

so frantic with rage, that it broke its halter, and rushing on the man, seized him in his jaws, and, after shaking him violently, threw him down, and trampled on him with such fury, that had not the man's cries brought some person to his aid, the master certainly would have been killed.

IMPORTANCE OF READING.

No matter how obscure the position in life of an individual, if he can read, he may at will put himself in the best society the world has ever seen. He may converse with the greatest heroes of the past; with all the writers in poetry. He may learn how to live, how to avoid the errors of his past predecessors, and to secure blessings, present and future to himself. He may reside in a desert far away from the habitations of man; in solitude, where no human eye looks upon him with affection or interest, where no human voice cheers him with the animating tones, if he has books to read, he can never be alone. He may choose his company, and the subject of conversation, and thus become contented and happy, intelligent, wise and good. He thus elevates his rank in the world, and becomes independent, in the best sense, of the first in importance, of the department of school education.

INSTINCT OF FISHES.

I have seen (writes Mr. Kidd, the eminent naturalist) some singular instances, mentioned in various works, of the tameness of birds and beasts, and I well know, from oft-repeated experiments, which may be done in this way. My object, on the present occasion, is to direct your attention to sundry experiments I have been making with fish. Of minnows, I had, two years ago, no fewer than thirteen, ranging about in a large glass globe, and I taught them not only to know me, but to recognize the sound of my voice, whilst I whistled to them some lively air. On such occasions they would all rise to the top of the water, salute me by touching my lips as I bent closely over the bowl, and actually leap up and play with the extremity of my nose! They would, moreover, fondle over me, by rubbing their silvery sides against one of my fingers, which I purposely dipped into their watery habitation—in this particular imitating the fondness of a cat, when she pleasingly purrs, erects her tail, and draws close to your person, to evince her perfect state of happiness. The usual fate, however, peculiar to all pets, awaited mine; one by one, as the heat of the weather increased in intensity, they gave up the ghost, and my glass globe was confined to the silent shelf.

A few months since, my eye chanced to rest on the same globe, and there was awakened in me the fondest remembrance of my former tiny friends. You may guess the consequences. I have procured more, confining myself, however, to three only; and I have actually accomplished with these what I did with the others, or very nearly so, for they every day became more and more affectionate and attached. How their exquisite delicate structure, and still more delicate constitution, will bear up against the coming dog-days I cannot say. I fear the worst. I keep them in cold well-water, fresh twice a day; and they suffer themselves most willingly to be taken in the naked hand, whilst being transferred from the globe to a basin, during the change of water. Surely the law of kindness is all powerful. Would that it were more universally tried.

JENNY LIND.

Once when Jenny Lind attended services at the Bethel, Father Taylor, who did not know that she was present, was requested as he entered the house to preach on amusements. The church was crowded, and the pulpit and stairs were filled. The sermon opposed dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, but approved of music. The preacher paid a glowing tribute to the power of song, and to the goodness, modesty and charity of the sweetest of all singers, now lighted on these shores. Jenny Lind was leaning forward, and clapping her hands with delight, when a tall person rose on the pulpit stairs, and inquired whether any one who died at one of Miss Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Disgust and contempt swept across Father Taylor's face, as he glared at the interloper.

"A Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies; and a fool will be a fool wherever he is—even if he is on the steps of the pulpit."

HANDS.

Hands—Neatness is the first consideration which makes a hand attractive. No matter how long, bonny, or large-jointed and unshapely, if it is clean, and the finger-nails properly cared for, a hand can never look disgusting. A soft, warm, pliable hand has great power and fascination. There is character in a large hand, many times far greater than in a tiny one. A hand corresponding in size to the rest of the body is much finer than a little fat, dimpled hand so many are proud of who possess, and others envy the possession. It is equally as nonsensical to squeeze the hands into gloves a size too small, as to pinch the feet in tight boots. A very small nose is considered insignificant, while a large one is said to indicate nobility of character. Why not the same with hands and feet?

If with changes of time the idea should obtain that small noses only were fine, while large one were something to hide, and of which to be ashamed, would not the vanity of humanity attempt to reduce the proportion of that member by lacing, or inserting in a close net? It would be equally as sensible as stopping the circulation of the blood in the other portions of the body.

A white, flexible hand is desirable, but not at the sacrifice of duty.

Many a hard, rough hand has done enough good in the world to look beautiful in the eyes of the appreciative. Girls who shirk all the housework, making drudges of their mothers rather than to soil their dainty white hands, need not expect to be loved by those who know it. The callous places and other signs of labour would be far more to their credit.

The best hand in the world is an honest hand, be it hard or soft, white or brown, smooth or rough, angular or shapely; an honest palm that takes the hand of a friend with a warm, hearty grasp, as if there were nothing in the heart to conceal, only warmth and kindness toward all. This is the best and most beautiful hand in the world.

CHEERFULNESS.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," said a very wise man, and no one will care to contradict him. We all know how valuable a person is he or she who has a merry heart. For we find the world such a serious place, and have so much to do and bear in it, that it is a relief to be made to laugh ourselves, or, failing that, to see some one who can. We suppose that in these earnest times professional jesters are not to be bought at any price; but for the sake of our countenances, and our health of body and mind, it is a pity that there is not a little more real fun in the world. Those who do not care for anything that is light and trifling, speak very severely about the growing love of excitement and the rage for amusements which appear to be so prevalent, especially among the young; but who can tell but these things, or something which shall answer their purpose, are really necessary? On the whole it appears that there is not too much laughter in the world. At least, it seems as if it is all done by a few; it needs to become more general, and it would be well if it could be universal.

The man who has the power to make others laugh is almost sure to be a favorite in society, if his humor be of a harmless and generous kind. He may not be respected as much as he who is wise, but he will at least have done a little good in his life, if for an evening he can make world-weary men forget their cares. For hope follows cheerfulness. If you have a burden upon you, so great that you do not know how to carry it, and one succeeds in diverting your thoughts from it for a time, you will find that when you next think of it, it is with a greater elasticity of spirit. And though a burden is a burden all the world over, it is often great or little according to our way of looking at it. That household is greatly blessed the members of which have cheerful dispositions. It is a good thing, indeed, when the head sets the example. He has plenty in the outer world to ruffle the serenity of his temper, but he deserves to be held in high esteem and carefully copied by all young men, if he always make point of throwing off the disagreeable as soon as he reaches home. There supposing him to have made an effort on his own account, it soon becomes easy. The mother of the house is not perfect, but still she can bear patiently the little vexations of life, and refuse to allow herself to be worried into fretfulness or gloom. With such parents, of course, the children are gay enough. They salute the home-comers with laughing words, they have the merriest tales to tell, and the best jokes to make. They are not full of their own pains and troubles, indeed they have forgotten that they had any. The evening has come, perhaps, but the very atmosphere of the room is sunny. And no one can be in long without feeling lighter of heart, and more hopeful of spirit.

If we cannot have a cheerful household, then, it is good to have one merry heart among us. There are persons whose presence in the house makes a great difference. It is very quiet when they are away, and there is all the time a sense of something wanting. As soon as they come, all the rooms seem filled. There is a strong, clear voice singing, or talking, and no place seems any longer dull and silent. We meet them on the stairs, and their faces are as bright as June suns, and a great deal brighter than some we have known. We begin to smile back again, and to find ourselves actually humming a lively air, which we thought we had forgotten. Our work is not so hard, the day is not so dim, life is not so dull as it seemed before they came. And who can deny but that these cheerful persons are among the benefactors of our race?

"Labor," says the Rev. Newman Hall, "is a mighty uninhabited waste; he looks earnestly on the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then waving its wonder-working wand, then barren mountain slopes, are clothed with foliage, the furnace blazes—the anvil rings—the busy wheels whirl round, the town appears—the mart of commerce, hall of science, the temple of religion, rear their lofty fronts—a forest of masts, with varied pennons, rises from the harbor—the quays are crowded with commercial spoils, the peaceful spoils which enrich both him who receives and who yields—representatives of far off regions make it their resort—science enlists the elements of the earth and heavens in its service—art awaking, clothes its strength with beauty—literature, new-born, redoubles and perpetuates its praise—civilization smiles—liberty is glad—humanity rejoices—piety exults, for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every hand; and who, contemplating such results, will deny that there is dignity in labor."

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