

paintings appear before the microscope rugged and uneven, entirely devoid of beauty, either in the drawing or colouring. The most even and beautiful varnishes will be found to be mere roughness. But the nearer we examine the works of God even in the least productions, the more sensible shall we be of His wisdom and power. In the numberless species of insects, what proportion, exactness, uniformity, and symmetry, do we perceive in all organs! what profusion of colouring! azure, green, and vermilion, gold, silver, pearls, rubies, and diamonds, fringe, and embroidery, on their bodies, wings, heads, and every part! how high the finishing, how imitable the polish we everywhere behold!

THE MAGIC GLASS.

Some farmers use a steam-engine to drive their threshing machine, and the saw in cutting up their wood for winter. Jock Dorn had no such apparatus; he went by steam himself. He ran off the right track, and, of course, he and everything around him soon went to ruin.

His farm was given to him by his father, and when he married and took possession of it, no young man had brighter prospects. Everything was in good order, crops grew famously, and the birds sang around no pleasanter homestead in the land. But in those days it was thought that farmers needed steam to help along with the hard work. In haying-time, when the sun shone hot, whisky or cider-brandy must be drunk occasionally to keep out the heat and to keep up the strength. In winter it was needed to keep out the cold. It was taken by the plowman to help keep his furrows straight, and in the fall, of course, it must be had at the husking.

Jock had learned to love strong drink in his father's house, and he thought it indispensable in his farming operations.

A few men are so constituted that they can drink moderately for many years, without allowing the appetite to increase upon them. But Jock was not one of these. Year by year the habit grew stronger. He began to spend much of his time at the tavern, instead of attending to his business. He became more interested in village politics than in raising wheat and corn, and his farm soon showed the marks of neglect. The fences were left unrepaired; the cattle and pigs took possession of the yard and garden; the buildings were suffered to decay, and the whole place went down-hill with its owner.

It did not take many years to finish his history. Debts increased, acre by acre was sold or mortgaged, until, in a short time, all was gone, and Jock died a wretched outcast, and his broken-hearted wife soon followed him to the grave.

Edward Dorn was twelve years old when his parents died. Though he had

been greatly neglected, he was an intelligent, resolute boy, well liked by all the neighbourhood for his cheerful and affectionate disposition. His mother had watched over him day and night, that she might, if possible, counteract the evil influence of his father's example, and her faithfulness had been rewarded. Edward had solemnly promised his mother on her death-bed never to taste intoxicating drink, unless as a medicine. He did this willingly, he knew what fearful ruin it had brought upon his own once happy home.

After Edward's parents died, he was at no loss what to do. Many farmers in the neighbourhood offered him a home where he could earn his living. It did not take him long to decide among them. He chose to work on the place known in that neighbourhood as the "Cold Water Farm." It received this name, not because the water was colder than that of any other farm, but from the fact that its proprietor, Mr. Strong, would not allow a drop of fire water upon his premises.

It was a wise choice, for in this place Edward would be free from temptation to break his sacred pledge, and besides, there was no more enterprising farmer and no kinder man in all the neighbourhood round than Mr. Strong.

From the first, Edward worked faithfully for his employer. No matter what work was intrusted to him, he always did it well, and in a few years he came to be the head manager of the place. Under his supervision everything prospered, and the neighbours all declared he was the luckiest man alive. Once he was asked, in presence of a large company, what was the secret of his luck; he replied, quite mysteriously, "I owe much of it to the magic glass."

This excited great curiosity, and everybody wanted to know more about it. Edward had long wanted an opportunity of speaking to his neighbours on a subject near his heart, and he resolved to use the one now offered. Accordingly, he told those present that if they would meet at the school-house on a certain evening, he would show them the magic glass.

When the time came the house was crowded, for the "magic glass" had been talked of in every household for miles around.

Edward took his stand at the desk, placed before him a small box, and commenced by saying that he must first speak of a false magic glass that would ruin whoever came under its power. He then gave a touching description of a family reduced to ruin step by step, but said not a word about alcoholic drinks. He spoke so feelingly from a remembrance of his own early history, that the whole audience were melted to tears. Next he pictured the prosperity attending the use of the magic glass, until every one was filled with interest. "Now," said he,

"I will exhibit the two glasses, that you may shun the one and take the other," and opening the box, he held up in full view to the astonished audience, a glass filled with brandy, and another sparkling with pure water.

Words can scarcely describe the effect, as he went on to speak of the evils of intemperance as they had all witnessed them, and to show them the benefits of temperance as shown in his own experience.

The affair ended by organizing a temperance society on the spot, of which Mr. Strong was chosen president and Edward Dorn secretary; and from that time a happy reform commenced in that neighbourhood.

A few years later, and Edward married the daughter of his employer, and upon the death of Mr. Strong, became proprietor of the "Cold Water Farm," where he lives in possession of all the enjoyment that well-earned prosperity can give.

"SOFTLY!"

Once a great man said that,

"A low, soft voice is excellent in woman;"

and every time I hear Elsie speak, I think of it: she screams like a small steam-whistle, or else she roars like a naughty boy. No little birds do so. I never knew a sparrow that you could hear warble without saying "Hush!" to every one near you. A thrush will not sing loud enough to be heard without listening for it; and even the frogs, trying to see which can peep fastest, are not heard when the windows are shut. But I hear Elsie's voice in the furthest corner of the house, scolding her sister, shrieking for Will, or shouting after some unlucky little brother who has left the door open. If she only knew how lovely it is to be gentle! how all her troubles would be quieted at once; how carefully every one would treat her; and how easy it would be to love and be loved, I am sure she would try. The sun comes softly to the earth; but how glad we are to see it. No one hears the dew fall, or the flowers open. What if every rose-bud snapped open with a noise like a pistol; all the morning-glories popped like corn on a hot shovel; and the violet borders opened their blue eyes like a string of exploding fire-crackers? What if the sun hissed in the air, and the rain rattled as dry peas do? I know somebody who would stop her two ears fast then; but she will not stop the little unruly member that makes her as unpleasant as a popping rose-bush, or a rattling shower would be.

Love.—Love covers a multitude of sins. When a scar cannot be taken away, the next kind office is to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is required to spy out faults: