

termination of the universe ; and we are equally at a loss when we endeavour to trace things to their elements, and to discover the limits which conclude the subdivisions of matter. The objects, which we commonly call great, vanish when we contemplate the vast body of the earth ; the terraqueous globe itself is soon lost in the solar system : in some parts it is seen as a distant star. In great part it is unknown, or visible only at rare times to vigilant observers, assisted, perhaps, with an art like to that by which Galileo was enabled to discover so many new parts of the system. The sun itself dwindles into a star ; Saturn's vast orbit, and the orbits of all the comets, crowd into a point, when viewed from numberless places between the earth and the nearest fixed stars. Other suns kindle light to illuminate other systems, where our sun's rays are unperceived ; but they also are swallowed up in the vast expanse. Even all the systems of the stars that sparkle in the clearest sky, must possess a small corner only of that space over which such systems are dispersed, since more stars are discovered in one constellation, by the telescope, than the naked eye perceives in the whole heavens. After we have risen so high, and left all definite measures so far behind us, we find ourselves no nearer to a term or limit ; for all this is nothing to what may be displayed in the infinite expanse, beyond the remotest stars that ever have been discovered. If we descend, in the scale of nature, towards the other limit, we find a like gradation, from minute objects to others incomparably more subtle, and are led as far below sensible measures as we were before carried above them, by similar steps, that soon become hid to us in equal obscurity.—C. Maclaurin.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE.

Reader ! didst ever live with a *particular* lady ? One possessed, not simply with the spirit, but the demon of tidiness ? Who will give you a good two hour's lecture upon the sin of an untied shoestring, and raise a hurricane about your ears on the enormity of a fractured glove. Who will be struck speechless, at the sight of a pin in the place of a string ; or set a whole house in an uproar, on finding a book on the table instead of in the book-case ! Those who have had the misfortune to meet with such a person, will know how to sympathise with me. Gentle reader ! I have often received very pressing invitations to visit an old schoolfellow, who is settled in a snug parsonage, about fifty miles from town ; but something or other was continually occurring to prevent me from availing myself of them. "Man never is, but always to be 'cursed.'" Accordingly, on the seventeenth of June, 1826, (I shall never forget it, if I live to the age of old Parr,) having a few spare weeks at my disposal, I set out for my chum's residence. He received me with his wonted cordiality ; but I fancied he looked a little more care-worn than a man of thirty might have been expected to look, married as he is to the woman of his choice, and in the possession of a liberal fortune. Poor fellow ! I did not know that his wife was a precisian—I do not employ the term in a religious sense. The first hint I received of the fact was from Mr. S. who, removing my hat from the first peg in the hall to the fourth, observed, "My wife is a little particular in these matters ; the first peg is for my hat, the second is for William's, the third for Tom's, and you can reserve the fourth, if you please, for your own ; ladies, you know, do not like to have their arrangements interfered with." I promised to do my best to recollect the order of precedence with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs impressed with an awful veneration for a lady who had contrived to impose so rigid a discipline on a man, formerly the most disorderly of mortals, mentally resolving to obtain her favour by the most studious observance of her wishes. I might as well have determined to be emperor of China ! Before the week was at an end, I was a lost man. I always reckoned myself tolerably tidy ; never leaving more than half my clothes on the floor of my dressing room ; nor more than a dozen books about my apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour. I do not lose more than a dozen handkerchiefs in a month ; nor have more than a quarter of an hour's hunt for my hat or gloves, whenever I am going out in a hurry. I found all this but as dust in the balance. The first time I sat down to dinner I made a horrible blunder ; for, in my haste to help my friend to some asparagus, I pulled the dish a little out of its place, thereby deranging the exact hexagonal order in which the said dishes were arranged—I discovered my mishap on hearing Mr. S. sharply rebuked for a similar offence. Secondly, I sat half the evening with the cushion a full finger's breadth beyond the cane-work of my chair—and what is worse, I do not know that I should have been aware of my delinquency, if the agony of the lady's feelings had not at length overpowered every other consideration, and at last burst forth with, "Excuse me, Mr. —, but do pray put your cushion straight ; it annoys me beyond measure to see it otherwise." My third offence was displacing the snuffer-stand from its central position between the candlesticks ; my fourth, leaving a pamphlet I had been perusing on the pianoforte, its proper place being a table in the middle of the room, on which all books in present use were ordered to repose ; my fifth—but in short I should never have done, were I to enumerate every separate enormity of which I was guilty. My friend S.'s drawing-room had as good a right to exhibit a placard of "Steel Treps and

Spring Guns," as any park with which I am acquainted. In one place you were in danger of having your legs snapped off, and in another your nose. There never was a house so atrociously neat, every chair and table knew its duty ; the very chimney ornaments had been "trained up in the way they should go," and wo to the unlucky wight who should make them "depart from it." Even those "chartered libertines," the children and dogs, were taught to be as demure and hypocritical as the matronly tabby cat herself, who sat with her fore-feet together, and her tail curled round her as exactly as if she had been worked in an urn-rug, instead of being a living mouser. It was the utmost stretch of my friend's martial authority, to get his favourite spaniel admitted to the honours of the parlour ; and even this privilege is only granted in his master's presence. If Carlo happens to pop his unlucky brown nose into the room when S. is from home, he sets off with as much consciousness in his ears and tail as if he had been convicted of a larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the application of the broom-stick. As to the children, heaven help them ! I believe they look forward to their evening visit to the drawing-room with much the same sort of feeling. Not that Mrs. S. is an unkind mother, or, I should rather say, not that she means to be so ; but she has taken it into her head, that "preachee and floggee too" is the way to bring up children ; and that, as young people have sometimes sport memories, it is necessary to put them verbally in mind of their duties.

"From night till morn, from morn till dewy eve."

So is it with her servants ; if one of them leaves a broom or a duster out of its place for a second, she hears of it for a month afterwards. I wonder how they endure it ! I have sometimes thought that from long practice, they do not heed it—as a friend of mine who lives in a bustling street in the city, tells me he does not hear the infernal noise of the coaches and carts in the front of his house, nor of a confounded brazier, who hammers away in his rear from morning till night. The worst of it is, that while Mrs. S. never allows a moment's peace to husband, children or servants, she thinks herself a jewel of a wife !—but such jewels are too costly for everyday wear. I am sure poor S. thinks so in his heart, and would be content to exchange half a dozen of his wife's tormenting good qualities, for the sake of being allowed a little common-place repose.

I shall never forget the delight I felt on entering my own house, after enduring her thralldom for two months. I absolutely revelled in disorder, and gloried in my litters. I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another ; pushed all the chairs into the middle of the room, and narrowly escaped kicking my faithful Christopher, for offering to put it "in order" again. That cursed "spirit of order !" I am sure it is a spirit of evil omen to S. For my own part, I do so execrate the phrase, that if I were a member of the House of Commons, and the order of the day were called for I should make it a rule to walk out. Since my return home, I have positively prohibited the use of the word in my house ; and have nearly quarrelled with an honest poulterer who has served me for the last ten years, because he has a rascally shopman, who will persist in snuffing at my door, (I hear him now from my parlour window,) "Any order this morning ?" Confound the fellow ! that is his knock. I will go out, and offer him half-a-crown to change his phrase ! When at school,

"Order is heaven's first law,"

used to be our standing round-text copy ; but were I doomed to transcribe the sentiment in these my days of adolescence, I should take the liberty of suggesting the new reading of,

Order is h—'s first law—

for I feel satisfied that Satan himself is a "particular gentleman."

HAPPINESS appears to us to have fixed her seat in rural scenes. The spacious hall, the splendid equipage, and pomp of courts, do not soothe and entertain the mind of man in any degree like the verdant plain, the enamelled mead, the fragrant grove, melodious birds, the sports of beasts, azure sky, and the starry heavens.

It is undoubtedly a fact, that in proportion to our population, too many leave the occupation of agriculture for other employment. If this arise from its being considered that the employment of the farmer is not respectable, it is a great mistake. Every thing is honorable which is useful and virtuous. This is an employment instituted by God himself, and by him particularly owned and blest. True it is laborious ; but then labour brings health, is the foundation of the farmer, is the condition of independence ; his little dominion is his own, his comforts are his own, and he is not at the mercy of the public whim and caprice. It is not necessarily the case, in this happy country especially, that the farmer must be a stupid, ignorant man. He is taught in his youth the first rudiments of education, and has many spare hours to read. In the heat of summer's noon, and then during long winter evenings, he has much time for his books, and in this country they are placed within the reach of all.

WOMAN.—There is a heaven in woman's heart, full of beauty, but dim ; and it is hard for a man to count and classify all the stars that adorn it

PRAYER.

I.
ARRESTED suns and tranquillised seas declare
To heaven and earth the omnipotence of prayer ;
That gives the hopeless hope, the feeble might,
Outruns the swift, and puts the strong to flight,
The noon-tide arrow fells, and plagues that walk by night.

II.
Unmatched in power, unbanded in extent,
As omnipresent as omnipotent ;
To no meridian nor climate confined,
Man with his fellow man, and mind to mind,
'Tis here, in links of love and charity, to bind.

III.
But farther still extends her awful reign ;
To her indeed belongs that golden chain,
From fabled gods and their Olympus riven ;
But, since to Truth and her adorers given,
E'en with his MAKER man to join, and earth with heaven.

IV.
Then let those lips that never prayed, begin !
We must or cease to pray, or cease to sin ;
Each earth-born want and wish, a grovelling brood,
Are oft mistaken, or misunderstood ;
But who could dare to pray for ought that is not good ?

V.
Not that our prayers make heaven more prompt to give,
But they make us more worthy to receive ;
There is in that celestial treasury
Wealth inexhaustible, admission free ;
But he that never prays, rejects the golden key.

REFINEMENT WITHOUT RELIGION.—Now it was amongst nations of old, where secular knowledge abounded—where arts and letters were cultivated with uncommon success—where you had poets, historians, philosophers, sculptors, painters, architects, that have supplied immortal models for the world,—it was amongst these self-same nations that you would have looked in vain for a hospital for the sick, an asylum for the cripple, a refuge for the destitute, throughout their borders ; but, instead of these, you would have found crowds of miserable men, matched to butcher one another in cold blood, as a pleasant pastime for the spectators in a theatre ; the hot iron applied to them as they fell, lest death should be counterfeited, amidst the brutal jests of the lookers-on. It was amongst these same nations that you had the hospitalities of domestic life conducted with a degree of grossness that does not admit of being named amongst Christians. It was amongst these same nations you had captains of armies, merciful men too, according to the mercies of those times, urging the slaughter of an enemy by thousands, when it was inconvenient to detain them alive as captives ; in that spirit, exhibited on a small scale by the soldiers in St. Paul's ship, whose counsel it was, "to kill the prisoners, lest any should swim out and escape." It was amongst these same nations that you had children exposed by their parents, to perish without a scruple ; so that we read of one citizen—a favourable type, no doubt, of his order—of benevolence so universal, forsooth, as to flatter himself that being a man, whatever related to humanity had an interest for him, and yet giving orders to his wife to cast out her new-born babe, and upbraiding her for committing the ruthless task to other hands.—Rev. J. J. Blunt.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life ; and even the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom, may all be relieved by a song, where sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, the exercise of the breath, by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions, nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing.—Dr. Rush.

THE RETREAT OF CHRISTIANITY.—I believe that if Christianity should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of the philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her last and purest retreat with woman at the fireside ; her last altar would be the female heart ; her last audience would be the children gathered around the knees of a mother ; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard perhaps, only at the throne of God.

LOVE.—As long as woman loves, she does nothing else. A man has other matters to attend to in the intervals.