

and beauty—every plant that vegetates, from the lowliest moss, up to the sturdy oak, proclaims "God is here."—and where He is, there I delight to be.

While thus pouring forth the emotions of a soul overflowing with heavenly love, I marked with deep interest the earnestness with which the little ones seemed to catch each sentiment as it fell from her lips. They saw their mother happy, and their artless mien and simple expressions showed, that they too, loved Him who was the source of her enjoyment.

The hour of prayer arrived, and the little family assembled around the domestic altar. The word of God was carefully perused, and after the mother had offered up a short but fervent supplication, the children repeated their daily petitions, unitedly besought a blessing on their beloved parents, and prayed for the happiness and prosperity of an esteemed missionary, who, on the eve of his departure, to labor among the aboriginal inhabitants of our country, had desired to be remembered by them at the throne of grace.

I left this hallowed spot reluctantly, and while pursuing the solitary footpath, which communicated with the public road, was led to reflect on the superior value of maternal influence in determining the destiny of individuals. Kings may rule with equity, and statesmen legislate with wisdom; but it remains for the mothers of our land to say whether their country shall be prosperous and happy. If they withhold their aid, every other means must prove abortive. If they refuse to put a shoulder to the wheel, the great machinery of human improvement must operate in vain. It was the maternal influence of Greece that caused her sons to rush fearlessly to the field of battle; and it was the same wonder-working power that led the youths of France to sign over their minority, and pant for manhood, that they might follow in the conqueror's train. If we would have a nation of patriots—then an ardent love for her country must glow in the mother's bosom. If we would have a christian nation—then love to God must be the predominating principle of the mother's life. Had the mothers of Alexander and Bonaparte been influenced by holy and heaven-directed motives—instead of a world deluged with blood, the peaceful reign of Messiah might have been established. Had the mothers of Shakspeare and Byron been imbued with virtuous and exalted principles—instead of a corrupting moral influence being diffused throughout society the moral and intellectual uplifting of our race might have been effected. It was the sanctifying influence of a mother's piety that raised up Wesley to be a successful champion in the cause of his Divine Master. It was the meek and gentle spirit of a christian mother, operating through the influence of heavenly grace, that rendered the youthful Timothy a zealous and devoted minister of Christ. And in virtue of that richest of heaven's gifts, a pious mother, the inspired psalmist claimed an heirship to the skies, while he tuned his grateful harp in the praises of redeeming love. Think then, mothers of Canada, of the exalted and responsible position which you occupy. You are the arbiters of your children's destiny—the educators of candidates for eternity. Upon the manner in which you discharge the duties devolving upon you, depends the everlasting destiny of those committed to your trust. Your every word, look, and action, is fraught with interests of the most momentous character. Every impression made upon the mind of your offspring, must send its undying echo throughout the countless ages of the future. You are now, either preparing gems to shine forever in the crown of your rejoicing above; or else filling vessels for the wrath of a sin-avengeing God. Think then, christian mothers, of the duty you owe to yourselves, to your children, to your country, and to your God.

MARY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, THE POET.—Mr. Montgomery won his laurels amidst a crowd of competitors; the Muses were holding their carnival. Campbell had delighted all, in whose ears the melody of our Augustan age still lingered, with the masculine music of the "Pleasure of Hope." Rogers won the heart with a tenderer tune, a more plaintive note, and a more polished versification—the very luxury of sound. Southey exalted us

with the gardens of eastern fiction. Wordsworth recalled our steps to the sylvan haunts, the glimmering lanes, the rustic springs, the by-way flowers, and all the thousand fountains of sensibility and nature. Coleridge, too, had called the children from their play, and the old men from the chimney corner, to listen to the mysterious adventures of "The Ancient Mariner;" and the blood rushed to the maiden's cheek at the gentle tale of the affectionate Genevieve. Crabbe held up the mirror to the harsh features of the most biting penury, and unlocked the sympathies of the bosom with his simple "Annals of the Poor." At such a season as this, and when the sky was on fire with the glare of Byron's reputation, Mr. Montgomery solicited the suffrages of the public and obtained them slowly but certainly. His was a species of poetry which steals gradually over the heart with a sober and soothing influence. He tempted the painter with no story of Arcadian valley, illumined by antique pagantry; nor seduced the enthusiast with a legend of vengeance or of passion; he brought nothing but what Purity might have written, nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse. What may become of his name or his writings," is the remark of the poet in the preface to his collected works, "it is not for him to anticipate here; he has honestly endeavoured to serve his own generation; and, on the whole, has been careful to leave nothing behind him to make the world worse for his having existed in it."

Never will it be known, said Cowper, till the day of judgment, what he has done who has written a book. That amiable writer felt that the author was treasuring up a life within a life, condensing and distilling his intellectual spirit for the benefit or the destruction of future ages. Mr. Montgomery has directed his compositions mainly to the delight and the improvement of the young, employing the golden chains of a graceful and cultivated fancy to draw up their contemplations above the cloud of sense. He has met with his reward even here, in the admiration and esteem of the wise and the good. It is not, therefore, to adopt the imagery of his beautiful tribute to Burns, upon his literary talents alone that we love to dwell, whether we compare him to the humming-bird gliding over flowers—the eagle, with thunder in his train—the wood-lark, filling the heavens with music—or the nightingale, melting our hearts with love; for none of these faculties in particular do we dwell upon his character; it is rather for his noble advocacy of virtue and detestation of vice; that devotion delights to hail her 'Bird of Paradise.'

Snow.—When drops of water are congealed into spiculæ in the air, they collect, in falling, into flakes of snow. Above the region of the glaciers the snow sometimes falls in separate spicules. When examined with a microscope, snow reveals a beautiful structure, consisting of needles which are regular six-sided prisms, formed from a rhomboid, which is the primitive shape. It falls more abundantly in temperate than in arctic regions, and is found to be beneficial rather than otherwise; for, being a bad conductor of heat, it preserves the plants beneath from too great a degree of cold. On one occasion in Germany, snow fell on the corn which was in flower, and preserved it from a hard frost that followed, so that ultimately the corn ripened. Underneath ice, snow is often found to be not lower in temperature than 32° (just the freezing point;) and hence people buried under the snow, if permitted a free access of air, may live a long while, because warmer there than if on the surface.

Red snow has been observed at Baffin's Bay and the neighboring regions. Its color was found to be owing to minute red mushrooms, or fungi, growing in the snow. In an account of Sir John Ross's last voyage, this phenomena is noticed as follows:—

"On the 17th of August, it was discovered that the snow on the face of the cliffs presented an appearance both novel and interesting, being apparently stained, or covered with some substance which gave it a deep crimson color. Many conjectures were formed concerning the cause of this appearance, and a party was dispatched from the ship, to bring off some of the snow. It was found to be penetrated, in many places, to the depth of ten or twelve feet by the coloring matter, and it had