

pupils lost, and yet the expense increased by TWO THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY FOUR POUNDS."

The Universe.

The following sublime remarks, from the "North British Review," are well calculated to lead the mind to lofty conceptions of the Creator of the Universe, as well as to humiliating conceptions of ourselves; they are well worthy of being committed to memory:—

"In wading ourselves in imagination to our own satellite, the moon—the nearest of our celestial bodies—we have passed over a distance equal to thirty times the diameter of our globe. In advancing to the sun we travel over a distance equal to thirty times that moon; and before we reach Uranus, the remotest of the planets, we have traversed a space equal to twenty times the earth's distance from the sun." Thus placed at the limits of a system enclosed in a circle of 1800 millions of miles in radius, our appreciation of distance would appear to be exhausted, and we seem on the margin of an unfathomable abyss. The telescope, however, and the mural circle, enable us to span the void, and the genius of man, proud of the achievement—and justly, if humbly proud—has crossed the gulf 12,000 times the radius of his own system, that he may study the nearest world in the firmament of heaven. Beyond this frontier lies the whole universe of stars—their binary system—their clusters, and their nebulous combinations. The observed parallax of one-fourth of a second in Lyra, carries us four times as far into the bosom of space; but though beyond this we have no positive measure of distance, it would be as unphilosophical to assign its limits to reason, as to give it an infinite range. In this rapid flight into space, we have traversed it in but one dimension, and

the line which we have traced is but a unit in the scale of celestial distance. Creation in its wide panorama is still above, beneath, and around us. The over-arching heavens still enclose us, and innumerable worlds sparkle in its canopy. If from this bourne, from which the astronomical traveller alone returns, we look upon our course, our own planetary system ceases to be perceived. Its sun is dim—itself but an invisible point in the nebulous light that intervenes. Where, then, is our terrestrial ball—its oceans—its continents—its mountains—its empires—its dynasties—its thrones! Where is our father-land—its factions—its Christian disunions—its slave crimes, and its unholy wars? Where is our home—its peace—its endearments—its hopes—and its fears? Where is man, the intellectual monad—the only atom of organic life that pierces the depths, and interprets the enigma of the universe?—and yet the only spark of a spiritual nature which disclaims the authority and resists the will of the Universal King! They have all disappeared in the far off perspective—the long vista of space, whose apex was at the sun, the hugest telescope would fail to descry. No living thing here meets the eye, and no sentiment associated with life presses on the affections. The tiny organism of earth and ocean—every thing that moves and breathes—that lives and dies—all are engulfed in the great conception of the universe. The straining mind can not unite the immeasurable extremes. The infinite in space—the eternal in duration—the omnipotent in power—the perfect in wisdom, alone fill the expanded soul, and portray in their awful combination—the Creator of the Universe."

The importation of timber from British North America, into London, in 1855, was £1,447,302; in 1859, £5,194,574.