

that I did n't care a d—p for all the gals in the hull nation. I was wrong though, in my kalkulation. Liddy Baker, tuk the consait right out of me. When I seed her at spollin school one night, her eyes looked so blue, her hair so red, and her mouth was p—ukered up so pretty I wanted to bite her.

R. Why, uncle! bite her?

A. Sartinly—I'd a bit her in a minit. Saint Mike pears was nuthin to her.

[Here uncle Aminadab rests his hands upon his knees and falls to meditating.]

R. Well, uncle Minadab, [pinches him to arouse him.]

A. [The old man takes out his handkerchief and blows his nose very hard.] Well, in short, I'd got the tikins agin; the wust kind, but I had n't forgot the time I hed when I ax'd Pernelly Spauldin, and though I'd a gin a sheep paster and the hill-side wood-lot to get that gal, I darsent go night her. I got melancholic and I lost my appetite; for better an' fortnight I could n't eat nothin but bread and turnips and milk and sassengers, with now and then a small pot-pie. I took to greasin my hair so dreadfully that mother had to look up the lard firkin. I also hollered in my sleep, and even tried to write poetry!

R. Ha, ha, ha! poetry! Say, uncle, did you really court the muses?

A. Who the nation is the muses, I'd like for to know. I never courted any body but Pernelly and Liddy—never heard of the muses. Whar'd they live?

R. Oh, dear, uncle Aminadab, how stupid you are! I only meant to ask if you really did essay to mount Pegasus.

A. Big—what?

R. My patience! did you really try to make verses—there, do you understand that?

A. Oh, yes, yes, I understand; now you talk English. Yes, I did try, but I do n't think I had a natril gift for it. Ef I had poetry in me 't was drefle hard to get out, seemed to stick and hang powerful—must have ben of the crooked, tangly kind—'t want what they call flowin, any way. At last, I was inspirated, I know. I was asleep when I was took, and waked up with a hull varse chalked out on my brain, but 't was awful cold, so I did n't git up and write it off, as I'd orter. Next mornin all I could remember was—

"Oh, Liddy, ah, Liddy,—Oh, Liddy, blithe!"

Then I broke, and for two weeks I couldn't find a rhyme that seemed appropriate. Chickadee, bumblebee, apple-tree, and sich like was continually runnin through my mind; at last I struck off boldy, and fetched off another line, thus—

"You shall be my chicky, chicky, waddy."

Beyond this I could n't go; I gin up poetry and tried prave, but though I gits a quibe of paper, I never could git farder'n Miss Baker: I take my pen in hand, and then I ollers out like a dead co, but proceed; I never could go on to tell what I did in my hand for.

R. Well, uncle, what did you do then? Did you finally propose?

A. Yes, I did, and sort o' did 't. Pernelly speakin, I did n't; by proxy, I did.

R. By proxy!—how was that?

A. Well, you see Moses Pendergrass and me had ollers lun-very sociable—ollers told one another every thing—so one day, arter I'd gin up tryin to write, I ups and tells Moss all about it. An says I to-Mose, says I, had n't you jest a liv ask her for me, says I. He said he hed. So to make a long story short, one bitter cold night in January, Moss and I started for the house where Liddy lived. It was agreed that I should stay in the wood-shed, while Moss went in and sot matters all right. Moss knocked at the door and went in, and I sot down on a choppin-log to wait the issoo. Moss thought he could fix things in half an hour, an as 't was eight o'clock when he went in; I kalkulated on bein in Paradise about half arter; but there 't sot an sot till I heard the clock strike nine, then I hed to git up and stomp my feet and thrash my hands to keep from freezin.—Ten o'clock then—leven o'clock, and still no Moss! At last, just about midnight, when I'd got to be little less than a frozen tater, out he kums. I rushed up to him, and with a shakin voice, "Mo—Mose," says I, "what—at dus she s-a-y?" says I.

"Aminadab," says he, "pon my word, I forgot to ask her."

R. And what then, uncle?

A. Why the mean fox went and zarried her hisself!

INTERESTING EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.

Dr. Simonides announces the discovery in the Egyptian Museum of Liverpool, of the following papyrus manuscripts:—

1st.—A portion of eight chapters of the Book of Genesis, written on papyrus in the Alexandrian style of Greek capital letters, which, from the purity of the text, and the quality of the papyrus, (being first class, and that called sacred,) I conclude to belong to the first century before Christ.

2nd.—The Ten Commandments, written in Greek and Egyptian Demotic characters in parallel columns, belonging also to the first century before Christ.

3rd.—The Voyages of Annon, King of Carthage. This MS. is more correct than any yet known, and bears evidence of being written about the same period as the foregoing, viz: the century before Christ.

4th.—The first page of a work by Aristarcus, written in the first century after Christ.

5th.—A fragment containing a few lines of ethical writings from the Oracles of Zoroaster Magus, of the first century after Christ.

6th.—Fragments of historical writings, author unknown, but very interesting, from the fact that they contain historical and geographical information never yet known. Written about the second century after Christ.

The following is given as the new mode of parsing, down east, I court. Court is a verb active, indicative present tense, and agrees with all the girls in the neighbourhood.

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE!

They say that Friendship is but a name,
That truth dwelleth not below,
They say that Pride soon reideth shame,
And Joy but precedeth woe.

Let them croak if they will, but what care I,
While the heavens o'er me are bright!
Let them look for clouds in their own dark sky,
While my path is beaming with light!

There may be sorrow—there may be tears,
There may be anguish and gloom;
But why should we hasten by boding fears,
The cares that will come too soon.

Enough 'tis for me, to know that now
The sun o'er my pathway beams bright,
That care has yet left no trace on my brow,
And my heart is happy and light.

Enough to believe there are friends whose love
Is more than an empty name,
And fond hearts, whose truth will forever
prove,
Unfading and still the same:—

Enough to know that a Father's hand
Guides and controls us through all,
Without whose notice and whose command,
Not e'en a sparrow shall fall,—

Enough that He, who doth send the storm,
Is able its wrath to quell,
Enough that He can shield us from harm,
And "His doeth" all things well!

To the Editor of the Educationalist:

ETERNITY OF MATTER.

(Continued from page 52.)

That there is a God, is whispered (by the breeze—painted in the flower—murmured by the ocean—thundered by the elements, and chanted by the spheres. In the mechanism of nature is seen His wisdom to design and skill to execute, nor are they less manifest in the variety and multiplicity of these productions than in the unity and harmony of the whole. Yet, while nature is pregnant with the evidences of wisdom and goodness, we fail in the search after traces of His justice, or His grace. On these topics our knowledge is all revealed. It would therefore be unreasonable to expect that man, the creature, should fully comprehend or understand, much less intelligibly describe God the Creator: nor can we explain the constitution of mind, the union of mind and matter, or how that union is maintained, for such knowledge would be the same as making the part equal to, or greater than the whole—the knowledge we possess greater than the casket that contains it. For these reasons to us the nature of God is a mystery—a mystery that will never be unfolded. Hence His revealed word is our only sure guide.—That Word never flinched from mortal's gaze. It challenges investigation, and the more we become acquainted with its sacred pages the more will we rely upon its truthfulness. It is not set forth as a system of philosophy; yet when it is absolutely at variance with the teachings of philosophy, we owe the Bible our evidence. On those, therefore, who differ from the Bible do yourselves the burden of proof. On the above