

unkroken; the shepherd can distinguish the face of every sheep in his flock; the mosaic worker can detect distinctions in colour, where others see none; and multitudes of additional examples might be given of what education does for the eye.

Man is a harp whose cords elude the sight,

Each yielding harmony, disposed aright;
The screws reversed (a task which if He please,

God in a moment executes with ease),
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,—

Lost, till He tune them, all their power and use.—*COWPER.*

—*From the School and the Teacher.*

The Best English.

We may say in Latin-English, "Fidelity attends virtue;" but if we use Saxon English, "Well-being arises from well-doing;" it is a far better wording of the same idea. And mark the strength, expressiveness, and majestic movement of the following lines from the "Departments of Sennacherib," in which nearly all the words are Anglo-Saxon:—

"For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast;

And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;

And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill

And their hearts heaved but once, and for ever grew still!"

The French and Latin elements of our language, of course, have their place and use, and cannot be left out; but the Anglo-Saxon should furnish the staple of our common writing and talk.—*English Sunday School Magazine.*

Number of Words in the English Language.

The Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, in a recent lecture on the English language says, that the English words found in use by good writers hardly fall short of 100,000. Even if a man was able on extraordinary occasions to bring into use half of that number, he generally contented himself with far fewer. Each individual used in his daily life a repertory of words to some extent

peculiar to himself. Few scholars used as many as 10,000 English words; ordinary people not more than 3000. In all Shakespeare there were not more than 15,000 words; in all Milton, 8000. Of the Egyptians hieroglyphics there were but 800, and it was said that the vocabulary of the Italian opera was scarcely greater.

Boys Dont Give Up.

A Chinaman will contend at the annual literary examination till he is seventy or eighty years old, although with the bare possibility of ultimate success. Mr. Cabaniss, a missionary at Shanghai, says, that his teacher saw a man at the last examination who is 84 years old, and who has not yet despaired of graduating.

We are sad dunces in the school of life, reading our lessons slowly. And when Grief, with her sharp dagger, pricks our heart string sore (seeing our little sorrow magnified through the false microscope of selfishness,) we cry out, 'Wo!' as if God were not just; as if the power which paints the tender flowers red, blue, or purple, as