

such as the mistletoe, which grow upon the trunks and branches of other species; and, penetrating their tissue, seem to derive sustenance from their juices. These are called parasites—the term being sometimes applied to individuals who are willing to live in dependence upon others—and so revolting does this characteristic appear, that we can scarcely divest ourselves of the impression, that it is mean, even for a plant, to live without elaborating its own food. Then, there is another family of plants, which, having no root, seem to have no definite object or end, but float about upon the water,

"Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

How strikingly analogous this poor weed, to many a human being, tossed about upon the ocean of life, by every breath of passion or caprice! Who would not rather, like the oak, meet the storms of life, firmly rooted in virtuous principles, than be wafted along, even by the breath of pleasure, without end or aim; forgetful of the past, and careless of the future. Afflictions but serve to strengthen the truly excellent, in virtuous principles—so

"Yonder oaks! superior to the power  
Of all the warring winds of heaven, do rise,  
And from the stormy promontory tower;  
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies."

The study of Botany presents in a lively and forcible manner, the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator, thus inspiring the mind already subjugated to spiritual influences, and heavenly impulses, with continually increasing ardor, love, and gratitude to him, whose "goodness crowns the circling year." Those who know nothing of this source of happiness, cannot appreciate its value.

Contemplate the bleak and dreary season of winter, yielding to the gentle influences of spring, and vegetation awakening to new life and beauty—watch the swelling of the buds until they burst their case, "russet and rude," unfolding to our delighted view the almost innumerable shades, which the foliage of our forests present. Cold and insensible, indeed, must be that heart, which, with brute, unconscious gaze, can behold the earth around, and heavens above, and not soar on contemplation's wing, to him from whom these wonders are. From the first appearance of vegetable life until winter has again stayed its course, nature presents an ever-varying scene—first the bud, then the leaf and blossom, followed by the fruit.

The artist can imitate, the poet expatiate upon, and the tourist talk with ecstasy of the sublime and beautiful objects which constitute the scene before him, but he only can be said to enjoy them, whose talents, tastes and affections are consecrated to the glory of him "by whom all things were made, and without whom was not anything made that was made."

When the pencil that traces the rich and variegated landscape, of mountain streams and trees, is directed by a grateful heart, as well as by a skillful hand, then the picture becomes not only a source of refined and virtuous pleasure to the mind, but an acceptable offering to God. And when the poet, in harmonious numbers, makes hill and dale responsive to his song, it is well if his soul be in unison with the harp of David, who called on all created beings to join in one universal chorus of gratitude and praise.

The christian only, can fully enjoy such scenes. Alternately admiring, investigating and praising, the spirit is sweetly wafted, in anticipation, to that blissful Paradise, where the landscapes fade no more from the enraptured sight.

"Oh! for the expanded mind that soars on high,  
Ranging afar, with meditation's eye!  
That climbs the heights of yonder starry road,  
Rising through nature up to nature's God.

Oh! for a soul to trace a Saviour's power,  
In each sweet form that decks the blooming flower:  
And as we wander such fair scenes among,  
To make the 'Rose of Sharon' all our song."

CLARA.

**IMMENSITY.**—We are assured by astronomers, that the distance of the nearest fixed star is so great, that the utmost measure we can apply to it—the diameter of the earth's orbit—a space of no less than 192,000,000 of miles, is absolutely too little to measure it by—is, in fact, contained within it so many times that the number cannot be counted!

From the Ladies' Repository.  
Chemistry for Girls.

This is properly styled an utilitarian age; for the inquiry, "What profit?" meets us everywhere. It has even entered the temples of learning, and attempted to thrust out important studies, because their immediate connection with *hard money* profits cannot be demonstrated. There is one spot, however, into which it has not so generally intruded itself—the female academy—the last refuge of the fine follies. Thither young ladies are too frequently sent merely to learn how to dress tastefully, walk gracefully, play upon the piano, write French, and make waxen plums and silken spiders—all pretty, surely; but why not inquire, What profit? But I take my pen in hand, not to utter a dissertation on female education, but to insist that young ladies be taught chemistry. They will be thereby better qualified to superintend domestic affairs, guard against many accidents to which households are subject, and perhaps be instrumental in saving life. We illustrate the last remark by reference merely to toxicology.

The strong acids, such as the nitric, muriatic, and sulphuric, are virulent poisons, yet frequently used in medicine and the mechanic arts. Suppose a child, in his rambles among the neighbors, enter a cabinet shop and find a saucer of *aqua-fortis* (nitric acid) upon the work-bench, and in his sport suddenly seize and drink a portion of it. He is conveyed home in great agony. The physician is sent for; but ere he arrives the child is a corpse. Now, as the mother presses the cold clay to her breast and lips for the last time, how will her anguish be aggravated to know that in her medicine-chest, or drawer, was some calcined magnesia,\* which, if timely administered, would have surely saved her lovely, perchance her first and only boy.—O, what are all the bouquets and fine dresses in the world to her, compared with such knowledge!

Take another case. A husband, returning home one summer afternoon, desires some acidulous drink. Opening a cupboard, he sees a small box labelled "salts of lemon," and making a solution of this, he drinks it freely. Presently he feels distress, sends for his wife, and ascertains that he has drank a solution of oxalic acid, which she had procured to take stains from linen. The physician is sent for; but the unavoidable delay attending his arrival is fatal. When he arrives, perhaps he sees upon the very table on which the weeping widow bows her head, a piece of chalk,† which, if given in time, would have certainly prevented any mischief from the poison.

Corrosive sublimate is the article generally used by domestics to destroy the vermin which sometimes infest our couches. A solution of it is left upon the chamber floor in the teacup, when the domestics go down to dine, leaving the children up stairs at play—the infant crawls to the teacup and drinks. Now, what think you would be the mother's joy, if, having studied chemistry, she instantly called to recollection the well ascertained fact, that there is, in the hen's nest,‡ an antidote for this poison? She sends for some eggs, and breaking them, administers the whites, (albumen.) Her child recovers, and she weeps for joy. Talk not to her of novels. One little book of natural science has been worth, to her, more than all the novels in the world.

Physicians in the country rarely carry scales with them to weigh their prescriptions. They administer medicines by guess, from a teaspoon or the point of a knife. Suppose a common case. A physician, in a hurry, leaves an over-dose of tartar emetic, (generally the first prescription in cases of bilious fever), and pursues his way to see another patient ten miles distant. The medicine is duly administered, and the man is poisoned. When the case becomes alarming, one messenger is dispatched for the doctor, and another to call in the neighbors to see the sufferer die. Now there is, in a canister in the kitchen cup-

\* This is the antidote for all the acids named. It forms with them innocent neutral salts. Calcined magnesia is better than the carbonate, because the carbonate might occasion an unpleasant distension of the stomach. If magnesia is not at hand, some other alkali will answer.

† Chalk is carbonate of lime. Oxalic acid will unite with the lime, and make oxalate of lime, an insoluble, and, therefore, inert compound.

‡ Corrosive sublimate is a deuto chloride of mercury. Albumen attracts one portion of its chlorine, and reduces it to the proto chloride, which is calomel.