Poetry.

Spring Concert.

BY L. R. SIGOURNEY.

There's a concert of gladness and glee,
The programme is rich and the tickets are free,
In a grand vaulted hall where there's room and to spare,
With no gas-lights to eat up the oxygen there.
The musicians excel in their wonderful art,
They have compass of voice, and the gamut by heart;
They traveled abroad in the winter recess,
And sang to vast crowds with unbounded success,
And now 'tis a favor and privilege rare,
Their arrival to hail and their melodies share.

These exquisite minstrels a fashion have set,
Which they hope you'll comply with and may not regret;
They don't keep late hours, for they've always been told
'Twould injure their voices, and make them look old.
They invite you to come if you have a fine ear,
To the garden or grove their rehearsals to hear;
Their chorus is full ere the sunbeam is born,
Their music the sweetest at breaking of morn;
It was learned at heaven's gate with its rapturous lays,
And may teach you, perchance, its own spirit of praise.

Miscellaneous.

The Use of Frogs.

Of what use are frogs? Frenchmen, and some epicures among us, eat them. But of what use are they alive? If we can find out what they eat, we may find out something of their use. Mr. Buckland, in his "Curiosities of Natural History," tells us: Frogs feed principally upon beetles, which they find among the tufts of grass by the sides of the ponds. They do not, I think, grope about among the grass for their prey, but rather wait till the beetles run near them, and then they can easily catch them by means of their projectile tongue. I have examined the stomachs of many frogs just caught, and have found slugs, beetles, and caterpillars. One year, when the wireworm was proving very destructive to the turnipe, I examined some frogs from a field swarming with it; the frogs were quite gorged with the worm and must have done much good to the farmer. I mentioned the fact to him, and he issued an edict for the preservation of the frogs.

Every one is familiar with the shrill and peculiar note of the tree-frog, some times improperly called *tree-toads*. Most of us know very little more about them. Yet their habits might be observed without difficulty, after the difficulty of finding and catching them is surmounted; for they eat black beetles, and those are generally plentiful. Mr. Buckland caught a dozen in Germany, bottled them up, and carried them to England. They proved troublesome companions:

I started at night on my homeward journey by the diligence, and I put the bottle containing the frogs into the pocket inside the diligence. My fellow-passengers were sleepy, old smoke-dried Germans; very little conversation took place, and after the first mile every one settled himself to sleep, and soon all were snoring. I suddenly awoke with a start, and found all the sleepers had been roused at the same moment. On their sleepy faces were depicted fear and anger. What had woke us all up so suddenly? The morning was just breaking, and my frogs, though in the dark pocket of the coach, had found it out; and with one accord all twelve of them had begun their morning song. As if at a given signal, they one and all of them began to croak as loud as ever they could. The noise their united concert made, seemed, in the close compartment of the coach, quite deafening. Well might the Germans look angry; they wanted to throw the frogs, bottle and all, out of the window, but I gave the bottle a good shaking, and made the frogs keep quiet. The Germans all went to sleep again, but I was obliged to keep awake, to shake the frogs when they began to croak. It was lucky that I did so, for they tried to begin their concert again two or three times.

But the author had his trouble for nothing:

These frogs came safely to Oxford; and the day after their arrival, a stupid housemaid took off the top of the bottle to see what was inside; one of the frogs croaked at that instant, and so frightened her that she dared not put the cover on again.—They all got loose in the garden, where I believe the ducks ate them, for I never heard or saw them again.

Tree-frogs, it has been noticed, do their part at destroying insects. They are also put to another use, on account of their peculiar intelligence. They not only knew when morning came, although shut up in a dark pocket, but they seem to have a foresight of what the weather is going to be for some hours ahead. Accordingly:

The green tree frogs are used to this day in Germany as barometers; they are placed in tall bottles, with little wooden ladders. The steps of the ladder mark, as it were, the degrees; the frogs always go up toward the top in fine weather, and lower down at the approach of bad weather. I have often seen the Germans consult their frogs when starting on a picnic expedition. Leeches, too, make good barometers. I have two leeches in a long bottle, which generally will indicate what sort of weather is coming in the next twenty-four hours.

Shakespeare has told us that

"The toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

He has been supposed by many to have been as much mistaken about the venom, as about the jewel. But it is true, after all, that there is poison in the toad:

They have glands in their skin, which secrete a white, highly-acid fluid, and just behind the head are seen two eminences like split beans; if these be pressed, this acid fluid will come out—only let the operator mind that it does not get into his eyes, for it generally comes out with a jet. There are also other glands dispersed through the skin. A dog will never take a toad in his mouth, and the reason is that this glandular secretion burns his tongue and lips. It is also poisonous to the human subject.

But it is not a virulent poison. It is so diffused over the surface of the body as to be merely a defensive, not an aggressive weapon, and is an irritant, rather than a specific venom. And no animal better deserves a defense. The young reader should not feel himself warranted by the discovery of this fact in going forth to destroy toads. They will never harm you if you do not seek to harm them, and they do an immense amount of good in the destruction of noxious insects. A gardener, whose melon-patch was infested with ants that threatened to destroy his crop, after vainly trying other remedies, turned in half a dozen toads. In the course of a few days hardly an ant was to be seen. Some people, whose houses are plagued with ants, might find it for their advantage to try what the toads can do for them. Provide them a moist, cool place, and give them free forage, and they will at any rate do no harm. The naturalist sometimes turns them to a queer use:

There are many insects and beetles which come out only at night. These are very interesting to the entomologist, who often finds it very difficult to catch the minuter kinds. Toads are, therefore, turned into beetle-traps, and made to catch these little night insects. A brigade of skirmishing toads is turned loose into the garden in the evening; the toads, unconscious why so much kindness is shown them, do their best to get a good meal, but in the morning their master comes, and makes them eject all their night-work, which he does without hurting them; and in this way many curious and rare specimens of minute nocturnal insects have been obtained.

These are only specimens culled at random from the many entertaining facts gathered by a single observer, right along the path of common life. They are examples of the manner in which things that seem of no great beauty or interest illustrate the skill of the Divine Contriver. Not that a multitude of questions may not be asked concerning the economy of nature which we are unable to answer. But, *as far as we know*, we find usefulness every-where. We have reason, then, to conclude, that if we knew all, we should see alike in all the proofs of beneficent skill.—*Western Advocate.*

Wilkes and Dandy Preachers.

There was nothing for which Mr. Wilkes had a more cordial abhorrence, than any exhibition of dandyism in young ministers; and nothing of this kind ever came in contact with him without meeting a rebuke. On one occasion, a young minister of a good deal of pretension and parade, went from the country to London, and carried Mr. Wilkes a letter, designed to procure for him an invitation to preach. "Well, young man," said Matthew, with a nasal twang that is perfectly indescribable, but which nobody who has heard it can ever forget: "Well, young man, you want to preach—you want to preach in London, don't you?" "I am going to pass a few days here, sir, and if it should suit Mr Wilkes' convenience, I should be very happy to give his people a sermon while I am here." "Well," said Matthew, "you can preach, you can preach; come along next Wednesday morning to the Tabernacle, and I'll meet you there, and you can take my lecture for that morning." The young man agreed to do so, and was on the spot at the appointed hour. Matthew met him at the door, disgusted as he had been before, with his dandy airs, and addressed him thus: "Go along, into the pulpit, young man, and I shall sit below and look at you, and hear every word you say." The young preacher darted through the aisles into the pulpit, in a manner that seemed better to befit a ballroom than a place of worship. He performed the introductory services with an air of insufferable self-complacency, and in due time opened the Bible and read his text, which was the last verse of the first chapter of the gospel of John: "Hereafter ye shall see heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." He had written his sermon and committed it all to memory, as he supposed, to a word; but, unfortunately, he left his manuscript behind him. When he had read his text, he found it impossible to recall the first sentence. He hesitated and hemmed, and began thus: "You perceive, my brethren—you perceive—that the angels of God—are here represented—as ascending—and descending." He then set up a good stout cough, in the hope that his memory might get to work in the meantime; but the cough was as unproductive as it was artificial, and he could do nothing but to go right over again with the absurd sentence with which he had started. He coughed again and again, but his memory, was in too profound a slumber to be awakened by it. After three or four minutes, during which he was a spectacle to the congregation, and especially to Matthew, who was all the time watching and listening according to his promise, he shut up his Bible in perfect consternation, and abruptly closed the service. Of course he came out of the pulpit with a very different air from that with which he entered it. But the worst was yet to come; he had to meet Matthew and hear his scathing comments. "Well, well," said he: "Young man, you've preached in London—ha'n't you? I've heard you; I've heard every word you said, and I have only one comment to make: if you had *ascended* as you *descended*, then you might have descended as you *ascended*."

Another young minister, of a similar character, paid him a visit, and Matthew observed that he sported what *he* thought a very indecent number of watch seals. He eyed them for some time, as if scrutinizing the materials of which they were made, and then said, with a terribly sarcastic air, "It seems to me you've a good many seals to your ministry, considering how young you are."—*Sprague's Visit to European Celebritics.*

Bishop Doane on the Fair Sex.

In his excellent address to the graduating class of S. Mary's Hall, at Burlington, last month, Bishop Doane, after a characteristically poetic exordium and a brief allusion to the commencement of their worldly career, spoke as follows:

"The times are out of joint." Corruption stalks in our high places. Licentiousness has well nigh lost its shame. Infidelity is bold and brazen faced, The wave of barbarism is rolling back upon us. For these things your sex is greatly answerable. Women are not true to themselves. They wink at vice. They make a compromise with worldliness. They tolerate irreligion. And they are the victims of their own unfaithfulness. The stronger sex look up in best things to the weaker. They have all had mothers. They have all had sisters. They own them in the sex to which they owe them. And if women were but true to God, true to their position, true to themselves, they would have strength from him to hold the world in check. No woman ever fell but by her own consent. As at the first, the woman is the tempter. There is no man, that has not passed into a brute to do as tigers do, that can resist the matchless majesty of a resolved woman. And stronger than all law, stronger than anything but God, when it is strong in His strength, would be the power of woman, to put down rudeness, and lay the bridle upon license. But the age is self-indulgence. And self-indulgence grows by what it feeds on.

Women are occupied by fashion. Women are slaves to dress. Women are willing to be flattered. Women are careless about their companionship. Women are unscrupulous in their amusements. Young women set up for themselves. They look upon their parents as old fashioned. They are impatient of domestic restraints. They are averse to domestic occupations. They vote their homes a bore. They congregate away from its control. They indulge in unseasonable hours to meet the other sex, more than half way. They make themselves debtors for their escorts to places of resort. They tempt the hidden devil of their nature. They forget their Bibles. They neglect their Prayer Books. They are women of fashion. They are women of the world. What else they are is rather shaped by opportunity, than by themselves. In this way, home is stripped of its sanctity. In this way, the female atmosphere loses its fragrance. The woman is no longer what she was made to be, "a help meet" for the man. And man ceases to be what God designed him for, her partner, her prop and her protector.

I am well persuaded, by the report which comes to me from every quarter of the land, that women who have gone out from before this altar, counted now by thousands, are, for the most part, women of another sort. I hear of them as faithful wives. I hear of them as devoted mothers. I hear of them as loving sisters. I hear of them as obedient daughters. They are centers of good influence in society. They are stays and ornaments of the Church. It may be said of them: Many daughters have done virtuously, but these excel them all!"

To join this hopeful company, beloved, ones, you are to go out now. You are to go with the instructions by which their minds were moulded. You go with the influences which God has sanctified in the transformation of their hearts. You go with prayers which have been won down from Heaven for them, the consolations of the Comforter. You go with the blessing which has commended them to the care and keeping of the Holy One. "Be strong in the Lord," dear children, "and in the power of His might." Keep your Bibles even in your hearts. Have you Prayer Books ever in your hands. Be true to yourselves. Be true to your homes. Be true to your Church. Be true to your God. Follow after them who left His Cross last, and found His grave the first. Follow after her whose sacred legend gleams upon you now, it may be for the last time: "behold the handmaid of the Lord!" Remember always that you are women. Remember always to be "holy women." Keep your hands ever on the Cross. Fix your eyes ever on the crown. Lambs of the Lamb, in meekness and gentleness and lovingness; be doveings of the Dove, in peace, purity and piety. Dear daughters of my heart, God bless you!

Tobacco Recommended.

1. It is an excellent thing to destroy the senses of taste and smell, so that the person who long uses it cannot detect poor qualities of butter and meats, because it produces chronic catarrh and the like difficulties.

2. It creates dryness of the throat, toughness of phlegm and an extra secretion of the latter on the lungs, causing coughing and diseased expectoration, till pulmonary consumption is confirmed nicely.

3. It wastes the saliva so rapidly as to deprive the stomach of all digestive aid therefrom, and so is as good a thing to bring on dyspepsia as can be used.

4. It is a good thing to excite a torpid, worn-out brain, (that needs repose,) and make it appear "smart" for a little time, no matter if it does sink all the lower for it soon after.

5. There is nothing used so common that is so good to produce sudden death, such as heart disease, apoplexy, nightmare, faintness, paralysis, &c., of which so many cases are reported.

6. It makes a brisk market for liquor, or food in excess, or any other stimulus, to hurriedly reinstate, (if possible) the strength that has been so destroyed. (The stomach cries for it.)

7. Any persons who wish to suffer all the symptoms of an exhausted constitution, that usually characterize a worn-out "rake" had better use all they can of this poisonous weed, so they may have the satisfaction to appear some like him, or die as suddenly, and as soon as he does, without "the visitation of God."

8. Finally, it is about the best thing to kill off lice and two legged vermin, that is now used, and if it does not finish the latter so soon, it helps dwarf their size more nearly to the former, if taken seasonably; and what foe to humanity does not rejoice at even partial success? SARCASM.

—*Zion's Herald.*

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