

Gems of Gold.

The Jews have remained much the same in all periods, and are the same in all places, because their social institutions are the same. But the Grecians and Romans are as much changed as their governments. The bee and the nightingale, the olive and the grape, remain in their countries because the climate is the same, but not so with the men.

The family of Charles was ruined; that of Cromwell was established; and had it not been for a small gram of sand, which entered the urethra, even Rome would have trembled before him; but when only this atom of gravel was placed in that particular spot, behold, the Protector dies, his family is degraded, and the king is restored.

The Marine Cemetery.—The journeying winds may sigh, and the solitary rain-cloud may weep in darkness over the mingled remains which shall have repose till the resurrection morning. But who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections shall cling, or on which their tears shall fall as a pledge of unwasted anguish?

Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a sensitive plant, which will not bear even the touch of unkindness; a delicate flower, which indifference will chill, and suspicion blast. It must be watered by the showers of tender affection, and then it will bloom with fragrance in every season of life.

What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems, there must be scattered in lavish profusion on the ocean's dark and deep bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands, have been engulfed by her insatiable and reckless waves! Has any mortal man the key to this vast treasure-house?

The depth of the sea is sublime; who can sound it? Its strength is sublime; what fabrics of man can resist it? Its voice is sublime, whether in the prolonged sound of its ripples or the stern music of its roar; whether it utters its hollow tones within the labyrinth of wave-worn caves, or thunders at the base of some huge promontory.

Who confers reputation? Who gives respect and veneration to persons, to books, to great men? Who but opinion? How utterly insufficient are all the riches of the world without her approbation! Opinion settles everything. She constitutes beauty, justice, happiness, which is, as it were, the whole of this world.

There are scenes within the sacred precincts of the household, which not the less, because no stranger's eye beholds them, repay, and richly, too, dark days of weary conflict and toil, and long nights of anxious care and deep peril. But who shall paint them? Are they not engraven on the heart of the faithful wife?

Training of Children—The instruction of your children cannot commence too early. Every mother is capable of teaching her children obedience, humility, cleanliness, and propriety of behavior; and it is a delightful circumstance that the first instruction should thus be communicated by so tender a teacher.

Our senses will not admit anything extreme. Too much noise confuses us, too much light dazzles

us, too great distance or nearness prevents vision, too great prolixity or brevity weakens an argument, too much pleasure gives pain, too much accordance annoys. We neither relish extreme heat nor extreme cold.

Human life is a perpetual delusion—nothing goes on but mutual deception and mutual flattery; no one speaks of us in our presence as he does in our absence; and few friendships would subsist if each one knew what his friend says of him when not present, although he speaks sincerely, and without prejudice.

Infant Education.—A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which she told him was then four years old. "Madam," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile that gleams over the infant's cheek, your opportunity begins."

A Thought for Parents.—It is poor encouragement to toil through life, as many parents have done, to amass a fortune to run their children. In nine cases out of ten—perhaps in ninety-nine out of a hundred—a large fortune is the greatest curse which could be bequeathed to the young and inexperienced.

Charcoal destroys the taste, color and smell of many substances. Vinegar boiled with it becomes limpid, and it destroys the color and flavor of rum and other liquors; it also restores putrid water and tainted meat. Charcoal fires are dangerous in close apartments, for the oxygen is combined or fixed by it.

The Young Convict.—There in the lonely prison, where no father's or mother's voice will greet his ears, must he live the hard life of a criminal for ten long years. May it bring him to deep repentance, and be to all, especially the young, a solemn warning to avoid even the commencement of a life of vice.

The education of children is never to be out of mind. Train them to virtue; habituate them to industry, activity, and thrift. Make them consider every vice as shameful and unmanly. Fire them with ambition to be useful. Make them to disdain to be destitute of any useful knowledge.

A Mother's Influence.—I often feel, even now, as if my mother were near me, though she has been dead twenty-five years; as if her cheek were laid on mine; her kiss, her warm embrace, are still felt, and the older I grow the more holy seem the influences that surrounded me in childhood.

Domestic happiness! in thy very name are charms which invest thy votaries in the pleasing mantle of quietness, assurance and peace. Within the family circle there is ample room for the full display of this heaven-born virtue—domestic happiness.

Could Johnson have had less prejudice, Addison more profundity, or Dryden more time, they would have been well qualified for the arduous office of a critic. Materials for a good critic might be found in the three, since each had many of the requisites, but neither of them had all.

Rousseau says:—"The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency. Her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears. Verily, under such an administration a despotism would be sweeter than liberty itself."