

Yet hath not mountain, plain, nor sea,  
 In all their vast immensity,  
 More power to speak, through wondering sense,  
 Of the great God's omnipotence,  
 Than one small drop of water! Yes,  
 Behold its living world! (no less)  
 Of creatures beautiful and bright,  
 Disporting 'midst its liquid light.

Some like to rare and clustering gems;  
 Like lilies some, with silver stems,  
 Waving in graceful motion slow,  
 (Like measured cadence) to and fro;  
 Others like fairy bells appear,  
 Ringing their chimes in fancy's ear;  
 And there are serpent-forms that glide  
 'Midst tiny banks of moss, or hide  
 Their glittering coats beneath the leaves  
 Of mimic boughs, which nature weaves  
 By the same hand of power that made  
 For man the mighty forest-glade!

But vainly words essay to tell  
 What things of wondrous beauty dwell  
 Within these liquid worlds concealed,  
 Till by some magic spell revealed.  
 Come, watch the myriads as they pass  
 In bright review before the glass  
 Of wizard science! then declare  
 If aught on earth, in sea, or air,  
 Can with these water drops compare.

*Great Cataract in India.*—The river Shirhawti, between Bombay and Cape Comorin, falls into the Gulf of Arabia. The river is about one-fourth of a mile in width, and in the rainy season, some thirty feet in depth. This immense body of water rushes down a rocky slope three hundred feet, at an angle of 45 deg., at the bottom of which it makes a perpendicular plunge of eight hundred and fifty feet, into a black and dismal abyss, with a noise like the loudest thunder. The whole descent is therefore eleven hundred and fifty feet, or several times that of Niagara. The volume of water in the latter is somewhat larger than that of the former, but, in depth of descent, it will be seen there is no comparison between them. In the dry season the Shirhawti is a small stream, and the fall is divided into three cascades of surpassing beauty and grandeur. They are almost dissipated and dissolved into mist before reaching the bed of the river below.

*Laughter.*—We could not get on without laughter; the pools of life would become stagnant; care would be too much for us; the heart would corrode; life would be all bas relief, and no alto; our faces would assume a less cheerful aspect, and become like those men who never laugh; the river of life, as we sailed over it, would be like "the Lake of the Dismal Swamp," we should indeed have to begin life with a sigh, and end it with a groan, while cadaverous faces, and words to the tune of "The Dead March in Saul," would make up the interludes of our existence.

When a woman has good sense and good taste, these are some of the things she will not do. She will not be so anxious to obtain admission into any circle as to seek it by a conformity to its fashions, which will involve her in labor, or expenses that lessen domestic comfort, or are inappropriate to her income. She will not be particularly anxious as to what the fashion is in dress or furniture, nor give up any important duty or pursuit to conform to it. Nor will she be disturbed if found deficient in these particulars, nor disturb others by making apologies, or giving reasons. She will not, while all that is in sight to visitors is in complete order, and in expensive style, have her bed-room, her kitchen, and her nursery ill furnished, and all in disorder. She will not attempt to shew that she is genteel, and belongs to the aristocracy, by a display of profusion, by talking as if she was indifferent to the cost of things, or by seeming to be ashamed to economise. These things are marks of an unrefined person, who fancies that it is *money*, not *character*, that makes the lady.

*Tapioca Pudding, the queen of all puddings.*—Put a tea-cup of Tapioca and a teaspoon of salt into a pint and a half of water, and let them stand five hours where it will be quite warm, but will not cook. Two hours before dinner peel six apples, and take out the cores without dividing the apples. Put them in a pudding dish, and fill the holes with sugar, in which is grated a little nutmeg, or lemon peel. Add a tea-cup of water, and bake one hour, turning the apples to prevent them drying. When the apples are quite soft, pour over them the tapioca, and bake one hour. To be eaten with hard sauce of butter and sugar. Sago can be used instead of tapioca.

*Loaf Pudding.*—Put into boiling water, well salted, a baker's loaf, tied in a cloth, and boil it one hour and a half, for a pound loaf. Serve it with pudding sauce.