

of evil and misery, are but hideous copies of the hideous original in Eden. The oracles, whispered from among the boughs of trees, or muttered from central altars, are but dim and distorted echoes of the voice of the Lord walking at eventide among the trees of the garden. The cherubic symbol and the fierce revolving fire of Eden, whatever may have been the objects indicated in the symbol, are but the noble and holy reality of which the "gorgons, hydras, and chimæras dire," the sphinxes, dragons, and other monsters of heathendom, and the ever-burning fires and lamps on heathen altars are the grim and sin-defaced caricatures. The Apollo, Hercules, Orpheus, and other demi-gods of antiquity, are but the satanic perversions of that Seed of the Woman that was to bruise the serpent's head. The sacrifices which so uniformly prevailed, in which blood for ages, and in all countries, was poured out like water; aye, and especially, the horrible human sacrifices that have ensanguined the insatiate altars of superstition, are the remnants of that first libation of blood which, at the gate of Eden, Abel poured forth, in obedience to the Divine command; wailings wrung from the universal heart of man, over the sin that defaced the primeval Paradise; and mute and bloody prophecies of Him, THE WOMAN-BORN, who was "to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."—*Rev. J. H. James.*

### THE FRENCHMAN AT HIS ENGLISH STUDIES.

Frenchman. Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How you call H-o-u-g-h?

Tutor. Huff.

Fr. Tres bien, *Huff*; and *Snuff* you spell S-n-o-u-g h, ha!

Tutor. O, no, no, *Snuff* is S-n-u-double-f. The fact is, words ending in *ough* are a little irregular.

Fr. Ah, very good. 'Tis beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is *Huff*, I will remember; and C-o-u-g-h is *Cuff*. I have one bad *Cuff*, ha!

Tutor. No, that is wrong. We say *Kauf*, not *Cuff*.

Fr. *Kauf*, eh bien. *Huff* and *Kauf*, and pardon-nez moi, how you call D-o-u-g-h—*Duff*, ha?

Tutor. No, not *Duff*.

Fr. Not *Duff*? Ah! oui; I understand—is *Dauf*, hey?

Tutor. No, D-o-u-g-h spells *Doe*.

Fr. *Doe*! It is very fine; wonderful language, it is *Doe*; and T-o-u-g-h is *Toe*, certainment. My beefsteak was very *Toe*.

Tutor. O, no, no; you should say *Tuff*.

Fr. *Tuff*? And the thing the farmer uses; how you call him P-l-o-u-g-h, *Pluff*? ha! you smile; I see I am wrong, it is *Plauf*? No! ah, then it is *Ploe*, like *Doe*; it is beautiful language, ver' fine—*Ploe*?

Tutor. You are still wrong, my friend. It is *Plow*.

Fr. *Plow*! Wonderful language. I shall understand ver' soon. *Plow*, *Doe*, *Kauf*; and one more—R-o-u-g-h, what you call General Taylor; *Rauf* and Ready? No! certainment it is *Row* and Ready?

Tutor. No! R-o-u-g-h spells *Ruff*.

Fr. *Ruff*, ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is *Ruff*, and B-o-u-g-h is *Buff*, ha!

Tutor. No, *Bow*.

Fr. Ah! 'tis very simple, wonderful language; but I have had what you call E-n-o-u-g-h! ha! what you call him?—*N. Y. Home Journal*

LAMARTINE'S PORTRAIT OF MADAME DE STAEL.—She was then as happy in her heart as she was glorious in her genius. She had two children: a son, who did not display the *eclat* of his mother, but who promised to have all the solid and modest qualities of a patriot and a good man; and also a daughter, since married to the Duke of Broglie, who resembled the purest and most beautiful thought of her mother, incarnate in an angelic form, to elevate the mind to heaven, and to represent holiness in beauty. While scarcely yet in the middle age of life, and blooming with that second youth which renews the imagination, that essence of love, Madame de Stael had married the dearest idol of her sensibility. She loved, and she was beloved. She prepared herself to publish her "Considerations on the Revolution;" and the personal and impassioned narrative of her "Ten Years of Exile." Finally, a book on the genius of Germany (in which she had poured out, and, as it were, filtered drop by drop all the springs of her soul, of her imagination,

and of her religion,) appeared at the same time in France and England, and excited the attention of all Europe. Her style, especially in the work on Germany, without lacking the splendour of her youth, seemed to be imbued with lights more lofty and more eternal, in approaching the evening of life and the mysterious shrine of thought. It was no longer painting, nor merely poetry: it was perfect adoration; the incense of a soul was inhaled from its pages: it was Corinne become a priestess, and, catching a glimpse from the verge of life of the unknown Deity, in the remotest horizon of humanity. About this period she died in Paris, leaving a bright resplendence in the heart of age. She was in reality the Jean Jacques Rousseau of woman, but more tender, more sensitive, and more capable of great actions than he was—a genius of two sexes, one for thought, and one for love;—the most impassioned of women and the masculine of writers in the same being. Her name will live as long as the literature and history of her country.—*Lamartine's History of the Restoration.*

NOBLE SENTIMENT.—I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others—not genius, power, wit, or fancy: but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing, for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakes life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and of shame, the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions, palms, and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed; the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

GOOD NATURE.—One cannot imagine any quality of the human mind whence greater advantages can arise to society than good nature, seeing that man is a social being, not made for solitude, but conversation. Good nature not only lessens the sorrows of life, but increases its comforts. It is more agreeable than beauty or even wit. It gives a pleasing expression to the countenance, and induces a multitude of the most amiable observations. It is, indeed, the origin of all society. Were it not for good nature, men could not exist together, nor hold intercourse with one another.

NAPOLÉON'S SOLDIERS.—Seventeen of the private soldiers of Napoleon rose to extraordinary pre-eminence. Two were kings, two were princes, nine were created dukes, two field marshals, and two generals. This is true. The two kings were Bernadotte, of Sweden, the late reigning monarch, and Murat, king of the Two Sicilies, who was shot at Naples, before the battle of Waterloo. Ney was the son of a green grocer, and Murat the son of a pastry cook. It was talent, not birth, that caused the elevation of Napoleon's soldiers.

TEACHING.—To learn anything thoroughly is no easy task; to communicate it a still more difficult one. To be able to find out the peculiar constitution of each child's mind, so as to bring what you would teach, down to the level of its understanding, and yet to make it work in such a way, as to seize upon, and comprehend the subject, and re-produce it; this is teaching, and nothing else deserves the name.

A human soul without education is like marble in a quarry which shows nothing of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it.—*Addison.*

FAME.—Among the writers of all ages, some deserve fame, and have it; others neither have nor deserve it; some have it, not deserving; others, though deserving, yet totally miss it, or have it not equal to their deserts.—*Milton.*

Strength of resolution is, in itself, dominion and ability; and there is a seed of sovereignty in the bareness of unflinching determination,