

shore of the great ethereal ocean, in the
 of which are melted and poured out ruby
 fire, and emerald, pearl and gold, with
 moist blue of human eyes. The pain-
 eres with speechless, loving wonder; and I
 per to myself, "This is the pathway home
 immortality of bliss and beauty." Of all
 days of the year, this may be the birthday
 King's-day, and this effulgence an imperial
 ess through the grand gate of the west.
 the soul follows on in quiet joy, dreaming
 ely ones waiting at home, and lovely ones
 ed, waiting with Christ! Here comes
 rondrous lines of Goethe, marching into the
 ry with glowing pomp: "The setting sun!
 eds and sinks—the day is over-lived.
 er he hurries off, and quickens other life.
 at! have no wing to lift me from the ground,
 aggle after, for ever after him! I should
 er: lasting evening beams, the stilly world
 e'er, every height on fire, every vale in re-
 the silver brook flowing into golden streams.
 ogged mountain, with all its dark defiles,
 not then break my godlike course. Al-
 the sea, with its heated bays, opens on
 raptured sight. Yet the god seems at last
 away. But a new impulse wakes. I
 on to drink his everlasting light—the day
 me and the night behind—the heavens
 and under me the waves. A glorious
 as it is passing he is gone." Here
 the last touches of the living colouring,
 the purple waves around the vessel.
 the icebergs hang their pale and spectral
 ed, peering the depths with their mimic
 sed giving them a lustrous, aerial appear-
 The wind is lulling, and we rise and fall
 ily on the rolling plain, "The day is
 into the later twilight, and the twilight
 the solemn darkness." No, not into dark-
 or in these months, the faint flame flicker-
 ight above the white ashes of day from
 ed circling around to the north and east,
 onlight and the starlight and the northern
 all conspire to make the night, if not more
 than day," at least very lovely. A
 darkness drapes the capes, beneath the
 cliffs of which lies half entombed a
 iceberg, a ghostly wreck, around whose
 white ruins the mad surf springs up and
 broad its ghastly arms. Softly comes its
 wing, and blends with the plaintive melo-
 the ocean. Hark! a sullen roar booms
 the dusky sea—nature's burial service and
 eral guns. A tower of the old iceberg
 cape has tumbled into the billows. We
 presently into the cabin for prayer, and
 the scene closes on the coast of Labrador.
Louis Nobles' Iceland.

PREVENTION OF SEA SICKNESS.—Let a person
 board, when the vessel is bounding over
 es, seat himself, and take hold of a tum-
 dy filled with water or other liquid, and

at the same time make an effort to prevent the
 liquid from running over by keeping the mouth
 of the glass horizontal, or nearly so. When
 doing this, from the motion of the vessel, his
 hand and arm will seem to be drawn into differ-
 ent positions, as if the glass were attracted by a
 powerful magnet. Continuing his efforts to keep
 the mouth of the glass horizontal, let him allow
 his hand, arm, and body to go through the vari-
 ous movements—as those observed in sawing
 planing, pumping, throwing a quoit, &c.—which
 they will be impelled, without fatigue, almost
 irresistibly to perform; and he will find that
 this has the effect of preventing the giddiness
 and nausea that the rolling and tossing of the
 vessel have a tendency to produce in inexperi-
 enced voyagers.—*Albion*

THE JAY'S VOLUBILITY.—One of the most re-
 markable peculiarities of the jay is the volubility
 of their sounds. The alarm note the bird utters
 on the appearance of danger, or even of a stran-
 ger in its haunts, is extremely harsh; but it has
 a love note peculiarly soft, "yet so low and ap-
 parently cautious, that it seems whispering to its
 mate, as if to hide their affections and labours
 from the other tenants of the grove. Even then
 it is very imitative, and though it does not at-
 tempt the songs of the warblers, it is very adroit
 at bleating, screaming, neighing, and in short,
 imitating all the harsher sounds." Bewick says:
 "We have heard one imitate the sound made
 by the action of a saw so exactly, that though
 it was on a Sunday, we could be persuaded that
 the person who kept it had not a carpenter at
 work in the house. Another, at the approach
 of cattle, had learned to hound a cur dog upon
 them, by whistling and calling upon him by
 name. At last, during a severe frost, the dog
 was excited to bite a cow big with calf, when
 the poor animal fell on the ice, and was much
 hurt. The jay was complained as a nuisance, and
 its owner was obliged to destroy it." Mudie,
 another careful observer, remarks: "Words in
 which the letter r occurs are soonest learned, not
 only by the jay, but by most birds that can be
 taught to articulate." That is easily accounted
 for by the unyielding nature of the mandible
 which forces the air to come out between the
 upper part of the tongue and the palate, on
 which that trills. A man cannot easily pro-
 nounce the r in any but Northumberland fash-
 ion, if he grins the while; and those who use the
 tongue simpering and softly merely touch, but do
 not pronounce it.—*Cassell's Popular Natural
 History.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF BURNS—As Lord
 Crawford and Lord Boyd were one day walking
 over the lands in Ayrshire, they saw Burns
 ploughing in a field hard by. Lord Crawford
 said to Lord Boyd, "Do you see that rough look-
 ing fellow across there with the plough? I will
 bet you a wager you cannot say anything to him