

Poetry.

ONE STORY'S GOOD TILL ANOTHER IS TOLD.

There's a maxim that all should be willing to mind—
 "Tis an old one—a kind one—and true as 'tis kind:
 'Tis worthy of notice wherever you roam,
 And no worse for the heart if remember'd at home!
 If scandal or censure be rais'd 'gainst a friend,
 Be the last to believe it—the first to defend!
 Say to-morrow will come—and when 'Time' will unfold
 That "one story's good till another is told!"

A friend's like a ship, when with music and song
 The tide of good-fortune still spurs him along;
 But see him when a tempest both left him a wreck,
 And any mean inflow can batter his deck,
 And give me the heart that true sympathy shows,
 And clings to a man's side, when a wild wind blows,
 And says—when asperion unanswered grows bold—
 Wait! "one story's good till another is told!"

C. W.

SYDNEY SMITH'S RECIPE FOR A WINTER SALAD.

Two large potatoes passed through kitchen sieve,
 Unwashed softness to the salad give.
 Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
 Distrust the condiment which bites so soon:
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
 To add a double quantity of salt.
 Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
 And once with vinegar procure'd from town.
 True flavor needs it, and your post here
 The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
 And, scarce suspected, animate the whole;
 And lastly, on the flavored compound toss
 A magic teaspoon of anchovy sauce.
 Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
 And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
 Scarcely full the epigram may say—
 Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day!

WILD ANIMALS IN CONFINEMENT.—Were it not that custom reconciles us to everything, a Christian community would surely be shocked by the report, and still more by the sight, of the sacrifice of innocent and helpless creatures—pigeons and rabbits, for instance—to the horrible instincts of snakes, who will not eat anything but what is alive. An account was recently given of a night-visit to the place of confinement of these disgusting reptiles, in which the evident horror of their intended victims, confined in the same cages, was distinctly mentioned. The gratification of mere curiosity does not justify the infliction of such torture on the lower animals. Surely the sight of a stuffed boa-constrictor ought to content a reasonable curiosity. Imagine what would be felt if a child were subjected to such a fate, or what could be answered if the present victims could tell their agonies as well as feel them! By an speaks of the barbarians who, in the wantonness of power, were 'butchered to make a Roman holiday'; and verily the horrors exhibited in our public gardens and menageries are something akin to the fights of gladiators: it is the infliction of misery for mere sport. With reference also to lions, tigers, and other ferocious animals kept in cages—if retained at all, the space allotted them ought to be much larger than it is, so as to allow them full room for healthful exercise. At present, they must be wretched; and considering also the quantity of food they consume, which might be converted to useful purposes—though this is taking a lower view of the matter—it is at least desirable that the number should be much smaller, and a much greater space allowed them to exhibit their natural vivacity. These remarks do not, of course, apply to fowls and other animals who are allowed a sufficient share of liberty to exist in comfort, and to whom it is not necessary to sacrifice the existence of other creatures.—*Ogden's Friendly Observer.* We en-

tirely agree in reprobating the practice of placing live rabbits and other creatures within the cages of boa-constrictors. A recollection of a poor little rabbit cowering in the corner of one of these cages, as if aware of its approaching fate, has haunted us for years. No purpose of science can be answered by this constantly recurring barbarity. Zoological Societies should be careful not to run any risk of counteracting by such spectacles the elevated feelings they are so well calculated to foster.—*Ed. Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

LOVE OF FLOWERS.—In all countries women love flowers; in all countries they form nosegays of them; but it is only in the bosom of plenty that they conceive the idea of embellishing their dwellings with them. The cultivation of flowers among the peasantry, indicates a revolution in all their feelings. It is a delicate pleasure, which makes its way through coarse organs; it is a creature whose eyes are opened; it is the sense of the beautiful, a faculty of the soul which is awakened; colors, forms, odors, are perceived for the first time, and these charming objects have at last spectators. Those who have travelled in the country can testify that a rose tree under the window, a honeysuckle around the door of a cottage is a good omen to a weary traveller. The hand that cultivates flowers is not closed against the supplications of the poor, nor against the wants of the stranger. Flowers may be called the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.

Female Education.

From the Canadian Family Herald.

Having said so much, as to the mode of Education, we would for a few moments turn to the kind of instruction to be given, and the parties who most particularly require that instruction. As regards the books to be used, and the way in which their contents may be best acquired, we need not here speak, as these, in a great measure, are dependent upon local and incidental circumstances. One teacher may, from his earliest years, have been accustomed to one mode of communicating instruction, which, if pursued by another, not so thoroughly initiated into that mode, might appear ill-fitted to produce the desired end. One may have a preference for one kind of text-book, because its elementary principles are more clearly defined, and the connecting links between the various principles enunciated, more easily discernible, than in the text-book of a fellow-teacher; all of which, instead of being cause for a diversity of feeling, only ratify the remark—"that custom renders all things easy." If the teacher is an adept at his profession, the peculiar kind of text-book does not so much signify, in so far as the mere elementary part of education is concerned. Leaving that department of the school-room, then, we start with this broad principle, that in whatever light we view the subject, in its varied ramifications, we must consider the mother as the great educator, and according as the faculties of her mind have been developed, and have received a proper bent, may we estimate the influence she will exert not only in her own domestic sphere, but upon society. How desirable that she be fitted for the high responsibility in which she is placed,—that a thorough knowledge of her own physical organization should guide all her movements in that important relation in which she now stands to society. From the mother's breast the healthful or impure stream is drawn which nourishes or vitiates infant life. In the mother's countenance the child has its first study,