

JEHOIDA (when she has disappeared, and the tumult has subsided.)

Now to the palace, where his fathers dwelt,
Let us conduct our king. Bid streaming banners
Herald our approach, and martial music
In triumphant strains, breathe forth our joy,
At this glad victory o'er our pagan foe,
This restoration to their ancient throne,
Of that high race, ordained by God to reign,
O'er Judah's realm. On to the palace! On!
The way is strewn with garlands of choice flowers,
And wide the gates unfold to bid us pass,
While a bright band of maidens beautiful,
With song, and graceful dance, our steps precede.

(They move forward. Jehoash is borne on a magnificent litter, surrounded by his guard, the princes, and high officers of the kingdom, with Jehoida in his pontifical robes at their head. The people follow with shouts and acclamations of joy. The whole procession presents an appearance of great pomp and splendour. The way is strewn with flowers, and a band of maidens, crowned with garlands and led on by Jehoshabea, precede them with graceful dance and song.)

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FERRYMAN.

A PHILOSOPHER stepped on board a ferry-boat, to cross a stream. On his passage, he inquired of the ferryman if he understood arithmetic. The man looked astonished. "Arithmetic! No, Sir, I never heard of it before." The philosopher replied, "I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone." A few minutes after, he asked the ferryman, "Do you know anything of mathematics?" The boatman smiled, and again replied, "No." "Well then," said the philosopher, "another quarter of your life is lost." A third question was asked the ferryman, "Do you understand astronomy?" "Oh! no Sir, never heard of such a thing." "Well, my friend, then another part of your life is lost." Just at this moment, the boat ran on a snag, and was sinking when the ferryman jumped up, pulled off his coat, and asked the philosopher, with great earnestness of manner, "Sir, can you swim?" "No," said the philosopher. "Well then," said the ferryman, "your whole life is lost, for the boat is going to the bottom."

HABIT.

It is odd enough what children we become beneath the influence of habit. A very second nature to us seems this thing of custom. Things that at one time of life we hold in the very deepest abhorrence, we can grow step by step so fa-

miliar with, that at length it will seem like parting with life itself to take them from us. There is no slavery known so despotic as that imposed on us by ourselves, by easily yielding ourselves to the tyrannical grasp of habit. We fall into the power of a monster whom we at once love, fear, and detest, and from whose iron clutch we in vain endeavour to escape.

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

MANY people take newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most laboured description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half-a-century ago, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph?

CUSTOM.

CUSTOM, though ever so ancient, without truth, is but an old error.—*Cyprian.*

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

A man very lame,
Was a little to blame,
To stray from his humble abode:
Hot, thirsty, heated,
And heartily tired,
He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined,
A man who was blind
Came by, and entreated his aid;
"Deprived of my sight,
Unassisted, tonight
I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give
Of the place where you live,"
Said the cripple, "Perhaps I may know it;
In my road it may be,
And if you'll carry me,
It will give me much pleasure to shew it.

"Great strength you have got,
Which, alas! I have not,
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is;
For the use of your back,
For the eyes which you lack,
My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man,
"What an excellent plan!
Pray, get on my back, my good brother;
I see all mankind,
If they are but inclined,
May constantly help one another.

There is in the above a valuable moral—what a pity it is that the men of this world will not profit by the lesson it teaches.