

viz., the will of God, the universal Parent—the only wise and perfect one—our Almighty and eternal King.

Let a man so speak that no solecism or rusticity shall jar upon the ear, no petty exhibition of self obtrude between the hearer and the thought; let his taste be refined, his mind pure, and his capacious memory stored with all human knowledge; let his noble intellect be completely trained, and his large heart swell in sympathy with all that is lovely and good; and having yielded himself up to the generous impulses of benevolence, and conceived a worthy thought or devoted himself to a worthy purpose, let him gather and marshal his mental forces behind the ramparts of a silent and patient preparation, and then, in a happily chosen hour, let him throw open wide his gates and pour forth his intellectual hosts, fair as the moon and terrible as an army with banners, upon the heart of a captivated audience,—and this shall be eloquence indeed.

If there be any now treading these academic halls, in whose generous, youthful bosom, for there are felt—little as it may be suspected by those around him—the prophetic promptings of a high and holy ambition thus to write or thus to speak; then, let him this day lay all his powers as a willing offering upon the consecrated altar of the Truth.

Morality and religion, smiling in all their loveliness, beckon him to come and advocate their cause.

It were glorious even honestly to fail in such an enterprise.

Whether he succeed or not in eliciting the plaudits or carrying off the prizes of the world, there is One, his Father in heaven, who will look down with approbation and smile upon even the feeble lisplings of His child, and angels will hang upon his lips and scour the ambrosial fields for flowers wherewith to weave for him a choicer crown, for he will be endeavouring to speak as did the most eloquent of men that ever trod this earth, with the eloquence of the grandest intellect, the largest, purest and most loving heart that ever yearned and planned to retrieve the errors and lift up the sorrows of a dark and sinful world—the eloquence of Him who spake as never man spake, the eloquence of a Christ and of a God.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN.

HOW the rapid sleigh glides along the snowy carpet, hardened by the frost, on the borders of an immense and bare steppe. A young girl Nastasia Belorouki, and her brother Paul, are seated in this sleigh.

The night is dark and cold, the snow is deep, and the wind is howling over the soil. At the end of the trunks, extended on the threshold, are real birds, fly to the frightened hare, and strikes his iron and piercing noise in black—the horse even to the run of the *houette*. May the adventure during the night, a man appears to the young girl who is sister, at this frozen steppe?

We must, however, appears to give the Count and of their married of the perpetuity. It was, however, Nastasia. To comfort his daughter the and wolf hunts, good aim; her young she managed her deplorable this man oppose herself to second child was the bent was already her foolishly, and accompanied him paid but small at whose head the count made of his girl a quit his mother; about her. He carried and the pistol. The On arriving, Paul