

This will purchase a never ending variety and enable the mind to contemplate the whole without weariness.

On the Sabbath, I think the Scriptures should be read exclusively. For doubtless all the evil ever effected by bad books is of less magnitude than the irreverent neglect of Scripture in churches and families, and succumbency to human authorities rather than to the Word and Testimony, which has been arrived at by the production and indiscreet use of good books. Scarcely any theological writings except those which constitute church history, being indispensable, or even useful to the christian or the christian minister.

5th. Read with constant reference to the teaching office of the Holy Spirit,—prayer for his grace and assistance,—and submission to his dictates.

Always remember in reading the Scriptures that the author is alive, and present, and that it is our privilege to resort to him for an explanation of what is obscure or difficult, in this work especially: "if any one lack wisdom let him ask it of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." And seek his direction not only in a preternatural way of communication, but by means of the revelation which you are considering, thus you will find scripture to be the best interpreter of scripture, and the oracular Periscope of a text which you may form and consult for yourself by investigating, 1st, the text and context; 2nd, all the parallel passages found in the Reference Bible; 3rd, all the passages referred to from these parallels respectively, will do more towards helping you to the import, scope and relations of a difficult passage, than any human opinion, or than even a lengthy sermon, taking them in the general: on the passage in question.

Much might be added, but perhaps without much utility, to these brief directions. These are as much as can perhaps be remembered, and therefore more would only encumber and obscure. I would therefore merely add, Read always for a practical end as to acquire knowledge, experience in grace, strength of purpose, love of God. A right view of eternal things, or rules for practice—a word in season to the weary, a light that may shine for the illumination of those in comparative darkness; until the day dawn, and the day star arise in their hearts.

W. F. TEULON.

The following exquisitely graphical description of a scene at an inn, with something like which the experience of few considerable travellers can hardly be otherwise than familiar, is from Tract by Lucius M. Sargent, entitled the Stage Coach, designed to promote the cause of Temperance.—Mr. Sargent holds a pen that adorns every thing which he touches; and it is to his high honor, that his fine talents are devoted with extraordinary and most encouraging success to the best of causes, the abolition of one of the most degrading and afflictive of human vices, the bitterest scourge of society, Intemperance. We shall be happy if the taste, which we give them, should induce them to get the book and make a full meal. It will bring conviction to the conscience; and it will waken compassion in the soul.—*New England Farmer*.

SCENE AT AN INN.

"Having tried the strength of my lungs and the patience of an indulgent assembly, for more than an hour, and having engaged my passage in the coach, which starts at three o'clock in the morning, for the village of ———; I returned to my inn, and, requesting the bar-keeper to have me called in season, was down to my apartment. I perceived, with some surprise and regret, that there were three single beds in the chamber and one large enough to accommodate two persons of moderate stature, who were sufficiently disciplined to be content with their respective allotments. The single beds were occupied. Upon our entry,—"Pon my voord," exclaimed one of the sleepers, "it ish de stage come for me; vat ish de me, sare?" No, no," said the bar-keeper; "it's not eleven yet; your stage will not be along for several hours." "Sare, I thank you for your politeness; a leetle more sleep I vill 'ave;" and he stepped back into his bed, with a bow, which, however graceful it might have been, in the costume of the drawing room, appeared supereminently ridiculous in his *role de nuit*. "Heigho!" said another, as he turned over somewhat impatiently, in his bed. "You have no objection, I suppose, sir," said the bar-keeper, addressing me, "to sleeping with another gentleman?" "I have, sir," said I; "and you know well enough, that you have no right to suppose any such thing; for I engaged a single bed, and you promised me that I should have it." "Why, yes, sir," he replied; "but it's Court week, and we are very full to-night. To-morrow night, sir, we can give you a single bed, and a room to yourself." "My friend," said I, "I cannot conveniently wait till to-morrow night, before I go to bed, for I am very weary. I shall pay your bill, when you call me in the morning, and, according to your engagement, you must permit me to sleep alone." "Very well, sir," said the bar-keeper, shutting the door, as he retired, with unnecessary violence. "You sarve 'im right, sare," cried the Frenchman, for such his dialect proclaimed him to be; "vat he promish you, dat he must par-form; dat ish de law of France, so it ish in England, and de Low

Countries, and indeed, sare, wherever I has been. I vill be your vitness, sare, wiz great pleasure, of all vat he say. If I vas not in bed, sare, I would have the satisfaction to hand you my card, but de morning vill do." "Yes, yes," said I, desirous of getting rid of this troublesome fellow, "the morning vill do." I was soon undressed, and in bed. I turned upon my side, in the very centre of it. For the purpose of satisfying any new-comer, that in the language of certain placards on the doors of manufactories, there was *no admittance, except on business*, I disposed my limbs, as nearly as possible, in the form of the very last letter in the alphabet. I was striving to sleep, when I was again aroused by my unknown friend:—"Monsieur,—mistare,—I regret I cannot call your name, sare,—you vill excuse de omission." "What do you want?" said I, with some impatience. "Vat I want?" said he, "nothing, sare, only about de card; I go off so long afore de day, dat I vas fear I should not be able to hand you my card, wizout disturbing your rapose." "I care nothing about the card," said I; "I wish to sleep, if possible." "So do I," cried the person who had shown some impatience upon our first entry, "and I'll be much obliged to you, mister, if you'll stop your outlandish powwow till daylight."—"Vary vell, sare," cried the Frenchman; and, after humming the fraction of a tune, for a few seconds, to conceal his irritation, he remained perfectly silent.

During this period, the occupant of the other single bed, an experienced traveller, no doubt, gave intelligible evidence of his profound slumber, by snoring energetically. I was totally unaccustomed to this nocturnal annoyance, and found it impossible to sleep. I had not remained long, ruminating upon my ill fortune, when the person who had silenced the Frenchman, struck in with his nasal bassoon in such an extraordinary manner, that at first, I really supposed it to be the performance of a waking wag, who, finding sleep impracticable, had resolved, for his amusement, to wake night as hideous as possible. Its long continuance, however satisfied me that it was no joke, but an awful reality. Now and then, it was even alarmingly stentorian and apoplectic.

The inspiration of one of these trumpeters was so precisely coincident with the expiration of the other, that the sound became perfectly continuous. We are, some of us, so constituted, that when our troubles are not of an aggravated nature, misery will occasionally be converted into mirth. Vexed and disappointed as I was, I found myself exceedingly disposed to laugh outright. At length, the loudest snorer suddenly suspended his operations, and the Frenchman, who, I had supposed, was fast asleep, exclaimed "Tank Heaven, von of dem ish dead." This stroke of humour was perfectly irresistible, and the laughter, which it drew from me, awakened the whole group. "What d'ye make such a noise for?" cried the stentorian gentleman; "can't you let a body sleep in peace?" "Vell, vell, sare," cried the Frenchman, as he turned over, "now, maybe, ve vill tak a fair start vonce more."

The *vis inertia* within me, which, for the present occasion, at least, may be translated the energy of drowsiness, enabled me to lock fast my senses, before the serenade recommenced. The powers of slumber seemed determined to make up, in profoundness, all which they had lost in time. The quality of sleep is often of more importance than the quantity. From such deep, deathlike slumber, it is exceedingly painful to be suddenly aroused. The sensation was eminently disagreeable, therefore, when I was awakened by a violent shake of the shoulder. I supposed I had overslept myself, and asked if the stage was ready. "I've been trying to wake you, mister, for ten minutes," was the reply; "and I'm most froze, standing in the cold. Won't you jest move to your side of the bed?" I now began to comprehend the case, and rubbing my eyes, beheld an uncommonly corpulent man, who had undressed himself for the night. He had one foot on the frame of the bed, and held the candle in his hand, which he was just ready to extinguish.—"Sir," said I, "you have been imposed on. I have engaged this bed for myself, and shall not consent to your getting into it."—"This is pretty tough," said he; "I'm froze to death, a'most."—"You had better call the inn-keeper, and get him to accomodate you elsewhere," said I.—"I'm fear'd he's gone to bed, and all shot up," said the poor fellow; "howsomever, I'll try."—He did try, and he certainly succeeded. He rushed into the centre of the entry, in his undress, and hollered at the top of his lungs:—"holloa! Mr. Staffem, holloa! This ere man won't let me get into bed, holloa! holloa!"—The disturbance which followed, so far as I could judge, was rather extensive. I heard voices in all parts of the house; doors were opened in all directions. "Is it fire?" inquired a female voice.—"What's to pay there?" cried the host.—"Stage come,—hey?" cried several persons at once. At length, the bar-keeper appeared, explained the cause of the disturbance, and led off his shivering customer to another apartment.

We had scarcely recovered from this annoyance, before the chamber door was opened by the porter with a light:—"Eastern mail's coming,—hear the horn on the hill now,—French gentleman's baggage ready?"—"Dat ish myself," cried the Frenchman, leaping out of bed. "Where's your baggage, sir?"—"Baggage?—vat you mean—de big tronk?—no, sare, me no have

em. I vill bring down my baggage wiz myself, sare."—"You'll have to make haste,—the mail only stops three minutes to shift horses."—"Tree minnit!—no more!—pon my voord!"—"The little Frenchman made all possible expedition. In a short time, the porter's voice was again heard at the door.—"All ready,—mail can't wait."—"Immediately, sare," cried the Frenchman, "whew, whew, whew,—come, Gabrielle." Upon this signal, a lapdog sprang out of the bed, and shook its shaggy locks and tinkling bell. The Frenchman seized a little bundle, which probably contained the bulk of his earthly possessions, real personal, and mixed, placed upon his left arm a leather fiddle-case, and the favorite Gabrielle, and as he hurried from the room, stopped for an instant at my bedside, to say, "Sare, dis ish my card, vich I have de honor to present; adieu, monsieur." Down ran the little Frenchman, and in a moment I heard the coach door close, the crack of the whip, and the rumbling of the wheels, as the vehicle rolled away over the rough, frozen ground.

THE LEECH FISHERY.

The country about La Brenne is, perhaps, the most uninteresting in France. The people are miserable-looking, the cattle wretched, the fish just as bad; but the leeches are admirable.

If ever you pass through La Brenne, you will see a man, pale and straight haired, with a woolen cap on his head, and his legs and arms naked; he walks along the borders of a marsh, among the spots left dry by the surrounding waters, but particularly wherever the vegetation seems to preserve the subjacent soil undisturbed: this man is a leech-fisher. To see him from a distance,—his woe-begone aspect, his hollow eyes, his livid lips, his singular gestures,—you would take him for a patient who had left his sick bed in a fit of delirium. If you observe him every now and then raising his legs, and examining them one after the other, you might suppose him a fool; but he is an intelligent leech-fisher. The leeches attach themselves to his legs and feet as he moves among their haunts; he feels their presence from their bite, and gathers them as they cluster about the roots of the bulrushes and sea-weeds, or beneath the stones covered with green and gluey moss. Some repose on the mud, while others swim about, but so slowly, that they are easily gathered with the hand. In a favourable season it is possible, in the course of three or four hours, to slow ten or twelve dozen of them in the little bag which the gatherer carries on his shoulder. Sometimes you will see the leech-fisher armed with a kind of spear or barpoon: with this he deposits pieces of decayed animal matter in places frequented by the leeches: they soon gather round the prey; and are presently themselves gathered into a little vessel half full of water. Such is the leech-fishery in spring.

In summer the leech retires into deeper water; and the fishers have then to stand themselves naked, and walk immersed up to the chin. Some of them have little rafts to go upon; these rafts are made of twigs and rushes, and it is no easy matter to propel them among the weeds and aquatic plants. At this season, too, the supply in the pools is scanty; the fisher can only take the few that swim within his reach, or those that get entangled in the structure of his raft.

It is a horrid trade in whatever way it is carried on. The leech-gatherer is constantly more or less in the water: breathing fog and mist and fetid odours from the marsh, he is often attacked with ague, catarrhs, and rheumatism. Some indulge in strong liquors, to keep off the noxious influence, but they pay for it in the end by disorders of other kinds. But, with all its forbidden peculiarities, the leech-fishery gives employment to many hands; if it be pernicious, it is also lucrative. Besides supplying all the neighbouring *pharmaciens*, great quantities are exported, and there are regular traders engaged for the purpose. Henri Chartier is one of those persons, and an important personage he is when he comes to Meobecq or its vicinity; his arrival makes quite a fete—all are eager to greet him.

Among the interesting particulars which I gathered in La Brenne relative to the leech-trade, I may mention the following.—One of the traders—what with his own fishing and that of his children, and what with his acquisitions from the carriers, who sell quantities second-hand—was enabled to hoard up 17,500 leeches in the course of a few months; he kept them deposited in a place where in one night, they all became frozen *en masse*. But the frost does not immediately kill them; they may generally be thawed into life again. They easily, indeed, bear very hard usage. I am told by one of the carriers, that he can pack them as closely as he pleases in the moist sack which he ties behind his saddle; and sometimes he stows his clonk and boots on the top of the sack. The trader buys his leeches *pele-mele*, big and little, green and black—all the same; but he afterwards sorts them for the market. Those are generally accounted the best which are of a green ground, with yellow stripes along the body.—*Medical Gazette*.

EXTREME DELICACY.—Mademoiselle Mars was born on the 7th of February, 1779; so that she is now ———, but it is invincible to calculate a lady's age.—*Galignani's Messenger*.