

with a visit in consequence of my visitor's curiosity to see the wonderful things that I possess. Of course I gladly exhibit them; and so, I hope, I prepare the way for more confidence and kindly acquaintance with my native neighbours, besides conveying to them full statements of the way of salvation through Christ. I find that a simple mag-

netic toy can shake their confidence in heathen miracles, as exhibiting greater wonders than those related concerning their gods. The fish and duck, that come when they are called, and have the semblance of life, though they are only tin toys, afford a ready comparison with idols, which can neither stand nor walk, nor hear nor see."

POETRY.

EARLY RISING.

"Up, up," cries the wakeful Cock,
 "Did you not hear the village clock?
 I have been up for an hour or more,
 Crowing aloud at the stable door;
 Dobbin has gone with the boy to plow,
 Betty has started to milk the cow;
 Sure there is plenty for all to do,
 And all are up, young friend, but you."

"Up, up," cries the soaring Lark,
 "Only sleep, my young friend, in the dark.
 O let it never, never be said
 You wasted the morning hours in bed;
 Out of the window glance your eye,
 And see how blue is the morning sky;
 Open the casement, your slumber spare,
 And smell how fresh is the morning air."

"Up, up," cries the busy Sun,
 "Is there no work, little friend, to be done?
 Are there no lessons to learn, I pray,
 That you lie dozing the hours away?
 Who would give light to the world below,
 If I were idly to slumber so?
 What would become of the hay and corn
 Did I thus waste the precious morn?"

"Up, up," cries the buzzing Bee,
 "There's work for you as well as for me;
 O how I prize the morning hour,
 Gathering sweets from the dewy flower:
 Quick comes on the scorching noon,
 And darksome night will follow soon;
 Say, shall it chide you for idle hours,
 Time unimproved and wasted powers?"

FOUNTAIN OF SILOAM.

BY REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE.

Beneath Moriah's rocky side
 A gentle fountain springs;
 Silent and soft its waters glide,
 Like the peace the Spirit brings.

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
 Of the cool and quiet wave,
 And the thirsty spirit stops to think,
 Of him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name,
 It means "one sent from God;"
 And thus the holy Saviour's fame
 It gently spreads abroad.

O grant that I, like this sweet well,
 May Jesus' image bear,
 And spend my life, my all, to tell
 How full his mercies are!

An Easy Lesson in Chemistry.

Some Water and Oil
 One day had a broil,
 As down in a glass they were dropping.
 And would not unite,
 But continued to fight,
 Without any prospect of stopping.

Some Pearl-ash o'erheard,
 And quick as a word,
 He jumped in the midst of the clashing;
 When all three agreed,
 And united with speed,
 And soap was created for washing.