

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections—so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its development, so dignified, and yet, with all, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it—nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of the brother, yet if he wants, whose hand will so speedily stretch out as that of his sister? and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy? Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre- eminent. It rests so exclusively on the ties of consanguinity for its sustenance, it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence. In all the annals of crime it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy, or revenge, in regard to that brother. In all affections of woman there is a devotedness which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feeling may be expected than in such as are dependent upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love, in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its outpourings; it lives from the natural impulse, and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

A young man who has a fondness for books or a taste for the works of nature and art, is not only preparing to appear with honour and usefulness as a member of society, but is secured from a thousand temptations and evils to which he would otherwise be exposed. He knows what to do with his leisure time. It does not hang heavily on his hands. He has no inducement to resort to bad company, or the haunts of dissipation and vice; he has

higher and nobler sources of enjoyment in himself. At pleasure, he can call around him the best of company—the wise and greatest men of every age and country—and feast his mind with the rich stores of knowledge which they spread before him. A lover of good books can never be in want of good society, nor in much danger of seeking enjoyment in the low pleasures of sensuality and vice.

PIETY IN FEMALES.

“Woman without religion is a sarcism in morals, a deformity in social life. She resembles the dead oak, to which the verdant ivy still gives the appearance of freshness, as it twines its flexible branches around the withered stem. There is life, it is true, yet it is not in the main body of the tree, but in its extrinsic decorations. Woman may look attractive at a distance, as if all her characteristics were in full vigour; but approach her nearly, and you see a redundancy of ornamental qualities, covering, like the unsubstantial ivy, the lifeless trunk, from which emanates no one substantial good, for the principle of life is wanting.”

RELYING ON A GOOD NAME.

Thousands of young men have been ruined by relying for a good name on their honourable parentage, or inherited wealth, or the patronage of friends. Flattered by these distinctions, they have felt as if they might live without effort—merely for their own self-gratification and indulgence. No mistake is more fatal. It always issues in producing an inefficient and useless character. On this account it is that character and wealth rarely continue in the same family more than two or three generations. The younger branches, placing a deceptive reliance on hereditary character, neglect the means of forming one of their own, and often exist in society only a reproach to the worthy ancestry whose names they bear.

RAIN AND DEW.

Mr Dalton has calculated the quantity of water which falls from the air in rain and dew, in one year, in England and Wales, at 115,000 millions of tons. Of this immense amount, about one-third is carried off by the rivers and subterraneous cavities.