

of that prayer? What mortal ever prayed thus?—Great drops of sweat stood quivering on that noble brow; that meek form bending like a bruised reed in agony of spirit; that face turned upward to heaven, while those sacred lips breathed the sweet, thrilling words of humble submission: "Father, not my will, but Thine be done."

Repeat that prayer, feeble, erring, sinful man, school your heart to such submission, and you may well say,—“I am perfect.” You cannot do it; there is no such feeling in your heart.

Exhausted, weary, spirit-worn, the Saviour rose from his knees and slowly turned away from that spot forever hallowed by his presence, to where he had left his humble disciples watching and waiting for him. They are sleeping! Christ was human then; his heart was saddened, as he stood and looked upon those slumbering disciples. What a gentle, thrilling rebuke was that: “Could ye not watch with me one hour?” One hour—while their friend, their beloved master, wrestled with God, they could not watch, but forgetting their sympathy, their affection, everything, their heavy eyelids drooped, and they slept—slept while he was but a little way off, pouring out his whole human soul in agonizing prayer.

“Could ye not watch with me one hour?” The immaculate Christ—the Son of God was grieved; and, perchance, there were tears in those eyes, beaming with heaven’s own lustre. How much of pain, anxiety, and silent reproach those few words contained. Did not those weary, fasting disciples feel how poor, how weak, were all their attempts, when they could not watch one hour with him, who had led them to drink of the water of everlasting life?

Do ye not feel rebuked, poor, feeble man, for who among you has ever watched one hour with your Saviour?

HUMMING BIRDS’ TONGUES.—The tongue of humming birds is very curious. It has two tubes alongside of each other, like the two tubes of a double-barreled gun. At the tip of the tongue the tubes are a little separated, and their ends are shaped like spoons. The honey is spooned up as we may say, and then it is drawn into the mouth through the long tubes

of the tongue. But the bird uses its tongue another way. It catches insects with it, for it lives on these as well as on honey. It catches them in this way: the two spoons grasp the insect like a pair of tongs, and the tongue bending puts it into the bird’s mouth. The tongue of the humming bird is not merely, one instrument, but contains several instruments together—two pumps, two spoons, and a pair of tongs.

TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

“No harsh transitions Nature knows,
No dreary spaces intervene;
Her work in silence forward goes,
And rather felt than seen.”

When the soul is dark and dreary—when the sunlight of hope is all obscured by the dark clouds of disappointment, and her attempts to become nobler, purer, better, seem to have failed, then let her come to nature, the all bountiful teacher, and learn a lesson; let her drink at this fountain of knowledge, and then, refreshed and strengthened, gird herself for new exertions and new trials. Let her go forth in the dead of winter, and view the ice-bound earth, wrapped in her shroud of snow. All life and warmth seem to have fled; the trees stretch out their skeleton limbs, bare and dreary, and the streams are held fast by an icy hand; but let not the desponding soul turn away discouraged, for soon there shall be a change. Gradually the snow disappears from the face of nature, for a warm breath has reached it, and the ice and snow, like the heart of man, though they resist the grasp of coldness and severity, are subdued by the touch of kindness. Gently and gradually Spring now approaches, and upon the fields a tinge of the lightest green may be seen. By degrees the buds swell upon the trees, and slowly enlarge till the delicate green leaves appear; but not in the full luxuriance of foliage are the forest trees. Patiently they wait till the rain and sunshine, drop by drop and ray by ray, clothe them in their garb of riches: green.—Desponding and repining one, thou whose hopes have been disappointed in attaining some cherished object, and whose bosom swells with bitterness at thy lot, the flowers of midsummer and the fruits of autumn may teach thee to wait patiently, and finally thou shalt attain the object of thy desires. How beautifully is the gradual and si-

lent course of nature exemplified by the infant in his mother’s arms! Watch it! How helpless and dependent lies the sleeping babe! What is there to indicate that a soul is there enshrined? The mother’s boundless love, which beams in her eye as she gazes upon her child, the fond caress, the voice, softened to sweetest music, as she sings his lullaby, give us a sufficient answer. She doubts not the priceless worth of her child, and as months roll away, she perceives that each brings some new charm to the cherished one. The softest music sounds not half so sweetly to her ear as the first lisping of that infant tongue; and when it first utters her name, the mother’s heart thrills with a joy hitherto unknown. Think you that mother becomes weary because he learns so slowly to express his wants? Many a month must pass before her child can give the least return, by word or deed, for her love; and long years must transpire before he can learn to think and act for himself. Yet the mother complains not, but willingly and patiently she watches over him in infancy, protects him in childhood, counsels him in youth, till in manhood he becomes her support and her comforter.

When the soul has learned from nature the lessons she fain would teach, then will the secret of her own progress be discovered. She will then never despair, but struggling on, against the adverse winds of fortune, will finally anchor in the wished for haven. Clouds and darkness will no longer be heeded by her, for hope, like a bright morning star, will bid her to look for approaching day.

FATTENING CATTLE.

From numerous experiments on the alimentation and fattening of cattle, made with the view to ascertain the economic condition of the production of meat, M. Jules Reiset comes to a conclusion against the rapid fattening of sheep, as not in accordance with the power of assimilation of the animals, and condemns, as unwarranted and too burthensome, the use of grain or cake in the early stage of fattening. Before giving nitrogenous food—grain or cake—he considers it important to well “ballast” the beasts with an abundant nourishment, but of a cheap kind, such as beet, or pulp of beet with