

language and sounds back to him, 'Thou accursed devil! In a word, as a man treats Echo so does Echo treat him.

'Now God is just like the voice of the woods. For it is an unquestioned truth, that as we demean ourselves toward God, so he demeaneth himself toward us.'

In the opinion of our author, and he is not singular in it, procrastination is the great foe to piety and repentance:

'And even, silly souls, if you are not cut off by sudden death, but have time to repent given you on your death-bed, still such late repentance seldom availeth much in the sight of God; as Saint Augustine saith, 'The repentance of a sick man, I fear, is generally sickly; that of a dying man, generally dies away. For when thou canst sin no longer, it is not that thou deservest sin, but that sin deserts thee.'

'When Eve let herself be led astray so foolishly by the serpent, God reproved the malice of the enemy with the words: 'Thou shalt bruise the heel of Eve and her seed.'

Why then is it said that the serpent shall bruise man's heel? It is here to be observed, that every thing in the Scripture is not to be taken according to the letter, for if so, almost every man would be a cripple; for the Bible telleth us, 'If thy foot offend thee, cut it off.' But often in such words, the Holy Spirit concealeth the profoundest doctrine. So in this passage, as Lorinus wisely expoundeth it, we are not to understand by the heel, the lower part of the human body, but the last hours of man, which Satan pursueth most earnestly.'

Now for the conclusion:

'There are doubtless but few to be found among you so simple that they cannot count three. And if heaven has been so gracious as to endow you with wit enough to count three and upward, I still hope ye cannot go so far as to count among ye three-times-three, that is nine, I mean those nine, who were cured by the healing hand of Christ, and of whom only one returned to render to the Lord his *Deo Gratias*, while the other nine made off with themselves.'

The peroration runs on in this strain of quaint allusion to some length, but we are admonished that it is time to bring our labors to a close. The candle is flickering away its faint life in uncertain flashes, and the quiet that surrounds us, warns us of like repose. Farewell, then Pater Abraham! Back to thy old abode, in yonder nook of our library, where few will disturb thee, save some prying book-worm like myself. Thy quaint conceits have beguiled us of more than one hour of weariness; nor while we love thee the more for thy fun, do we respect thee less. Thou wert a true apostle of thy Master. The pestilence that ravaged the city, found thee laboring in thy calling, carrying the consolations of religion, and the hope of another life, to those whom all other comfort and hope were denied, as fearlessly as ever stood a soldier of an earthly captain while his comrades were dropping around him. Fare thee well! and may posterity think none the worse of thee, that with thy talents and thy piety were mingled some of the weaknesses of our nature; weaknesses which were but the overflowings of a merry and a kindly spirit. Would that all thy cloth had no other or worse foibles than thy bad jokes, thy cumbrous learning, and thy plethora of wit!—*Knickerbocker*.

WINTER EVENING.

I like to sit in my study in a winter evening, when the wind blows clear, and the fire burns bright. If I am alone, I sometimes love to muse loosely on a thousand flights of the imagination—to remark the gentle agitations of the flame—to eye the mouse as he listens at his knot-hole, and then run quick across the hearth—or dwell long on the ringing of the wood, when the heat drives out the sap. I believe that such reverie softens the heart while it relaxes the body, for thus the senses are gratified in miniature. In the fire I have seen the softest colors, and the sweetest and most various undulations, and in the gentle music of the pipes stick there is melody for fairies. No sense is particularly excited by my silver-grey, silken-footed, and crumb-eating animal, but perhaps he might teach me a lesson of patience, not to get out on a journey, until I

had enquired the dangers and difficulties of the way. While I am in this state of lonely musing, I sometimes lapse unknowingly into grief—for my guardians are dead, and my friends are far from me, my years are hastening away, "and evening with its hollow blast murmurs of pleasures never to return." But this state I do not like to indulge, for sorrow grows by musing—I therefore rouse myself from fears that dishearten, to strengthen or exhilarate me—and when I have lighted a cigar, and put on more wood, I track Park to the banks of the Niger, or I mount the walls of Rome with "Bourbon and revenge," and close the evening with an act from Shakespear, the best of poets and the wisest of writers.—*Anthology*.

END OF THE YEAR.

"Cold winter is coming, and God help the poor,
—I wish it was going away."

The sentiment of benevolence never appears so fresh and lovely as when, like the fadeless evergreens, it displays its softening power to cheer the rugged and chilling scenes of winter season.

The truly poor are the destitute in cold climates, for to them Nature is, one half the year, at least, an enemy more stern and inexorable than misfortune or Fate of which so man complain.

The close of the year has always been thought a favourable season for reflection on the solemn duties of existence; and it seems reasonable to suppose that people should be better fitted to contemplate seriously, when all around them wore the melancholy aspect of desolation. We have some doubts, however, whether facts would justify this conclusion. The winter brings so many personal wants and real cares, that the minds of most people are engrossed with thoughts of the many things necessary for the body; how to live comfortably through the cold season is the burden of their meditations; and the preparation for death is too gloomy to be voluntarily added to their list of cares. We write not of those whose daily prayer is an earnest breathing for that progress in improvement of mind and heart which is an earnest of immortality. Such there are, and every season is, to them, hallowed by pure and exalting associations. They see the goodness of God in every change of the seasons, in every situation they find themselves; or they feel assured that divine mercy will bring good out of what may, for the time, seem evil. To such the close of the year offers many themes of serious reflection—many themes, too, of thankfulness and joy.

Life, too, for the greater number of the inhabitants of our favoured land, has much to render it desirable. Happiness, or the means of comfort, at least, is dealt to us in bountiful measure, and the opportunities for improvement open such a wide field for the exertion of every faculty of mind and body, that there is no need of any person suffering from ennui, that terrible disease of the idle and luxurious. But these privileges of active usefulness bring a correspondent responsibility. Those who do slumber, and allow their talent to lie buried, when it might be so profitably employed, are guilty of a double crime. They sin against light as well as love;—for what American does not feel he has an opportunity of doing such great good as was never before granted to any people! And who can affirm that they have done what they could? Those who can, may with pleasure see the year depart, for they have treasured from its opportunities what will make them rich indeed.

The heart is always made better by hope, and it is no good indication of character when an individual abandons that anchor, even in relation to this life. It seems like a voluntary relinquishment of the privilege of an immortal; for is it not this "Divinity that stirs within us," which revives our strength when oppressed by care and sorrow, encourages us anew to exert our powers, by showing us the glimpses of sunbeams which are still resting on the clouds, and that we may see them brightening more and more if we only go cheerfully forward? We must go, either as victors or victims. Time has no resting place. The old year blends with the new, and the circle is un-

broken. But the circle of human enjoyments is constantly altering, and it is the part of wisdom to form our hearts to an humble acquiescence with the inevitable evils of time, and a cheerful hope that they are but for a season.

MEDICAL REMARKS ON SNUFF-TAKING.

The secretion of the mucus of the nose is intended by nature to protect the olfactory nerves; hence every artificial method of increasing that discharge is preposterous, unless required by some particular indisposition of the body. Snuff stimulates the mucous membrane of the nose, and sympathetically, the whole body; by which the mental powers are in a slight degree affected. If used as a medicine only, and on occasions that require such a stimulus, it may be productive of some advantage; but a liquid snuffatory deserves every preference to a powder, which, though at first stimulating and occasioning a flow of viscous matter, in the end always obstructs the nostrils. And if this stimulus be too violent, it may bring on so profuse a discharge of matter from the delicate membrane lining the nose, as to relax and corrode it, and to produce a polypus, or a concretion of clotted blood in the nostrils.

In several diseases of the head, eyes, and ears, however, the taking of snuff may occasionally supply the place of an artificial issue; though an extravagant use of it will most certainly produce a contrary effect; namely, accumulation of matter in the head, bleeding of the nose, and other complaints. Further, public speakers of every kind as well as teachers of languages, and, in short, all those to whom a clear and distinct articulation is of consequence, ought to avoid this habit; which when carried to excess, is in this respect extremely prejudicial. Those, too, who have a regard for cleanliness, will not accustom themselves to this hurtful practice. In short, the continual use of snuff gradually vitiates the organs of smell, weakens the faculty of sight by withdrawing the humours from the eyes, impairs the sense of hearing, renders breathing difficult, depraves the palate, and, if taken too freely, falls into the stomach, and, in a high degree, injures the organs of digestion.

Besides the many bad effects already mentioned, taking snuff may be attended with another consequence, equally dangerous to the alimentary canal. While the nose is continually obstructed, and a free respiration is impeded, the habitual snuff-taker generally breathes through the mouth only; he is always obliged to keep his mouth partly open, and consequently to inspire more frequently, and with greater efforts, which is always productive of injury to the system. Hence every person ought to be seriously dissuaded from the use of snuff as well as of tobacco, which, viewed in the most favourable light, are taken only as drams or temporary stimulants; the practices of snuffing and smoking cannot indeed be too suddenly relinquished, as soon as reason prevails over sensual gratification.—*Old Scrap Book*.

PIETUS WOMEN.—They are the women who bless, dignify and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed, does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into vogue by furnishing them diamonds, nor undone for not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap, or collar; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does not dictate them—but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good; and, above all, they possess His favour, whom to know is life eternal.

In the earliest ages no metals were used but those found pure, as gold, silver and copper. The smelting of ores was a comparatively late invention, and ascribed both to observations on volcanoes and to the burning of forests.

One million ounces of gold are supposed to be produced annually.

The smell in lime slacking arises from the ascent of particles of the lime, with the aqueous vapour.