

Why should this be so? Why should that season; with all its loveliness and fragrance—of which, life and animation are the chief ingredients, and about, and with which, Nature seems studiously to have sought the conception of all that is sweet and innocent and lovely—why should this season be made to minister to depression and gloom. It is peculiarly fitting that life and death form an our contemplation, but parts of the same existence and destiny they should be perpetually coupled in all our surveys of objects common to either? Must we always be reminded of the certainties which belong to life, and must it hold the lamp for decay—to facilitate and contribute to the triumphs of its antagonistic principle of death? It would so from the inviolable union and uninterrupted communication which man has assigned them.

The morals of summer should be of a more gentle and generous description. In our view she is the handmaid of nature, the thoughtless perpetually glad, gay gulf, embodying forth new and renovated creation. She is the minister of hope and teaches lessons of consolation. To the mourner she brings the sweets of her wilds and her gardens, laden on the fresh and odoriferous breathings of the south, her own especial province. To her courts she calls the desolate. In her places she feasts the gentle and the young. Her voice is the very spirit of music, and every sound she utters is fragrance.

Whether upon the hills among the valleys, in the depths of the forest, or in the more cultured, but less luxuriant gardens of man, she flings her flowers lavishly about us, takes no task in return. She calls us to no labour, but as if, rather to enforce the knowledge of her bounties she throws us that profusion of silence and that languor of repose which enables us to hear the very breathings of the flowers—to detect the gentle heavings of each folded leaf and almost to believe, that like our own, their powers of contemplation are susceptible of the graces of that noiseless influence which is so attractive to ourselves. Where in this are the germs of that morbidity from which the misanthrope has gathered so many emblems of mortality. With him, the German has rightly conjectured, that the colour of the flower and its scent alike, is in the sense that receives them—and not in themselves. To such all nature carries a similar aspect, and all the phases of glory, are dim and lusterless alike. Like the bee of Trebizond, they extract poison from the innocent flowers, yet complain of that doom which they gather of themselves.

“Now summer weaves,  
Her gentle chains around us—  
“Go forth into her kingdom, and be glad.”

**GREENLAND PHILOSOPHY.**—The Greenlanders believe that the sun and moon are sister and brother. They, with other children, were once playing together in the dark when Aninga behaved rudely to his sister Malina, she rubbed her hand in the soot about the extinguishing lamp, and smeared his face, that she might discover by day-light who was her tormentor, and thus the dusky spots on the moon had their origin, for she, struggling to escape, slipped out of his arms, soared aloft, and became the sun. He followed up into the firmament, and was transformed into the moon; but as he has never

been able to rise so high as she, he continues running after her with the same hope of overtaking her. When he is tired and hungry in his last quarter he sets out from his house a seal-hunting, on a sledge drawn by four great dogs, and stays several days abroad to recruit and fatten, and this produces the full moon. He rejoices when the women die, and Malina in revenge rejoices when the men die, therefore the men keep at home during an eclipse of the sun, and the women during an eclipse of the moon. When he is in eclipse, Aninga prowls about the dwellings of the Greenlanders, to plague the females, and steal provisions and skins, nay even to kill those persons who have not duly observed the laws of temperance. At these times they hide their most precious goods, and the men carry kettles and chests to the tops of their houses, and rattle upon them with cudgels, to frighten away the moon, and make him return to his place in the sky. During an eclipse of the sun, the men skulk in terror into the darkest corners, while the women pinch the ears of the dogs; and if these cry out, it is a sure omen that the end of the world is not yet come, for as dogs existed before men, according to Greenlandic logic, they must have a quicker foresight into futurity. Should the dogs be mute, (which of course they never are, under such ill treatment,) then the dissolution of all things must be at hand. —) See Crantz.

**PANDORA'S BOX.**—The Prince of Piedmont was not quite seven years old, when his preceptor, Cardinal (then Father) Fleudel, explained to him the fable of Pandora's Box. He told him that all evils which afflicted the human race were shut up in that fatal box, which Pandora, tempted by curiosity, opened, when they flew out and spread themselves over the face of the earth. “What, Father!” said the young prince, “were all the evils shut up in that box?” “Yes answered the preceptor. “That cannot be,” replied the Prince, “since curiosity tempted Pandora; and that evil, which could not have been in it, was not the least, since it was the origin of all.”

**BONES OF RATS IN CAVERNS FORMERLY INHABITED BY HYÆNAS.**—The great number of the bones found in the celebrated Cavern at Kirkdale, in the North of England, bear marks of teeth having apparently been gnawed; the bones of the rat bearing solitary exception. Dr. Buchland the well known professor of Geology at Oxford, was the first to explain this apparently anomaly, which had puzzled many acute philosophers. He supposed the hyæna had swallowed the rats entire; but none had seen a hyæna devour a rat. Attended by his class and numerous spectators he visited menagerie, and having caused a live rat to be put into the den of the hyæna, his hypothesis was confirmed by the hyæna, extending its jaws and the rat apparently fascinated, darted into its mouth and was devoured without mastication. The experiment was successfully repeated several times, and is probably one of the most conclusive evidences of accurate theoretical conclusions recorded in the annals of science.

#### ANECDOTES.

**HUMAN NATURE.**—Man without motives to exertion, is as a beast: with them, he can become an Alfred or a Paul. The presence of

these is the chief cause of human distinction.—Where nothing prompts to action, nothing can be done.

**BEAUTIFUL AND PERTINENT REPLY.**—Not many Months since, while a number of young people were discoursing upon the easiest mode of leaving the world, whether drowning, freezing, &c. were the least, painful a Miss of sixteen was asked how she chose to die, who replied, “I wish to die the death of the righteous.”

#### EMINENT EARLY RISERS.

Dr. Adam, the celebrated rector of the high school of Edinburgh, whose long life, to its very close, was spent in unremitting course of labour for the public good, was an early riser. It was his constant practice, for the whole summer, to rise at the hour of five, and not unfrequently when excited by any particular object, or any formidable difficulty, even at four in the morning. As a proof however favourable the morning hours are for study, it may be mentioned that Dr. Adam frequently felt his practice worn out by the harassing exertions he made in the completion of his work on Roman Antiquities and would rise from his desk, in the after part of the day, half determined to relinquish his task yet notwithstanding these sallies, he would rise with the sun next morning, to prosecute his task with renewed vigour.

A volume might, indeed, be filled with notice of early risers. Bishop Jewell rose regularly at four, Dr. Franklin was an early riser; Priestly was an early riser; the great and learned lawyer and pious Christian, Sir Matthew Hale studied sixteen hours a day, and was an early riser; Dr. Parkhurst, the philologist, rose regularly at five in the summer and six in the winter and in the latter season always made his own fire—It is to the hours gained by early rising that the world is indebted for the numerous volumes which within a few years, have issued from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. Among the ancients, the names of Homer, Horace, Virgil and of numerous other poets may be ascribed upon the list of early risers.

#### POETRY.

##### TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK.

“As leaves but flourish to decay  
So men but live to fade away.”  
To many is this truth expressed,  
But few have sealed it in their breast.  
For hope to young and old is near  
To drive away such visions drear.  
While the loved flowers of youth remain,  
They many a plan devise in vain.  
Old age and death but phantoms seem,  
They nought, in health, of sickness dream,  
Fools that they are, who do not know,  
How short the time to men below.  
Of youth and life; bear those in mind  
The span of mortals how confined;  
And use with freedom while you live  
Such pleasures as the world can give.

Thus spoke a heathen;—Christian learn  
From him your interest to discern.  
Like him reflect, how short the span  
Of life's vain circle is to man;  
But not like him devote your days,  
To pleasures found in worldly ways  
Remember that sun, so grand, so bright,  
Which brings forth life and bliss to light  
Think of that world beyond the grave,  
Where Jesus reigns who died to save;  
And strive to live, while life is given,  
So as to dwell with Him in heaven.