

Henshaw with a sickle in his hand, working for farmer Brookes. No man could handle a sickle like Richard; and it did me good to see at what a rate he cut away the dry ripe corn, and bound it into sheaves. I was abroad many years, but when I returned, Richard Henshaw was at work in the very same field, handling his sickle as nimbly as he did before. The field had been sown with rye-grass and clover since I left it. It had borne crops of turnips, and lam fallow for seasons; but as I said before, when I came back, it had a noble crop of corn waving to and fro in the wind. Judging by that field, and by Richard Henshaw, I might have imagined that little change had taken place in the neighbourhood; but when I walked into the churchyard, I saw many names that made my heart ache; for "we must needs die, and be as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again." Richard Henshaw was a young man then, but now, the little hair that he has on his head is as white as flax, and the wrinkles in his brow tell us that he is one of the oldest men in the parish. He worked for old farmer Brookes forty years, and above thirty for his son, who still occupies the farm. As I stood for a moment to speak to Richard Henshaw, the other sabbath day, I thought that I had never seen a finer looking old man; for, though old, he was upright, and had a colour like a rose in his cheek. What made him appear to more advantage than usual, was, that at the time two or three idle fellows passed by in dirty ragged smock frocks, with unshaven and unwashed faces, and their toes peeping out of their shoes. Richard had on his Sunday blue coat with gilt buttons, which he has worn these seven years; a red waistcoat, and a pair of leather breeches without a spot upon them. His shirt, though coarse, was white as a curd, while his worsted stockings, with the red garter tied below the knee, looked as if they were new. His hat and shoes had been brushed with care; and I never saw a greater contrast between idleness and industry in my life. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings." Richard has a saying which he had from his father, and he often repeats it for the benefit of his grandchildren, whom he is bringing up to be as industrious as himself:

"When I was a young man I rose with the lark,  
To attend to the work took in hand;  
I could plow, harrow, sow,  
Drive a te m, reap, and mow,  
With the best man that lived in the land."

The church clock struck seven the other morning, when I opened the little gate of Richard Henshaw's cottage. I thought this tolerably early for the time of year, and hoped to catch Joseph and Jonathan before they went to work. When I opened the cottage-door, and asked if they were at home, "No; I hope not!" replied their grandfather Richard, who was busily employed in twisting some cut-gut round a flail

which had been injured. "I hope they have been hard at work this hour or two ago. My father used to say,

'He that would thrive must rise at five;  
He that has thriven may lie till seven.'

My lads are no lie-a-beds; and, say the worst of them, they are willing chaps at their work. I teach them to 'handle their tools without mittens.' Stick to it steadily, breaks the neck of the hardest day's work." Now, I had always taken notice of Joseph and Jonathan at the Sunday-school; for, though I have known quicker boys, I never knew any who were more industrious; it therefore pleased me to hear their grandfather speak well of them. I have long had hopes of their being diligent, not only in their temporal business, but in seeking to learn and to do His will, whose are the flocks, and the herds, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. After leaving a book with their grandfather, which I much wished them to read, I walked further, and met farmer Brookes, of whom I enquired the conduct of Joseph and Jonathan. "I tell you what, Master Jenkins," said he, "you know that I don't trouble my head much about Sunday-schools, and such sort of things; perhaps not so much as I ought to do, not caring to have servants on my farm wiser than myself; but if all Sunday-schools would turn out such chaps as Joe and Jonathan, I wouldn't mind paying something towards them to-morrow. I do my duty by them, and I expect them to do the same by me; for I can't afford to pay folks who are afraid of dirtying their fingers. They are now getting big lads, to be sure, and ought to be useful; but, between ourselves, I have not better hands on my farm, nor any more to be depended on; they are always to their time, and never let the grass grow under them. I look upon it, they are as honest as I am, and have never yet told me a lie. So long as they are with me, they shall have good places; and when they like to leave me, they shall take with them as good a character as William Brookes can give them."

#### LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE properly signifies the expression or enunciation of human thoughts and sentiments, by means of the articulate sounds of the human voice.

Man, of all animals, only is possessed of speech. Mere sound is indeed the sign of what is pleasurable or painful, and it is, for that reason, common to most other animals; for, in this manner, do they signify their feelings to each other. But speech indicates what is expedient or hurtful, and, as a natural consequence, what is just or unjust. It is therefore given to man; for a sense of good and evil is peculiar to man alone.

The most intellectual of the brute creation frequently astonish us by actions, which can proceed only from the power of intellect, similar to our own: the capacity of speech

then, is the criterion of distinction between man and the brute creation. Reason, the capital faculty and characteristic of man, would, without this extensive power of communication, have remained in inactivity, its energies unexcited, and its faculties torpid. The origin of written language is involved in great obscurity; nor has this obscurity been much lessened by the erudition that has been expended in the attempts of the learned to remove it. In the early ages of the world, there is every reason to suppose, that the difference of language in Europe, Asia, and Africa, was no more than difference of dialect and that the people of Greece, of Phœnicia, and of Egypt, mutually understood each other. The oriental origin of the Latin and Greek, is now generally acknowledged; and to these the Tuetonic dialects have an affinity; the Arabic, the Chaldee, the Syriac, and the Ethiopic still bear the most striking resemblance to the Hebrew: in the Welsh, are many words analogous to it: the Celtic, also, has derived much from this and other eastern languages. The Hebrew, then, if we judge from these remarkable facts, from the mode of its derivation from its radicals, or from the simplicity of its structure, must, undoubtedly, be considered as the primitive or parent language.

An eminent linguist of the present day thinks it very likely, that the original language was composed of monosyllables, that each had a distinct ideal meaning, and only one meaning; as different acceptations of words would undoubtedly arise, either from the compounding terms, or when there were but few words in the language, using them by a different mode of pronunciation, to express a variety of things. Were this simple monosyllabic language prevailed, (and it must have prevailed in the first ages of the world,) men would necessarily have simple ideas, and corresponding simplicity of manners. The Chinese language is exactly such as this; and the Hebrew, if stripped of its vowel points, and its prefixes, suffixes, postfixes, separated from their combinations, so that they might stand by themselves, would nearly answer to this character, even in its present state.—*Mitchell's Encyclopaedia*,

#### WHO'LL TURN THE GRINDSTONE.—

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's day I was accosted by a man with an axe on his shoulder. My pretty boy, said he, has your father a grindstone? Yes, sir, said I. You are a fine little fellow, said he, will you let me grind my axe on it? pleased with his compliment of fine little fellow, O yes, sir, I answered, it is down in the shop. And will you my man, said he, tapping me on my head, get a little hot water? How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. How old are you, and what is your name, continued he without waiting for a reply. I am sure you