

UNWRITTEN SONGS.—Anywhere by some fringed stream in New York woods, or under the shadow of a New England mountain, or even here away in the leafy edges of Indiana or Michigan. But he must needs to get up before breakfast; it is the *matins* he must have performed in that hour of gold, silver and pearl, between the dawn and the sunrise. The blue-bird and the robin, the bobolink and the thrush; the mocking-bird, the martin and the sparrow, all these, and “ever so many more,” fill the morning and the heart with melody. But with the first flash of sun, the ecstasy subsides, and the grand anthem is ended.

Very few, we imagine, have ever heard this gush of song. Duty may rouse them, or pain forbid sleep, but they were not *charmed* awake. There is a startling beauty in that concert; the listener can not be done wondering at the volume of sweet sound there is in a single grove; the variety of the tones, and the marvellous harmony of the whole.

Beginning gradually with a warble in the grass or a note in the trees, it rapidly multiplies and deepens and extends, until every leafy bough conceals a singer, while the east is slowly brightening. With the first deep crimson and golden glow, the enthusiasm culminates, and the swelling wave of song subsides. And when the lazy World and his wife yawn their way to breakfast, they pause at the window, and while the robin holds on in its sweet old story, and the sparrow chirps a solo, they say, “how charmingly the birds do sing!” not dreaming, luxurious souls, that the concert was all over before their last dream began.—*B. F. Taylor.*

MICROSCOPIC WONDERS.—Among the most remarkable of those myriads of animals which exist in every drop of water, is the navicula—a little creature which has some twenty or thirty legs, and is endowed by Nature with an armor of flint. In a paper which was recently laid before one of the scientific societies of London, some curious facts concerning this diminutive animal were stated. Among other things it was mentioned that if an observer watches narrowly for five or six hours, he will note a thin transparent line spreading across it in some direction. After the line makes its first appearance it becomes every moment more distinct, and rapidly increases in width. At length the creature begins wiggling its limbs violently, the body splits asunder, and two new navicula are made out of one old one. The animal has something like a hundred stomachs, and its mouth, which is situated near one extremity, is surrounded by a number of almost invisible tentacula, with which it grasps its food; but as soon as the transparent line appears, which denotes its approaching division into two, as another mouth will be wanted another is seen sprouting from the other extremity, and is ready to perform its functions as soon as the separation is effected. The navicula divides itself in two, once in twelve hours, under ordinary circumstances. But there are some kinds of naviculae which split themselves into sixteen instead of two in the same space of time. Were there no checks to the increase, a single one of the tribe would become the producer of hundreds of millions of creatures in a month.—*Portfolio.*

OUR CHANGING CLIMATE.—The following beautiful passage by Washington Irving, might almost make a March day cheerful:—

“Here let us say a word in favor of those vicissitudes of our climate, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the South of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the North. They float our summer sky with gorgeous tints of fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons