

ing, being from *ad*, 'to,' and *sedeo*, 'to sit,' and consequently implying the fixity of purpose which urges an individual to *sit* to his undertaking.

The verb *to prevent* is a striking illustration of the widely divergent and even apparently contrary meanings which the same word may exhibit, when not viewed in reference to its etymology. *To prevent* is the Latin *prevenio*, and implies literally the action of 'coming before.' Keeping this origin in view, we shall easily explain the seeming contradiction which is involved in the following and similar expressions which are now obsolete in the language. Thus, in one of the beautiful prayers of the English church, we implore the Lord "to *prevent* us in our humble supplications." And in the 119th Psalm, at verses 147 and 148, we read, "I *prevented* the dawning of the morning, and cried—I hoped in thy word. Mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches, that I might meditate in thy word."

The word *ink* presents, in its formation, not only a historical memento of the original inventors and almost sole users of that fluid, but also another vivid example of the abbreviating power of our language. Its Italian cognomen, *inchiostrò*, (pronounced *inkyostro*,) means literally in a *cloister*, and recalls to memory the deep obligations which literature owes to those ecclesiastical retreats in which its vestal fire was so long piously guarded.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

EDEN.

THERE are subordinate agents of cultivation, which were designed and fitted to co-operate with the divine principle of religion. Our readers will not refuse to join us in our first step towards illustrating this doctrine, for that step places us in *Eden*. Yes, let us fancy the thorns and briars of sin, that have long covered that blessed spot, to be cleared away; let man be restored to it, sinless and perfect in all his spiritual and bodily organization, as at first, grant him to have increased and multiplied for a generation or two, at least, before encountering his decisive trial; and let us then visit his Paradise, and contemplate the life that is lived within its green walls and remoter circuit of waters. The man of Eden was made by the Father of Spirits,—by Him was inbreathed the breath of his life, and the creature rose up in the spiritual image of his Creator. He was made ultimately for eternity. But he was made primarily for a life in Time and space. And therefore, there was created for him "this globe of earth," to be the scene of that life. Power was given him from above; the organs of his spirit, in its relations to eternity, were constantly sustained by supernatural supplies; his constitution, mental and bodily, in its relations to this earthly scene, was perfect in its adaptation. Between man, therefore, and the world which was made for his dwelling, wherein to prove and bring out all that was in him, there was the most complete harmony of mutual relations. Let us contemplate, on the one hand, the daily circle of occupations by which he ministered to the sustenance of himself and those joined to him in the closest bonds. Was the mere support of the body all that he received from these divinely ordained employments? Or was there not then, as now, a reaction upon the mind itself? The health nourished by the manifold activity of our earthly life, is not surely—all must admit—*bodily health alone*. In that atmosphere, the mind, too, was resigned to find itself refreshed and invigorated. See man, again, engaged in cultivation of the younger race that has been born to him in his Paradise. Shall any one say, that nothing was meant to come of this, but a future reward in the helper thus trained up to lighten the labors of after years? Is then the present so thankless, the future so grateful only in utilitarian returns, where the work of education is concerned? Does the spirit of man receive no present instruction, from daily communion with the mind of the child? But, finally, let us remember that we do not thus exhaust—that we do not thus count—the half of the agencies with which the Man of Eden was placed in contact. How many were the objects of eye and ear, that had not the slightest relation to the mere necessities of life,—objects which most men would say, had no connexion whatever with his interests; yet there they were, formed and placed around him by the same God that made the world for his tem-

poral preparation for eternity. There was the music of birds, of streams, of wind in the trees. There were meadows, with groves, and glimpses of wide-spread waters beyond, and mountains in the distance, and the golden hues of sunset poured over them all, blending them into one calm, solemn, living whole. There were remote voices of thunder, and of storms, and of that echo of eternity—the roaring of the cataract, without beginning and without end. Then, there were the agencies, the motions whereof might be seen as symbols of gentler or of mightier power,—from

"The river winding at its own sweet will,"

to the mighty stream passing on in the calm consciousness of immeasurable strength, with vast regions of dark forest and high mountain behind, and vast regions of plain beyond—a long and solitary journey! And, lastly, the very night brings out as many agencies as she hides, for hers are the moon and stars, under whose light the face of the earth shows itself with fresh influence as a new creation—a world of stillness and of silence.

Were all these objects placed around man to be without influence upon him; or were they not rather agencies—active powers—designed to work upon his spiritual organization? Far be from us the absurd supposition, that God surrounded man with all this bright host of powers, in his own world, and all for nothing! No, they were meant, not less than the occupations of life and the parental duties, to be important means in the work of culture. For, grant them to be agencies at all, and they can be agencies only for good. It cannot for a moment be supposed, that God could be dealing so lovingly with his yet unfallen creatures, through one set of means, and at the same time working for their hurt through another. O, will it be said that the work of temptation began with the first sooting man in Nature; and that the same satan, who afterwards spoke through a reptile, was likely, in attempting to exert his poisonous influences, to make

"His dwelling in the light of setting suns."

It may be said, however—and, alas! for the barren creed of "these our unimaginative days,"—with no slight appearance of reason, that such objects as these could be instruments of cultivation only for poets; and that, for as much as Paradise was the seat of the actual rather than the ideal, it is apprehended there was little room there for poetry. No poetry in Paradise! No poets amongst men, whose mental organization is held up to be perfect! Say rather—for such is the true interpretation of such a contradiction in terms—there was *no Paradise*. Or let us at least be thankful that "the fragrance and blossom of all our knowledge" was brought to us upon heavenly breezes to sweeten the bitterness of our outcast lot.—*New York Review*.

Beauties of Creation.

WHEN we sit in an open window in the still of the afternoon, and look out upon the fragrant lilacs, the blossoming trees, the clamoring honeysuckles, the long green grass, half burying the bashful violet from our view, and hear the singing of the joyous birds near at hand, and the roaring of the city afar off, we can hardly persuade ourself that there is such a strife and hickering among the inhabitants of this fair earth. O, ungrateful, after all that heaven has done! Was this harmonious scene spoken into existence; this perfect world created thus, and covered with all that is lovely and sweet, to be made the arena of unnatural contention? Was such perfect order established in the creation, that its tenants should continually jostle each other during their stay with the fair works of God? Bright red rose, that inclines towards me, on thy deep-green stem, thy fragrance is an offering of mercy from the hand of thy Creator. I see nothing in thee that speaks of wrath, of revenge, or of envy. Pure and innocent, there is a harmlessness in the very look which thou wearest. Thou speakest not of care, of sorrow, or of strife. Why art thou left joyous and without blemish, while man is but a guilty mourner on the face of the earth, subject to grief and disappointment, and corruption? Were the flowers of Eden fairer than thou? Alas! even they proved as fragile. But, though dead, and in decay, thy perfume is never lost.