

the ordering of each day—these are the active developements of a holy life, the divine mosaics of which it is composed.

What makes yon green hill so beautiful?—Not the outstanding peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of slender grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life great, save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.—*Dr. Bonar.*

4. SELF-MADE MEN.

At a lecture delivered before the Mechanics' Institute, Brampton, on Tuesday last, Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, Q.C., Toronto, made the following reference to self-made men:—"Here I would remark on a truth which is not as generally asserted or insisted upon as it ought to be, that many of the brightest intellects, some of the profoundest thinkers, some of the wisest heads, and many of the greatest master-spirits of the human race were self-made men—sons of the people. Homer, the Prince of Poets, it is said, was a beggar; Æsop, the immortal author of the Fables which bear his name, was a Phrygian slave; Virgil, the first of Roman Poets, was a baker's son; Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, was a common soldier; Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, was a weaver; Shakespeare, the glory of the British drama, was a wool-stapler at Avon; Sir Francis Drake was a shepherd's son; Ben Johnson was a bricklayer; Captain Cook was a cabin boy; the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher, and the more celebrated Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer; the immortal John Milton was a school master, so (coming down to our own time), was Martin Van Buren, a late President of the United States; Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," was a tinker; Daniel Defoe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, served his time as a hosier at Cornhill; Alexander Pope was the son of a merchant; Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, was an instrument maker at Greenock; Burns, the sweetest bard that ever breathed the soothing strain, was a ploughman; Sir Richard Arkwright, the most ingenious of mechanical inventors, was a barber; Halley, the illustrious astronomer, was the son of a soap-boiler; Ferguson and Hogg were shepherds; Rollin, the historian of the Ancient World, was a cutler's son; Sir Thos. Lawrence was the son of an inn-keeper; Sir Wm. Herschell, the eminent Astronomer, was the son of a musician; Sir Humphrey Davy, the inventor of the safety lamp, was a carpenter's son; John Hunter, the greatest Anatomist the world has ever seen, was a carpenter; Pollock, the author of "The Course of Time," was the son of a carpenter; Adam Clarke, the eminent scholar and divine, was a poor Irish boy, and was sent by Wesley to Kingswood school, and while working in the garden is said to have found half a guinea with which he bought a Hebrew Testament; Hogarth was an engraver of pewter pots; Gifford, the critic, and Bloomfield the poet, were shoemakers; the learned Prideau, the Biographer of Mahomet, was employed to sweep Exeter College; Curran, the Demosthenes of Ireland, was the son of a County of Cork seneschal; Samuel Lee, a charity boy and a carpenter, occupied the Chair of Oriental Languages in the University of Cambridge; William Cobbett, the most correct writer of the English language, was at first a field labourer, and then a common soldier; Hugh Miller, the eminent-geologist, and one of the most powerful writers of the present century, and whose mournful death lately caused so much sorrow throughout the world, was a stone-cutter or a mason; Sir William Blackstone, the learned commentator of the laws of England, was the son of a linen draper; Lord St. Leonards, one of the greatest Common Law Lawyers England has produced, and a Lord Chancellor, was the son of a cutler; Lord Tenterden, a late Chief Justice of England, and one of England's greatest and most enlightened Judges, was the son of Charles Abbott, a Canterbury barber or hair-dresser, and when a boy the great Chief Justice himself helped his father in this humble trade; the late Lord Lyndhurst, eminent as a Lord Chancellor, as an orator, statesman, lawyer, and judge, was the son of a Boston painter; Lord Campbell, so well known as a great judge, lawyer, and author, was the son of a Presbyterian minister and a reporter of the press; George Stephenson, the illustrious author of the locomotive railway system which now prevails throughout the civilized world, commenced life as a labouring man, and the first penny he ever earned was as a cow-herd to the widow Grace Ainslie, of the farm house of Dewly in Northumberland; Abraham Lincoln, the late sagacious President of the United States—so atrociously murdered—was at one time a raftsmen, and Andrew Johnson, the present eccentric President of that country, was a tailor, and (as he himself boasts,) no better tailor could be found in all Tennessee;

"Rank is but the guinea stamp,
But man 's the gowd
For a' that, and a' that!"

—*Globe.*

5. THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF KENT IN CANADA.

In noticing recently, the essay read by Dr. W. Anderson, in the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society, we omitted some of the most interesting concluding remarks of the honorable President of the Society—that is some striking points of resemblance between the De Salaberry's of France and those of Canada:—"About this time last year, said M. Chauveau, I was visiting the country parts of France. I had accepted an invitation from the young Count De Salaberry, who resides at his Chateau near Blois, Blois renowned for having contained within its limits the royal Court of France in times by gone—for which reason, its inhabitants, like those of other royal cities, are supposed to speak the elegant language of Bossuet and Fenelon, in its purest accent. My pleasant host took me to visit some of his tenants. The De Salaberry family of France, divided into two branches, retains the names of De Salaberry the other that their surname of D'Irumberry. On reviewing the family pictures, I was struck with the resemblance between the French members and the descendants of Captain De Salaberry, the grandfather of the hero of Chateauguay, who had emigrated to Canada in 1735, and married Miss Duchesnay, the daughter of the old *Seigneur* of Beaufort. Nay, there was more than an ordinary resemblance. I could even detect in them the two distinct types, so striking in the De Salaberry family of Canada, such as depicted in the late Col. De Salaberry—he of the massive and handsome blonde *physique*, and his brother Charles, dark and swarthy, athletic withal—but more southern in his nature. There were many other points of analogy between the neighborhood of Blois and my own Canada. The territory adjoining was called Beauce. The peasants greeted us with the identical salutations which I hear every day in Canada: *Bon jour et la compagnie*, I could add several other observations showing how French our peasantry are in their ways and idiom, and how many expressions they use which to some appear *patois* and are, as Professor Larue, recently, so elegantly expressed it, of the very purest French."—*Quebec Chronicle.*

6. THE WONDERS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Modern writers, taking London and Paris for their measure of material civilization, seem unwilling to admit that Rome could have reached such a pitch of glory, and wealth, and power. To him who stands within the narrow limits of the Forum, as it now appears, it seems incredible that it could have been the centre of a much larger city than Europe can now boast of. Grave historians are loth to compromise their dignity and character for truth by admitting statements which seem, to men of limited views, to be fabulous, and which transcend modern experience. But we should remember that most of the monuments of Ancient Rome have entirely disappeared. Nothing remains of the Palace of the Cæsars, which nearly covered the Palatine Hill; little of the fora which connected together, covered a space twice as large as that inclosed by the palaces of the Louvre and Tulleries, with all their galleries and courts; almost nothing of the glories of the Capitoline Hill; and little comparatively of those *Thermæ* which were a mile in circuit. But what does remain attests an unparalleled grandeur—the broken pillars of the Forum; the lofty columns of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius; the Pantheon, lifting its spacious dome 200 feet in the air; the mere vestibule of the Baths of Agrippa; the triumphal arches of Titus and Trajan and Constantine; the bridges which span the Tiber; the aqueducts which cross the Campagna; the Cloaca Maxima, which drained the marshes and lakes of the infant city; but above all, the Colosseum. What glory and shame are associated with that single edifice! That alone, if nothing else remained of pagan antiquity, would indicate a grandeur and folly such as cannot now be seen on earth. It reveals a wonderful skill in masonry, and great architectural strength; it shows the wealth and resources of rulers who must have had the treasures of the world at their command; it indicates an enormous population, since it would seat all the male adults of the city of New York; it shows the restless passions of the people for excitement, and the necessity on the part of their rulers of yielding to this taste. What leisure and indolence marked a city which could afford to give so much time to the demoralizing sports! What facilities for transportation were afforded, when so many wild beasts could be brought to the capital from the central parts of Africa, without calling out unusual comment! How imperious a populace that compelled the government to provide such expensive pleasures!—*Hours at Home.*

7. THE NEW POSTAGE LAW, AND THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION FOR ONTARIO.

For the information of all parties concerned, we give the following information in regard to the New Postage Law:—

1. PREPAYMENT OF POSTAGE ON LETTERS REQUIRED BY LAW.

As several parties in correspondence with the Educational Depart-