

menials and the worst of crimes. The clansman burned with anger and fierce revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbuy, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood on an almost inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonised mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed, may be easily conceived. Maclean implored the man to give him back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had in a moment of excitement inflicted on his clansman. The other replied, that the only conditions on which he would consent to the restitution were, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been ! In despair the chief consented, saying he would submit to any thing if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demoniac revenge, and lifting high the child in the air, plunged with him into the abyss below. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of Mull.—*Inverness Courier*.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on the earth ?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those heavenly veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair ?
Oh ! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death ;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent ?
Or art thou what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream ?

A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it, at my beating heart,
Those tremors, both of soul and sense,
Awoke by infant innocence !
Though dear to the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love ;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Ev'n on her deepest solitude :
But, lovely child ! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown ;
Glad would they be their child to own !
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they lov'd not more ;
How happy must thy parents be,
Who daily live in sight of thee !
Whose hearts no higher pleasure seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak—
What joy must in their souls have stirr'd
When thy first broken words were heard !
Words that, inspired by Heaven, express'd
The transports dancing in thy breast !
As for thy smile !—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even when I gaze, are kindling now.

Oh ! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy !
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To Heaven and Heaven's God adoring !
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye ?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, ere error dim,
The glory of the Seraphim ?

Oh ! vision fair ! that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee !
Vain wish ! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm ;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of paradise,
And years, so fate had order'd, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul ;
Yet sometimes sudden sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
Oh ! sinless babe ! by God are given,
To charm the wanderer back to Heaven.

PROMPT ANSWER.

CHATEAUNEUF, keeper of the seals of Louis the Thirteenth, when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many question by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is ?" "My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where he is not ?"

GEOLOGY.

THE *Clockmaker* says, "I never hear of 'secondary formations' without pleasure—that's a fact. The ladies, you know, are the secondary formation, for they were formed after man—and as for *trap*, if they an't up to that it's a pity."