

to a station among the first of astronomers? Knowledge. Knowledge is power. It is the philosopher's stone—the true alchemy that turns every thing it touches into gold. It is the sceptre that gives us our dominion over nature : the key that unlocks the store of creation, and opens to us the treasures of the universe.

There is a close connection between ignorance and vice ; and in such a country as our own, the connection is fatal to freedom. Knowledge opens sources of pleasure which the ignorant man can never know—the pursuit of it fills every idle hour, opens to the mind a constant source of occupation, wakes up the slumbering powers, and unveils to our astonishment ideal worlds ; secures us from temptation and sensuality ; and exalts us in the scale of rational beings. When I pass by the grog-shop, and hear the idle dispute and obscene song ; when I see the cart rolled along filled with intoxicated youth, singing and shouting as they go ; when I discover the boat sailing down the river, where you can hear the influence of rum by the noise which it makes, I cannot but ask—were these people taught to read ? Was there no social library to which they could have access ? Did they never know the calm satisfaction of taking an improving volume by a peaceful fire side ? Or did they ever taste the luxury of improving the mind ? You hardly ever knew the young man who loved his home and his book, that was vicious. Knowledge is often the poor man's wealth. It is a treasure no thief can steal, no moth nor rust can corrupt. By it you turn his cottage to a palace, and you give a treasure which is always improving—can never be lost. « The poor, » says Robert Hall, « who have gained a taste for good books, will in all likelihood become thoughtful ; and when you have given the poor a habit of thinking, you have conferred on them a much greater favor than by the gift of a large sum of money, since you have put into their possession the principle of all legitimate prosperity.»

Nor is it to the poor alone that this remark applies. The rich need occupation. Their hearts are often like seas, which stagnate under a breathless atmosphere, and putrify for the want of a wave.—Employment, roused by some noble object, is the secret of happiness : and of all employment, mental labor lasts the longest. The body soon tires, but the mind, divided in its origin, and immortal in its destiny, pursues its labors with transient pausings ; and rises from every check with fresh vigor to continue its eternal flight. What a beautiful picture does Cicero give of the secret happiness his studies opened to him ! « You will not blame me, respected judges, at least you will pardon me, if, while some are hurried in business, some keeping holidays, some pursuing pleasure, and some giving their hours to sleep, while one tosses the javelin and another the dice-box, I should steal a little time for the recollection of my studies and the improvement of my mind.» Yes, he loved these things better than recreation : to him they were more profitable than business, and sweeter than sleep.

SPIRIT OF LIFE AND LOVE.

Thou hear'st the rustling amongst the trees,
And feel'st the cool, refreshing breeze,
And see'st the clouds move along the sky,
And the corn-fields waving gracefully.

'Tis the Wind that rustles amongst the trees,
That comes in the cool, refreshing breeze,
That drives the clouds along the sky,
And causes the corn to wave gracefully.

The Wind is something thou canst not see,
'Tis thin Air—and a source of life to thee,
And it teaches that something may really be,
May exist, and work, which thou canst not see.

And those who are under the Spirit's control,
Perceive in their minds, and feel in their soul,
That the Spirit of Light which comes from above,
Is a Spirit of Life, and a Spirit of Love.

When the Princess Anne daughter of Charles the First (who died, the 6th of December, 1640), lay upon her death bed, and nature was almost spent, she was desired by one of her attendants to pray : she said that she was not able to say her *long prayer*, meaning the Lord's Prayer, but she would say her short one, « Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death.» The little innocent had no sooner pronounced these words, than she expired : she was not quite four years of age.—GRANGER'S *Biographical History of England*.

His present Majesty, when residing in Bushy Park, had a part of the foremast of the Victory, against which Lord Nelson was standing when he received his fatal wound, deposited in a small temple in the grounds of Bushy House, from which it was afterwards removed to the upper end of the dining room, with a bust of Nelson upon it. A large shot had completely passed through this part of the mast, and while it was in the temple, a pair of robins had built their nest in the shot-hole, and reared a brood of young ones. It was impossible to witness this little occurrence without reflecting on the scene of blood and strife of war, which had occurred to produce so snug and peaceable a retreat for a nest of harmless robins.—JESSE'S *Gleanings*.

Fortune is like the market where, many times if you can stay a little, the price will fall : at other times she turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after, the belly, which it is hard to clasp. There is no greater wisdom than well to time the beginning and ousets of things.—BACON.

No man can be provident of his time, who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

In wonder all philosophy began ; in wonder it ends, and admiration fills up the interspace. But the first wonder is the offspring of Ignorance : the last is the parent of Adoration.—COLERIDGE.