

and eat the sweet buns, while her father sat looking at her, his heart throbbing with inexpressible delight.

From that day the pipe and the mug were thrown aside. It cost a prolonged struggle. But the man conquered the mere animal. And Claire found himself no worse off in health. He could work as many hours, and with as little fatigue; in fact, he found himself brighter in the morning, and ready to go to his work earlier, by which he was able to increase, at least, a shilling or two his weekly income. Added to the comfort of his family, eight or ten pounds a year produced a great change. But the greatest change was in little Lizzy. For a few weeks, every penny saved from the beer and tobacco, the father regularly expended for his sick child; and it soon became apparent that it was nourishing food, more than medicine, that Lizzy needed. She revived wonderfully; and no long time passed before she could sit up for hours. Her little tongue, too, became free once more, and many an hour for labour did her voice again beguile. And the blessing of better food came also in time to the other children, and to all.

"So much to come from the right spending of a single penny," Claire said to himself, as he sat and reflected one day. "Who could have believed it!"

And as it was with the poor cobbler, so it will be with all of us. There are little matters of self-denial, which, if we had but the true benevolence, justice and resolution to practice, would be the beginning of more important acts of a like nature, that, when performed, would bless not only our families, but others, and be returned upon us in a reward of delight incomparably beyond anything that selfish and sensual indulgences have it in their power to bring.

T. S. A.

#### Thoughts on and in Short Words.

The speech of our sires far back in the days of yore, like that of the first man, who may well be thought to have been taught of God, was made up for the most part of those short words which are said with one pulse of the breath, and one stroke of the tongue. The stream of time brought down to us a vast drift of new and strange terms, with which we may think our speech has come to be rich, but it is clear that much of its strength has in this way been lost. Thus are we shown to be base sons, who, both from our limbs and our tongues, have lost the brawn of our sires. They in truth were poor in purse, but rich in speech. Their words, like gems, were as great in wealth as they were small in bulk; while the mass of ours are as poor as they are large and long. We must add to this, not less the loss of force, but the waste of breath and time when we would speak our thoughts; and that of types and ink when we print them. Huge tomes would shrink to one-third their bulk, and time and pains would be spent less in vain, both to those who write and print, and to those who read, if there were a due care to clip the size and length of the words, and use no more than the thought can claim. In our age, the price of time is as great as that of books is small; and the first charge we would give to those who would have us read what they write, is "In all ways and by all means, be brief; for life is short and art is long."

Nor let us think that the good old stock of words, so short and strong, is lost. They lie blent, with the trash of the heap, and in bright points shine out here and there from the mass, like the stars when a fog dims the air, or the face of the sky is dark with clouds. It will be well worth our while to mine at these gems and string them on the chains of our thoughts, which will then shine with new life; and though the tongue may lose in sound, it may be the more fit to speak all that the deep soul can feel. The heart feels but throbs by throb; and it is thus that the tongue should beat while it gives to its joys and its pains.

The arts of life and the lore of the head have need, it is true, for terms both old and long. The heart must be kept cool while we search for truth; and truth shines best in what seems all a "dry light." But what we have said holds in full force when we look to all that large class of thoughts which come from the heart, and which we wish to go down in the souls of those to whom we speak. Here we need the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn—those that wing their speed like a bolt, and pierce like the barb of the shaft. Such are the terms in which it is fit to hail the long lost friend, when we once more grasp his hand, and hang on his neck, and tell him, "I have seen thy face as though I had seen the face of God." Thus should we "sing praise to the Lord with a harp; with the harp and the voice of a psalm; and pay our vows in the house of the Lord." Hear him who cries out of the depths; and say, what are the strains of his sad plaint? Wo to the day in which I was born. Let that day be dark with the clouds of death. Let

no voice of joy break on that night, and let its stars be dark; let it look for light, but have none; nor let it see the dawn of the day. My gray hairs shall go down in grief to the grave of my son, and there our heads shall be at rest. O my son! my son! would to God I had died for thee, my son! my son!

## SCIENCE.

### Instinct.

The word Instinct, Impulse, has been used from of old to designate particularly that disposition of the human mind, which results not from consideration and forethought, but from a higher suggestion; the ancients spoke not of an impulse merely, but of a divine impulse (*instinctus divinus*.)

An acquaintance of the celebrated French writer, Mad. Beaumont, desired to make an excursion upon the river with some friends. When all was ready and he was about to enter the boat with the rest, his deaf and dumb sister came to him in anxious haste, and sought to hold him fast, seizing his arm and his garments, and when this did not move him to remain on shore, she threw herself at his feet, embraced his knees and gave him, by the most imploring gestures, to understand her entreaty that he would give up the excursion. The expression of pain in the looks and gestures of the deaf and dumb touched several persons in the company, and they begged the brother to yield to the wish of his poor sister, and relinquish the idea of going with them. Fortunately for him he complied, for the boat was upset, and several of the passengers were drowned; a lot, which would have befallen him likewise, as he could not swim, had he not been warned, as through a divine impulse, by his deaf and dumb sister.

That child of three years of age, that, at the siege of Vienna by the Turks in 1693, extinguished with earth a bomb, which had fallen into the city on a spot where it would have done much harm, also acted from such a divine impulse, for the safety of many.

A rich proprietor, once at a late hour of the night, felt himself urged to send various articles of food to a poor family in his neighbourhood. "Why at this moment?" asked his people, "will there not be time enough in the morning?" "No," said the gentleman, "it must be done now." He knew not how urgently his benefaction was needed by the inmates of the poor hut. There, the father, the provider and nourisher, had suddenly fallen sick, the mother was feeble, the children had been crying in vain, since the day before, for bread, and the youngest was at the point of death; at once the distress was relieved. So also another gentleman, who, if I mistake not, dwelt in Silesia, felt himself impelled by an irresistible impulse to rise in the night and go down into his garden. He rose, went down, the inward impulse led him through the gate in his garden into the field, and here he was just in time to save a miner, who in ascending from the mine had slipped, and in falling had caught hold of the tub of coal which his son was drawing up by a windlass, but which, on account of its sudden increase of weight, he was no longer able to hold without assistance. A worthy clergyman in England felt himself also on a certain occasion urged late at night to visit a friend, suffering from melancholy, who dwelt at a considerable distance from him. Fatigued though he was with the labours of the day, yet he could not resist the impulse; he took the way to his friend and came upon him just as he was about to lay violent hands on himself; he was saved from this danger for ever by the visit and consolatory words of his midnight guest.

Many such cases might be related, in which individuals by a sudden impulse have become the saviours of others, or even of their fatherland, like Arndt Winkelried, when at the battle of Sempach, with heroic resolution he caught the hostile spears, and pressed them down with his pierced body to the ground, and so broke the firm ranks of the foe. But the good impulse does not always concern the welfare and rescue of another's life, but as often, and perhaps still oftener one's own life. So Professor Boehmer, in Marburg, once, when seated in a circle of friends, felt himself inwardly moved to go home and move away his bed from the place where it stood. When he had done this, he was able to return to the company, but at night while he was asleep the ceiling over that part of his room where his bed had previously stood fell down, and had it not been for the change, which an inward impulse had prompted, he would have been crushed.

How in case of imminent danger, one is prompted to seize a means of preservation, which is shown in the sequel to be the very best, many have experienced in themselves, and we shall hereafter mention some instances in point. And thus in the nature of man,