

to pop my head in, 'so as not to be thought lazy, or as spending too much time at the window." "Very well," said the painter, "it shall be done." He painted the mill, and the mill-window. The miller looked at it, and inquired, "Where is myself looking out?" "O," said the painter, "whenever any one looks at the mill, you know you pop in your head." "That's right," said the miller, "I am content; that's right, that will do."

A Beautiful Idea.—" 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

In the mountains of the Tyrol, hundreds of the women and children come out, when it is bed-time, and sing their national song, until they hear their husbands, fathers, or brothers, answer them from the hills, on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic, the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and sing a melody. They sing the first verse, and then listen for some time; they then sing the second verse, and listen until they hear the answer come from the fishermen, who are thus guided by the sounds to their own village."

Iron Paper.—At the Prussian Industrial Exhibition, Count Renard, a large proprietor of iron-works, exhibits a sheet iron of such a degree of tenuity, that the leaves can be used for paper. Of the finest sort, the machinery rolls 7040 square feet, of what may be called leaf-iron, from a cwt. of metal. A bookbinder of Breslau has made an album of nothing else, the pages of which turn as flexible as the finest fabric of linen rags. As yet, no extensive application for this form of the metal has been found, but the manager says, the material must precede the use for it. Perhaps books may, hereafter, be printed for the tropics on these metallic leaves, and defy the destructive power of insects, of any color, or strength of forceps. We have only to invent a white ink, and the thing is done:

Physic, feasting, fretting,
Brandy, gin and betting,
Will kill the strongest man alive.
But water, air, and diet,
Domestic peace and quiet,
Will cause the weakest man to thrive.

See the rivers, how they run
Through woods, and meads, and shade
and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep.

A GOOD RULE.

'Tis well to work with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call;
With a friendly glance, and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

Though heavy the burden on thy back,
And illy and rough the road,
A smiling eye and a hopeful heart
Will bid a thousand cares depart,
And lighten every load.

