

THE SWEARER AND HIS BOY.

A man who was extremely addicted to profane swearing, was one day at work with a yoke of oxen near his house. The oxen not working to suit him, he began whipping them severely, at the same time uttering volleys of the most blasphemous oaths. The oxen, breaking loose from their burden, ran to the house, while the owner, in a passion, pursued them, and coming up with them at the house, began whipping them again and swearing as before. His little boy, at this time just old enough to begin to talk, began to prattle his profane oaths after him. No sooner did the father hear this than his feelings were wrought up to a lively sensibility. He paused for a moment, dropped his whip, sat down and wept bitterly. A flood of keen reflections at once rushed upon his convicted conscience, which produced such an effect that he never was heard to utter an oath afterwards.

THE MASTER ARTIST.

Looking up into the heavens at the mid-day splendor of the sun, or when night has unveiled the planetary glories of the universe, and man can but exclaim, "Behold, these are the works of the Master-BUILDER—the infinite fabric of almighty skill—the worthy habitation of omnipotent wisdom and power." Nor less when man looks out upon the magnificence of nature—the populous air, and earth, and sea, clothed about with light and verdure, incense and music—will he exclaim, "Behold! these are the limnings of the Master Artist." What endless variety of form, what matchless combinations of color, what successions of gay and sober beauty feed the eye with wonder and the soul with delight; what sounds fill the ear with melody and the heart with joy; what odors steal upon the senses, bewildering and ravishing the spirit of man!"

When the spring came, like a resurrection morn, bursting the cerements of winter, bringing bud and leaf, and bird-song and seed-time, and balmy air and skies full of tranquil glory—or the summer like a bride garlanded with sunshine and blossom, and treading the earth with a pomp of beauty—or the autumn, like a fruitful mother, sober and queenly, bearing in her lap the earth born children of

the year, gathered from field and forest, and tree and vine, and on her brow the gorgeous, many colored crown of nature's ripeness, how poor to the conscious soul seemed all the power and art of man! What can he create so marvelous and enduring as the least of these manifold works of the Master-Artist? Can he hew a column to match the kingly oak? Can he build a palace or temple grand as the over-arching woods? Can he make melody like the ocean, or the brooks, or the birds, or the voice of the wind in the pipes? Can he tint his canvass to rival the blushes of May, the smiles of June, and the regal splendors of October? With what pigments can he match the gold and crimson of the autumnal maples, the blood-red sumach, and the scarlet ivy?

Surely, God is the Master-Artist. He alone can mould the perfect form, and lay the matchless color. He alone can "hew the beam and lay the architecture" of temples, peerless and indestructible. In all nature He has set up a standard toward which the proud art of man may strive, but never reach. Vain man, with his idols, and Babels, and atheisms—as though he had wisdom and strength to fashion his own gods, or create the smallest perfect, durable thing. Vain man, wherever he stands aloof from God, and the worshipful study of the Master-Artist's works. And yet, most noble and God-like, when recognizing in nature the presence of his Maker and Master, he reverently aspires, with all his powers, to imitate the perfections of the Master's handiwork.

ANIMALCULES.

Animalcules have been discovered, whose magnitude is such, that a million of them does not exceed the bulk of a grain of sand; and yet each of these creatures is composed of members as curiously organised as those of the largest species; they have life and spontaneous motion, and are endued with sense and instinct. In the liquids in which they live, they are observed to move with astonishing speed and activity; nor are their motions blind and fortuitous, but evidently governed by choice, and directed to an end. They use food and drink, from which they derive nutrition, and are therefore furnished with a digestive ap-

paratus. They have great muscular power, and are furnished with limbs and muscles of strength and flexibility. They are susceptible of the same appetites, and obnoxious to the same passions, the gratification of which is attended with the same results as in our own species. Spallanzani observes, that certain animalcules devour others so voraciously, that they fatten and become indolent and sluggish by over-feeding. After a meal of this kind, if they be confined in distilled water, so as to be deprived of all food, their condition becomes reduced; they regain their spirit and activity, and amuse themselves in the pursuit of the more minute animals which are supplied to them; they swallow these without depriving them of life, for, by the aid of the microscope, the one has been observed moving within the body of the other. These singular appearances are not matters of idle and curious observation. They lead us to inquire what parts are necessary to produce such results. Must we not conclude that these creatures have heart, arteries, veins, muscles, sinews, tendons, nerves, circulating fluids, and all the concomitant apparatus of a living organised body? And if so, how inconceivably minute must those parts be! If a globule of their blood bears the same proportion to their whole bulk as a globule of our blood bears to our magnitude, what powers of calculation can give an adequate notion of its minuteness? These and many other phenomena observed in the immediate productions of nature, or developed by mechanical and chemical processes, prove that the materials of which bodies are formed are susceptible of minuteness which infinitely exceeds the powers of sensible observation, even when those powers have been extended by all the aids of science.

MODIFICATION OF SLEEP.

Sleep is much modified by habit. Thus, an old artillery-man often enjoys tranquil repose while the cannon are thundering around him; an engineer has been known to fall asleep within a boiler, while his fellows were beating it on the outside with their ponderous hammers; and the repose of a miller is nowise incommoded by the noise of his mill. Sound ceases to be a stimulus to such men, and what would have proved an inexpressible annoyance to others, is by