

from losses sustained by play, is to be attributed. Three fourths of the cases of *folo de se* in the French capital are to be traced to this cause: in fact, they are almost every day scenes. It is not long since a man discharged a pistol into his mouth at a gaming table in Paris, when the play did not even cease whilst the scullered brains of the victim were being cleared away by the servants!"

TRANSLATABLE PUNS.

Addison has given an excellent test by which we may know whether a piece of real wit has been achieved, or merely a pun perpetrated. We are to endeavour to translate the doubtful production into another language: and if it passes through this ordeal unharmed, it is true wit; if not, it is a pun. Like most tests, however, this fails occasionally; for there are some few puns that in spite of the prohibitory law, can smuggle themselves into the regions of true wit,—just as foreigners, who have perfectly learned the language of a country, can enter as natives, and set alien acts at defiance.

We will give two or three examples of these slippery fellows, who, to use a modern phrase, have succeeded in driving a coach-and-six through Addison's act.

The lectures of a Greek philosopher were attended by a young girl of exquisite beauty. One day a grain of sand happened to get into her eye, and, being unable to extricate it herself, she requested his assistance. As he was observed to perform this little operation with a zeal which, perhaps, a less sparkling eye might not have commanded, somebody called out to him, in Greek, "Do not spoil the pupil."

Cicero said of a man who had ploughed up the ground in which his father was buried, *Hoc est vere colere monumentum patris*—This is really cultivating one's father's memory.

A punster being requested to give a specimen of his art, asked for a subject. "The King." "The king is not a subject," he replied. This holds good in French likewise—(Le roi n'est pas un sujet.)

The two last belong to a class which is, perhaps, more extensive than is commonly supposed; where the two senses of the word are allied by an easy metaphor, and may consequently be found in more than one language. We will give another of the same kind.

Erskine was reproached with his propensity to punning, and was told that puns were the lowest kind of wit. "True," said he, "and therefore they are the foundation of all wit."

Madame de Lamotte was condemned to be marked with a hot iron on both shoulders, as well as to perpetual imprisonment, for her frauds in the affair of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace. At the end of ten months however, she made her escape from l'hospital, where she was confined, by the aid of a *sœur*, who said, when quitting her, "Adieu, madame, prenez-garde de votre faire remarquer." (Farewell, madam, take care not to be remarked.)

A French editor, when quoting this, observes, "Nous ajouterons qu'il faut bien avoir la fureur de dire de tristes bons-mots pour en faire sur pareil sujet."

At a time when public affairs were in a very unsettled state, M. de G——, who squinted terribly, asked Talleyrand how things were going on. "Mais comme vous voyez, monsieur," (Why, as you see, sir.)

Another pun, attributed to the same great master, is not only translatable, but is much better in English than French. During the reign of Bonaparte, when an arrogant soldiery affected to despise all civilians, Talleyrand asked a certain general what was meant by calling people *pequins*. "Nous appellons pequin tout ce qui n'est pas militaire," said the general. (We call every body who is not a soldier a *pequin*—a miserable creature.) "Eh! oui," replied Talleyrand, "comme nous autre nous appellons militaires tous ceux qui ne sont pas civils." (Oh! yes! as we call military all those who are not civil.)—*Book of Table Talk.*

SCENE AT A COUNTRY CHURCH.—We shall never forget a scene in which deep pathos was a principal characteristic, which we once beheld, at a country church, in one of the thinly-populated, humble towns of western New-York. A pious clergyman, of the Baptist denomination, whose 'three-score years and ten' had turned his hair to snow, and given to his limbs the tremulousness of age, was to preach his farewell discourse to his little congregation, over whom he had presided for nearly half a century. The place itself, and the time, were accessaries to the 'abiding effect' which was left upon the minds of all who were present. It was the afternoon of a mild October-day, and the sere leaves of the trees which shaded the church were falling in slow eddies by the open windows. After recapitulating his long labors among them—his teachings 'publicly, and from house to house'—his attendance upon the marriage festivals of those whom he had afterward consigned to the grave with bitter tears—the baptisms and funerals he had celebrated—after these affectionate reminiscences, which touched an answering chord in the bosom of every hearer—he adverted to that day wherein all the actors in the drama of life must enter at the last scene, to complete and make up the sublime catastrophe, and warned them to prepare for its momentous solemnities. 'For myself,' said he, 'I can say, standing upon a narrow point between two worlds, that I account myself as nothing, until I was my Saviour's, and enrolled in the register of Christ.' And raising his trembling, attenuated hands to heaven, his dim eyes streaming with tears—for, though he had struggled against emotion, his feelings now overcame him—he repeated these lines, in the most melting cadence:

'Ere since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming Love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die:
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave!

The look which followed these touching stanzas—the subdued emotion, the pious hope, which beamed in the countenance of the venerable father—will never fade from the memory of those who heard him. The heart of the speaker was poured forth; he was embodied Pathos.

For the Pearl.

CHRISTIAN CO-OPERATION.

Man is a dependant and relative being. In whatever character we view him, he is still the slave of circumstance; his means of comfort and power over trouble depend upon others rather than upon himself, and the more intimate our acquaintance with him becomes, the more do we regard him as the member of a body whose well-being depends upon the union and soundness of its constituent parts. Were we to continue this train of reflection, we should soon admire and adore the goodness of our God in his display of creative wisdom; his ways are, indeed, not our ways, nor are his thoughts our thoughts. It will be evident to every rational mind, that He who made man dependant, has also endued him with a perception of the necessity of that reciprocity of feeling which is the very life and main-spring of society. By this, he is in some measure constrained to do unto others as he would have them to do unto him. Hence too, arises that mutual attraction of kindred minds which induces them to hope for the accomplishment of their designs in a manner more effectual than their single efforts could possibly produce. If from individuals we take a survey of the world at large, we shall soon find that civilization, science, arts and commerce, have attained an unprecedented eminence, and that Britain is universally hailed as the glory of all lands. Were a simple unsophisticated mind called upon to determine the immediate cause of this rise, he would declare it to be the result of united effort. He would point to Co-OPERATION as the word emblazoned on every achievement; he would tell you that no nation owes its grandeur to one cause, but many; its affluence, not to one people, but to the assistance of many; he would remind you that commerce owes not her eminence to staying at home, but

to boldly venturing beyond the seas, and insinuating herself with nations that were previously strangers to her; nor could you deny that consultation is the main-spring of action, and action the parent of renown.

We can have no difficulty in connecting the progress of commerce with the advancement of arts and sciences, nor can it be denied that science is inseparably united with civilization. To what then, we would ask, does civilization owe its refinement? To what but the influence of the religion of the Bible. To that wisdom, which is 'first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.' A parity of reasoning will make the analogy we aim at evident as well as complete; and those who call the grand scale of action in the world, 'the result of united effort,' will also confess, if they are men of candour, that the same energy and the same unanimity of pursuit will effect much towards making the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ. We all believe the God of our united worship to be a God that worketh by means; and confessing this, we only want the co-operation of an active principle of faith to adopt the resolution which animated the bosom of Nehemiah of old—"The God of Heaven he will prosper us, therefore we his servants will arise and build."—When will Christians universally, thus co-operate to extend the dominions of the Prince of peace? SIGMA.

FEMALE PIETY.—Upon examining into the religious portion of our female society, we feel as if we were trespassing on hallowed ground. So highly do we estimate their importance as a class, that we cannot help regretting that so many among professing Christians are wanting in that spiritual elevation, that beautiful consistency of character, which should make them, in their own proper spheres, bright and shining stars. We fear that with some, their benevolent societies, their tract distributions, and the frequent attendance at various meetings, are the 'tithes of mint, anise, and cummin,' which lead them to neglect that personal piety, and those untransferable domestic obligations, upon which so much of their right influence depends. Let such remember that to keep themselves 'unspotted from the world' is the concluding clause of that precept which enjoins them to 'visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction.' We would not wish to check the flowing of the smallest rill of active benevolence; yet we are persuaded, that much more good might be effected, if to this virtue were added the other gems in the christian's coronet. The 'love of the world,' with its corrupting influences, is almost as frequently seen in the houses of the wealthy, among the professedly religious, as in those of the gay and the fashionable. This ought not to be; for surely if it be the duty of any class to endeavor to stem the torrent of extravagance, display, and Mammon-idolatry, it is of those who are commanded 'not to lay up their treasures upon earth,' and who have promised to renounce the world and its follies.—*Knickerbocker.*

MORNING.—To walk abroad among rural scenery on a fine sunny morning, is to ramble in the temple of the Deity, and witness the creative process; every day, almost every hour, witnesses some change; buds, blossoms, leaves and flowers are woven by unseen hands, painted by invisible artists, and perfumed from the 'vials of odors sweet'—we look on them in the morning with surprise and pleasure, while the first dew and the sunbeams are visiting them. What an admirable and perfect taste must He have who performs all this! There is no noise—no useless display; the Creator there teaches modesty to his creatures. His goodness is also visible—the blossoms soon perish, but their hue and fragrance are the breathings of a benevolent mind.

Look at the multitudes of little heaps of sand that lie in your paths, and suffer your eye to rest for a moment upon the busy and apparently happy insect that brings out his grain of sand. Nothing seems too minute and insufficient for the Almighty to put his hand upon and invest with faculties of intelligence and happiness.—*Bost Cour.*