

nap. Above him was a powerful ape of the baboon species, a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief.

Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water rising to the top, exactly beneath the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped upon the snake which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to the limb of a tree, but a battle commenced in the water. The serpent, grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious contortions. Winding his folds round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hind legs, and by his contractions made the scales and bones of the monster crack.

The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of mischief was in a state of ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes silence began to come over the scene, the folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water.

The crocodile was also still, and though only the spine of the back was visible, it was evident that he too was dead. The monkey now perched himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, was instantly tipped off and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds however, brought him to the shore, and taking to the trees, he speedily disappeared among the branches.

BENEVOLENCE AND HAPPINESS.

A life of passionate gratification is not to be compared with a life of active benevolence. God has so constituted our nature, that a man cannot be happy unless he is, or thinks he is, a means of good. Judging from our own experience, we cannot conceive of a picture of more unutterable wretchedness than is furnished by one who knows that he is wholly useless in the world.

Give a man what you please, surround him with all the means of gratification, and yet let the conviction come home to him, clear and irresistible, that there is not a being in God's universe a whit the better or happier for his existence: let him feel that he is thus a blot upon, because a blank in the universe, and the universe will not furnish a more unhappy being.

Herein lies the solution of that to many inexplicable fact, that the schemes of mere selfishness, however wisely laid, however energetically and successfully prosecuted, never add to the joys but always to the pains of those who originate and are engaged in them. It is not so with a man of opposite characteristics. Take from him what you please, and you do not take from him the elements of his joy, if you leave him the conviction that in any way he is useful.

If you contract the circle, and diminish the sphere of his usefulness, you detract from his joy only as you detract from his means of doing good. And, as we cannot conceive of a more wretched being than one who feels himself to be the slave of an uncontrolled selfishness, so we cannot conceive of a happier being than a man of truly benevolent heart, whose wishes describe the circle and bound the sphere of his influence, and whose means are ample to give those wishes a full expression.

LESSON AFTER A SHOWER.

One day last week, Charlie and I walked in the park after a shower. For several days before, it had been hot, and dusty, and stifling. The very butterflies had seemed to gasp and pant, and two or three poor little town-birds, that should have been out in the fields or playing by the merry brooks, had chirruped huskily. The dust had lain thick on leaves and grass, and the two or three uncomfortable flowers on the inside of the railing, that always look poorly, you know, had sickened outright for the watering-pot.

It was a bright little fellow of a shower when it did come; and it brought a rainbow with it. So, when Charlie and I passed through the park gate, we expected to find the grass and leaves and flowers "having a good time." But, instead of that, those that stood out in the bright sunshine were looking worse than before

the rain. Some of them were quite wilted, and scorched; or scalded, as if by a hot iron, or as if it had rained hot water: all were in a very melancholy plight.

As you may suppose, Charlie and I were bothered exceedingly to account for such a queer phenomenon, and after scratching our empty pates to no purpose, we ran home and asked uncle Polonius, who is a philosopher, and an awfully wise and learned man, and he made it all plain to us in a jiffy. He said that the shower being very light and soon over, and the leaves and grass and flowers being very dusty, the rain-drops stood on them in little globules, as the water stands on a dusty floor when Bridget sprinkles it before sweeping; and that these little globules act like the burning glasses (double convex lenses,) that we play with sometimes, and gather the hot rays of the sun till they scorch the poor leaf or flower.

PIN-MONEY.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, an epoch that marks a transition style in the dress of ladies, pins were looked upon with great favor as New Year's gifts. They displace the old wooden skewer, which no effort of skill, no burnishing or embellishment, could convert into a slightly appendage. Pins, in that simple age of the world, were luxuries of a high price, and the gift was frequently compounded for in money—an allowance that became so necessary to the wants of ladies of quality, that it resolved itself at last into a regular stipend, very properly called "pin-money."

A BEAUTIFUL FAITH.

"Beautiful, exceedingly," is the burial of children among the Mexicans. No dark procession or gloomy looks mark the passage to the grave; but dressed in its holiday attire, and garlanded with bright, fresh flowers, the little sleeper is borne to its rest. Glad songs, and joyful bells are rung, and lightly as to a festival, the gay group goes its way. The child is not dead, they say, but "going home." The Mexican mother, who has household treasures laid away in the *campo santo*, (God's sacred field,) breathes a sweet faith only heard elsewhere in the poet's utterance. Ask her how many children bless her house, and she will answer: "Five; two here, and three yonder." So, despite death and the grave, it is yet an unbroken household, and the simple mother ever lives in the thought.