

musk will have lost hardly any appreciable quantity. When the most keen and quick-sighted vision has realized the existence of the minutest insect visible to any unaided eye, we are far from having reached the smallest living creature that can be exhibited to us. The Microscope enables us to see animated beings, thousands of which together in one spot, occupy a space too small for the eye alone to perceive.

Microscopic research has disclosed the existence of animals, a million of which together, do not exceed the bulk of a grain of sand; and yet each of these creatures is composed of members admirably suited to its mode of life. Their motions give evident proofs of vitality, and instinct. In the liquids which they inhabit they are observed to move with surprising agility and speed; nor are their actions fortuitous, but evidently governed by choice, and directed to a purpose. They are supplied with digestive organs, and they exhibit muscular power far exceeding, in proportion, that of the larger species. Some of these animalcules are found to be preyed upon by parasites still more minute—in fact, after we have exhausted all the powers of science and of art in searching out these mysteries of creation, we are forcibly led to the conclusion that there remain degrees of minuteness far beyond the utmost reach of our intellect.

The extremes of magnitude and minuteness appear to approach each other, when we think of the rocky matter, which consists of the petrified remains of myriads of microscopic insects—such as the vast beds of the limestone strata—or when we consider those which are the product of minute living creatures, such are the coral reefs and islands that rise to the surface of the deepest sea. We may believe that Ehrenberg was not mistaken when he asserted that he had discovered many species of infusoria so small that a thousand might swim, side by side, at once, through the eye of a needle. The shells of these creatures are found to exist fossilized in the strata of the earth in quantities so great as almost to exceed the limits of credibility. In the truck across the Atlantic, in which the Telegraphic cable was laid, the bottom was found singularly adapted for the purpose, from its consisting of a deep impalpable sand composed of these shells. By microscopic measurement it has been ascertained that in the slate found at Bilin in Bohemia, which consists almost entirely of these shells, a cubic inch contains 41,000,000,000; and as a cubic inch of this slate weighs 226 grains, it follows that 186,000,000 of these shells must be contained in a grain, each of which shells would consequently weigh the 186,000,000th part of a grain. What enlarged views these facts present to me, of the wonderful power, wisdom, and goodness of the creator, who has made this world so teeming with living creatures, enjoying, to the utmost of their nature, the privileges man's inhumanity denies to so many of his fellow-men, namely—life, liberty, and the pursuit and enjoyment of happiness.

To be Continued.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY E. B. COOK.

There is a power all must feel,  
Whose cheeks are felt a mother's kiss,  
Memory of which in woe or weal,  
Will every sinful thought dismiss.  
The stricken one may sadly wail—  
Laden with sorrow, prostrate, weary;  
But there's a love that will not fail  
To scatter all that's sad and dreary.

It comes unto the sorrowing heart,  
Like sunbeams breaking through the storm;  
And sorrows like the clouds depart,  
And leave it happy, pure and warm.  
Upon the wanderer o'er the earth—  
The warrior in his pensive hour—  
The thoughtless votary of mirth,  
"A mother's love" must wield its power.

Oh, yes! the youth who hesitates,  
"Twixt Virtue's rule and Vice's sway:  
And in his fertile mind creates  
The question "What would mother say?"  
Must feel his inclination turn  
In Virtue's happy path to rove;  
Oh, yes! his heart could never spurn  
The memory of a mother's love.

A PRINTER'S CHRISTMAS.

[The editor of the Sandy Hill Herald says that on Christmas Eve an expressman delivered to him an exceedingly mysterious box. After paying the charges, thirty-eight cents—being just the amount of cash on hand—he proceeded to examine its contents. He says:]

The cover was removed, when our eyes were gladdened with the sight of a fine fat turkey. The next thing brought to light was a bottle of champagne, and last was a huge demijohn, marked "O Tar!"—What in the world is O Tar! It must mean old tar—but what in the world induced any one to send us either old or new tar? We haven't got any waggon; and as for getting up a bonfire for the benefit of the Republicans, we are not in the humor. We have it! We will sell it to the livery man. Called on him, and he said he did not use tar, but grease on his wagons. Brought it back to the office in not a very good humor, still wondering why it was sent to us. Resolved, finally, to draw the cork. Did so. It wasn't tar. Smelt of it. Knew by the smell it wasn't tar. Tasted of it, and became fully satisfied that it wasn't tar. Tasted again—knew it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and drew up a resolution declaring in the most emphatic terms that it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and began to feel happy. Tasted again, and felt very happy. Tasted again and began to feel very rich, and resolved to give our cottage to a poor widow and purchase the elegant mansion over the way—to donate the office to Jabe, and buy out the New York Ledger. Gave the "dogg" a \$20 gold piece for Christmas, and promised him a round hundred for New Year's. Bought a \$5,000 pair of pigs and a dog, and a hundred chickens, and a doctor.

gold and pearls. Ordered from the South a driver and footman whose faces shone like a glass bottle under a direct sun ray. Went over to the "Union," and told Fred to send every poor family in town a barrel of the best flour, and nameless other articles to render them comfortable. Bought all the wood in the market, and ordered it to be sent immediately to the aforesaid poor families. Gave each of the clergymen in town a thousand dollars; adopted fourteen orphan girls and boys; ran around and paid all debts, (what printer on earth did that?) put on our slippers (imagining we heard music;) did hear music—for somebody came near being kicked out of bed. Alas! we had only been dreaming!

HOW SHALL WE AMUSE THE CHILDREN.

To amuse the little ones, the children, successfully, is no small or easy task. To simplify our words and actions, so as to meet the comprehension of a child, requires a better knowledge of ourselves and of nature, than most people possess.

How often we hear it said—"Such a one is just fit to play with and amuse children;" and their minds and capacities are held in comparative insignificance and contempt, while in fact their mental capacities are superior to those who thus hold them in ridicule. The truth is, human nature is prone to undervalue qualities or capacities which are beyond our reach, or ambition. A weary, ever-plodding mother or sister may bend her energies, and no matter how worn, or disgusted with the toil and worry of petty, endless, trivial cares, the children hang around her, when at last she has a long-coveted moment to sit down. Mother must tell the stories, or explain the pictures, or mend the toys, or in some way or other devise ways and means for the time to be spent by these restless ever-active children. And what of it?—Nothing—only those people who are supposed to have no brains, and to have been made on purpose to fritter away whole lives in the constant employment of the merest trifles,—viz., women—are not, after all, the most enviable people in the world. To be useful, even in the smallest thing, is pleasant—but after you have struggled to bring your mind to the faithful performance of little duties, to have your reward in the mere assertion—"O, it is nothing for her; it just suits her—all she is good for." Some people like to do the great things, and have the name of it, because they well know it requires the stronger mind, and the greater effort, to perform small things, well and constantly.

COLUMBUS died May 20, 1506, aged about 70 years; was buried at the convent of San Francisco. In 1513 his remains were removed to Seville; in 1536 again removed to San Domingo, Hispaniola; in 1796 to Havana, and it is now proposed to remove them again to a new cemetery. Living or dead Columbus has been a moving man.