

And the resplendent rivers His to enjoy,
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My father made them all,"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind,
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world,
So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man?"

By citing these pious sentiments in the present connection, I trust I shall not be deemed faulty, as neglecting the relating rule of this institution; for piety to the Creator of all, should ever proceed from contemplation of his manifold works. It is this contemplation, prosecuted in this spirit, that makes the truest philosopher, and invigorates the mind with fertilizing streams of knowledge and wisdom, and emotions that are even more precious than wisdom. And unsophisticated nature, viewed with an unprejudiced eye, will ever inspire that adoration of nature's Author, which we term natural religion, and which is a part and parcel of all true religion. In this field, Ray and Derham and Newton and Addison and Paley, have laboured. And, in our own day, Brougham and Chalmers and Powel and Whewell, the authors of the Bridgewater treatises, and an host besides, are engaged in tracing the connection between philosophy and natural religion, or, in other words, between nature and her Author. And I cannot withhold my belief and hope, that this and all similar institutions, while they may properly, or at least cautiously, avoid political and religious debate, will ever consult and promote the harmony and welfare of the community, and exhibit and ratify the friendships of science, morals, and piety.

It cannot be expected that any of the topics, glanced at in this lecture, should have received an attention proportioned to their demands. The subject was selected out of the many, in reference to the ostensible object of this Institute, which we deem should be steadily kept in view and promoted.

Ere long, I trust, you will listen to a more inciting and improving oratory, delivered by some of those many eminent strangers, whom we expect will visit Halifax, when making an occidental tour. Steam navigation has done much for the world, in a short space; and I trust it will do much for us in improving our intercourse, and bringing home to us the arts, inventions, discoveries, and literature of the old world; and making us as a community, what at this period every people ought to be,—a living illustration of the Baconian maxim, "Knowledge is Power;" or, as more strongly expressed of old, by the Israelite philosopher, Solomon, Prov. xxiv. 5:

"The wise prevaileth over the strong, and the man of knowledge over the mighty."

SCRAPS FROM MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

THE RULING PASSION.

"I never knew," said Sam, fixing his eye in a ruminative manner upon the blushing barber, "I never knew but vun o' your trade, but he was worth a dozen, and was indeed devoted to his callin'!"

"Was he in the easy shaving way sir," inquired Mr. Slithers, "or in the cutting and curlin' line?"

"Both," replied Sam; "easy shavin' was his natur, and cuttin' and curlin' was his pride and glory. His whole delight was in his trade. He spent all his money in bears and run in debt for 'em besides, and there they was a growling away down in the front cellar all day long, and ineffectually gnashing their teeth, vile the grease o' their relations and friends was being re-tailed in gallipots in the shop above, and the first-floor winder was ornamented with their heads; not to speak o' the dreadful aggravation it must have been to 'em to see a man always a walkin' up and down the pavement outside, with the portrait of a bear in his last agonies, and underneath in large letters, 'Another fine animal was slaughtered yesterday at Jinkinson's!' Hows'ever, there they was, and there Jinkinson was, till he was took wery ill with innard disorder, lost the use of his legs, and was confined to his bed vere he laid a wery long time, but sich was his pride in his profession even then, that whenever he was worse than usual the doctor used to go down stairs and say, 'Jinkinson's wery low this mornin'; we must give the bears a stir' and as sure as they stirred 'em up a bit and made 'em roar, Jinkinson opens his eyes as if he was ever so bad, calls out, 'There's the bears!' and rewives agin."

"Astonishing!" cried the barber.

"Not a bit," said Sam, "human natur neat as imported. Vun day the doctor happenin' to say, 'I shall look in as usual to-morrow mornin', Jinkinson catches hold of his hand and says 'Doctor' he says, 'will you grant me one favour?' 'I will Jinkinson' says the doctor; 'then doctor' says Jinkinson, 'will you come unshaved, and let me shave you?' 'I will' says the doctor. 'Bless you' says Jinkinson. Next day the doctor came, and arter he'd been shaved all skilful and reg'lar, he says 'Jinkinson' he says, 'it's wery plain this does you good. Now' he says, 'I've got a coachman as has got a beard that it ud warm your heart to work on, and though the footman' he says 'hasn't got much of a beard, still he's a tryin' it on with a pair o' viskers to that extent that razors is a christian charity.' If they take it in turns to mind the carriage when it's a waitin' below' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from operatin' on both o' 'em every day as well as upon me? you've got six

children' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from shavin' all their heads and keepin' 'em shaved? you've got two assistants in the shop down stairs, 'wot's to hinder you from cuttin' and curlin' them as often as you like?' Do this' he says 'and you're a man agin.' Jinkinson squeedged the doctor's hand and begun that wery day: he kept his tools upon the bed, and whenever he felt his-self gettin' worse, he turned at vun o' the children who was a runnin' about the house with heads like clean Dutch cheeses, and shaved him agin. Vun day the lawyer come to make his will; all the time he was a takin' it down, Jinkinson was secretly a clippin' away at his hair with a large pair of scissors. 'Wot's that ere snippin' noise?' says the lawyer every now and then, 'it's like a man havin' his hair cut.' 'It is wery like a man havin' his hair cut' says poor Jinkinson hidin' the scissors and lookin' quite innocent. By the time the lawyer found it out he was wery nearly bald. Jinkinson was kept alive in this way for a long time, but at last vun day he has all the children in vun arter another, shaves each on 'em wery clean, and gives him vun kiss on the crown of his head; then he has in the two assistants, and after cuttin' and curlin' of 'em in the first style of elegance, says he should like to hear the voice o' the greasiest bear, vich rekvest is immedety complied with; then he says that he feels wery happy in his mind and wishes to be left alone; and then he dies, previously cuttin' his own hair and makin' one flat curl in the wery middle of his forehead."

THE YOUNG HAIRDRESSER.

'Vunce upon a time there was a young hairdresser as opened a wery smart little shop with four wax dummies in the winder, two gen'lmen and two ladies—the gen'lmen with blue dots for their beards, wery large viskers, ou-dacious heads of hair, uncommon clear eyes, and nostrils of amazin' pinkness—the ladies with their heads o' one side, their right forefingers on their lips, and their forms developed beautiful, in vich last respect they had the advantage over the gen'lmen, as wasn't allowed but wery little shoulder, and terminated rayther abrupt, in fancy drapery. He had also a many hair-brushes and tooth-brushes bottled up in the winder, neat glass cases on the counter, a floor-clothed cuttin' room up stairs, and a weighin' macheen in the shop, right opposite the door; but the great attraction and ornament was the dummies, which this here young hair-dresser was constantly a runnin' out in the road to look at, and constantly a runnin' in agin to touch up and polish; in short he was so proud on 'em that ven Sunday come, he was always wretched and mis'rable to think they was behind the shutters, and looked anxiously for Monday on that account. Vun o' these dummies was a favourite with him beyond the others, and ven any of his acquaintance asked him why he didn't get married—as the young ladies he knowed, in partickler, often did—he used to say, 'Never—I never vill enter into the bonds of vedlock,' he says, 'until I meet with a young tooman as realizes my idea o' that ere fairest dummy with the light hair. Then and not till then,' he says, 'I vill approach the altar!' All the young ladies he knowed as had dark hair told him this was wery sinful, and that he was wurshippin' a idle, but them as was at all near the same shade as the dummy coloured up wery much, and was observed to think him a wery nice young man.

'The young hair-dresser hadn't been in the habit o' makin' this awowal above six months, ven he en-counterd a young lady as was the wery picter o' the fairest dummy. 'Now' he says, 'it's all up. I am a slave!' The young lady was not only the picter o' the fairest dummy, but she was wery romantic as the young hair-dresser was too, and he says 'Oh!' he says, 'here's a community o' feelin', here's a flow o' soul!' he says, 'here's a interchange o' sentiment!' The young lady didn't say much o' course, but she expressed herself agreeable, and shortly afterwards vent to see him with a mutual friend. The hair-dresser rushes out to meet her, but d'irectly she sees the dummies she changes colour and falls a tremblin' violently. 'Look up my love' says the hair-dresser, 'behold your imige in my winder, but not correcter than in my art!' 'My imige!' she says. 'Yourn' replies the hair-dresser. 'But whose imige is that!' she says, a pinting at vun o' the gen'lmen. 'No vun's, my love' he says, 'it is but a idea.' 'A idea!' she cries, 'it is a portrait, I feel it is a portrait, and that ere noble face must be in the milingitary.' 'Wot do I hear!' says he a crumplin' his curls. 'William Gibbs' she says quite firm, 'never renoo the subject. I respect you as a friend' she says, 'but my affections is set upon that manly brow.' 'This' says the hair-dresser 'is a reglar blight, and in it I perceive the hand of Fate. Farevell!' With these words he rushes into the shop, breaks the dummy's nose with a blow of his curlin' irons, melts him down at the parlour fire, and never smiles arterwards.

'The young lady, Mr. Weller?' said the housekeeper.

'Why ma'am' said Sam, 'findin' that Fate had a spite agin her and everybody she came into contact with, she never smiled neither, but read a deal o' poetry and pined away—by rayther slow degrees, for she an't dead yet. It took a good deal o' poetry to kill the hair-dresser, and some people say arter all that it was more the gin and water as caused him to be run over; p'raps it was a little o' both, and came o' mixing the two.'

MORNING ON THE THAMES.

A fleet of barges were coming lazily up, some sideways, some head first, some stern first; all in a wrong-headed, dogged, obstinate way, bumping against the larger craft, running under the bows of steamboats, getting into every kind of nook and corner where

they had no business, and being crunched on all sides like so many walnut shells; while each with its pair of long sweeps struggling and splashing in the water looked like some lumbering fish in pain. In some of the vessels at anchor all hands were busily engaged in coiling ropes, spreading out sails to dry, taking in or discharging their cargoes; in others no life was visible but two or three tarry boys, and perhaps a barking dog running to and fro upon the deck or scrambling up to look over the side and bark the louder for the view. Coming slowly on through the forest of masts was a great steam ship, beating the water in short impatient strokes with heavy paddles, as though she wanted room to breathe, and advancing in her huge bulk like a sea monster among the minnows of the Thames. On either hand were long black tiers of colliers; between them vessels slowly working out of harbour with sails glistening in the sun, and creaking noise on board, re-echoed from a hundred quarters. The water and all upon it was in active motion, dancing and buoyant and bubbling up; while the old grey Tower and piles of building on the shore, with many a church spire shooting up between, looked coldly on, and seemed to disdain their chafing, restless neighbour.

SORROW IN CHILDHOOD.

There was only Mrs. Quilp at home, and she, little expecting the return of her lord, was just composing herself for a refreshing slumber when the sound of his footsteps aroused her. She had barely time to seem to be occupied in some needle-work, when he entered, accompanied by the child; having left Kit down stairs.

'Here's Nelly Trent, dear Mrs. Quilp,' said her husband. 'A glass of wine, my dear, and a biscuit; for she has had a long walk. She'll sit with you my soul, while I write a letter.'

Mrs. Quilp looked tremblingly in her spouse's face to know what this unusual courtesy might portend, and obedient to the summons she saw in his gesture, followed him into the next room.

'Mind what I say to you,' whispered Quilp. 'See if you can get out of her anything about her grandfather, or what they do, or how they live, or what he tells her. I've my reasons for knowing, if I can. You women talk more freely to one another than you do to us; and you have a soft, mild way with you that'll win upon her. Do you hear?'

'Yes Quilp.'

'Go, then. What's the matter now?'

'Dear Quilp,' faltered his wife, 'I love the child—if you could do without making me deceive her—'

The dwarf muttering a terrible oath looked round as if for some weapon with which to inflict condign punishment upon his disobedient wife. The submissive little woman hurriedly entreated him not to be angry, and promised to do as he bade her.

'Do you hear me,' whispered Quilp, nipping and pinching her arm, 'worm yourself into her secrets; I know you can. I'm listening, recollect. If you're not sharp enough, I'll creak the door, and wo betide you if I have to creak it much. Go.'

Mrs. Quilp departed according to order, and her amiable husband, ensconcing himself behind the partly opened door, and applying his ear close to it, began to listen with a face of great craftiness and attention.

Poor Mrs. Quilp was thinking, however, in what manner to begin or what kind of enquiries she could make; and it was not until the door, creaking in a very urgent manner, warned her to proceed without further consideration, that the sound of her voice was heard.

'How very often you have come backwards and forwards lately to Mr. Quilp, my dear'

'I have said so to grandfather a hundred times,' returned Nell innocently.

'And what has he said to that?'

'Only sighed, and dropped his head, and seemed so sad and wretched that if you could have seen him I am sure you must have cried; you could not have helped it more than I, I know. How that door creaks!'

'It often does,' returned Mrs. Quilp with an uneasy glance towards it. 'But your grandfather—he used not to be so wretched?'

'Oh no!' said the child eagerly, 'so different! we were once so happy, and he so cheerful and contented! You cannot think what a sad change has fallen on us since.'

'I am very, very sorry, to hear you speak like this my dear!' said Mrs. Quilp. And she spoke the truth.

'Thank you,' returned the child, kissing her cheek, 'you are always kind to me, and it is a pleasure to talk to you. I can speak to no one else about him but poor Kit. I am very happy, still, I ought to feel happier, perhaps, than I do, but you cannot think how it grieves me sometimes to see him alter so.'

'He'll alter again Nelly,' said Mrs. Quilp, 'and be what he was before.'

'Oh if God would only let that come about!' said the child, with streaming eyes; 'but it is a long time now since he first began to—I thought I saw that door moving!'

'It's the wind,' said Mrs. Quilp faintly. 'Began to—?'

'To be so thoughtful and dejected, and to forget our old way of spending the time in the long evenings,' said the child. 'I used to read to him by the fireside, and he sat listening, and when I stopped and we began to talk, he told me about my mother, and how she once spoke and looked just like me when she was a little child. Then he used to take me on his knee, and try to make