

disparage it. I wish there were more of it; and yet it may all consist with a want of the true lofty unbending uprightness. That is not the man, then, of whom I speak; but it is he who stands amidst all the swaying interests and perilous exigencies of trade, firm, calm, disinterested, and upright. It is the man who can see another man's distress as well as his own. It is the man, whose mind his own advantage does not blind nor cloud for an instant,—who could sit a judge upon a question between himself and his neighbour just as safely as the purest magistrate upon the bench of Justice. Ah! how much richer than crime,—how far nobler than the train of magisterial authority,—how much more awful than the guarded bench of majesty, is that simple magnanimous and majestic truth! Yes, it is the man who is true—true to himself, his neighbour, and his God; true to his right, true to his conscience,—and who feels the slightest suggestion of that conscience is more to him than the chance of acquiring an hundred estates.—*Dr. Dewey.*

USE OF INSECTS.

Insects appear to occupy an intermediate station between vegetables and birds. They convert or animalize crude vegetable matter, and render it more nutritive. Most kinds of small birds greedily devour incredible numbers of them. Their second stage of existence, as Larvæ, is generally the longest, and in this period their appetite for food is insatiable. In gratifying it they are constantly exposed to the keen eyes of their enemies, who fatten on the rich juices with which their bodies are filled. Men generally are so much engaged in the acquisition of mere matter, that they can spare little or no time to examine into the objects of their existence, and as they, unlike the caterpillar, achieve no good object to society by their death, (unless it be for the anatomist, who never thanks our bodies,) this self-deception must be an absurdity, as regards our life in this world, and an impious mockery of the wisdom of God in forming us immortal spirits.—*Communicated.*

B.

THOUGHTS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

From the little work on the Lord's Prayer, written by the children of a Deaf and Dumb institution in England, we extract the following tender passages:

"Which art in Heaven." Art thou not with me in all places, O spirit of omniscience and all power? Dost thou not fill heaven and earth with thy presence and glory? O my Father, thou art ever witness to my thoughts, and the least motion of my heart is known to thee, but I say thou art in the glorious heaven, and I lift my mind to thy splendour and majesty. My eyes forsake the world, and my heart is silent, and my mind is up to thee,

O God, in heaven. I can make no image of thee, O my Father. I read books to know about thee, but men cannot draw thy likeness; their eyes are too little to hold thee, and their minds cannot look on thee because thou art immense, and thou art not ended in longest breadth. Thou art in the heaven and angels are singing to thee. Shall I sing to thee O my Father, when I go from this world? My thoughts have sweet music to thee, but my tongue is dumb, about thee to men; but I must show them example to love thee and do for thee.

I look upon this earth full, beautiful; it is all in thy wisdom: thy air is now cheering to me, and the rich sun is smiling on all things. O my Father, I have watched the fair landscape, and I will tell thee about it.

Some fields were dark in green, and some fields were light in green, and the sun was on them bright and beautiful, and the clouds came before the sun, and then the fields were dark and solemn, and the cloud passed away and all was beautiful and bright again, and I did think of thee when I was looking at the landscape, and my mind said to me, "God is in all things, and when God is over all in his spirit and blessings, then all things are glad, but when God is away in his smile from all things, then all are gloomy and unhappy."

So when God is in my mind, I am cheerful and at peace, and men cannot make me in grief or passion, but when God goes away, from my vicious thoughts, then I am dull and have no pleasure.

I have seen letters cut deep in the old hard stone. Years and the winds could not wipe away the marks, and I said to thee, O my Father, "Place deep in my mind thy commands and promises. Let nothing remove them from me. Confirm in me unfriendly hatred toward sin, and keep me to myself for ever."

Thou, O my Father, art visible in heaven—thy complexion is grander than the early morning's gold colours, or the bright blue sky, or the flowers tints. Thy crown is like sun's beams that never set. Thy mantle is like the summer's richest sky that never fails in beauty. The sea in tempest is like the dust of thy feet, and thy sword is like the fierce and mighty lightning, and thou art greater than these thoughts of thee. O my Father, what art thou? Shall I be with thee in heaven? Thou dost not say yes to me, but thy true Bible tells me I must believe in Jesus-Christ and obey thee in my doings, and then I shall go to thee away from earth. I wish to know about my name in thy book of heaven. Please, O my Father, what is my new name in the heaven? Do thine angels know about me? Thou art silent to me.—Why art thou silent, O my Father? but I hope in thee for ever, through Christ Jesus.—*New York Observer.*