

while it strengthens and rouses the energy of the mind, it furnishes with some of the most serviceable materials for the understanding and the imagination.

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object as a motive; the cottage has its pink, its rose, its polyanthus; the villa its geranium, its dahlia, and its clematis; we cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining days; but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure, and our affections seem immediately to expand at the sight of the first opening blossom under the sunny wall or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter, our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems close and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality that no other reason can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring; it is unseasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a thought of melancholy than of joy; we view it with curiosity, not affection; and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intrinsic beauty or splendour that so charms us; for the fair maid of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be unheeded, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of summer and of autumn; no; it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season; to maturity they give pleasure, as a harbinger of the renewal of life, a signal of awakening nature, or of a higher promise; to youth, they are expanding being, opening years, hilarity, and joy.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

PUBLIC PREACHERS.

I have often lamented the monotonous tone and action of the generality of our clergymen in the pulpit; the latter is most wholly wanting, except in giving the unfortunate pulpit cushion a few clumsy thumps, which generally produce more dust than they awaken attention; or should the reverend gentleman be the owner of a very white hand, it may tempt him to display that and his cambric handkerchief together.

How much, on the contrary, have I been surprised and pleased, upon hearing and seeing the clergy in Lisbon address their congregations! Sermons are not considered in Portugal as church fixtures, but are only given upon particular occasions, such as some remarkable saint's day—some public rejoicing

or grieving, &c.; and the report that a sermon is to be preached on such a day, in such a church, is sure to attract an attendance. Nor do I wonder at it. The discourse which I believe to be actually studied and weighed prior to delivery, is always conveyed to the hearers by speech, not read from ill-written manuscript, and therefore has this advantage, that it leaves the body and every limb at liberty. Whereas, I have in England felt a kind of painful fidget, when I have seen the preacher in evident fear of not reading it right, or, as sometimes happened, of turning over two leaves at once, which would produce a kind of cross-reading, calculated to call forth anything but serious attention in the auditors; or should he be near-sighted, and not quite master of his subject you might imagine he was smelling as well as looking at it. Here, on the contrary, the orator being made fully acquainted with what he intends to say, having his head, body, and limbs free from restraint besides being possessed of a full clear voice, it is no ways astonishing that they should at once instruct, delight, and claim our unqualified approbation.

Though by no means a proficient in the Portuguese language, yet their delivery is so distinct, their emphasis so just, and their action so accordant with their subject, a person may always understand the substance, and much of the detail of their discourses, which, as with us, last about twenty minutes.

IDEAS.—The ideas of right and wrong in human conduct are never observable in a young child. How many little acts of an injurious nature would he commit if not restrained, without knowing that they were injurious! He seizes every thing within his reach, without any sensations relative to justice or injustice. The humoured child always thinks that he has a right to every thing that he desires, and resents a refusal as an injustice and cruelty. The little tyrant behaves, in his small circle, like great tyrants in their large spheres, as if the whole creation were at their disposal, or formed for their sole gratification.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND MATTERS OF BUSINESS.

The character of Sir Thomas in domestic life was truly amiable. Writing to a friend, whilst he was Lord Chancellor of England, after saying that he devotes nearly the whole of the day abroad to others, and the remainder to his family at home, he goes on:—‘I have for myself, that is for literature, no time at all; for when I return home, I must needs converse with my wife, trifle with my children, and talk with my servants. All these I account as indispensable to matters of business, since they cannot be avoided. They are as indispensable to our own happiness, as to our duty, which is to render ourselves, by every means in our power, agreeable to those whom either nature, or chance, or choice have rendered the companions of our lives.’