursuit in a concentric interior circle; and follow her always at a just distance, by passing over much less ground than she. When they have thus fatigued and starved her for a day or two, they rush upon her at full speed, leading her as much as possible against the wind, and kill her with their clubs, to prevent her blood from spoiling the whiteness of her feathers. In this account of Buffon nothing occurs to contradict the assertion of the inspired writer.

(To be continued.)

## THE TRAVELLER.

### A FORTNIGHT'S TOUR IN BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

(From the Church of England Magazine.)

At about mid-day, on Wednesday, August 19, 1840, we embarked at the Tower stairs for Ostend. There was, of course, the usual bustle—the needful preparations—and, to one accustomed to country quiet, all appeared new, but not formidable. The day was fine, and we were much on deck: the cabin was certainly not as light and pleasant as the home parlour, nor was the berth as agreeable as the bed room; but the voyage was speedy and prosperous, and offered no incident of peculiar interest. A watchful Providence mercifully guarded us, and brought us safely to our desired haven. So you may fancy us fairly emerged from the steam packet, just as day was beginning to dawn, at about three in the morning. As our party moved on towards the inn at Ostend, we could just discern, by the twilight, that we were in a foreign town, by the number of large windows in every house; so that glass and frame-work seemed to contend with the masonry which should be of most importance in the building. After a speedy breakfast, we strolled out; and the early hour of five found us pacing up a church, where, for the first time, I saw something of Romish devotion. Another hour saw us whirled off by railroad on our way to Bruges. Here were old pictures to see, curious houses to notice; narrow winding streets; looking glasses, so arranged outside the windows, that the ladies within could see the passers up and down, and who came to the door—a convenient plan enough for some whose conscience and politeness are equally lax. Then the clean caps and faces of the women, their luxuriant hair, their long woollen or linen cloaks, and wooden shoes caught our attention; and an old priest in his strange dress, who, when he met our party, raised his hat and crossed his forehead, suggested a new thought. Half-past ten, and we were again on the railroad to Ghent (or Gand), and here our first step was to the cathedral. Much there was to admire, especially the elaborate design and carving of the pulpit; some fine paintings—one of St. Bavon, the patron saint; another of the assumption of the virgin. Thence

we proceeded to a large and choice collection of pictures belonging to a private gentleman. But now my eyes were tired and my limbs wearied, and I was unable to enjoy them, or to pay them the attention they so richly merited. A first dinner at the table d'hôte—dish after dish brought in and hastily removed, the succession of company, their animated gestures and foreign language—formed another new scene. One more railroad journey brought us to Brussels, and glad was I, at a late hour, having ascended seventy stairs, to find refuge from further fatigue. "To-morrow to new fields"—even the field of Waterloo. The traveller in vain seeks picturesque beauty here. The journey from Brussels, a distance of nine miles, is for the most part flat, and unfruitful but for the industry of the peasants, who labour hard to produce what crops the land will yield. A brighter sun than that glowing on the day when we surveyed on the plain never shone, and the harvest work was busily carried on. But, when once near the field of battle, the attention is concentrated on the spots were different memorable exploits were wrought; where Wellington gave his orders; where Napoleon stood; where brave men encountered brave men, and fell together. We ascend a large mound, artificially raised from the neighbouring plain, and surmounted by a column and colossal lion, with the simple inscription, "18th June, 1815;" and there are mingled the bones of men and horses—men of five different nations taking their last long sleep together. I could not follow the order of battle, nor enter into its science; but, as one slain after another was mentioned, I could turn my thoughts homeward, and think of the sisters weeping, and the parents' grief. One handsome pillar marks where Colonel Gordon fought and fell; the record tells of battles won, of honours obtained, of endeared friendship, of unforgotten respect for religion. On these words my eye rested again and again. The soldier was young and noble, exposed to temptations great and many. If then he set his heart to seek his God, if he rebuked vice and encouraged virtue, and that not seeking to himself merit, but resting all his hope upon his Saviour crucified, he found mercy in that day, and from the fatal field of strife entered that land of peace whence we shall go out no more. But the most touching grave was one simple stone in the form of a hillock, "John Lucie Blackman, 18th June, 1815." He had fought through the day, seen the field won, "and now," said he, as he passed through the orchard, "I may take a walk." One of the last flying shots of the retreating French laid him low, and there he lies—not forgotten, for two brothers lately visited his grave, and the wild flowers blow there, and the butterfly sports over it, and all around him is still and lone. How different from the scene where he fell! O war is a fearful thing. The peasant guide told us "the crops were looking well in the morning, but before evening the harvest was all ended." "The soldiers would come to us," he said, "demanding bread; we gave it at the peril of the sword; we fled for three days; when we returned to our houses the provisions were all gone, the furniture burned for firing, even the roofs of the houses stripped off and the rafters consumed for fire." I am glad I have seen that field of battle.

I did not enjoy my Sunday at Brussels. Some of our party went to the cathedral, but I did not feel justified in going to religious service merely as a spectator: I would wish "to worship and fall down and kneel before the Lord my maker;" and my protestant feelings could not brook what I must there have witnessed; the finer the music, the greater the pomp, the more intense the apparent devotion, the more pain should I feel that my fellow-sinners should prostrate themselves before any other mediator than Christ Jesus.—Meanwhile the street was full of busy passers to and fro, shops all open, carriages rolling along, the noise deafening, and the week-day din not for one little moment shut out. It is true we went twice to a French protestant church, where our own service was performed, and where, as with friends in England, we have worshipped and given thanks; but after that I walked with my party, at first unconsciously, and then unable to return, to the gayest promenades. Wearied in body and mind I saw thousands of persons, till my eyes were tired of looking. It is justice to state that we witnessed great order, and not one look or action could we condemn; and I ought not severely to blame those who, labouring through

the week, enjoy their leisure walk on Sunday; but it is not for us, who have hours for recreation during the six days to swell the multitude and to increase the gaiety. The last visit we paid at Brussels was to the picture gallery; and spending two hours there enabled us to pay attention to the many pictures. I was particularly pleased with some modern paintings, of exquisite finish and good colouring. The cold, stiff pictures of the early part of the fifteenth century did not at all please or interest me. Some fine portraits arrested my attention, and many good historical and legendary paintings deserved a more particular notice than I can give. So farewell to Brussels. We had seen the cathedral, with its celebrated painted windows; hurried through the palace of the prince of Orange, and visited a famed manufacture of lace; we had, again and again, gazed on the picturesque architecture of the houses, with their tapering roofs and many windows, and pure white walls contrasting with the blue and cloudless sky. We had admired the neat appearance of the peasantry—the men in dark blue frocks, the women with their short, coloured gowns and clean white caps—nor had we failed to notice the chubby and healthy looks of the many good-tempered little ones, that were carried along by nurse or mother.

## TEMPERANCE.

### AN INCIDENT OF DAILY OCCURRENCE.

When we were at college we had for a classmate a young gentleman from the south, an independent, generous high-souled, sociable, companionable fellow, whose bright eye, high intellectual brow and lofty bearing marked him for one of nature's noblemen. He was none of your mean and sordid souls who creep and cinge and beg their way through life; but one full of generous impulses and lofty aspirations, above all mean and sordid actions. We prophesied that the stand he would take would be high and commanding—that the impress he would leave upon the page of his country's history would be deep and abiding. Alas! we knew not that the viper had bitten him and entwined its cold and deadly coils around his heart.—A short time since, as we were inquiring about our early friend, of one that knew him well, and were expecting to hear that he was already a gentleman, of high respectability, of extensive influence and commanding intellectual and moral attainments, we learned that he was—a drunkard and a beggar!

Alas! alas! how many of the beautiful and the high born, how many of the gifted and the amiable have fallen, fallen, to rise no more! fallen into the deepest pit of infamy and woe!—through the fascination of the wine cup. Young man, beware! "Dash down yon bowl of Samian wine!" Sip not of its intoxicating contents.—There swim within its sparkling depths all the woes of the Ciceronian cup—all the curses of earth.—You may love its delicious excitement—you may dream that you can drink with impunity.—You may say, I can take care of myself. So dreamed and so talked the young man we have mentioned. So have thought hundreds and hundreds, who have quaffed the fatal goblet, and then plunged from stations of respectability—of honour—of competence—of happiness, to the foulest depths of shame—dishonour—penury and woe!—*L. Washingtonian.*

**YE SHALL NOT SURELY DIE.**—There is nothing which resembles the tempter of old so much, as the arch-deceiver Alcohol. It comes in beautiful form, and with an enticing mien, urging its victim to take; whispering all the while in his ears, "thou shalt not surely die." It holds out the fruit to him, and if perchance he sees some victim who has felt the sting of the viper, and has plunged into the vortex of intemperance, the tempter speaks to his pride, and tells him he need not become a drunkard, he has self-control enough to espy, "thus far thou shalt go and no farther." The bait is thrown out, and the future drunkard eagerly takes it—the gilded pill is swallowed, and deeper and deeper he plunges in, until retreat is at last almost impossible. No man, as has often been said, expects to become a drunkard; but believing that he has more self-control than those who have gone before him, proudly plunges into the stream, determined to swim at his pleasure—forgetting the deep under current that is all the time bearing him down to the precipice, over which he soon will plunge. The deceiver holds before his eyes a gilded phantom of pleasure, and hides from his victim the thousands