



THE STARS OF NIGHT.

Where are your glorious goings forth,
Ye children of the sky,
In whose bright silence seems the power
Of all eternity?
For time hath let his shadow fall
O'er many an ancient light;
But ye walk above in brightness still—
Oh, glorious stars of night!
The vestal lamp in Grecian fanes
Hath faded long ago;
On Persia's hill, the worshipped flame
Hath lost its ancient glow,
And long the heaven sent fire is gone,
With Salem's temple bright;
But ye watch o'er wandering Israel yet,
Oh, changeless stars of night!
Long have ye looked upon the earth,
O'er vale and mountain brow;
Ye saw the ancient cities rise,
And gild their ruins now;
Ye beam upon the cottage home,
The conqueror's path of might,
And shed your light alike on all,
Oh, peerless stars of night!
But where are they who learned from you
The fates of coming time,
Ere yet the pyramids arose
And laid their desert clime?
Yet still in wilds and deserts far,
Ye bless the grater's sight;
And shine where bark hath never been,
Oh, lonely stars of night!
Much have ye seen of human tears,
Of human hope and love—
And fearful deeds of darkness too,
Ye witness above!
Say, will that black'ning record live
For ever in your sight,
Watching for judgment on the earth,
Oh, sleepless stars of night?
Yet glorious was your song that rose
With the fresh morning's dawn,
And still amid our summer sky
Its echo lingers on;
Though ye have seen on many a grave,
Since Eden's early light,
Yet still of hope and glory still,
Oh, deathless stars of night!

ARE THE STARS INHABITED.

For a moment, let me glance at the nature of one question—of all the most interesting—that which concerns the probable existence of life throughout the spaces whose contents we have reached. The problem is perhaps equivalent to this: Are we, without passing into extravagance, entitled to assume that forces which enter so essentially into the constitution of our earth, are not confined within its boundaries. Take in illustration the vast power of gravity. Before science raised the veil from the distant, we knew it only in the fact of the fall of a stone, or in the roundness of a drop of water: now we have followed it through the complex motions of the moon, and through the order of the entire system. It pursues the comets through the abysses, it governs the orbits of the double and triple stars, it guides the sun in his path through the skies aye, and even those stupendous evolutions of firmaments during which the stars congregate into dazzling clusters, or arrange themselves in galaxies. Boundless is the sphere of this force, and shall an energy yet nobler, more subtle, probably with a root much more profound, be fancied so weak, so feeble, so dependent on circumstance, that only in our world, or some one like it, it is free to work out its wonderful products!—Look at its history in this very earth. In the chalk cliffs, in caverns unseen by the sun, in marshes that to man are desolation and death, life yet teems and rejoices—its forms growing in adaptation to their conditions. Long ages ago, the odd Trilobite swarmed in our oceans, and the large eyed Ichthyosaurus dashed through their water. These are gone, but plastic nature, ever formed with ceaseless activity has by the most mysterious of her actions brought up new forms to play their parts among the vast scenes. Through space as through time she is doubtless working and with all her joys and sorrows—evolving far, mightier results than dead, inorganic worlds. I see this in the blush of its morning which all those globes, and there too, awakens the glad creatures from their repose. I see it in the downfall of evening, that speaks of refreshment from toil but also of the living time of activities not fitted for the sun. I see it in the progress of the earth, and in its course, through much conflict towards perfection, for its rocks and stones tell not only of change, but of the struggles of its creatures to become linked to something higher.

Yes! ye worlds wondrous and innumerable that shine aloft, and shower around us your majestic influences ye too, are the shades of sentiment suited to your conditions and of more grandly different from ours, and in states of approach to the divinity of all possible gradation, but of which every constant every creature of whatever kind is pressing outward like the bud in spring and stretching with longings that are unutterable towards the infinite and the eternal.—*Professor Nichol*

AFFECTION OF THE WHALE FOR ITS YOUNG—I have heard of one of these whales with a cub, dive into shoal water, being seen to swim around its young, and sometimes to embrace it with her fins, and roll over it with the waves, evincing the tenderest maternal solicitude. Then as if aware of the impending peril of her inexperienced offspring, as the boat neared her, she would run round her calf in decreasing circles, and try to decoy it seaward showing the utmost uneasiness and anxiety. Reckoning well that the calf once struck, the dam would never desert it, the only care of the harpooner was to get near enough to bury his tremendous weapon deep in its ribs, which was no sooner done than the poor animal darted away with its anxious dam, taking out a hundred fathoms of line. It was but a hazy time, however before being checked, and the barb lacerating its vital it turned on its back and displaying its white belly on the surface of the water, it floated a motionless corpse. The huge dam, with an affecting maternal instinct more powerful than reason, never quitted the body, till a cruel harpoon entered her own sides, then, with a single tap of her tail, she cut in two one of the boats, and took to flight, but returned soon, exhausted with loss of blood, to die by her calf, evidently, in her last moments, more occupied with the preservation of her young than herself.—*The Whaler's Adventures in the Southern Ocean.*

It are being once asked how long he meant to be a disciple, said, "As long as I am not ashamed of growing better and wiser."

Lessons begins in cob-webs, and ends in iron chains.