

flowers. There are homilies in Nature's works worth all the wisdom of the schools, if we could but read them rightly, and one of the pleasantest lessons I ever received in a time of trouble, was from hearing the notes of a Lark."

"From Nature's largest work to the least insect that frots the leaf, each has organs, and feelings, and habits exactly suited to the place it has to fill. Were it other than it is, it could not fill its place. The flower of the valley would die upon the mountain's top, and surely would the hardy mountain-eeer, now flourishing on Alpine height, languish and die, if transplanted to the valley. The maker of the world has made no mistakes,—has done no injustice."—*The Listener*.

"See!" exclaimed Linnæus, "the large painted wings of the butterfly, four in number, covered with small imbricated scales, with these it sustains itself in the air the whole day, rivalling the flight of birds, and the brilliancy of the Peacock. Consider this insect through the wonderful progress of its life; how different is the first period of its being from the second, and both from the parent insect; its changes are an inexpressible enigma to us: we see a green *caterpillar* furnished with sixteen legs, creeping, hairy, and feeding upon the leaves of a plant; this is changed into a *chrysalis*, smooth, of a golden lustre, hanging suspended to a fixed point, without feet, and subsisting without food: this insect again undergoes another transformation, acquires wings, and six feet, and becomes a variegated butterfly, living by suction upon the honey of plants. What has nature produced more worthy of imitation?"

"The field daisy," says one, "insignificant as it apparently is, exhibits on examination a world of wonders. Scores of minute blossoms compose its disk and border, each distinct and useful, each delicately beautiful. The florets of the centre are yellow, or orange, colored, while those of the ray are snow white, tinged underneath with crimson."

"The beech tree, *Fagus sylvatica*," says Mr. White, "is the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rim or bark, its glossy foliage, or its graceful pendulous boughs. Its autumnal hues are also exceedingly beautiful."

"The good Isaac Walton, a writer of genuine feeling, and classical simplicity, observes of the Nightingale, 'he that at midnight, when the very laborers sleep securely, should hear, as I have heard, this clear air, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might be lifted above the earth, and say, Lord what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth.'"



Errata in No. 2, 1853, page 36, line 5, from bottom, read "Song Thrush," for "Long Thrush." Page 33, line 5 from bottom read 'wool,' for 'wood.'

☞ We are compelled, owing to the sickness of our Music compositor, to omit for this month the page of music.