

ANSWERS TO THE MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS IN OUR THIRD NUMBER.

- Answer to Question 1st is 33 years.
 " " 2nd is 18 years and 11 weeks, nearly.
 Answer to Question 3rd is £34 sterling.
 " " 4th is 391.
 " " 5th is 360.

PASTILLES.

"DIFFUSING LIGHT, AROMA, AND SWEET DREAMS."

Walking out, a few days since, we came to a large ant-hill where the miniature city, with its myriads of inhabitants, was pursuing the even tenor of its way undisturbed. We could but sit us down and study that life, and speculate upon the wonders of its perfectness. What guided these little communists to such a knowledge of architecture? What kept them in such admirable harmony and rendered each citizen an active part of a grand whole? What taught them such industry, courage, kindness in the care of their young? What gave them a knowledge of the days and the seasons that they should know just how to provide for them? We may look in vain at the busy ant-hill for a solution of the problems of their lives: they seem to move and have their being even by a higher law than instinct, and it is for philosophers yet to say if the little creature has not a mind capable of strong powers of reason, of loves and hates, of rest, nay, even of worship?

But the ant's most admirable qualities of heart and mind are not shown in its most apparent life. Dig down into the hill, generally on the side where is the main entrance, and you will find a great she-beetle, which, though not a king among the Lilliputians, is still an honored guest, for it is the beetle that furnishes them with their nectar. When the ants want a sip of the delicious sweet they go up to the beetle, stroking his belly with their antennæ, when the sweet liquid oozes out from his body under the wings. Of this the ants are as fond as any old granny is of her tea, and they drink it with as much apparent delight. This is the beetle's office, and so attached are the ants to her that they sacrifice life in her defence. She rears her young in the hill, and these progeny, from the maggot state to the chrysalis and bug state, are perfectly safe in the keeping of the watchful ant. And should there be a war of extermination declared between one tribe and another, and an attack be made on the hill, the sweet beetle is spared, as if her body were sacred from harm. We know not if, in the whole animal or insect creation, there is another such association.

What a beautiful lesson does this all teach! In the miniature life beneath our very feet real dramas are being enacted; and if we would but give heed and study them, we should find that God has made no living thing without its office to perform—that the aphides of the land and infusoria of the sea, have as intimate a relation to the existing order of things as

the grander elements and beings. It is a beautiful, nay, a wonderful study to fathom the mysteries of the unmarked and hidden life around us; and it is greatly to be regretted that our systems of education should regard such study as last rather than first in the course of instruction. We may study God grandly in the heavens, in the elements, in the visible life daily around us; but we can only study God beautifully in penetrating into the mysteries of the sea and the earth, and learning thence how exquisitely perfect is his design that even the animalculæ should contribute its share toward carrying out the order of creation and the harmonies of the universe.

One of the first principles of repose is contentment.

"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and was contented with my lot." The sayings of many of these Oriental bards and sages are brief and precious as the tiny vials of otto of roses put up in the some enchanted lands—little packages of perfume, worth more than their weight in gold; or, like golden-belted bees, flying about, laden with more than their own size of honey, which they have sipped from aromatic flowers flaming in the rich sunshine of those eternally calm heavens. It would be strange if our poets and philosophers should bundle us up any such tiny packages of wisdom. Yet we stand much more in need of them than the indolent and dreamy Orientals, who can draw contentment out of an opium-pipe as the sun draws dew out of the flower chalices. We need rest, peace, repose! we need to ponder all that can be said in favor of contentment; for we are a restless, jealous, and ambitious people, who bring, even to our otherwise happy and prosperous firesides, the spirit of emulation and pride. Yet when we speak of repose, we do not mean that idle and nerveless state of lassitude—that delicious nothingness of body and soul which the lotus-eaters craved; such a life is unworthy the high powers of the Christian character or the full development of the rational mind; we would indicate "the peace which passeth understanding," growing out of duties fulfilled, and conscious stability of worth and place, as fruit, corn, and flowers, grow silently out of the cultivated soil. Labor should bring repose, as the day brings night, but to the American mind the appreciation of the work seems almost impossible. We do not toil that we may afterward enjoy—but that we may transcend some other worker, or reach to some height which, when attained, is scorned by the restless feet which still toil onward, until their owner perishes, crying, "Excelsior!" "Excelsior!" is a glorious motto to invigorate the lingering heart of youth; but it should not urge him on, to perish in the prime of life amid the rigors of ambitious wintry heights. Such was not the purpose of the Allwise Father, who appointed the seasons of night and day, of growth and rest, of labor and enjoyment. Contentment! it is a golden word, which should be mingled with

the other upon "that banner with a strange device."

One of the "aching senses" is the longing which seizes us at times, to flee away from the whirl of life, and seek some quiet spot where there is no care, no thought of the world; only calm, deep peace. We pursue the rounds of our daily being with mind and nerves strained to their utmost capacity, and it were strange, indeed, if a sense of weariness did not come to win us away from our cares to some sweet nook of repose. But to the sensitive soul, whose hopes are not for the accomplishment of some ambitious scheme, who rather craves for the communion of kindred souls, and longs to be away from the tumult of life, this feverish existence is terrible to endure, and being becomes a constant penance from which death alone seems to offer escape. It is evident to us, when these high and pure souls so crave for repose, that there is a "dim retreat" beyond the horizon of this day where shall be the fullness of peace, and the soul shall enjoy, in all its boundless capacity for joy, its natural life. One of the most beautiful evidences of the immortality within us is this longing if the emotion was but rightly marked and understood; and when we hear the pure and beautiful of earth pleading for peace—peace! we know truly that it is the voice of the better nature crying for its own.

The world is rough and wild with care—
 The people are hurrying to and fro—
 We are weary and worn, we sigh with despair—
 Where—where shall we go?
 Where shall we go to be free from this,
 Just for a time to put it by?
 Where struggle from 'out the desperate
 mass?
 Give us rest or else we die!
 Is there no spot where violets grow,
 Lone, and dim, and silent, and sweet,
 Where flowers that lies in the moss below
 Performe our humble, aching feet?

A dim retreat,
 Whose very secrecy makes it sweet!
 So silent, no sound doth ever come
 Of the battling world; only the hum
 Of birds wings and the breeze
 Singing its love out to the trees,
 As we sigh loves of one another!
 To some dim nook in spirit we steal,
 Letting the blind world reel;
 While we, like children, are lulled to rest
 With the soothing sense of a mother's breast

The yearling we feel for this repose, arms us with trust that it will be found—if not on earthly hills and dales—at last, in the Golden Land which lies beyond the dimness of mortal sight.

We are not of those who believe the only standard of excellence should consist in the amount of hard and sordid work done. "Dabor is worship!"—very true; and so is rest worship. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

MODESTY OF LEARNING. — Learning gives us a fuller conviction of the imperfections of our nature, which, one would think, might dispose us to modesty, for the more a man knows, the more he discovers his ignorance.

There are now five railways in successful operation in Brazil, four of them finished, and still a sixth in progress of construction.