

the water boils at about 187 degrees of Fahrenheit, in consequence of which, it takes nearly as long again to cook meat as it would if the water boiled at the ordinary point of 212 degrees. The fire must be kept glowing, and the pot boiling, five hours, to cook a bit of meat, which it would have taken only three hours to get ready for the table, if the water would have waited till 212. This costs fuel, so that their dish of *bouilli* makes the monks consume an inordinate quantity of wood in the kitchen. On the other hand, it may take less fire to boil the kettle for tea, or to make coffee, or to boil an egg. As to the baked meats, we take it the oven is no slower in its work here than in the valleys; but for the business of boiling, they lose 25 degrees of heat, for want of that pressure of the atmosphere, which would keep the water quiet up to 212. Just so, some men's moral and intellectual energies evaporate or go off in an untimely explosion, unless kept under forcible discipline and restraint. A man has no increase of strength after he gets to the boiling point. Some men boil over at 187; others wait till 212; others go still higher before they come to the boiling point; and the higher they go, the greater is the saving of intellectual fuel and time."



[FOR THE "MAPLE LEAF."]

THE VISION.

She stood before him in the loveliness
And light of days long vanished; but her air
Was marked with tender sadness, as if care
Had left his traces written, though distress
Was felt no longer.—Through her shadowy dress
And the dark ringlets of her flowing hair,
Trembled the silvery moonbeams, as she there
Stood 'midst their weeping glory, motionless,
And pale as marble statue on a tomb.
But there were traits more heavenly in her face,
Than when her cheek was radiant with the bloom
Which his false love had bligh'ed—and she now
Came like some angel messenger of grace;
And looked forgiveness of his broken vow.

AGNES STRICKLAND.