

by a thousand tongues, bestowing praises which none will gainsay. Oh, divine bards! may your rest be sweet; may ministering angels attend your every want.

The reader of these Reveries must not expect to find that polished style, that studied elegance, which characterize the writings of the present day. They are not the productions of "hours of idleness," but the overflowings of moments snatched from oblivion. They will consist of reflections, incidents of my intercourse with the world; in fact, of anything which may serve to illustrate facts. There are always occurrences even in everyday life which a philosophical mind may turn to some account. I claim not the title of a philosopher, but, as I said before, I find a pleasure in contemplating nature in every garb.

Perhaps I cannot better conclude this paper than by relating the story of the dervise, though at the risk of telling a thrice-told tale:

Certain merchants were travelling across the desert, with a caravan, when one camel accidentally strayed from the main body. When it became known, one of the merchants immediately went in search of him. While wandering about, he accidentally fell in with an old dervise, of whom he made inquiry concerning his camel. "Your camel," said the dervise, "has passed over the hill yonder; he was laden on one side with barley" (the merchant assented), "on the other with honey?" "Yes." "He is blind of an eye?" "Yes." "He has a front tooth broken?" "Yes." "The hoof