

Amelia obeyed her mother, and they retired to the summer house and while the sun was sinking below the horizon, they sang:

Poor, weak and worthless though I am,  
I have a rich, Almighty Friend;  
Jesus the Saviour is his name,  
He freely loves and without end.

He ransomed me from hell with blood,  
And by his power my foes controlled;  
He found me wand'ring far from God,  
And brought me to his chosen fold.

He cheers my heart, my want supplies,  
And says that I shall shortly be  
Enthroned with him above the skies  
Oh! what a friend is Christ to me.

Amelia was deeply affected, and she felt the importance of having THE TRUE FRIEND.

MORNING WALK.

ACCOUNT OF DEW.

When a labourer goes out to his work in the morning, before the sun had risen, he enjoys an advantage and a pleasure arising from the fresh air, which the workman who resorts to the manufactory equally early, is not fortunate enough to know.

Among the many beauties of the morning, is the appearance of the Dew. Bright round drops of dew are upon every leaf and every blade of grass, shining in the morning sun like so many diamonds. When the sun rises, all these drops however, soon disappear, and the leaves and the grass become dry; and if the day is hot, the earth, which was cool and moist in the morning becomes parched and dusty. But again when the sun goes down, the grass and leaves are soon found to be damp, and the earth becomes cool.

The moisture, or the water, of which the dew is formed, comes not from the grass or from the leaves, it does not rise up, as it seems to do, from the ground, it comes from the air above us.

When a kettle full of water is put upon the fire, the water, which was cold, becomes hot, and steam comes through the spout. This steam, which is water in another shape, mixes with the air and is lost. If you let the kettle remain on the fire, all the water will be turned into steam, all the steam will disappear in the air, and you will have nothing but the empty kettle.

If you were to let some of the steam go into a glass, and then make the outside of the glass cold by wrapping a wet cloth round it, you would see that the steam in the glass would again be turned into water, which would run down the sides of the glass.

Now, when the sun shines, the heat of it is continually drawing up water from the sea, and from lakes, and rivers, and ponds, and pools, and even, as we have seen, from the leaves and the grass; but it draws it up in the form of a thin vapour, or steam. If you stand by the side of a river or pond in a very hot day, and look at any dark-coloured object, you may see what appears to be a trembling kind of motion in the air. This appearance is caused by the rising of the steam, and not by the motion of the air. Air in motion, as when the wind blows, produces no difference in the appearance of objects seen through it. The true cause cannot be explained to us, but it is very like that which makes a

straight stick appear bent when partly sunk in water. If you put water in a saucer, and expose it to the sun in a hot day, it will all be drawn up, or dried up in this way, and disappear.

The air, then which is above us and all round us, contains a great deal of water at all times, but the water is in a state of vapour, or thin steam. This vapour, however, as in the case of the steam received into a cold glass, will become water again when it becomes of a certain coldness and then it will be turned into dew, or into rain.

Many things make the air hotter or colder at one time than another; it is hottest when the sun shines brightly, and coldest at night: it is cooled also by winds. The colder the air gets the more its moisture will be seen. If it is only cool, you will see the water of the air in the form of mist; if colder, when there is much moisture in the air, heavy clouds or rain will be formed; and this may be frozen into snow, or into hail, which again may be melted by heat into water, and then formed into steam or vapour, and again disappear in the air.

When, therefore, the day has been very hot, and much water has been taken up into the air, you will have much dew at night. You will have dew at night, because the heat of the sun is gone, and the vapour in the air which touches the cold earth, is cooled, and becomes water again.

When you are walking out, either in the morning or in the evening, you will see, that whilst the grass is wet, the footpath is dry; and that when you come to a gate or a stile, the gate or the stile is dry, although the hedges are covered with dew. How does this happen? It happens in this way. The grass is colder than the footpath, and the leaves of the hedges are colder than the wood of which the stile is made.

When there is a heavy dew at night, and the moisture seems to be rising all over the fields,

—who is in truth, it is falling from the air,—people often say 'It will be a hot day to-morrow.' The clearer the air at night, or the freer from clouds, the more dew there is; and the clearer the air, the brighter, probably, will to-morrow be. On a cloudy night there is little or no dew, for the clouds assist in keeping the earth warm, and the earth not being so much cooled, does not cause so much water to settle upon it from the vapour in the air.

A very useful thing follows, for in the driest and hottest weather, as more dew falls in the night, it keeps the grass and the vegetables from being dried up. Now when there are clouds and rain, dew is not wanted, and on cloudy nights it has just been said that dew is not formed.

On walking out in frosty weather, we often see every branch and every little twig covered with hoar frost. The hoar frost is frozen dew. The trees and the grass, and all things out of doors, in such weather, become excessive cold, and not only cause water to settle upon them from the air in the form of dew, but freeze it when it does settle upon them. The following are representations of some of the forms of the practicals of hoar frost, as seen through a microscope:—

Although the dew is very pleasant to look at it would be wrong not to mention that there is no greater enemy to human health than dampness. All people who labour in the open air are thus subject to rheumatism; and those who are out at

night, when the air is not dry, are more fatigued than those who are out in the day, although they may sleep by day instead of by night. Travelers in the coldest parts of North America see nothing hurts them but the damp. During the frost, although it is much colder than our coldest days of winter, they are very cold, but quite well if they take exercise enough. When the thaw comes, disease comes. The Esquimaux, a small race of people who live very far North where they have long winters, and where the ground is almost always covered with snow, build houses of the frozen snow, having very much the shape of wooden bowls turned upside down. They have pieces of ice for windows. During the hard frost these snow houses are very comfortable, and the people are very merry except when food is scarce and then they brave the cold, in pursuit of game, and are drawn by dogs over the ice in sledges. But when these snow houses have had much fire in them, or the weather begins to get a little warmer, then the snow begins to melt, and water streams down the inside of the house; and then all the Esquimaux people, men, women, and children, begin to sneeze and cough. Sometimes a great number of them lose their voices for a time and the whole family speak in whispers. Whoever is obliged to be out in a damp night or morning should keep his body well protected by clothes; and this should be most carefully attended to in spring and autumn. This the pains of rheumatism, or the lumbago, and toothach, and coughs, are avoided. A flannel waistcoat, which may be made for very little money, may save several pounds in physic, and prevent several weeks' suffering, and of loss of work.

A tree that is every year transplanted, will never bear fruit; and a mind that is always hurried from its profession, will scarce ever do good in any.

P O E T R Y.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

The golden beams of morn return again,  
But not to charm affections weeping eye,  
Sad recollection but augments the pain;  
And from my bosom wings the bitter sigh.  
No more my little charmer's voice I hear,  
No more his smiles afford one sweet delight,  
No more his lisp'ng tongue my spirits cheer,  
No more his slumbers in these arms at night!  
My friend his spirit's fled!  
My little George is dead!

What scenes of love enliv'd our peaceful lot,  
When round the parlor cheerfully he play'd;  
The gayer scenes of life with me were not,  
Nor envied those in richest robes array'd,  
When we return'd, the toilsome day forgot,  
With rising hopes our hearts were sweetly blest,  
The little group was form'd, thrice happy lot!  
The simple picture art cou'd not have dress'd,  
Since from my arms he's torn,  
With anguish keen I mourn!!

Pitying Angels o'er his couch were lov'ring,  
To invite his gentle spirit home,  
While mortal pimple spread their gloomy cover;  
O'er his fair cheek and banah'd all its bloom!  
Then God of love and peace he heard thy call,  
Thine infant spirit fled to thine embrace;  
Sweet consolation to the mourning soul!!  
Thy blessed promise to a mortal race!  
Now in the Tomb he lies,  
Till Jesus bids him rise!!!