

was received, and he entered upon the land and set himself to work to pay for it. During the berry season, he and his sister picked berries and brought them in and sold them, paying over little sums, as he could part with them, towards the land. This season he has sold forty dollars worth of berries, and on Tuesday he owed but nineteen dollars for his land. His mother in the meantime married, but her husband is in feeble health and unable to do much in support of the family, and the little fellow, aided by loving and industrious sisters, has struggled manfully for a place to live in, or a spot he may call his own, and will doubtless by and by make that spot beautiful in its luxuriance and hallowed in its influences.

This little fellow is not only an heroic worker, but an efficient teacher by example. How many men with greater strength and greater ability to accumulate, have lived through the three past years without accomplishing as much as this boy. How many young men waste time in useless indulgences and extravagances enough in three years to pay for a lot of land for a homestead in which they could plant trees and flowers, and make attractive with its varied beauty, and on which, after a few years of prudent saving, they could erect a neat dwelling for a home? We like the teachings of this boy's example, and if there is one thought of worldly wisdom above others which we would plant in the mind of every American it is this—secure the title in a piece of land and make it a home and make that home beautiful and attractive in all its externals, and in its internals make it as near as possible a representative of heaven.—*Bangor, Wisc.*



## The Literary Gem.

### PART FOURTH—LINES ON A KISS.

On and onward still, like ceaseless clouds before the wind  
On and onward still, as after him who first has sinned,  
Swift and swifter yet, fierce conscience hurls her good-  
ing dread.

Lone and restless now, the spirit thence untiring fled,  
Left afar the mist dim fainting from the shrouded trees,  
Like the blithesome look emerges slowly from disease  
Unperceived, or night unconscious fades before the day  
Or our dreams in sleep are lost and listless glide away,  
Left the coast and as it faded in a threaded line,

Dashed her rapid course across the deeply mirrored brine,  
Till the land again arose all dimly to the view,  
Like o'er sun clad fields the vapor rises from the dew  
Hurled behind the shore once more the country scanned  
again.

Swift and trackless as disease along the nerves shoots  
pain.

On still on she swept o'er earth like wave succeeds to  
wave.

Still unchanging as mankind tend downwards, to the  
grave.

Till o'er Palestine she stayed her course, the land of  
doom.

Nature there has filled the breeze with rich perfume,  
Crispeted the land with beauties—on her valleys broad  
Has she poured the bowl of luxury—the eye of God  
Plenteously there sends down the sun-shine from on high,  
Rivers mirror back the deep blue ether of her sky.  
God there made the land a paradise, a fruitful plain.  
Left he man its lord, who made its name a blot, a stain.  
Shame may blush to hear, a tide of blood where hungry  
strife.

Lawless with the bible since has trafficked death for life,  
Here she stayed her flight, on Olives mount there lay  
below.

Fair Jerusalem whose marble domes like hills of snow,  
Reared aloft their heads, contrasting with the pure blue  
sky.

While the setting sun with purple hue or sickly dye,  
On the leaf now glanced or made the marble still more  
pale.

Reddened now the sky or trembled in the yellow vale,  
Cheered the heart of man or cherished into restless life,  
Passion force and soul in Jewish breast with envy rife,  
Here it left all bright all glowing warinth, but in the  
shade.

There it left its shadow drear and by its brightness made,  
Still more drear or here it warmed the flower with a smile,  
There it nursed the weed with thorns and burrs all rank  
and vile.

Here is calmed the mind with joy, with hope, with truth,  
with peace.

On the features played, from care it gave a kind release  
There it bred the mind with fell revenge insatiate,  
Or consumed the hypocrite with ever gnawing hate.

The eye o'er a her curtain o'er the fair eastern land,  
And the dry shrank from earth her horror was at hand.

And as shame veiled her face, to stars gleamed in the sky  
While Emanuel wept as his followers sigh.

Slept now in their sadness, for a heaviness drear  
On earth closed like the lids on the eyes of the dead,

And wickedness shrouded like a film the black earth  
Like a skum the dead lake with its green tided girth.

And God gave his sanction and said too it is well,  
And sin in the mind crept as a devil from hell.

Now Jesus was there and his disciples did sleep,  
For their hearts were so heavy, that no watch could they  
keep.

Then he said to them, watch ye in prayer while I go,  
And sorrow did follow, like a torrent of woe.

And the smile of his God then his spirit forsook,  
Like water in desert leaves thirsty the brook.

And his figure was bent by the weight of his care,  
And his feelings were wrung by the fall of despair;

But his sorrow he bore, till on his friend he did think,  
That he should deny, then almost did he shrink.

In the depth of compassion his soul loving yearned,  
But he found them asleep when again he returned,

And he said to them sleep for my hour is at hand,  
And while he was speaking came near a great band.

Of priests and of soldiers, and one came with the rest,  
With a he on his lip, though he friendship professed.

Then Judas his master betrayed as he kissed,  
And the serpent looked on and with gladness there hissed.

While the earth shuddered, heaven was darkened within,  
And he laughed and he leered at the triumph of sin.

And he jostled and writhed at the pleasure it gave,  
And returned to his roof, midst the bones in the grave.

But Judas retreated, his countenance fell,  
Like the frown of a cloud on a sunshiny dell.

His peace too had left him for ever and ever,  
And a blackness clung to him no shrinking could sever.

A tremor came o'er him that shattered his reason,  
Like a cold winter blast on our summer season.

For his conscience was struck with the deed he had done,  
Like the hoar frost is struck in the glance of the sun.

When he saw his Lord's brow with that fell agony,  
Droop o'er his heaved breast like a mound o'er the sea.

As Jesus said: "with a kiss betrayest thou me,"  
It sank deep in his heart like a stone in the sea.

And his face was as ashy as colour of lead;  
His reply like a sound in the throat of the dead,

And the kiss that he gave to Emanuel, was not  
As a kiss, but on the face of heaven a blot.

Did he think to rob Christ of his friends in his gloom,  
Nay he hailed gladly death, they embraced in the tomb.

And although the world shrank at his torture and pain,  
Yet it smiled as he rose triumphant again.

Hamilton, Dec., 1851. S. PARK.

### ANIMAL LIFE.

In some experiments by Dr. Edwards on Frogs, it was found "that inclosed in plaster so as to *exclude the air*, they lived *six weeks*. They have also been kept for *three years* inclosed in plaster, but in a cellar at a low temperature."

The fact that animal life will remain in operation for hundreds of years in a state of stupor or sleep is fully proved by well authenticated facts. The powers of animate and inanimate life are capable of enduring for almost any period. The most remarkable instance of the former that we read of was that of a frog found last year in a quarry of stone in Scotland, we think sixty feet below the surface of the soil. It was encased in the solid rock, and must have grown there in the course of time, from an egg of the animal deposited there when the water covered the land and when the materials covering it were soft.

The frog on being touched jumped, and on examination was found to have no eyes, and a thick film or skin covered the places where the eyes should be. In conformation it was like a common frog, and had the powers of action, feeling, and animal consciousness. The time during which this animal so existed, and the time when it as an egg or poliwog was so deposited are mere matters of conjecture; yet we are safe in saying that thousands of years must have elapsed since the last was the case. Now this creature would probably have lived there yet thousands of years longer. The frog in a natural state lives but a few years. In a state of suspended life it may exist for a hundred thousand years. How is life sustained in this state? No air could apparently get to this frog in his rocky tomb. He must have lived on the substance of the rock in which he was encased. Is there substance of nourishment in rock? Yes there is nourishment in everything under certain circumstances. The coldest regions of the North, the mountains' everlasting snows are at times red with life or plants growing on the snow resembling by their infinite number blood, and yet in existence. The rocks afford nourishment to plants. Plants float without root and grow in the water. Plants and even animals grow and breed in the clouds and upper air. True they are microscopic but such is the case. Many animals in northern latitudes during the winter, as all know, remain in sleep, and some that only in the summer can live in the air, sleep under the water for half the year in profound silence and stupor. It is possible that if undisturbed these animals would sleep for hundreds of years. Warm weather, the heat of the sun brings them again to activity. Thus the swallow has been found in winter lying in muddy marshes in clusters in a state of stupor. They have also been found in this position in winter, in sand banks. The frog tribes and toads sink to the bottom of the mud in marshes, and lie there until April, and lie as if in death, to emerge again full of life in May. The snake tribes creep into caves—under rocks, logs, and into deep holes and lie in clusters without food for six months of the year. In this state they are often dug up and warmed into life. They might so exist for hundreds of years. The bear—the racoon and ground hog, and many other Canadian animals sleep in hollow trees and holes of the forest during the winter. Some time since we saw a strange account of a Swedish philosopher who could put into a state of torpor a young lady by a certain temperament in the air, and other process, in which state she would remain for months without food wholly unconscious. We will insert the account in a future number. Animal life may be suspended thus for indefinite periods. It may be that the bowels of the earth contain seeds of plants and eggs of animals, and perhaps animals in a state of stupor where they have laid for thousands of years and will continue to be for thousands more.

✂ The larvæ of the "great goat moth" increases their weight one hundred and forty times in an hour, and when full grown are 72,000 times heavier than when first hatched.

Life animate and inanimate is not only capable of remaining without any apparent food or nourishment for thousands of years but it is full of other inexplicable wonders. It is said that