

Not here! not here, in the hot, close room,
Where the tainted air is heavy and thick!
Not here, in the sad and solemn gloom
That hangs round the bed of the deadly sick!
Not here, with the sobs that pierce my heart,
With the well loved mourners standing by,
Not here, mid such sights and sounds, I part—
Oh, carry me out, dear friend, till ' die.

For out in the light of the pleasant sun
The breezes sing as they flutter by;
And the rivulets, murmuring as they run,
Join in the happy melody;
And a thousand birds in the budding spray
Chirrup, the whispering leaves among,
And the light that blesses and gladdens the day
Comes down, though ye hear it not, with a song.

The birch tree rustles, the alder sings,
And far in the chattering woods the oak,
Wak'ning the noisy echoes rings
A bass to the shrill of the woodman's stroke;
And there, where the village school is out,
From the happy urchins deep in their play
Comes many a merry laugh and shout
To cheer my heart as I pass away.

A little while longer, and I shall have done
With all on this beautiful, God-given earth,
And yet, though my sands be nearly run,
My heart answers still to innocent mirth;
And nature's voice is as sweet to me,
Waiting here for the call from above,
As when she talked to me secretly
In youth's bright hours of joy and love.

But now some marvellous power is near
That quickens my ear, though my eyes grow dim,
And I hear, though ye cannot, distinct and clear,
The voice of a sweet and glorious hymn.
Was it the violet whispered to me,
Or the golden buttercup bending down,
Of the praise that rings through eternity
And the Blest Ones' peace, and their golden crown?

Where am I? Lo! all around me swells,
As it were, an immortal melody,
Forests and flowers, streams and bells,
Blend in unspeakable harmony.
Oh God! this is Heavenly bliss, not pain,
And the angels too! what was it they said?

Carry him back to the room again,
He knows what the angels say now—He is dead.

J. J. P.
Montreal Gazette.

THE EARLY RAIN.

BY MISS E. N. CAMPBELL.

The rain! the rain! the pleasant rain,
So charmingly it pattering falls,
And courses down my window-pane,
In soft, rain-channels to the walls.
The thirsty earth drinks eager up,
Each cool, baptismal, silver drop,
That falls from Nature's high cloud-cup,
On shrub, and branch, and tall tree-top.
The leaves their tiny palms expand,
To wash away the dust of weeks,
And seem to laugh—a fluttering band!
As each its glad *tree-thanks* bespeaks.
Mokelumne runs wild with joy,
And dashes on with deepened sound,
And echo soft like maiden cry,
Repeats the anthem tumbling round,
And drooping mosses graceful swing;
Tree nods to tree, as if to say,
In undertone of whispering,
"We're thankful for this rainy day."

I cannot go to meet my friends,
Nor friends can come to meet here;
But thankful for what Heaven sends,
Accept my lot with happy cheer.
And I am idle,—and have brought
My books and papers, pictures, all,
And lost in dim, ideal thought,
List to the rain-drops as they fall,
With lulling, soothing, murmuring note,
Wafting my spirit far away,
In visionary realms to float,
In bright, clysian lands to stray.
Each sense is hushed, save sight and sound,
I see the drops,—the sky,—the trees,—
I hear the patter, patter round,
And wailing of the autumn breeze.
I glance my books and papers o'er,
Then upward to the leaden sky,
I listen to the rain once more,
And hear its notes go floating by.
Its harmony so richly swells,
With trillings of strange "time-notes" rare,
Like tinkling of sweet silver bells,
And symphonies born of the air.
And I have listened to their fall,
In that strange dreaminess,
When happy thoughts o'ersweep the soul,
And simple being is a sense of bliss.

California Teacher.

SCIENCE.

Leaves from Gosse's Romance of Natural History.

(Continued.)

MULTUM E PARVO.

Other navigators have noticed broad expanses of the ocean tinged with colour, well defined; as the red water seen by M. Lesson off Lima, and that which in the vicinity of California has been called the "Vermillion Sea;" to which Sir E. Tennent has recently added the sea around Ceylon, which is of a similar hue, and which he has ascertained to be owing to the presence of infusorial animalcules.

Off the coast of Brazil, Kotzebue observed on the surface of the sea, a dark brown streak, about twelve feet wide, and extending in length as far as the eye could reach. It was found to consist of an innumerable multitude of minute crabs, and the seeds [or air-vessels?] of a submarine alga.

In certain parts of the Arctic Ocean the water, instead of being colourless and transparent, is opaque, and of a deep green hue. Scoresby found that this was owing to the presence of excessively numerous microscopic *Medusæ*. He computes that within the compass of two square miles, supposing these creatures to extend to the depth of two hundred and fifty fathoms, (which, however, is scarcely probable,) there would be congregated together a number which eighty thousand persons, counting incessantly from the creation till now, would not have enumerated, though they worked at the rate of a million a-week! yet it is calculated that the area occupied by this "green water" in the Greenland Sea is not less than 20,000 square miles. What a union of the small and the great is here!

It is little suspected by many how largely small seed-eating animals, and especially birds, contribute to the clothing of the earth with its varied vegetable riches. Peculiar provision is made in many cases for the dissemination of seeds, in their own structure, of which the pappus of the dandelion and the adhesive hooks of the burdock are examples; but this is largely effected also in the stomachs of birds, the seed being often discharged not only uninjured, but made more ready to germinate by the heat and maceration to which it has been subjected. "From trivial causes spring mighty effects:" and the motto has been illustrated by a close observer from this same subject. "Doubtless many of our most richly wooded landscapes owe much of their timber to the agency of quadrupeds and birds. Linnets, goldfinches, thrushes, goldcrests, &c., feed on the seeds of elms, firs, and ashes, and carry them away to hedge-rows, where, fostered and protected by bush and bramble, they spring up and become luxuriant trees. Many noble oaks have been planted by the squirrel, who unconsciously yields no inconsiderable boon to the domain he infests."