

My only great adventure has been yesterday's. This is now the time for penguins' eggs. They get great numbers of them. There are two rookeries, as they call them; one on the east, and one on the west of us. To the one on the west they go over land, beyond Elephant bay. I went there last year, when I saw the great elephant and the penguins for the first time. But this year I have been disappointed, the weather has been so unsettled. But yesterday was a fine day and they were going in the boat to the other, to which they can go only by water; so I went with them. It was a good day, and we landed, easily, though it is a very bad beach. Fancy the scene:—a long, very narrow strip of land, at the foot of a great rock, covered with the thick tussock grass, far higher than my head; the whole place swarming with these penguins,—pretty to look at, but the most ungainly creatures in their movements that I ever saw! They stand almost upright. The breast is glossy white; the rest is gray. A couple of tufts of those pretty yellow feathers, of which I sent home a few, adorn each side of the head and give them a very lively appearance. They have no wings, but instead, a couple of flippers, as they call them, like arms, which they use about as gracefully as Punch does his. And then the way in which they hop along! Talk of the meekness of a stag! It is elegance itself compared with them. Altogether, they are the most interesting curious things in Tristan. They are about as big, and twice as noisy, as a duck. Fancy going into the midst of thick grass higher than your head, with thousands of them round you, all croaking out in a harsh, loud, quick note, 'Cover up! cover up!' and then kicking them right and left, quickly, taking care they do not get hold of you,—seizing their great eggs, till you have got some hundreds of them in your bosom. The men wear a large shirt, tied round their waist, so as to form a large loose bag in front and so pop them in as fast as they can pick up. The men will gather two or three hundred in this way, and the boys from one to two: and from the other rookery carry them the whole way home—no little load. The eggs vary very much in size, from a large hen's egg to a goose's. They mostly lay two at once. Their nests are sometimes close together, so you can soon pick up a lot. They stand in pairs, each couple at their nest to defend it, and some will not give up till they have been kicked away two or three times. They can give a good sharp bite, if they get hold of you. The men found me a spot, where the eggs were very thick, and very little tussock, and though I was a new hand at the work, and therefore obliged to look sharp to escape a bite, I managed to collect more than a hundred of them in a short time. Fancy what work, to stand amid hundreds of the birds, all screaming round you, so as almost to deafen you, tumbling them here and there, and picking up their eggs as fast as you can gather them! It is really amusing sport. I must remind you the kicking them over with our soft moccasins (shoes) does not hurt them in the least, and the next day they will have just as many eggs.

Six of the men went round in the boat. We were there about four hours, and gathered about four thousand—pretty near a boat's load; and could have got more if we had chosen. It was a pleasant day, and we had a good row back. I felt all the better for my day's excursion.—*Gospel Messenger.*

ECONOMY OF TIME.—Make the most of time. Some have little leisure, but there are sundry expedients, any one of which, if fully tried, would make that little leisure longer! Economy. Most of men who have died enormously rich, acquired their wealth, not in windfalls, but by minute and careful accumulations. It was not one vast sum bequeathed to them after another, which overwhelmed them in inevitable opulence; but it was the loose money which most men would lavish away, the little sums which many would not deem worth looking after, the pennies and half-crowns of which you would keep no reckoning, these are the items which year by year piled up, have reared their pyramid of fortune. From these money-makers let us learn the noble "avarice of time." One of the longest and most elaborate poems of recent times was composed in the streets of London by a physician in busy practice, during the brief snatches of time, when passing from one patient's door to another. And in order to achieve some good work which you have much at heart, you may not be able to secure an entire week, or even an uninterrupted day. But try what you can make of the broken fragments of time. Glean up its golden dust; those raspings and prunings of precious duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the waste of existence.—Perhaps, if you be a miser of moments, you will be frugal

and hoard up odd minutes and half-hours and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings may make out a long and useful life, and you may die at last richer in existence than multitudes, whose time is all their own. The time which some men waste in superfluous slumber and idle visits desultory application, were it all redeemed, would give them wealth of leisure, and enable them to execute undertakings for which they deem a less worried life than theirs essential.—*Selected for Church Times, from "Life in Earnest."*

A FUTURE STATE.—In the counsels of a Being possessed of the power and disposition which the Creator of the universe must possess, it is not improbable that there should be a future state—it is not improbable that we should be acquainted with it. A future state rectifies everything, because if moral agents be made in the last event happy or miserable, according to their conduct in the station, and under the circumstances in which they are placed, it seems not very material by the operation of what causes, according to what rules, or even if you choose to call it so, by what chance or caprice, these stations are assigned, or these circumstances determined. This hypothesis, therefore, solves all that objection to the divine care and goodness which the promiscuous distribution of good and evil is apt, on so many occasions to create. This one truth changes the nature of things, gives order to confusion, makes the moral world of a price with the natural.—*Ibid.*

THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.—The new House of Lords is a superb specimen of modern art; and, in every way, is worthy of the hereditary Senate of the British empire. Perhaps it is too small for full effect, and yet if larger, it would hardly answer the purpose of speaking and hearing. Its dimensions, however, are symbolical of its character, as intended for the use of a very select assembly. — There is the throne; and I defy any one to look at the throne of England without veneration. It is a gorgeous seat, over which appear the royal arms, while on its right and left are seats for the Prince Consort and Prince of Wales. A splendid canopy overhangs the dais on which the seats are ranged, and the dais itself is covered with a carpet of "scarlet velvet pile, spotted with heraldic lions and roses." The ceiling is ribbed with massive gilded bands, and richly bossed and set with devices in all the colors of blazoury. Between the lofty windows are niches intended to receive the bronze statues of the old Magna Charta Barons, while the windows themselves are filled with stained glass commemorative of the kings and queens of England. The subordinate ornaments and furniture are all in keeping. On the right hand of the throne are the seats appropriate to the Bishops, where the Church "lifts her mitred front" before the Sovereign, and teaches her by whom she reigns, and how she may execute judgement. But directly in front of the throne is the *woolstack*, covered with red cloth, and otherwise made suitable to "the keeper of the Queen's conscience," who, ordinarily sits thereon.—Before this are the clerks' table and seats, and then the bar; while on either hand range the crimson benches of the peers. At the end of the hall is a reporters' and strangers' gallery of very small dimensions, from which however, one gets the best view of the whole interior, and of the striking pictures over the throne. These are happily chosen as to subjects, and well executed frescoes. In the centre is the Baptism of King Ethelbert—the symbol of a truly Christian realm: on one side is the Black Prince receiving the Garter—a symbol of genuine chivalry; and on the other is Henry Prince of Wales, submitting to imprisonment for an assault upon Judge Gascoigne—a most speaking exhibition of the time-honored relations subsisting between the British Royalty and British Law. It will be a wholesome thing for every future Prince of Wales to look at this picture, before he presumes to sit down under it. It may really have an important influence in moulding the character of future kings. God grant it may! From impressions of England, in New York. *Church Journal.*

THE MUDDY BOTTOM.—The heart of man is like a pool of standing water. Look at it on a summer's day, when not a breeze ruffles the surface, not a bird flies over to cast its light shadow on its face. It is so clear, so bright, you may see your own image reflected there. Now cast a stone to the bottom, and watch the effect. The dark mud is rising all around, rank weeds are floating up which you never saw before; the whole pool is in a state of motion, and hardly a drop of water has escaped the foul pollution. Look at your heart when all outward things go well.

No vexing, crossing care mars its tranquil calm, and you think you see the image of Jesus reflected there.—It is so long since sin has molested you that you think it has left you quite, and that all is pure within.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A COBRACAPILLA.—On the 20th of February, an inquest was held at Getebatta by Wm. N. Robertson, and a Native Jury, on the body of Killo Nada, of Katansapoor who died on Sunday night previous from the bite of a Cobracapilla. The deceased a stout young man of 25 years, having seen a Cobracapilla on the side of the road, caught hold of it by the tail, carried it to a Boutique, and there amused himself and those present in making him dance.—After this he seized the snake by his hood, carried it to another place, and again played with it for some time. On attempting to get hold of it by the hood again, the snake seized his right hand and held it fast, until the deceased with his left hand pressed its neck so as to make it quit its hold. When he threw the snake from him the blood flowed profusely from the fore, and on of the middle fingers of the right hand. He instantly began to suck the wounds, and continued to do so until several native medical men were obtained, who did all they possibly could to cure him, but without effect. He lingered on in agony until Saturday, when he expired. The right arm was fearfully swollen, likewise the neck. The snake was a fathom in length. The verdict was "Killo Nada died from the bite of a snake called the Cobracapilla."—*Ceylon Observer.*

A MELANCHOLY SIGN.—Dr. Reid, a traveller through the highlands of Peru, is said to have found lately in the desert of Alacoama, the dried remains of an assemblage of human beings, five or six hundred in number, men, women and children, seated in a semicircle as when alive, staring into the burning waste before them. They had been buried; life had not departed before they thus sat around, but hope was gone, the Spanish invaders were at hand, and no escape being left, they had come hither to die. They still sat immovable in that dreary desert; dried like mummies by the effect of the hot air, they still kept their position sitting up as in solemn council, while over that dread Arcopagus silence broods everlastingly.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.—The minds and resources of forty-three Popes were employed for three hundred and fifty years in this stupendous work. Its cost exceeded ten millions sterling; nor is there now wealth enough in the Papal treasury to purchase it; all Catholic Christendom was put under contribution to build it—and even the vilest lusts and passions of fallen humanity were taxed for its completion; for it, indulgences were sold, and liberty to crime granted, and hell itself aroused to effort.

SKETCH OF MRS. STOWE.—Mrs. Stowe is small in person, somewhat below the middle height of women generally, of slight but singularly graceful form; her hair dark, and her complexion of a clear olive; her features small and regular, and her eyes dark, brilliant and penetrating. The whole expression of her face is bashful, retiring and almost pensive, but mildly illuminated with an emanation of that sentiment of universal love which is the source of her genius. No one would look upon her for a moment without feeling that he was contemplating a gentle, warm-hearted, affectionate human being. The lady's manners correspond precisely with this expression of her countenance: they are frank and kindly as can be consistent with the almost timid reserve which is their predominant characteristic. She is, in a word, in manners as unlike a lioness, as in person to the coarse masculine portraits by which she has been so grossly libelled. We will fix her age (a lady so celebrated cannot hope to keep this delicate matter a secret) at about thirty years—a year or two more or less.—*Standard.*

EARLY RISING REQUIRED BY A WILL.—In the will of the late Mr. James Sergeant, of Leicester, is the following clause:—"As my nephews are fond of indulging themselves in bed in the morning, and as I wish them to prove to the satisfaction of my executors that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business, or taken exercise in the open air from five till eight o'clock every morning from the 5th of April to the 10th of October, being three hours each day; and from seven till nine o'clock in the morning, from the 10th of October to the 5th of April, being two hours every morning; this is to be done for some years, during the first seven years, to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well; and if they do not do this, they shall not receive any share of my property. Temperance makes the faculties clear, and exercise makes them vigorous. It is temperance and exercise united, that can alone insure the fittest state for mental and bodily exertion."—*London Watchman.*