

rather torpor, and her husband, who sat pale and motionless by her side, raised his finger to his lip as I entered. I took a seat at some distance from the bed, and silently watched the group—the dying woman, her distracted husband, and the little boy, who, kneeling at his father's feet, held one of his hands, and buried his face in his lap. At length the young man raised his head, and his eyes met mine. Slowly and hopelessly he shook his head, and, raising, walked over to the part of the room where I was sitting, followed by the child. 'We need not fear disturbing her,' said he; 'she will soon slumber in the grave, without a dream, without a sorrow!' 'Nay, hope for the best,' I replied, taking his hand. 'Perhaps that is the best for her,' he cried; 'but for me, and for this poor boy—oh! what will become of him?' 'Alas! I can do little,' was my answer. 'You!—you are a stranger—you have given us your sympathy—what could we expect more? Besides you have no wealth?' 'Indeed I have not.' 'Oh, I knew it! Had you been rich, instead of pitying me, you would have soon found out some early error, some past folly—any thing for an excuse for not relieving us. But she still lives, and I can still support her.' 'You will not attempt that painful exhibition to-night. You cannot endure the fatigue; your hand now burns with fever.' 'So much the better; that fever will support me. Look at these limbs, that I was once proud of—their strength cannot be gone; and if I earn enough for her and the boy, what can I require? When the muscles shrink, 'twill be time for me to think of food,' 'Do stay at home, papa,' said the boy. 'I can't do like you; but I'll go and do my best, if it's to feed mamma.' 'Poor boy!' cried his father, kissing him. 'Oh, I shan't mind—I like jumping about, and I'll do my very best.' We were interrupted by Therese, who, starting from her trance-like slumber, called for her husband and her boy; and, knowing that I could do no good, and that my presence might be felt as a restraint, I left the room without attracting her attention. \* \* That night the lamps again beamed from the booth of the Hercules. The populace, attracted by the favourable report of the few who had witnessed his exertions on the preceding evening, now thronged the space allotted for spectators; and, leaving his poor Therese more feeble and exhausted than he had ever yet seen her, the strong man, after kissing again and again her cold and colourless lips, once more went forth to expose himself to public wonder. His limbs trembled, and his temples throbbed, whilst he again assumed the dress he was accustomed to wear; the very effort of fastening his sandals seemed too much for him: cold drops stood upon his forehead, and the beating of his pulse seemed audible; but the heavy weights were placed before him, and, hailed by shouts and acclamations, the strong man proceeded with his task. \* \* \* Poor Frederick knelt weeping by the corpse of his mother; but the orphan boy was the only mourner. In the same hour that Therese ceased to breathe, her husband fell dead upon the stage; the iron weights rolled heavily from him to the feet of the spectators, for the strong man had broken a blood-vessel."—From "Kindness in Women."

## BOTANY.

To a devout mind, (and without devotion, there can exist no real and high perception of beauty,) all nature, even in her minutest works, speaks loudly of infinite wisdom and goodness. We know of no science which has a more devotional and refining influence on the mind than botany. True devotion and refinement, go hand in hand. Every blossom is an evidence of an over-ruling Providence—every flower-cup is a beautiful commentary upon the character of God. He is restricted to no one particular channel for conveying to the immortal soul, which he has made in his own image—knowledge of his character and purposes.

The mind which reads, unimpressed, a passage of "holy writ," may be taught a vivid lesson of the divine benignity, from the humblest flower that "wastes its sweetness on the desert air;" and thus touched and softened, may be drawn by the cords of love to its Father in heaven.

It is thus that nature and revelation mutually aid each other. These are the two grand and leading sources of religious truth. Let them never be divorced. Would that there were more love, ay, more love of the works of God!

In order to strengthen the natural taste, which every young happy heart feels for the beauties of nature, we would earnestly recommend the study of botany. It is peculiarly suited to the female mind. For this beautiful science not only enlarges and purifies the sources of thought, but by inducing a habit of searching the fields and woods for specimens, it strengthens the constitution and promotes health.

But it may be objected, by our city readers, that they have no opportunity to study plants and cull wild wood-flowers. The city has no fields or flower-strewn walks.—Still we answer, in the words of the old adage, where there is the will there will be a way. The commonest flower will suffice; and many flowers of various classes may be found in the city. When these fail, a stroll into some neighbouring suburb or village, will readily furnish the "botanical box," with divers rare and beautiful specimens. We would advise every young lady, who intends to pursue this study, to procure for herself, the "botanical box," so

called—which is of tin, tube-shaped and furnished with a cover. In this box flowers can be carried without injury, and preserved for a considerable length of time in a good state of freshness.

In recommending the study of botany, we mean not to encourage such a smattering of it as is confined to its "technical terms." We have heard persons discourse largely on the science whose acquaintance with it extended no farther than to "the stamen, calyx, and petal."

Many of our fair country readers are practical botanists, without understanding much of the science. They know the names, qualities, and uses of plants; they hail the flowers as messengers of joy and love and abundance. To such minds, the study of the science will afford a wide, an inexhaustible field of enjoyment.—Flowers are the poetry of nature, its lyrical poetry, and furnish to the genius of woman, a never-failing source of inspiration. Here is a specimen from the pen of one who always seems to revel like the bee or the humming-bird in a flower-bed. Mary Howitt is nature's own poet; (a learned critic has objected to the term poetess—declaring that there is no sex in genius—thank him,) and we think this ballad one of her happiest effusions.—Is it not a gem?

"Buttercups and daisies—  
Oh the pretty flowers!  
Coming ere the spring-time,  
To tell of sunny hours.  
While the trees are leafless,  
While the fields are bare.  
Buttercups and daisies  
Spring up here and there.

"Ere the snow-drop peepeth,  
Ere the crocus bold,  
Ere the early primrose  
Opens its paly gold,  
Somewhere on a sunny bank  
Buttercups are bright;  
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass  
Peeps the daisy white.

"Little hardy flowers.  
Like to children poor,  
Playing in their sturdy health  
By their mother's door:  
Purple with the north wind,  
Yet alert and bold;  
Fearing not and caring not,  
Though they be a-cold.

"What to them is weather!  
What are stormy showers!  
Buttercups and daisies—  
Are these human flowers!  
He who gave them hardship,  
And a life of care,  
Gave them likewise hardy strength,  
And patient hearts to bear.

"Welcome yellow buttercups,  
Welcome daisies white,  
Ye are in my spirit  
Visioned, a delight!  
Coming in the spring time,  
Of sunny hours to tell—  
Speaking to our hearts of Him  
Who doeth all things well!"

A NEW COAT.—Grievous and 'considerably unpleasant, if not more,' to hear, is the burthen of a new coat. A hat is bad enough—but a new coat, with 'a tight fit!' What an amount of care and of personal solicitude it brings with it—to say nothing of that indescribable feeling, which makes an unoccupied arm a decided superfluity—a mere hanger-on; a sensation, faintly shadowed forth, when the wearer's 'measure' was taken, and he was told to hold up his head, like a man, and drop his hands, which dangled so strangely far below the termination of sleeves that had always seemed long enough until then. See yonder victim, dodging fellow pedestrians, as if he feared that contact would collapse him, like a soap-bubble. Hear him think aloud, in the language of 'one who knows,' as he threads his devious way: 'Oh to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep, scared by the dustman; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a slop-pail reversed; to coast a gutter, with horrible anticipations of the consequences!' There is, however, one consolation. The evil will soon wear off, and the draper shall benevolently rejoice that it has been removed.

BED OF THE OCEAN.—But the production of beach and gravel and sand on the shores, and the drifting of sand in land, are effects far less important than those which are going on in the profound depths of the ocean. In the tranquil bed of the sea, the finer materials, held in mechanical or chemical suspension by the waters, are precipitated and deposited, enveloping and imbed-

ding the inhabitants of its waters, together with the remains of such animals and vegetables of the land as may be floated down by the streams and rivers.

Yes, in these modern depositions the remains of man, and his works, must of necessity be continually engulfed, together with those of the animals which are his contemporaries.

Of the nature of the bed of the ocean, we can of course know but little from actual observation. Soundings, however, have thrown light upon the deposits now forming in those depths, which are accessible to this mode of investigation; and thus we learn, that in many parts immense accumulations of the wreck of testaceous animals, intermixed with sand, gravel, and mud, are going on. Donati ascertained the existence of a compact bed of shells, one hundred feet in thickness, at the bottom of the Adriatic, which in some parts was converted into marble. In the British Channel, extensive deposits of sand, imbedding the remains of shells, crustacea, etc. are in the progress of formation. This specimen, which was dredged up at a few miles from land, is an aggregation of sand with recent marine shells, oysters, muscles, limpets, cockles, etc. with minute corallines; and this example from off the Isle of Sheppy, consists entirely of cockles (*Cardium edule*), held together by conglomerated sand. In bays and creeks, bounded by granitic rocks, the bed is found to be composed of micaceous and quartzose sand, consolidated into what may be termed regenerated granite. Off Cape Erio, solid masses of this kind were formed in a few months; and in them were embedded dollars and other treasures from the wreck of a vessel, to recover which an exploration by the diving-bell was undertaken.—*Mantell's Wonders of Geology*.

A WORTHY SCHOOLMASTER.—Mr. Squeers looked at the little boy to see whether he was doing anything he could beat him for; as he happened not to be doing anything at all, he merely boxed his ears, and told him not to do it again. Hereupon Mr. Squeers began to ruminate, when the little boy gave a violent sneeze. 'Holloa!' growled the schoolmaster, 'what's that, sir?' 'Nothing, sir!' replied the little boy. 'Nothing sir!' exclaimed Mr. Squeers. 'Please, sir, I sneezed,' rejoined the boy, trembling like an aspen leaf. 'Oh! sneezed, did you?' retorted Mr. Squeers. 'Then what did you say nothing for, sir?' In default of a better answer to this question, the little boy screwed a couple of knuckles into each of his eyes and began to cry, wherefore Mr. Squeers knocked him off his seat with a blow on one side of his face, and knocked him on again with a blow on the other.—*Nicholas Nickleby*, by 'Boz.'

BREAD THE STAFF OF LIFE.—Stopping at a place for breakfast in Savoy, a curious specimen of the fashion of the country presented itself. We were startled by seeing a tall fellow enter the room with a bundle of rods on his shoulder, which he flung down upon the table. We stared at him for an explanation of this seemingly uncourteous conduct, not exactly knowing whether it was himself or we who were to make use of them; nor was it without some trouble that we made out that what we had mistaken for sticks was bread, rolled out very thin and long before it was baked. The length of such a piece is about four feet. We were amused at discovering that bread is thus literally made the 'staff of life;' so, taking up our staves in one hand, and our cups in the other, we commenced our repast in merry mood, and, as we thought, in most singular fashion.—*Rae Wilson*.

MAN LIKENED TO A BOOK.—Man is, as it were, a book; his birth is the title page; his baptism, the epistle dedicatory; his groans and crying, the epistle to the reader; his infancy and childhood, the contents of the whole of the ensuing treatise; his life and actions, the subject; his crimes and errors, the faults escaped; his repentance, the connection.—Now there are some large volumes in folio, some little ones in sixteens—some are fairer bound, some plainer—some in strong vellum, some in thin paper—some whose subject is piety and godliness, some (and too many such) pamphlets of wantonness and folly—but in the last page of every one of these, there stands a word which is FINIS, and this is the last word in every book. Such is the life of man—some longer, some shorter, some weaker, some fairer, some coarser, some holy, some profane; but death comes in like FINIS at the last to close up the whole; for that is the end of all men.—*Fitz Geoffrey*, 1620.

THERE is not a vice which more effectually contracts and deadens the feelings, which more completely makes a man's affections centre in himself, and excludes all others from partaking in them, than the desire of accumulating possessions. When this desire has once gotten hold of the heart, it shuts out all other considerations but such as may promote its views. In its zeal for the attainment of its end, it is not delicate in the choice of means. As it closes the heart, so also it clouds the understanding. It cannot discern between right and wrong: it takes evil for good, and good for evil: it calls darkness light, and light darkness. Beware, then, of the beginnings of covetousness, for you know not where it will end.—*Bishop Mant*.