

applied, that, in fact, there is under production of some other thing as well as, and partly in consequence of, that particular over production.—*Contemporary Review*.

A CROAKER.

There are croakers in every country, always boding its ruin. Such a one lived in Philadelphia, a person of note, an elderly man, with a wise look and a very grave manner of speaking; his name was Samuel Mickle. This gentleman, a stranger to me, stopped one day at my door, and asked me if I was the young man who had lately opened a new printing-house. Being answered in the affirmative, he said he was sorry for me, because it was an expensive undertaking, and the expense would be lost; for Philadelphia was a sinking place, the people already half bankrupts, or near being so; all appearance to the contrary, such as new buildings and the rise of rents, being to his certain knowledge, fallacious; for they were, in fact, among the things that would soon ruin us. And he gave me such a detail of misfortunes now existing, or that were soon to exist, that he left me half melancholy. Had I known him before I engaged in this business, probably I never should have done it. This man continued to live in this decaying place, and to declaim in the same strain, refusing for many years to buy a house there, because all was going to destruction; and at last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five times as much for one as he might have bought it for when he first began his croaking.—*Benjamin Franklin*.

THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE UNITED STATES.

It was Washington Irving who first knit together those bonds of family and domestic sympathy between England and America of which I have just spoken. After the violent disruption which tore us asunder, he had the grace and the courage to diffuse his own kindly and genial feeling from his sunny cottage on the banks of the Hudson, through the lurid atmosphere which had been produced by the successive wars of 1775 and 1812. Westminster Abbey, Stratford on Avon, and Abbotsford were transfigured in the eyes of Americans by his charming "Sketch Book," and from that time has set in the pilgrimage of Americans, to our English shrines which has never ceased, and which cannot but render any further dislocation of the two countries more difficult.

Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier have done perhaps even a greater service by touching with the sweetness and the light of their poetry scenes before but little known in the natural objects and the historic splendour of their own country. Bryant, to use the words of a distinguished American ecclesiastic, first entered the heart of America through the Gate Beautiful. When we see the Green River, and the rocky slopes of the hills of Berkshire, we feel that he did for them something of what Wordsworth effected for the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland. Longfellow and Whittier achieved their fame, not only by those poems which appeal to the general instincts of mankind, and are entwined with the sacred recollections of Europe, but they also attach themselves directly to the legends of the early inhabitants of the Northern Continent, and to the stirring scenes of the great conflicts both of America with England, and of the Northern and Southern States.

The romances of Hawthorne, which connect themselves with Italian life, may to us for the moment have the most interest, but those which shall possess the most enduring value are the strange scenes of New England in the streets of Boston and of Salem. Such pathetic and elevated sentiments, so intermingled with national character, must have a share in raising the nation above the "rustic murmur" of parochial or municipal life into "the great wave that echoes round the world."—*Dean Stanley*.

JOHN WESLEY.

Among the figures conspicuous in the history of England in the last century, there is perhaps none more worthy of careful study than that of John Wesley. Make all deductions you please for his narrowness, his self-conceit, his extravagance, and still it remains that no one so nearly approaches the fullness of stature of the great heroes of Christian spiritualism in the early and Middle Ages. He had more in common with St. Boniface and St. Bernardine, of Sienna, with St. Vincent Ferrer and Savonarola, than any religious teacher whom Protestantism has ever produced. Nor is the rise of the sect which has adopted his name—the "people called Methodists" was his way of designating his followers—by any means the most important of the results of his life and labours. It is not too much to say that he, and those whom he formed and influenced, chiefly kept alive in England the idea of supernatural order during the dull materialism and selfish coldness of the eighteenth century. To him is undoubtedly due the Evangelical party. Romaine and Newton, Venn and Jowett, Milner and Simeon, differing as they did from him on particular doctrines, derived from him that fundamental tenet of religious conversion which they termed "new birth." It is easy now, as it ever was, to ridicule the grotesque phraseology of the Evangelical school, to make merry over their sour superstitions, their ignorant fanaticism, to detect and pillory their intellectual littleness. It is not easy to estimate adequately the work which they did by reviving the idea of grace in the Established Church. They were not theologians, they were not philosophers, they were not scholars. Possibly only two of them, Cecil and Scott, can be said to rise above a very low level of

mental mediocrity. But they were men who felt the powers of the world to come in an age when that world had become to most little more than an unmeaning phrase; who spoke of a God to pray to, in a generation which knew chiefly of one to swear by; who made full proof of their ministry by signs and wonders parallel to those of the prophetic vision. It was in truth a valley of dry bones in which the Evangelical clergyman of the opening nineteenth century was set; and as he prophesied there was a noise, and behold, a shaking, and the breath came into them, and they lived and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

LAND AT LAST.

Day after day, upon my couch I lie
Lonely and sad, by phantoms vague oppressed;
Ghosts of the Past, whom truant Memory
Recalls to life to rack my tortured breast
With vivid retrospect of fancies bright,
High hopes, and strong affections, in whose ray
Life, love, ambition, glowed with roseate light,
Seeming to herald forth a "perfect day."
Light faded—hopes extinguished—fancies fled—
Feelings repressed till hardened into stone—
The one beloved estranged, and worse than dead—
Helpless, forsaken, humbled, and alone—
One beam still lingers in the western sky;
Love only dies with Life: Life—is Eternity.

—*Chambers's Journal*.

BENEDICTIONS.

Oh! rich and poor, oh! young and old, from cottage to the throne;
Oh! weary ones amidst the crowd, oh! all who weep alone;
Oh! mourners, toilers, far and wide, where'er your footsteps fall,
My prayers be ever round your path, God's blessing on ye all!

The weary student bending low, while his midnight lamp is bright,
And the light within him burning still, through the watches of the night,
As he ever toileth patiently, till the morning stars grow dim,
May all success attend his path,—may a blessing reach to him!

Oh! thou, whose moans I hear afar, lost on a passion sea,
Lift up thy head thou lonely one, I've a blessing word for thee;
I may not know thy tale of grief, but this, in truth, I know,
There is a rest for all who weep, a balm for every woe.

The thunder clouds that droop o'erhead shall yet again be riven,
And thou shalt gaze rejoicingly through the blueness of the heaven;
Then a blessing on thee, lonely one, where'er thy path may be,
Oh! like the dew on fainting flowers, may a blessing reach to thee!

Oh! thou, so pale and all forlorn, whose love was true and deep,
Arising from a dream of joy, and waking but to weep;
Why didst thou pour such treasure forth from that full heart of thine?
Why didst thou deck with fairest gems an all unworthy shrine?

This lesson, though most hard to learn, believe in mercy given,
To raise thy flickering hopes from earth, and lift thee unto heaven,
Dreamer! whose trusting faith is wrecked, where'er thy footsteps be,
Oh! from my very heart, I pray, God's blessing over thee!

Oh! thou, that strik'st the poet's lyre, and weep'st poet's tears,
And vainly seekest echoing tones through the still revolving years;
I will not say that *never* on earth such high response is given,
Though much I doubt; but, oh! my friend, *I trust* it is in heaven.

If thou hast sorrows burning deep, yet hast thou joys divine,
Oh! may enduring strength be given that drooping soul of thine!
Still may'st thou see, 'midst darkest gloom, the sunlight streaming down,
And may it rest upon thy soul, for a blessing or a crown!

Oh! rich and poor, oh! young and old, from cottage to the throne,
Oh! weary ones amid the crowd, oh! all who weep alone;
Oh! mourners, toilers, far and wide, where'er your footsteps fall,
My prayers be ever round your path, God's blessing on ye all.

H. M.

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