

ed and unnatural strength is turned against his friends! What manner of elephant is he? Truly his ingratitude deserves a severe chastisement: let us destroy him.

"Then the elephant became greatly distressed. 'Is it thus?' said he within himself; 'then as long as that Sanias continues to breathe, he will relate the story of my former insignificance, and how I have been exalted to my present might from the pitiable condition of a dying mouse. This ignominy shall no longer cleave to me. The vile Sanias shall die, and with him will perish the history of my altered state.' Having come to this abominable determination, the ungrateful elephant rushed upon his benefactor, and would have torn him to pieces in an instant; but the holy man, knowing by virtue of his piety and by divine intuition, the evil machinations which had sprung up in the heart of the elephant, by one blighting glance of his eye paralyzed the limbs of that monstrous brute, and then, pronouncing a word or two of *jaloo*, and spitting a few drops of water in his face, he immediately transformed him into a mouse; being convinced that the degradation to his former insignificance would prove a much more severe punishment than annihilation could ever be."

THE ROSE BEDS OF BENGAL.—Ghazipore stands upon the North bank of the Ganges, about seventy miles by water, below Benares, is not a very extensive town, but is justly celebrated as the Gul-istan, the rosebed, of Bengal. In the spring of the year an extent of miles around the town presents to the eye a continued garden of roses, than which nothing can be more beautiful and fragrant. The sight is perfectly dazzling; the plain, as far as the eye can reach, extending in the same be-spangled carpet of red and green. The breezes, too, are loaded with the sweet odour which is wafted far across the river Ganges. The flower is cultivated thus extensively for the manufacture of rose-water; that of Ghazipore being justly esteemed as surpassing in excellence every production of the sort. Whether or not this may be attributable to the superiority of the flowers, or the process of distillation, I cannot say; but as the roses did not appear to me to possess greater fragrance than others of their class, I should rather refer it to the latter cause; unless, indeed, it be that the wonderful abundance of the material enables them to be more lavish in its decoction than is elsewhere possible. It is no less cheap than excellent: a gullon of the most delicious may be purchased for seven or eight shillings. They do not, however, understand at Ghazipore, the art of distilling the *atr* of roses in the same perfection as the Persians. The spurious compound which they endeavour to palm upon the traveller is weak, and possesses a sickly, disagreeable odour foreign to the rose; but the purchaser is often deceived by a little of the true *atr* being rubbed about the stopper and neck of the bottle. The prices demanded for this miserable imitation are exorbitant; the explanation of which I received from one of the vendors—he assured me that long experience had taught him that it was part of the character of the English to despise every thing cheap, and to consider any thing choice and excellent which was extravagantly priced.—*Oriental Annual*.

GENTLENESS.—Whoever understands his own interest, and is pleased with the beautiful, rather than the deformed, will be careful to cherish the virtue of gentleness. It requires but a slight knowledge of human nature to convince us that much of happiness in life must depend upon the cultivation of this virtue. It will assist its possessor in all his undertakings; it will often render him successful when nothing else could; it is exceedingly lovely and attractive in its appearance; it wins the heart of all; it is even stronger than argument, and will often prevail when that would be powerless and ineffectual; it shows that a man can put a bridle upon his passions, that he is above the ignoble vulgar, whose characteristic is to storm and rage like the troubled ocean, at every little adversity or disappointment that crosses their paths; it shows that he can soar away in the bright atmosphere of good feeling, and live in a continual sunshine, when around him are enveloped in clouds and darkness, and driven about like maniacs, the sport of their own passions. The most favourable situations in life, the most lovely objects in nature, wealth, and all that is calculated to increase the happiness of man, lose their charm upon a heart destitute of this virtue.

LIBERALITY.—The peculiar character of the present age is sometimes denoted, perhaps not unaptly, by the term *liberality*; a term of ambiguous import, and therefore, denoting a quality of questionable price; for if by liberality be intended a generous freedom from irrational prejudices in the forming of our opinions, or a courteous and benignant manner in maintaining them, it is a quality highly to be prized, and diligently to be cultivated. But if by liberality be intended a licentiousness of sentiment, careless about the grounds of the opinions which it adopts, and indifferent to the essential distinction between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, it is a quality worthless in itself, and noxious in its consequences. In the former sense, liberality is strictly agreeable to the spirit and the dictates of the Christian religion. In the latter sense it is no less manifestly at variance with them.—*Bishop Mant*.

THE PAST AND COMING YEAR.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Wave of an awful torrent, thronging down,
With all the wealth of centuries, to the cold
Embraces of Eternity, o'erstrown
With the great wrecks of empire, and the old
Magnificence of nations, who are gone,—
Thy last, faint murmur—thy departing sigh,
Along the shore of being, like a tone
Thrilling on broken harp-strings, or the swell
Of the chained wind's last whisper—hath gone by,
And thou hast floated from the world of breath
To the still guidance of o'ermastering Death—
Thy pilot to eternity.—Farewell!

Go, swell the throngful past—Go, blend with all
The garnered things of Death; and bear with thee
The treasures of thy pilgrimage—the tall
And beautiful dreams of Hope—the ministry
Of Love and high Ambition. Man remains
To dream again as idly: and the stains
Of passion will be visible once more.
The winged Spirit will not be confined
By the experience of thy journey. Mind
Will struggle in its prison house, and still,
With Earth's strong fetters binding it to ill,
Unfurl the pinions fitted but to soar
In that pure atmosphere, where spirits range—
The home of high existence—where change
And blighting may not enter. Love again
Will bloom—a sickle flower—upon the grave
Of old affections; and Ambition wave
His eagle-plume most proudly, for the rein
Of Conscience will be loosened from the soul
To give his purpose freedom. The control
Of reason will be changeful, and the ties
Which gather hearts together, and make up
The romance of existence, will be rent:
Yea, poison will be poured in Friendship's cup;
And for Earth's low familiar element,
Even Love itself forsake its kindred skies.

But not alone dark visions!—happier things
Will float above existence, like the wings
Of the starred bird of paradise; and Love
Will not be all a dream, or rather prove
A dream—a sweet forgetfulness—that hath
No wakeful changes—ending but in Death.
Yea, pure hearts shall be pledged beneath the eyes
Of the beholding heaven, and in the light
Of the love-hallowed moon. The quiet Night
Shall hear the language underneath the skies
Which whispereth above them, as the prayer
And the deep vow is spoken. Passing fair
And gifted creatures, with the light of truth
And unobscured affection, as a crown,
Resting upon the beautiful brow of youth,
Shall smile on stately manhood, kneeling down
Before them, as to Idols. Friendship's hand
Shall clasp its brother's; and Affection's tear
Be sanctified with sympathy. The bier
Of stricken love shall lose the fears, which Death
Giveth his fearful work, and earnest Faith
Shall look beyond the shadow and the clay—
The pulseless sepulchre—the cold decay;
And to the quiet of the spirit-land
Follow the mournful and lovely. Gifted ones,
Lighting the Heaven of Intellect, like suns,
Shall wrestle well with circumstance, and bear
The agony of scorn—the preying care,
Wedded to burning bosoms; and go down
In sorrow to the noteless sepulchre,
With one lone hope embracing like a crown
The cold and death-like forehead of Despair,
That after times shall treasure up their fame
Even as a proud inheritance and high;
And beautiful beings love to breathe their name
With the recorded things that never die.

And thou, gray voyager to the breezeless sea
Of infinite Oblivion—speed thou on:
Another gift of Time succeedeth thee
Fresh from the hand of God; for thou hast done
The errand of thy Destiny; and none
May dream of thy returning. Go—and bear
Mortality's frail records to thy cold,
Eternal prison-house; the midnight prayer
Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care
Of worldly hearts—the miser's dream of gold—
Ambition's grasp at greatness—the quenched light
Of broken spirits—the forgiven wrong
And the abiding curse—ay, bear along
These wrecks of thy own making. Lo—thy knell
Gathers upon the windy breath of night,
Its last and faintest echo. Fare thee well!

DR. BEATTIE'S OPINION OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.
—"The Christian Religion, according to my creed, is a very simple thing, intelligent to the meanest capacity; and what, if we are at pains to join practice to knowledge, we may make ourselves acquainted with, without turning over many books. It is the distinguished excellence of this religion that it is entirely popular, and fitted, both in its doctrines and in its evidences, to all conditions and capacities of reasonable creatures—a character which does not belong to any other religious or philosophical system that ever appeared in the world. I wonder to see so many men, eminent both for their piety and for their capacity, labouring to make a mystery of

this divine institution. If God vouchsafe to reveal himself to mankind, can we suppose that he chooses to do it in such a manner that none but the learned and contemplative can understand him? The generality of mankind can never in any possible circumstances, have leisure or capacity for learning or profound contemplation. If therefore we make christianity a mystery, we exclude the greater part of mankind from the knowledge of it; which is directly contrary to the intention of its author, as is plain from his explicit reiterated declarations. In a word, I am perfectly convinced that an intimate acquaintance with the SCRIPTURE, particularly the Gospels, is all that is necessary to our accomplishment in true Christian knowledge. I have looked into some systems of theology, but I never read one of them to an end, because I found I could never reap any instruction from them. To darken what is clear, by wrapping it up in a veil of system and science, was all the purpose that the best of them seems to me to answer."

SPECULATION ON THE PLANETS.

I. Of the Sun's train of eleven planets, all regularly revolve around him, and so far as ascertained, also rotate on their own axes; the former motion constituting the year of each orb, and the latter its succession of day and night. But how various are the absolute durations of these important periods in the different bodies! The following table compares them with those of the Earth:

Planets.	Period of Rotation, or nearly the Length of a day and Night.		Period of Revolution in Length of Years.		
	Hours.	Minutes.	Years.	Months.	Days.
Mercury	24*	6	0	9	28*
Venus	23	21	0	7	15
Earth	23	56	1*	0	4
Mars	24	39	1	10	21
Vesta			3	7	21
Juno		unknown	4	4	13
Ceres			4	7	11
Pallas			4	7	17
Jupiter	9	56	11	10	17
Saturn	10	29	29	5	24
Uranus	unknown		84	0	27

In judging of the probable effect of this signal variety upon the internal economy of the several planets, we must either abandon speculation as vain and impossible, or be content with a few guesses drawn from a supposed analogy with the Earth. The latter course, indeed, is almost equivalent to the former; for it conducts us among circumstances where we are only bewildered, seeing that imagination fails in the effort to combine and embody them. How, for instance, can that contrast be pictured, which subsists between the two extreme bodies of our system—Uranus and Mercury; the one hurrying through its restless cycle of seasons in three months, and the other spending on the same relative change eighty-four terrestrial years! A tree in Mercury—if such there is—would gather around its pitch or axis three hundred and thirty-six of those well-known circular layers, in a time during which the sluggish vegetation of Uranus would only have deposited one: and a full and burning lifetime, made up of rapid sparkling joys and acute sorrows, would, in so close neighbourhood of the Sun, be compressed within a space hardly adequate on Earth to lead youth to its meridian; while at that outer confine a slow pulse and drowsy blood might sustain for centuries a slumbering and emotionless existence! The question is further complicated, if we refer to the rapid succession of day and night in the remote planets; perhaps modifying, by the activity it excites, the comparative torpidity due to the length of the year. We can form no notion of the physiological consequences due to a recurrence of day and night within the brief period of nine or ten hours.

II. The very different distances of the planets from the Sun is a second obvious source of remarkable contrast. Those proportionate distances may be guessed from the illustration at the commencement of this chapter; but Figure 2, Plate XI., will further aid the imagination. It shows the comparative size of the Sun when seen from the different bodies in our system; dwindling gradually from the mighty globe visible at Mercury, to that comparatively small orb which enlightens the landscapes of Uranus. It is computed that at Mercury the Sun shines with seven times the intensity experienced on Earth, and that at Uranus his radiation is at least 330 times weaker than with us. Between Mercury and Uranus, therefore, besides the difference occasioned by the rapid and slow alternation of seasons, there is an actual disproportion in the quantity of solar light shed upon them of upwards of 2,000 to 1. And yet Uranus is not obscure, nor its plain benighted. The light of our full moon has been computed as about 300,000 times weaker than that of the meridian sun; so that the light-giver can bestow, even on the remotest attendant, as much light and noon-day as if nearly 1,000 of our moons were shining in its sky. In these remote regions we likewise find, as if in some compensation, a singular extension of that provision which so much adorns our Earth—the provision for throwing part of the solar light on the dark hemisphere of the planet, by reflection from moons. In Mercury, Venus, and Mars, the midnight vault is bespangled only with stars; but Jupiter has four moons, each larger than ours, constantly circling around him, varying his skies by their beautiful and ever-changing phases; Saturn has seven; and, according to Sir William Herschel, Uranus has six.—*Nichol's Phenomena of the Solar System*.

MEMORY.—Memory and Hope are the two poems of the heart—its Paradise lost and Paradise regained.