

father? exclaimed Terah, in a vehement rage. 'Do I then not know that they can neither eat, nor stir, nor move?'—'And yet,' rejoined Abraham, 'thou payest them divine honours—adorest them, and would have me worship them.' It was in vain Abraham thus reasoned with his idolatrous parent. His unnatural father delivered him over to the tribunal of the cruel Nimrod."—*Goodhugh's Lectures on Biblical Literature.*

SONG OF THE BLUE ROSE.

BY J. A. WADE.

When earth was in its dawn of light,
By sages it is told,
The Roses all were virgin white,
The maidens' hearts all cold:
Love, then a wanderer through the air,
Look'd down upon it's bowers,
And though they seem'd so wondrous fair,
He'd like to have a dwelling there
Amid its fruits and flowers!

Long time he roved from sweet to sweet,
But nothing pleased the child:
Till one May morn he chanced to meet
A rose that just had smiled!
Within its snowy leaves he crept,
And said:—"no more I'll roam."
Then, brushing off the dews that wept
Their pearls upon the flower, he slept
Contented with a home.

Not long he lay before a maid,
Who shunn'd the moontide hour,
Sought coolness in a fount that play'd
Beside his cradle flower.
She thought herself unseen, unheard,
As with a graceful leap,
The fountain's glassy breast she stirr'd
But, what light shadow pass'd?—a bird
Seem'd startled from its sleep.

The maid, abash'd, look'd round, for then
E'en birds wak'd maidens' fear—
And, oh! her blush of beauty when
She saw Love smiling near!
With her that hour he went to dwell,
But first her cheeks' soft flush,
He gave to me, and bade me tell:
"When Love warms maiden hearts, farewell
HEART'S-EASE and MAIDEN'S-ELUSH!"

LA FONTAINE.

COLASSE composed the music of *Astree*, a tragic opera, written by La Fontaine, and produced in 1691. A characteristic anecdote is related of this celebrated

poet. At the first performance of this piece he was sitting in a box behind some ladies who did not know him. They heard him constantly saying to himself "wretched! detestable! trash!" until at length one of them, weary of his repeated murmurs, said to him, "O, sir, the piece, is by no means bad—the author is a man of genius, the famous M. de la Fontaine," "Well, ladies," said he very coolly, "the piece is not worth a farthing; and this M. de la Fontaine, whom you talk of, is a blockhead—he tells you so himself." At the end of the first act he went away, and, going into an adjoining coffee-house, sat down in a corner and fell asleep. A gentleman, of his acquaintance coming in, and seeing him, exclaimed, "What! M. de la Fontaine here! should he not be at the first representation of his opera?" "I am just come out from it," said La Fontaine, rousing himself and yawning. "I sat out the first act, but was so completely sick of it that I could not stay any longer. Really the Parisians have a wonderful stock of patience!"—*Hogarth's Musical Drama.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It has been observed as a matter of surprise, and assumed as a proof that the character of Queen Elizabeth was masculine, because she went to Guildhall on horseback on Lord Mayor's Day, and always appeared in public on a spirited steed, which she rode to the theatre. In her days plays were performed at mid-day, but the real fact is the Queen had no other alternative unless she walked, for during her reign there were no coaches. Her Majesty died in 1570, and coaches were first used in 1580, and an act was passed in 1601 to prevent riding in coaches as being effeminate, but in 1605 they became common in London, and not before. The gold spur which Queen Elizabeth wore is still in the Tower.

▲ COMPLIMENT.

THE greatest compliment probably ever paid to a preacher was that paid to the celebrated Rev. Robert Hall, of Leicester, of the attraction of whose eloquence it is said that at one time it was not uncommon for persons to go down from London by the mail to hear him, and return the next night.

A POET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHEN Savage was on his tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, he was often without meat; nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or the streets allowed him; there he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of pen and ink, and write down what he had composed upon paper which he had picked up by accident.