

trifling obedience to its God, how often does some very slight incident bring it back, humble and repentant, to the Father's footstool! A few days since, cities seemed to me such hateful places, that I deemed it the greatest of hardships to be pent up therein. As usual, the outward grew more and more delectable, as it reflected the restlessness of the inward. Piles of stones and rubbish, left by the desolating fire, looked more hoar and dreary than ever; they were building brick houses between me and the sunset—and in my requiring selfishness, I felt as if it were my sunset, and no man had a right to shut it out; and then to add the last drop to my vexation, they painted the roof of the house and piazza as fierce a red, as if the mantle of the great fire that destroyed its predecessor had fallen over them. I might have applied to the city authorities to abate the nuisance; but luckily my aversion to such authorities was even greater than to red roofs, under a July sun. The wiser course would have been to try to find something agreeable in a red roof, since it suited my neighbor's convenience to have one. But the head was not in a mood to be wise, because the heart was not humble and obedient; so I fretted inwardly about the red roof, more than I would care to tell in words; I even thought to myself that it would be no more than just and right if people with such bad taste should be sent to live by themselves on a quarantine island.

"Then I began to think of myself as a most unfortunate and ill-used individual, to be forever a dandelion to gaze upon; from that I fell to thinking of many fierce encounters between my will and necessity, and how well had always been conquered, chained, and sent to the treadmill to work. The more I thought after this fashion, hotter glared the bricks, and fiercer glowed the red roof, under the scorching sun. I was making a desert within, to paint its desolate likeness on the scene without.

"A friend found me thus, and having faith in Nature's healing power, he said, 'Let us seek green fields and flowery nooks.' So we walked abroad; and while yet amid the rattle and glare of the city, close by the iron railway, I saw a very little ragged child stooping over a little patch of stunted, dusty grass. She rose up with a broad smile over her hot face, for she had found a white clover! The tears were in my eyes. 'God bless thee, poor child!' said I; 'thou hast taught my soul a lesson, which it will not soon forget. Thou poor neglected one, canst thou blossom by the dusty way-side, and rejoice in thy hard path, as if it were a mossy bank, strewn with violets?' I felt humbled before that ragged, gladsome child. Then saw I plainly that walls of brick and mortar did not, and could not hem me in. I thought of those who loved me, and every remembered kindness was a flower in my path; I thought of intellectual gardens, where this poor child might perchance never enter, but where I could wander at will over acres broad as the world; and if even there the restless spirit felt a limit, lo, poetry had but to throw a ray thence, and the fair gardens of earth were reflected in the heavens, like the 'fata morgana' of Italian skies, resting on a bed of rainbows. Because I was poor in spirit, straight way there was none so rich as I. Then was it revealed me that only the soul which gathers flowers by the dusty way-side can truly love the fresh anemone by the running brook, or the trailing arbutus hiding its beautiful face among the moss. I returned home a better and a wiser woman, thanks to the blessed ministry of that little one. I saw that I was not ill-used and unfortunate, but blessed beyond others; one of Nature's favorites, whom she ever took to her kindly heart, and comforted in all seasons of distress and waywardness. Though the sunset was shut out, there still remained the roscate flush of twilight, as if the sun, in answer to my love, had written me a farewell message on the sky. The red piazza stood there, blushing for him who painted it; but it no longer pained my eyesight; I thought what a friendly warmth it would have, seen through the wintry snows. Oh, blessed indeed are little children! Mortals do not understand half they owe them, for the good they do us is a spiritual gift, and few perceive how it intertwines the mystery of life. They form a ladder of garlands on which the angels descend to our souls; and without them, such communication would be lost utterly. Then be thou ever as a little child!"

**A GOOD WIFE.**—Sir James Mackintosh, in a letter to Dr. Paw, says of his wife, then recently deceased:—

"Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth, and might have formed a connection in which a short-lived passion would have been followed by repentance and disgust; but I found an intelligent companion, a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful wife, and as dear a mother as ever children had the misfortune to lose. Had I married a woman who was easy or giddy enough to be infected by my impru-

dence, or who had rudely and harshly attempted to correct it, I should, in either case, have been irretrievably ruined; a fortune in either case, would, with my habits, have been only a short cut to destruction. But I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them, and rescued me from the dominion of a degrading and ruinous vice. She became prudent from affection, and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me; she gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe that I am not a ruined outcast; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings and my character. Even in her occasional resentment—for which I but too often gave just cause (would to God that I could recall those moments!)—she had no sultriness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous—but she was placable, tender and constant. She united the most tender prudence with the most generous and guileless nature, with a spirit that disclaimed the shadow of meanness, and with the kindest and most honest heart. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardour. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, and the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. To expect that anything on this side the grave can make it up, would be a vain and delusive expectation. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the faithful and tender partner of my misfortunes; and my only consolation is in that Being under whose severe and paternal chastisement I am cut down to the ground."

## THE TRAVELLER.

### CHINA.

Those in this country, especially among the ladies, who think that China is a Paradise of Tea, where the great family of Sen-hongs, Gunpowders and Hysons, luxuriate and flourish, can form no adequate idea, without exploring the matter a little, how much trouble the natives of the Celestial Empire have, to send hither these products of their soil. They have not only to support themselves with the growth of rice and millet, but it is pronounced on the authority of Amoit, noticed in the "Collection," to which we have several times of late alluded, that the cultivated lands of the country are estimated at 598,172,500 English acres. This territory is divided into patches of a few acres each, generally owned by the occupants. A rigid economy of the soil is practised. With the exception of the royal gardens at Peking, no land in the empire is taken up with parks or grounds. Of meadows, there are none; of pasture grounds scarcely any. The few ruminating animals, scattered thinly over the country, gather a scanty subsistence, as best they may, on mountains and marshes unfit for cultivation. As wheel carriages are not used, the highways are but a few feet wide, and nothing is thrown away there. No fences are allowed to encumber the soil; no hedges to prey upon its strength. Sepulchres are always on hills too barren for cultivation. A narrow footpath separates neighboring farms, and porcelain landmarks define more permanently their respective limits. Even the sterile mountains are terraced into fertility, and glow with ripening harvests, intermingled with the brilliant foliage of clustering fruit trees. Porcelain manufacture, first introduced to Europeans by Marco Polo, had its origin in China. The first porcelain furnace on record was in Keang-sy, which dates as far back as the commencement of the seventh century of our era. King-tse-ching, a place near the Poyan; I-ke, is now the most celebrated for this manufacture.

The factories were commenced there about A. D. 1000, and have increased to several hundreds. Staunton says that the flames which issue from them cause the place to appear at night like a vast city enveloped in a general conflagration. The spectacle is terrific and sublime. The furnaces give employment to the male working portion of a population said to amount to a million. The division of labor is at its acme. A teacup, from the time when it lies embedded in its native quarries till it comes forth in its perfection from the furnace, passes through more than fifty different hands. The painting alone is divided between a half dozen persons, one of whom sketches the outline of a bird, another of a plant, a third of some other figure, while a fourth fills in the colors. The brilliancy of their coloring has never been surpassed; but the designing is not as a general thing to be commended. The reason probably is, that no higher wages are paid to those who labor in this department of the manufacture, than to those who perform the coarser operations. There is no greater mistake extant, however, than that which supposes no genius in China for correct landscape painting. That country has produced specimens in this art which win the highest admiration; and which may fairly challenge a comparison with any of the modern school.

### WALKS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE want of beach for sea-bathing, is very sensibly felt by those who are accustomed to that source of health and enjoyment; and, unless a stranger is fond of walking in the woods and across the country, and musing, as he goes, on man and nature, he soon gets tired of the monotonous drives and rides along the few roads, which are rarely pleasantly practicable for equestrian exercise in summer to a greater extent than ten miles in two directions, or for a carriage for more than that distance on one alone. A walk along the frowning and beetling margin of the ocean, from Outer Cove to Torbay, is one of the best relaxations; for there the sea in all its grandeur incessantly wages war with the land, and gains great and permanent victories among the slate-cliffs. There, too, late in summer, you sometimes see the solitary yet splendid iceberg at a distance, looking like a crystal monument of nature, warning us that the season is short ere winter again is to wrap the land and water in its mantle of white. There you may see, now and then, the whale and the porpoise gambolling; and there man—busy man—is toiling on the broad waters, in a boat reduced by distance to a speck, for the means of supporting his existence; whilst the angry waves, climbing up and following on the precipices under your feet, give ample evidence that his occupation is precarious.—*Sir R. Bonnycastle's Newfoundland.*

### AN ASYLUM INSTEAD OF A GRAVE.

A LONG list of ships might be given whose crews have been massacred by cannibals in the islands of the Pacific ocean. The tragical history of the Boyd, the Charles Eaton, the Alceste, the Sterling Castle, the Corsair, the Oldham, and many other ships, afford most affecting proof of the dangers which formerly attended the navigation of those seas. But not one ship has been taken, and not one drop of European blood has been shed at any island, after its inhabitants have become Christians. From a memorial addressed by the Rev. Mr. Williams to the Common Council of the city of London, it appears, that about 150 ships touch annually at one or other of the islands where there are English missionaries. They anchor with perfect safety, procure all necessary provisions at a cheap rate, and refit as in the ports of England. In case of shipwreck, the toil-worn seamen, instead of being barbarously murdered, are treated with the greatest kindness. On an island which has but recently received the gospel, a ship was wrecked; but the crew were recovered from death by the gratuitous exertions of the converted natives; all the stores and cargo were preserved, so that the captain assured the missionaries that he had not lost a single nail. This is the eighth or tenth vessel that has been wrecked at one or other of the missionary stations, and in every instance the crew and property have been preserved.

Fossil bones of the lizard, 24 feet in length, equal to the dragons of antiquity, have been found in Britain.