

very much as boys sometimes suck cider through a straw.

As you study the mouths of other insects and other birds and other animals, and the finny tribes, you will find this wonderful adaptation of the mouth to obtaining the proper food. These different mouths could not have "happened so;" they could not have *made themselves*; could they? Does any body seriously suppose they could have come by chance? The study of mouths brings out a degree of skill and contrivance which could belong only to a great, intelligent, contriving mind, and it forms a deeply interesting chapter in the great book of God.

Endurance of Pain.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

A very remarkable difference exists between persons as to their capability of bearing pain; generally those of high sensitiveness and intellectuality, whose nerves, in common parlance, are finely strung, evince the greatest susceptibility. To them a scratch or trifling wound, which others would scarcely feel, is really a cause of acute pain. The late Sir Robert Peel presented this condition in a marked degree; a slight bite from a monkey at the Zoological Gardens, sometime before his death, caused him to faint; and, after the sad accident which took him from among us, it was found impossible to make a full and satisfactory examination of the seat of injury, from the exquisite torment which the slightest movement or handling of the parts occasioned. Some serious injury had been inflicted near the collar-bone; and a forcible contrast to the illustrious statesman is presented by General Sir John Moore, who, on the field of Corunna, received his mortal wound in the same situation. The following is the account given by Sir William Napier:—

"Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence, but he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed on the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen

the dreadful nature of the hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, (the present Lord Hardinge,) a staff officer, who happened to be near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me;' and in that manner, so becoming a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight."

From the spot where he fell the general was carried to the town by a party of soldiers; his blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great, yet such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those around him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery; hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "No, I feel that to be impossible."

Several times he caused his attendants to stoop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope; the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. . . . His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends, and the officers of his staff, and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength failed fast, and life was extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied—I hope my country will do me justice!" And so he died.

Important Change—Good News.

We have great pleasure in communicating to the subscribers and friends of the *Record*, that we have effected arrangements by which, hereafter, they will receive their papers from this office FREE OF POSTAGE.