

drown him with inundations ; the air rushes on in storms, prepares the tempest or lights up the volcano ; but the earth, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers, and his table with plenty ; returns with interest every good committed to her care ; and though she produces the poison, she still supplies the antidote, though constantly teased to furnish the luxuries of man rather than his necessities ; yet, even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and when life is over she piously hides his remains in her bosom.

Poetry.

About Ben Adhem and the Angel.

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room
An angel, writing in a book of gold :
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What willest thou ?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a smiling look of sweet record,
Answered : "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one ?" said Abou—"Nay not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest !

LIGHT AND LOVE.

Light and Love should go together ;
When combined they sweetly charm,
More than win on mountain heather,
Clear and gentle summer weather
Glads the heart with glory warm.

Always were they with each other,
Want of gloom were then to shun ?
What of hate to show or smother,
Were they each to each a brother,
Join'd as both were only one ?

Did they warmly hover o'er us—
Freely round us halos fling,—
Did they clear the way before us,
Earth would heavenward pour in chorus
Anthems such as angels bring.

Light alone will never render,
To the lofty or the low,
More of feeling, warm and tender,

Than the fair reflected splendour
Of the morning from the snow.

Nor will love alone enlighten
And complete the mind's array,
More than warmth alone would brighten,
And the charms of summer heighten,
In the absence of the day.

But where both abound together
Beams abroad a glory warm ;
Not the vale in summer weather,
Nor the blooming mountain heather,
Ever shed so sweet a charm.

Miscellaneous.

PLEASURES CONNECTED WITH THE PURSUIT OF SCIENCE.

There is no station in life however lowly but has its sweets, and there is no station in life however high, but has its sorrows. In no instance can sorrow be traced to the pursuit of science. Whatever pleasure it may bring—one thing is certainly true, it brings no sorrows. On the contrary, it is a source of enjoyment to every man who has a taste to pursue it, be that man an humble tradesman or a wealthy merchant. It is a common opinion that no man is scientific unless he is master of all the abstract knowledge relating to astronomy, mathematics, chemistry, geology, and is somewhat versed in Latin and Greek. But where can we find a man so thoroughly endowed with scientific knowledge. There are men who have a particular knowledge of these sciences, and we are among the number of those who do not believe in the old adage, "a little knowledge does more harm than good." That man is scientific who is master of his trade—understands all its principles and practices, or is master of his profession, be it teacher of languages or mathematics. So much for practical scientific attainments. And now what shall we say regarding more knowledge than merely comes within the scope of a man's business and profession. We have every thing to say that is favorable. The more knowledge a man possesses, he is more likely to be a better citizen and member of society. Ignorance degrades, knowledge elevates.

How much pleasure would a shoemaker derive from being acquainted with the principles of the steam engine, or the mysteries of chemistry. He could not turn to the right or to the left in the course of a short walk, without having his mind attracted to something interesting and useful, and calculated to draw his mind from the drudgeries of his own occupation, which, we regret to say, often excites our sympathies, as we believe shoemakers are not so well paid for their labour as they should be. And with