

der tones of a daughter's voice sank to the depths of his weary heart. "Mary, darling," he said, as a tear dimmed his eye, and he leaned his aching head upon her shoulder, "I have had a sad and a weary day of it; but there is something to live for yet, while I have such a daughter's love to gladden me!"—"Dear father," she replied, "heed not the storm and tempest without. Our own fireside is bright and warm; our own hearts honest and true." And sunbeams, bright sunbeams poured from Mary's eyes, causing sweet flowers of cheerful hope and trust to spring up in her father's bosom—a soil which but a few hours before he had thought would never again produce such blooming treasures.

Concluded in next No.

TRANSPLANTED—A FRAGMENT.

A little bud, a pure, white blossom, grew all alone by a dusty road-side. Many a careless passer-by threatened to dim its beauty. Rude storms came, the mighty oaks were twisted above it; all was darkness, and the storm-spirit caused the delicate petals to flutter strangely. Anon the tempest passed away and the calm moon looked out on the summer night with a smile. One by one the tiny petals were unfolded, and the stars looked down and kissed its beating heart with their rays; for the stars loved the timid stranger, but it could not lift its eyes so high, though it, too, loved them dearly. Summer was waning; Autumn was putting on her robes of crimson and gold; yet still the floweret lingered. Bright, gorgeous flowers sprung up around, strangers that the timid floweret shrunk from. Yet still the dusty road-side murmured, "Oh, stay with us a little longer." The forest trees bowed their heads, and a sigh went out through the multitude of leaves when the bud spoke of deliverance from its present position. The birds sang sweet music, but that was not enough, it longed for the music of the angels, for it was a heavenly blossom, and could find no kindred spirit upon earth. A bright, seraphic being, poised 'twixt earth and heaven, marked the struggle. I watched long, and saw a tiny silver thread connecting it with the floweret, while a silvery voice whispered, "Come unto me, sister spirit; this earth is not thy home." Day by day the blossom faded, day by

day the light went out from its neck and gentle eyes. One morning the loving dewdrops missed it. There was sorrow on earth, but there was joy in heaven.

A baby's waxen form lay shrouded in the coffin. Long had its frame been racked with raging fever, but now its little limbs had ceased their tossing, the gentle heart was stilled on earth forever. Very, very beautiful was the little white-robed cherub; a rosebud on its cold and pulseless bosom, and in between its little stiffened fingers. Too beautiful to lay low in the cold earth mould: too beautiful to hide away forever. The mother could not see the white-browed angels with cold, white fingers, beckoning slowly upward. There were those who mourned that earth had lost a bud of beauty; but far, far up above there was rejoicing among celestial spirits. There was sorrow on earth, but there was joy in heaven.

CHINESE ANIMALS.

Chinese horses are not numerous, and are of a poor and stunted breed, being ill fed and kept. The Chinese are indebted to the Tartars for their supply of these horses when wanted for warlike purposes. Asses and mules are common. The latter are generally of a good size, and said to bear a higher price than horses, as capable of more labor with less food. Of pachydermatous animals, the domestic pig of China is well known in England, and has been freely introduced into the farm-yards. The larger and more ferocious description of carnivorous quadrupeds are not common in a country so well peopled and cultivated. Bears are said to be found in the wooded parts west of Peking. There is a description of wild-cat, which is caught and fattened in a cage, for the table. The domestic dog of China is uniformly one variety, about the size of a moderate spaniel, of a pale yellow, and occasionally a black color, and coarse bristly hair on the back; sharp, upright ears, and peaked head, not unlike a fox's, with a tail curled over the rump. The sheep are the large-tailed kind; and, as the people never use milk, cows are rare and of a peculiarly small kind. Goats are every where. The buffalo used in plowing is also very small, with a skin of a slate color, and very thinly covered with hair. Dromedaries are used as beasts of burden. Of rodent animals the common rat attains to

an unusual size, and is eaten by the lower orders of the natives. Hares and rabbits are scarce. The ornithology of China is distinguished by some splendid varieties of gallinaceous birds, as the gold and silver pheasants. Partridges do not appear to be very plentiful. Domestic fowls abound; the sparrows, thrushes, larks, tits, finches, swallows, etc., are common. It is well stocked with wild fowl of all kinds.

From the nature of this part of the country, there are immense flocks of wild geese, ducks, &c., constantly on the wing. Quails are numerous, and are trained to fight. Ring-doves are common; and there is a peculiar crow of the country, marked with white about the neck. Both large and small birds of prey are to be seen everywhere. In consequence of the large population and traffic, venomous serpents, I believe, are scarcely met with. The lizard tribes abound, also scorpions, centipedes, and spiders, which are said to kill small birds. The common fly is an awful pest. They beggar description; they darken a room or tent, and when you are eating they dispute every morsel with you, and fly into your mouth, getting down your throat if they can. The eyes, ears and nose are continually attacked by them. As to mosquitoes, I had enough of these gentry at Hong Kong; if they dwelt here along with the flies, the country would be absolutely unbearable. Butterflies are of a gigantic size and very brilliant colours. Almost every fish common to England is to be found here. But the gold carp and sturgeon are of the most distinguishable kinds. The best edible sea-fish is rock cod. Soles are very fine and plentiful. At the head of the Chinese botany may be placed the tea-plant. It is extensively cultivated a few miles to the west of Peking, but the great tea-districts lie further south.—*Letter from a Medical Officer.*

DO SOMETHING.

It is truly a melancholy spectacle to see so many drones in the great and busy hive of human life. We daily see young men of education, and who possess more than ordinary natural gifts, lounging about as listlessly as if there was nothing in the boundless universe worthy of their attention. How utterly lost to manhood are many sons of wealthy parents! No ambition, no hope, no ardent desire ever spurs them on to leap from obscurity into