

to his room to dress himself, and informed him that she wished a private interview with him in her room. He was soon in her presence, when she again informed him that she could not marry him as he was a comparative stranger, and she thought it improper to act so rashly. In vain did Mr. C. entreat her to consent, urging the peculiar predicament her refusal would place her in. She continued obstinately to refuse. The hour arrived, and the party had assembled in the large parlors, and the supper ready. The betrothed couple were notified all was ready, and the chagrined Mr. C. appeared in the parlor and informed the company and the minister of what had again occurred; the wedding would not take place; but desired that all present would partake of what had been furnished, and enjoy themselves in the best possible way. In the course of the evening, the young lady appeared and united in hilarity of the occasion; while Mr. C. despondently was seated in one corner of the room, at intervals receiving the sympathies of all present. The next morning the lady left for Louisville and has not been heard of since. She is of respectable parents, and a lady of excellent reputation; but why she should conduct herself as she did is wholly unaccountable to her friends.—[Cin. Atlas.

WONDERS OF GEOLOGY.

Man's mind loves truth—and when a great geological fact appears before it, it is delightful. It is like a geometrical and astronomical truth—food beyond all price for the soul. Error is as uncongenial to mind as darkness is to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Last week in our remarks on serpents, we mentioned that their remains had been found in very ancient rocks. In the article below it will be seen that fossil reptilian remains were found in a fossil coal tree in Nova Scotia by Sir Charles Lyell. This deposit is of an immense antiquity, perhaps hundreds of thousands of years. It will be seen below that even millions of years are alluded to, may have passed over our world since these reptiles lived. Guano in the Islands of the Pacific Ocean is now found in many places. It is the manure of innumerable sea fowls, deposited there in ages long gone by. It is of great depth and quantity, and could not have been accumulated in less than hundreds of thousands of years. Here is another evidence of the great antiquity of our world and the animal creation. This Guano is becoming, strange to say, a most profitable article of traffic, used to fertilize the lands of the latter-day children of earth. Coalfields exist all over the world, and are evidences of the destruction and decay of immense vegetable masses.—[Ed. Sox.

WONDERFUL GEOLOGICAL CALCULATION.—In a paper read by Sir Charles Lyell, before the Royal Society of London, on the Coal Fields of Nova Scotia, he entered into speculations respecting the solid matter contained in the carboniferous formation of that country. He believes that it was once a delta like that of the Mississippi, and that the formations were produced by river inundation drifts. The average thickness of the whole of the Coal Measures is three miles, and the area, including the Fields of New Brunswick, &c., may comprise 36,000 square miles, or 108,000 cubic miles, but taking the half of this, it would be 54,000 cubic miles of solid matter. It would take more than two millions of years for the Mississippi River to convey to the Gulf of Mexico an equal amount of solid matter at the rate of 450,000 cubic feet per second, as calculated by Mr. Forsey. This is a subject for deep reflection and examination by all Biblical Geologists especially. Sir Charles Lyell found Fossil Reptilian remains, and a Land-shell in the interior of a Fossil Coal Tree in a Nova Scotia Coal Field.

HE HAS NO ENEMIES!

The following contrast is true of all times. Socrates in Athens had many enemies. Cicero had them in Rome. Aristides the Just of Athens had them. Our Saviour had thousands of them in Jerusalem. Every just, truthful and independent being has them. A large majority of mankind are mercenary and corrupt. Napoleon said men were to be ruled through fear or interest. He was not far wrong. Let not those who have standers, because of their straightforwardness, therefore repine. It is rather an evidence that they are in the right track.—En.

"HE HAS NOT AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD!"—Hasn't! well, we are sorry for him! For he has mighty him!—character who has no enemies. He is nobody, who has not got pluck enough to get an enemy. Give us rather as our ideal of virtue and manliness, one who has many enemies—who has made them by his manhood and downright sincerity, and fearless love of the thing he sees to be right. The man of earnest purposes, strong will, and love of principle for its own sake, must have enemies. But this, so far from being ill, is to him a good. The strong tree is more deeply rooted and fastened in the soil by the blast than by the summer breeze. A man never knows how much there is of him till he is confronted and braved by bitter opposition.—Bath Tribune.

RECENT AMERICAN NEWS VERY CHEERING.—The state election just taken place in Maine, shows an increased majority in favor of the law—but no choice of Governor.... The election in Vermont has not turned out so favorable.... It is doubtful if the Lower House is in favor of the Law, but it is said the Senate is.... The recent Great State Convention in Massachusetts was well attended. 3000 persons were present.... A great effort, but we fear useless one, so far as Boston is concerned, will be made to enforce the Maine Law.... The Ohio election will come off this week.



Parth's Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs, c. vi. v. 6

FLOWERS.

BY MRS. F. A. HENRY.

I love the little fairy flowers
That bloom along the meadows green;
That deck the wild-wood's dells and bowers,
And spring beside each rippling stream
And often too I pause to muse,
And ask who formed them with such care!
Who painted with such brilliant hues,
And nicely cut each petal fair!

Who gave them such fantastic forms,
And made the germs and stamens rest,
Like infants in a mother's arms,
Folded in the corolla's breast!

O 'twas in love that they were given,
Those little fragrant fragile flowers;
To tell us that the God of Heaven,
The universal Father's ours

For while the mighty orbs that roll,
In grandeur through the trackless sky,
And seas that stretch from pole to pole,
And giant mountains towering high,

Proclaim aloud that He is strong,
And reigns in majesty above
The tiny flowers that bloom along
Our pathway whisper he is love.

—Bowmanville Messenger.

THE NARCOTICS WE INDULGE IN.

Food for Cadets to digest. Cadets will see that their crusade against tobacco is a good one.—En. Sox.

In *Blackwood*, of this month, some curious particulars are given in reference to the hop and tobacco, but especially to tobacco. It is remarked by the writer that the use of the plant has become "not less universal than civilization." The manner in which it is employed now is scarcely less various than the varieties of its flavor in its natural state, and after being daily manufactured. It is startling to learn that the total produce of tobacco grown on the face of the globe annually, amounts to the enormous sum of 2,000,000 tons. So that the tobacco yearly raised for the gratification of this one form of the narcotic appetite, weighs as much as the wheat consumed by ten millions of Englishmen! He having already remarked that "the wheat consumed by the inhabitants of Great Britain (estimating it at a quarter a head, in round numbers at 20,000 of quarters) weighs only 4,330,000 tons," or thereabouts. As comprising little clusters of elementary information on the subject, the following paragraph may be found sufficiently interesting for quotation:—"For the smoker and chewer it is prepared in various forms, and sold under different names. The dried leaves, coarsely broken, are sold as *camaster* or *knaster*. When moistened, compressed, and cut into fine threads, they form cut or *slag tobacco*. Moistened with molasses or with syrup, and pressed into cakes, they are called *cavendish* and *negrohead*, and are used indifferently either for chewing or smoking. Moistened in the same way, and beaten until they are soft, and then twist of the chewer. Cigars are formed of the dried leaves deprived of midribs, and rolled up into a short spindle. When cut straight, or truncate at each end, as is the custom at Manila, they are distinguished as "*cheroot*." For the snuff-taker, the dried leaves are sprinkled with water, laid in heaps, and are allowed to ferment. They are then dried again, reduced to powder, and baked or roasted. The dry snuff, like the Scotch and Irish, are usually prepared from the midribs, rapres, or moist snuffs, from the soft part of the leaves. The latter are also variously accented, to suit the taste of the customer. Considering that the chemical ingredients of tobacco are some of them so deleterious, and even poisonous, it must be allowed, by even the most inveterate consumer, that it is remarkable the use of the weed should be, as harmless as it is enjoyable. The chemical ingredients, or active substances, are first a *volatile oil*; secondly, a *resiniferous oil*, so subtle a poison that it is declared to be scarcely inferior to prussic acid; and thirdly, an *empyreumatic oil*, not truly formed in the natural leaf, but produced along with other substances during the burning"—this latter substance being, according to conjecture, the "juice of carad betenec," mentioned in *Hamlet* by Shakespeare—an acrid narcotic, "so poisonous that a single drop on the tongue of a cat causes immediate convulsions, and in two minutes death!"

A PEEP AT THE STARS.

My dear young friends,—Join me once more in an upward glance at you spacious firmament—the spangled heavens which proclaim though mute to ears of flesh, the great originator and sustainer, God.

"What though no real voice not sound,
Amid their radiant orbs are found;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice:
For ever singing, as they climb,
The hand that made us is Divine!"

With the aid of Herschel's telescope, we have been permitted to scan the "milky way," and to see developed to our wondering vision innumerable hosts of shining stars, which to the unassisted eye appear but as a young cloud in the heavens. With the same instrument we have traversed space to the amount of two hundred and ninety-five thousand millions of miles! With our feeble powers we have penetrated the unlimited depths of His universe, to a distance five hundred times farther than where the "Dog star reigns." And yet what have we seen? Nothing—absolutely nothing, compared to what the reflective mind conceives must be the magnitude and multitude of the heavenly host of starry worlds. We have but peeped beneath the edge of the curtain, which hangs suspended over His glorious works, only to be raised at that day, when the disencumbered spirit by grace set free, shall wing its tireless flight into His presence. Our glimpses from this "dark terrestrial ball" of those bright regions must necessarily—all the aid of science, be very faint indeed.

There is every reason to conclude, that the thronging multitude of planets which we have been contemplating, are "but as the small dust in the balance," compared with the overwhelming number of worlds located in every *REBULAE*. Up to the present time there have been reckoned about thirty-three hundred (3,300) *REBULAE*. This is a name given to a singular celestial appearance, cloudy in aspect, something resembling small patches of froth swaying on the surface of water. It is not improbable that each of these 3,500 nebulae may contain at least eighty million stars! What must we then think of the vast extent of the universe, and innumerable hosts of stars? Even although these nebulae contain a great number of stars mentioned, they must only be considered as a very small part of an overwhelming and incomprehensible whole—only as a few groups, clustering on the "frontiers of the Creator's dominions."

Language fails us when we attempt to speak—thought fails us when we attempt to think of the vastness of His habitation—for doth He not inhabit eternity?—and we are compelled to bow our heads in the dust. My dear children, again let me counsel you to learn humility from these contemplations. Be not puffed up with conceit of your own persons—your own riches—your own talents—your own standing in society. Who gave you these? Look out upon the stars, and remember that He who placed them there, has also placed you here. Recollect that your utter extinction would no more be missed from the mass of created matter in the universe than would the merest mote in the sunbeam. What a privilege then, to be permitted to live, and to live not only in time, but to be a candidate for life eternal!—Think of these things again and again. Think of the future life, and strive for the attainment of those virtues which only can make you happy there for ever and ever. And so I trust our Peep at the Stars shall not have been taken in vain.

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE HUMPHREY.

—Union Ark.

A HINT TO THE DISCONTENTED.—All human situations have their inconveniences. We feel those that exist in the present; and neither feel nor see those that exist in another. Hence we often make troublesome changes without amendment, and frequently for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop descending the river Delaware. There being no wind, we were obliged, when the tide was spent, to cast anchor and wait for the next. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive; the company strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river-side I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where, it struck my fancy, I could sit and read—having a book in my pocket—and pass the time agreeably until the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed, I found the greatest part of my meadow was really a marsh; in crossing which, to come at my tree, I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before musquitoes in swarms foud me out, attacked my legs, hands, and face, and made reading and my rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach, and called for the boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had striven to quit, and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have since frequently fallen under my observation.—Franklin.

HINTS ON LENDING.—Never lend money to a friend unless you are satisfied that he does wisely and well in borrowing it. Borrowing is one of the most ordinary ways in which weak men sacrifice the future to the present, and hence it is that the gratitude for a loan is so proverbially evanescent; for the future, becoming present in its turn, will not be well pleased with those who have assisted in doing it an injury. By compassing with your friend to demand his future self, you naturally incur his future displeasure. To withstand solicitations for loans is often a great trial of firmness; the more especially as the pleas and protests alleged are generally made plausible at the expense of truth; for nothing breaks a man's truthfulness more surely than pecuniary embarrassment—

"An unshrift was a far from all time;
Never was debtor that was not deceiver."

The refusal which is at once the most safe from vexation, and perhaps as little apt to give offence as any, is the plain refusal, without reasons assigned. Acquiescence is more easily given in the decision of a strong will, than in reason, which weak men, under the bias of self-love, will always imagine themselves competent to controvert.—Taylor's Notes from Life.

NOTICE.—THE GRAND DIVISION of Canada will meet at Kingston on Wednesday, the 26th October, at 11, A.M. It would be well for as many Divisions as can do so, to send delegates. It will be collected that all the Grand officers are to be elected this session. We will enlarge on this subject in our next issue. It is, of course, some expense to send delegates, but it is money well spent. Something must be done during the coming winter to agitate the country for the revival of the order, and much depends on having a good Grand Scribe. A. Fowell, Esq. of Ottawa, will probably be the Grand Weekly Patriarch.