

rather encrusts it with a case of stone; but the most remarkable circumstance is, that in summer it throws up water enough to turn several mills, and in winter it is perfectly dry.

BIG WORDS.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are sometimes employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common but very egregious mistake to suppose the long words are more genteel than short ones, just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed." And instead of dying, at last, they "decease." The strength of the English language is in short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation—and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood and affection delight in what Horace calls *verba sesquipedalia*—words a "foot and a half" long.

GIGANTIC BIRD'S NESTS.

Mr. Gould describes the Watted Falcon, or Bush Turkey, of Australia, as adopting a most extraordinary process of nidification. The bird collects together an immense heap of decaying vegetable matter as a depository for the eggs, and trusts to the heat engendered by decomposition for the development of the young. The heap employed for this purpose is collected by the birds during several weeks previous to the period of laying. It varies in size from two to four cartloads, and is of a perfectly pyramidal form. Several birds work at its construction, not by using their bills, but by grasping the materials with their feet and throwing them back to one common centre. In this heap the birds bury

the eggs perfectly upright, with the large end upwards; they are covered up as they are laid, and allowed to remain until hatched; when the young birds are clothed with feathers, not with down, as is usually the case. It is not unusual for the natives to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs at one time, from a single heap; and as they are delicious eating, they are as eagerly sought after as well as the flesh. The birds are very stupid, and easily fall a victim to the sportsman, and will sit aloft and allow a succession of shots to be fired at them until they are brought down.

HUMBLE ORIGIN OF GREATNESS.

The eminent Lord Lyndhurst's father was a portrait painter, and that of St. Leonard's a saddler. The origin of the late Lord Tenterden was, perhaps, the humblest of all the English nobility, nor was he ashamed of it; for he felt that the industry, study and application, by means of which he achieved his eminent position, were entirely due to himself. It is related of him that on one occasion he took his son Charles in a little shed then standing opposite the western front of Canterbury Cathedral, and pointing it out said, "Charles, you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for a penny! That is the proudest reflection of my life."

AN INDIAN'S GIFT TO CHRIST.

In a portion of the southern territory from which the red man has now been driven, I once attended a large protracted meeting, held in the wide forest. The theme on which the preacher dwelt, and which he illustrated with surpassing beauty and grandeur, was "Christ and him crucified." He spoke of the good Shepherd, who came into the world to seek and to save the lost. He told how this Saviour met the rude buffetings of the heartless soldiers. He drew a picture of Gethsemane and the unbefriended Saviour who wept there. He pointed to Him as he hung bleeding upon the cross.

The congregation wept. Soon there was a slight movement in the assembly, and a tall son of the forest, with tears on his red cheeks, approached the pulpit

and said, "Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian? Me have no lands to give Jesus; the white man take them away; me give him my dog and my rifle." The white man told him Jesus could not accept those gifts. "Me give Jesus my dog, my rifle, and my blanket; poor Indian, he got no more to give—he give Jesus all." The Minister replied that Christ could not accept them. The poor, ignorant, but generous child of the forest bent his head in sorrow and meditated. He raised his noble brow once more, and fixed his eye on the preacher, while he sobbed out, "*here is poor Indian; will Jesus have him?*" A thrill of unutterable joy ran through the souls of minister and people, as this fierce son of the wilderness now sat, in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus. The Spirit had done its work, and he who had been so poor, received the earnest of an inheritance which will not fade when the diadems of earth shall have mouldered forever.

A Balloonist states that he has made the following discovery:—"I take a bar of brass, which, when weighed on the earth's surface, actually weighs fifteen pounds. When I ascend up three miles in the atmosphere and weigh the brass bar it actually weighs, by a spring balance, only seven and a half pounds. Five miles up, it only weighs three pounds and a quarter. What is the cause of this? The want of atmospheric pressure on it, and the sun's attraction, which becomes more apparent the nearer we approach its orbit."

REVENGE.

Banish all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is a spirit of the devil; than which nothing makes a man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which Christianity was designed to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied it will torment you now; if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself. The Christian precept on this case is "Let not the son go down upon your wrath;" and this precept, Plutarch tells us, the Pythagoreans practiced in a literal sense: "Who, if at any time in a passion, they broke out into opprobrious language, before the sunset gave one another their hands, and with them a discharge from all injuries; and so, with a mutual conciliation, parted friends."