

sixth a dum-bell—many of them scroll or scrolls of some thin texture seen edgewise, and so on. It is even a suggestion of the author's that some of the spiral and armed wheels may be revolving yet in the vast ocean of space in which they are engulfed. Thus has the telescope traced the "binding" influences of the Pleiades, loosened the bands of "Orion"—erst the chief *nebulous* bazy wonders, once and for all revealing its separate stars: and thus, in brief, has this wondrous instrument "unrolled the heavens as scroll." Yet even these astonishing results are as nothing to the fact that those fantastic shapes which it has revealed in the depths of this *lambo* of creation, are not shapes merely of the present time—that thousands of years have passed since the light that showed them left the starry firmaments only now revealed—that the telescope, in short, in reflecting these astonishing shapes, deliver to the eye of mind turned inward on the long stored records of a universal and eternal memory of the past, than to a mere eye of sense looking outward on the things of passing time!—*The Builder*.

## Booths' Department.

### THE CHILD'S DREAM.

BY WM. BARR.

Oh, stay by my couch to-night, Mother,  
And sing me some beautiful song:  
For I fain would dream as I dreamed last night,  
For my eyes would gaze at that wondrous sight,  
Amid the archangel throng!

I dreamed that I roamed last night, Mother,  
Afar in some beautiful land;  
Bright spirits of light in their shining plumes,  
Where sunlight no longer that land illumines,  
There hovered in shining bands!

Bright forms, on dazzling wings, Mother,  
Went by on their flashing round;  
And trembled the cords of their golden lyres,  
And anthems of praise from the heavenly choirs  
Through the star-lit courts resound.

And happier forms were there, Mother,  
Than bloom in this time bound sphere:  
And the joyful acclaim of that blood-washed throng  
As they chanted the strains of the heavenly song,  
There fell on my raptured ear.

And sweet sister Emma was there, Mother,  
As fair as an angel of light;  
She stood in the ranks of that angel throng,  
And chanted the notes of the seraphim's song—  
A cherub serenely bright!

And she sang the song we sung, Mother,  
Together that loesome night;  
Her voice was as sweet as a seraph's tongue,  
That high in the arches of glory rung,  
Enrobed in celestial white!

I thought of the long, long night, Mother,  
We sat by her dying bed;  
And I saw the tear in your mournful eye,  
As dying, "Sweet Mother, good bye—good bye;  
I'll meet you in Heaven," she said.

Oh, there was no misery there, Mother,  
Away in that beautiful land;  
Nor sun with its blazing flame was there,  
Nor angry howl of the wintry air  
Envenomed its zephyrs bland.

She quitted the blazing ranks, Mother,  
And quick to me hastening sped;  
And the shining curls of her golden hair  
Were kissed by the gales of that redolent air,  
As sweetly, dear Mother, she said.

"Oh come to these love-lit realms, Anna,  
And strike on an angel's lyre;  
Come, bask in the beams of a nightless home,  
Through its changeless bowers we'll sweetly roam,  
And join in the heavenly choir."

Oh, stay by my couch to-night, Mother,  
And sing me some beautiful song;  
For I fain would dream as I dreamed last night,  
And my eye would gaze on that wondrous sight,  
High 'midst the archangel throng!

**OBSERVE CHILDREN.**—Nothing, perhaps, would conduce so much to the knowledge of the human mind, as a close attention to the actions and thoughts of very young children; and yet no branch in the history of human nature is more neglected. The pleasant and extravagant notions of the infantile mind amuse for the instant, and are immediately forgotten, whereas they merit to be registered

with the utmost care: for it is *here and here alone*, that we can discover the nature and character of *first principles*. An attention to the commencement and development of their ideas would correct many of our speculative notions, and confute most of the sentiments of abstract philosophers, respecting what they so confidently advance concerning these first principles.—*Reid*.

## BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

Filial kindness is *a'ways* beautiful. There is not a more touching picture in the Bible, than that of Ruth, while answering the intreaties of her mother-in-law, Naomi, to return unto her own people. 'Whither thou goest, *I will go*, and where thou lodgest, *I will lodge*—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, *I will die*, and there will I be buried.'

'I will never marry a man who does not treat his mother well,' said a lively friend to us once. 'And why not?' we queried. 'If he is unkind to her, to whom he is so deeply indebted,' she replied, 'what need one expect from him, to whom he owes comparatively nothing?' There was sound philosophy in this remark. Most of our truly great men have been noted for the kindness—yea, reverence, even—with which they have treated their mothers. Washington revered his; Roger Sherman treated his with the most marked attention; and it was one of the famous Judge Story's last requests, that he might be buried beside his mother, in Mount Auburn. But filial respect and love is not often rewarded as in the following instance:—

Gustavus III., King of Sweden, passing one morning through a village, in the neighbourhood of the castle, observed a young peasant girl of interesting appearance drawing water at a fountain at the wayside. He went up to her, and asked her for a draught. Without delay, she lifted up her pitcher, and, with artless simplicity, put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said, 'My girl, if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavour to fix you in a more agreeable situation.'

'Ah, Sir,' replied the girl, 'I cannot accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the Providence of God has placed me; but if I were, I could not for an instant hesitate.'

'And why?' rejoined the King, somewhat surprised.

'Because,' answered the girl, colouring, 'my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist or comfort her under her many afflictions; and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect the duties which affection requires from me.'

'Where is your mother?' asked the monarch.

'In that little cabin,' replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her.

The King, whose feelings were interested in favour of his companion, went in, and beheld stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was a little straw, an aged female, weighed down with years and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her:—

'I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition.'

'Alas, Sir, answered the venerable sufferer, 'I should be indeed to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labours to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it for her good,' she added, wiping away a tear.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment, of the pleasure of possessing an exalted station; and putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say, 'Continue to take good care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good bye, my amiable girl—you may depend on the promise of your King.'

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on her mother, with the reversion to her daughter, at her death.—*N. Y. Home Journal*.

**THE RUM BON-FIRE.**—One day, when the Marshal in Portland poured a quantity of liquor into the streets, the boys got some matches and set fire to it, and it burned *blue*. Thus they had a rum bon-fire. Well, it was better that the boys should burn the rum, than that the rum should burn the boys.