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APRIL—1836.	SUN	MOON	F. L.
	Rises.	Sets.	Sea.
4 WEDNESDAY - - -	4 48	7 12	11 44
5 THURSDAY - - -	4 47	7 13	Morn. 1 58
6 FRIDAY - - -	4 46	7 14	0 41
7 SATURDAY - - -	4 44	7 16	1 23
8 SUNDAY - - -	4 43	7 17	1 59
9 MONDAY - - -	4 43	7 18	2 29
10 TUESDAY - - -	4 40	7 20	2 48

Last Quarter, 7th day, 6h. 10m. evening.

The Garland.
TO A SLEEPING CHILD.
From Professor Wilson's Poetical Works.
Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on the earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those heavenly veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death?
These features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it at my beating heart,
These tremors, both of soul and sense,
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dead the forms by fancy wove,
Yet live them with treatment, 15s. per annum;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
E'en on her deepest solitude!
But, lovely child! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.
As for thy smile! thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even when I gaze, are kindling snow.
Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throng can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere old destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the Seraphim?

Oh! vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot burn the storm!
Years can bedim the gorgeous eyes
That paint the bird of paradise.
And years, so late has order'd, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul;
Yet sometimes radiant sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
Oh! sinless babe! by God are given,
To charm the wanderer back to Heaven.

CHURCH STATISTICS IN ENGLAND.

The total number of congregations in England, separate from the Established Church, at the present time stands thus:

Roman Catholics	416
Presbyterians	197
Independents	1840
Baptists	1201
Calvinistic Methodists	427
Wesleyan Methodists	2818
Other Methodists	698
Quakers	393
Home Missionary and other Stations	436

Total of Nonconformist Congregations in England alone 8414

Now it appears from the best authorities, that the number of Episcopal churches and chapels in England is 11,825, giving to the established denomination 3,411 more places of worship than are possessed by all the other denominations united.

The population of the many parishes is very small, as is evident from the following summary, which we extract from the Report of his Majesty's Commissioners on the Poor Law:

Parishes, &c., with a population	
From 2 to 10 souls	54
From 10 to 20	145
From 20 to 50	511
From 50 to 100	1117
From 100 to 200	4411
From 200 to 500	2843
From 500 to 800	2052
From 800 to 1000	738
From 1000 to 2000	1409
From 2000 to 3000	402
From 3000 to 4000	192
From 4000 to 5000	122
From 5000 to 10000	239
From 10000 to 50000	116
From 50000 upwards	10

Thus it appears, that there are 6,503 parishes in England alone, that have only an average population of 120 souls each. Now it must be remembered, that about three tenths of that number are children under ten years of age, and other two tenths are made of the sick and the aged; it is therefore obvious, that if we assume that all the villagers are disposed to go to church—but, alas! how unlikely an assumption!—there will not be an average of more than sixty persons who can attend public worship in each of these parish churches. We should like to learn the average number of those who do attend them. We are disposed to believe, that were all the sections of the nonconformist body in England to return all the places which are used by them exclusively as places of public worship, they would find that the gross number, both of places and attendants, would approximate very near to, if not actually exceed, that of the Established Church. If this assumption be correct, we come to the conclusion, that the salutary principle in religion has enabled the Nonconformists to provide by their ministers an equal amount of religious instruction with that afforded by a richly endowed establishment, while they have at the same time, been burdened with its imparts.—*London Congregational Magazine.*

FEMALE EYES.—If women would but consider what powerful, what dangerous, and—speaking of man's happiness or misery—destructive weapons eyes are, they might, perhaps, be a little more careful in using them.—*Gilbert Curney.*

A BIRTHDAY DRAWING-ROOM.—From Kensington Palace I walked through the Green at Hyde Park, and then through St. James's Park and Palace. Here I arrived just at the right time, about two o'clock, to see the carriages go to the drawing-room on the birthday of William IV. If, besides all the persons properly belonging to Court, eighteen hundred and other persons in full dress, paid their respects to the King, there were at least 900 carriages in motion, because, on an average, there were not more than two persons in each carriage. The carriages and horses were magnificent; the servants and coachmen in state liveries of every colour, trimmed with gold lace and cords, breeches, and white silk stockings; the servants wore large cocked hats, like those of our officers, while the coachmen had a very small hat, in the form of an equilateral triangle, beneath which appeared the bob-wig. There were also some persons with wigs of different kinds within the carriages. But all this attracted my attention far less than the ladies, who were adorned with all the beauty of nature and art. As the procession moved slowly forward, I was obliged to halt at every ten paces, I took the liberty of moving forward with the carriages, and of remaining by the side of those which contained the most beautiful women. There is no opportunity probably no company in the world, where one may with greater convenience, I might also say impudence, look the ladies in the face. This special review, unique in its kind, far otherwise repays the trouble, or rather I should say, affords a more noble and greater pleasure, than a review of a body of soldiers. I fancied myself in the several situations of the fair individuals, and endeavoured to divine the thoughts of each by their looks. The persons in the first carriage who feared to take the lead, had the welcome feelings from the stately *blondine* who closed the train. Which equipage was the handsomest, which the poorest—which dress was the richest, which the most tasteful—which is the queen of the fete in regard to her personal appearance, or the most interesting of her mind and heart. In the midst of these glittering equipages was an unfortunate hackney-coach, with a dirty driver, and a still more slovenly footman. The lady who sat in it had, however, drawn up the wooden blinds, so that no one could see her. I congratulated myself that I was not in her place, but had the free use of my limbs in the open air.—*Ramer's England.*

THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERS.—In the autumn of 1818, her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain to the royal patient, that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, then the estate of a rich widow, belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the Queen's intention, and a message returned that she should be welcome. Our illustrious traveller had, perhaps, never before held any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to the man, George, called King by the vain ones. The lady and gentlemen who were to attend the august visitant had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would, at least, say *thy* majesty, *thy* highness, or madam. The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park, punctual to the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made, no hostesses domestic stood ready to greet the guests. The porter's bell was rung; he stepped forth, deliberately, with his broad brimmed beaver on; and, without accosting the lord in waiting, with "What's thy will, friend?" "Surely," said the nobleman, "your lady is aware that her Majesty—Go to your mistress, and say the Queen is here." "No, truly," answered the man, "need not I, have no mistress nor lady; but friend Rachael Mills expecteth *thine*; walk in!" The Queen and princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly dressed Rachael, who, without even a courtesy, but with a cheerful nod, said, "How's thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter, I wish thee well. Rest and refresh thee and thy people, before I show thee my grounds." What could he say to attend persons? Some concessions were attempted, implying that her Majesty came, not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the society to which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unawed, she answered, "Yes, thou art right there. My Friends are well thought of by most folks; but they heed not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place; and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I shall do the like by thee, friend Charlotte." Friends are well thought of by most folks; but they heed not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place; and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I shall do the like by thee, friend Charlotte." Friends are well thought of by most folks; but they heed not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place; and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I shall do the like by thee, friend Charlotte." Friends are well thought of by most folks; but they heed not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place; and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I shall do the like by thee, friend Charlotte.

THE PLEASURES OF BOTANY.—The humblest flower that grows is really a wonder of the creation. Whether we view it simply as a temporary part of the vegetable world, or as the reproduction of a new species proceeding from the plant but to form a new race of vegetables, or whether we look at it as one of those beautiful creations of a bountiful Providence, who, not content with ministering to our substantial necessities, hath made all nature beauty to the eye, still, in either sense these gem-study of nature form a delightful subject for the study of a contemplative mind. But how much is this pleasure assisted in, if we call in the aid of science to assist us in examining the more obvious beauties of the vegetable kingdom. It will then be seen that every part of a flower, from the gaily painted and expanded corolla, to the hair-like filament which serves for its foundation, have all their obvious and essential functions to perform. What can be more delightful than to walk with our Creator in the kingdom of his works? The more we study them, the more we must admire their perfect adaptation to the truly godlike end of universal nature. Indeed, there is not a season that will not afford an abundant harvest of practical knowledge to the inquiring mind. In this respect, the lovely blossoms of spring are as interesting as the more matured beauties of summer; and we may commune as sweetly with the early snowdrop, when its flowers are bedecked with the frosts of winter, as when the eye rests on the richly tinted foliage of the autumnal months.—*Partridge's Introduction to Botany.*

WHAT IS HEALTH?—I'll tell you what it is, that you may live better, put a higher value upon it, and endeavour to preserve it with a more serious, strict observance and tuition. Health is that which makes your meat and drink both savoury and pleasant, the nature's injunction, as eating and drinking were a lust task and slavish custom. Health is that which makes your bed easy and your sleep refreshing; that revives your strength with the rising sun, and makes you cheerful as the light of another day, and that which fills up the hollow and uneven places of your career, and makes your body plump and comely: 'tis that which dresseth you up in Nature's richest attire, and adorns your face with her choicest colours. 'Tis that which makes exercise a sport, and walking abroad the enjoyment of your liberty. 'Tis that which makes fertile and increaseth the natural endowments of your mind, and preserves them long from decay.

A BEAUTY.—As Lady Elizabeth passed the line of persons seated and standing in thick array, there was heard an involuntary murmur of "How gloriously handsome she is!" Who that understands woman's beauty, does not know that even a handsome woman is at times twice as handsome as she is often? Who that is herself endowed with the gift of beauty, has not experienced this, and occasionally felt imbued with a more than usual power of captivation.—*The Spectator.*

The Secretary of the U. S. Navy has reported in favour of the establishment of a Navy Yard at Baltimore.

A PAIR OF INDIAN GIRLS.—The most attractive person in the wigwag were two Indian girls, one about eighteen, Jane, the hunter's daughter, and her cousin Margaret. I was greatly struck with the beauty of Jane; her features were positively fine, and though of gipsy darkness, the tint of vermilion on her cheek and lip rendered it, if not beautiful, very soft and shining, and was neatly folded over her forehead, not hanging loose and disorderly in shaggy masses as is generally the case with squaws. Jane was evidently aware of her superior charms, and may be considered as an Indian belle, by the peculiar care she displayed in the arrangement of the black cloth mantle, bound with scarlet, that was gracefully wrapped over one shoulder, and fastened at her left side with a gilt brooch. Margaret was younger, of lower stature, and though lively and rather pretty, yet she wanted the quiet dignity of her cousin; she had more of the squaw in her face and figure. The two occupied a blanket by themselves, and were busily engaged in working some most elegant shawls of deer-skin, which were wrought over with coloured quills and beads; they kept the beads and quills in a small tin basket on their knees; but my old squaw (as I always call Mrs. Peter) held her porcupine quills in her mouth, and the fine dried sinews of the deer, which she wanted the quiet dignity of her cousin; she had more of the squaw in her face and figure. The two occupied a blanket by themselves, and were busily engaged in working some most elegant shawls of deer-skin, which were wrought over with coloured quills and beads; they kept the beads and quills in a small tin basket on their knees; but my old squaw (as I always call Mrs. Peter) held her porcupine quills in her mouth, and the fine dried sinews of the deer, which she wanted the quiet dignity of her cousin; she had more of the squaw in her face and figure. 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