

2. DO YOU OBEY YOUR MOTHER?

Charles T.—was the son of a poor widow in the city of N. B. He and a younger brother were her only earthly comfort and care. But, when ten years of age, he began to go with wicked companions, and yield to their wishes in disobedience to his mother's commands. Charles loved her, yet when tempted to do wrong forgot her kindness and the grief he would occasion. Like all habits, good and evil, *disobedience* became stronger every time he was guilty of it; and sins which were once thought of with dread, Charles, before he was twelve years old, committed boldly.

One morning a police officer, whose business it is to arrest criminals, called at his humble home and took him away to be tried for stealing. The little fellow cried, and so did his lonely mother. After he was found guilty, it was decided to send him to the Reform school in a distant city. The next news Charles' mother had from him, he was very sick. An epidemic prevailed in the institution, and he was among those most dangerously ill. A benevolent man gave Mrs. T.—money to pay the expenses of a visit to her sick boy. When she arrived at the large building in which he was confined, she entered a room where several lads were lying on their small beds, in pain, with no mother to watch over them. She looked around for the familiar locks of hair above the pale face of her son. But she sought in vain for the one for whom her heart was yearning. Then an attendant came and told her that he was too ill to be there; he was in another room. The weeping mother hastened to the apartment, and in a moment she saw the emaciated features of her Charles. It was a sad and affecting meeting. After she had talked with him until her tears fell on his feverish forehead, she unfolded a little handkerchief, and said it was his brother's at home.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Charles, "lay it on my breast; I want it near my heart." And soon he added, "Does brother mind you, mother?" "Sometimes," she replied. "Oh, tell him to obey you always, always; if I had done so, I should not be here." And he buried his tearful face in the bed-clothes and sobbed.

Mrs. T.—saw that Charles must die, and begged permission to stay all night in the room, and sleep on the floor, or watch by his side. But this was contrary to the rules of the institution, and she left him with a breaking heart. In the morning he was delirious and soon after died. The same kind gentleman who helped the widow when she went to see Charles, sent for the body; and last autumn, as the leaves were dying, it was laid in the grave, upon which for the first time the snows of winter have fallen.

Think of Charles, and of what God said amid the thunderings and flames of Sinai: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

3. REV. DR. CAIRD ON NOVEL READING.

It is a painful pathos to a sentimental youth to pass from sighing with Romeo to serving out tea and sugar to old women over a counter,—from fancying himself a knight in black mail, crushing like a storm on his rival on the lists, and shouting "Desdechado to the rescue!" to feeling himself a junior clerk or a man of business, whose highest function is to be familiar with the price of pig-iron, the tare on tallow, or the drawback on rum and molasses. It is amazingly more easy for a languid, feeble-minded, fine lady to be all the morning on a sofa, in a flutter of sham sentiment, over the preternatural amiabilities and lack of daisical sorrows of Paul Dombey or Little Nell, than to get up and teach her own real live child to spell b, u, double f, buff; just as in the same way, if we descend from the drawing room to the kitchen, Betty the cook or Mary the housemaid, these days of the march of intellect, deems it most aggravating to their feelings to be torn away by the summons of the bell from the love of that fascinating bandit chief, or to be forced by an approaching step to shove the "Corsair's Bride," or "The sorrows of a Forsaken One," under a duster and begin to clean knives and scour sauce-pans.—*Lecture to Glasgow Y. M. C. Association.*

VII. Paper on Natural History.

1. A SERPENT'S CURIOSITY.

Beneath the branches of a giant Euphorbia, sheltered by its shade, and almost lulled to sleep by the monotonous sound of a little bubbling mountain stream, I reclined one day, after a very successful foray amongst the guinea fowl which were occasionally found near the Bushman's River, a locality situated about one hundred and twenty miles inland to Port Natal. A quantity of long grass, which had been washed down quite flat, grew on each side of the little rivulet, and on this several dead branches were scattered, and old trunks of trees grouped, left in their places by the last periodical flood. Over this grass I observed a large brownish coloured snake gliding towards me. His large size, and the absence of the broad arrow form of head, showed me that he was not venomous; I

therefore allowed him to approach me, whilst I remained perfectly still. Although I did not alter my position in the least, he yet became aware of my presence by some means, for he suddenly stopped when within twenty paces of me, then changed his direction, and then took up a position under an old stump, from which he eyed me most suspiciously. His colours were very beautiful, and there was a bloom upon his skin somewhat similar to that which we see on a ripe plum. He was evidently puzzled at my appearance, but seemed not in the least afraid; whilst I, knowing that I could shoot him at any time if I felt inclined to do so, had no hesitation in remaining within twenty paces of a snake fully twelve feet in length. After examining me for about two minutes the snake approached me, keeping its head slightly raised and looking steadily at my eyes. Its approach was so slow, and there was no break in it, such as that made by putting one foot before the other, that I felt an almost irresistible inclination to remain still and quiet, and allow the snake to glide towards me. Had the snake been forty feet in length, or had I been no bigger than a rabbit, I believe that, unless by a considerable exertion of the will, I should not have felt disposed to move. If the snake had been compelled to advance by a series of steps, each one would then have repeated the warning, and would have intimated that it was dangerous to stay; but the gliding, insidious approach of the snake appeared to produce a wish to wait until some decided movement should be taken by the reptile. Shaking off this singular temporary sensation by a decided action of the will, I raised myself on my elbow and stretched out my hand for my gun. The snake observing the movement stopped, and elevated its head, which it waved slightly in a horizontal direction. It was now not more than ten paces from me, and although tolerably certain that it was not a poisonous snake, yet, for fear of a mistake, I deemed it prudent to ward it off, and intimated my idea by means of a broken branch which I threw at it. The snake appeared disinclined to leave me, but yet slowly glided away, stopping occasionally to look round, as though desirous of further acquaintance. I let him go; our interview had been so close and mysterious that I could not have killed him. There was also something wild and interesting in thus alone making the acquaintance of a reptile in its native wilderness, in observing some of its peculiarities, and in feeling slightly that singular power by means of which there is no doubt many of the serpent race occasionally obtain their prey.—"*A few interviews with Snakes,*" by Capt. Drayson, R. A.

VIII. Educational Intelligence.

CANADA.

— SENATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.—His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased to appoint Thomas Robertson, Esq., M.A., Head Master of the Normal School for Upper Canada; the Rev. William F. Checkley, A.B., T.O.D., Rector of the Model Grammar School for Upper Canada; the Very Rev. J. Walsh (R.C.) V.G., all of Toronto; the Rev. A. Carman, M.A., Principal of the Belleville Seminary; and C. F. Eliot, Esq., M.A., of Sandwich, to be additional Members of the Senate of the University of Toronto.

— TORONTO UNIVERSITY RIFLE CORPS.—At the meeting of this Company on the 21st ult., a service of plate was presented to Captain Croft, accompanied by a suitable address which was read by Lieut. Cherriman.

— UNIVERSITY OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.—The Rev. Mr. Murray was formally inducted into the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Logic, in the University of Queen's College, on Monday afternoon. The formalities were open to the public, and an influential assemblage of both ladies and gentlemen was present to witness them. Principal Leitch on behalf of the Chairman of Trustees performed the ceremony of induction. The name of the Professor was then inscribed on the roll of the Senate, and after introductions to his brother Professors, the delivery of the introductory lecture commenced.—*News.*

— CANADIAN LITERARY INSTITUTE, WOODSTOCK.—The following notice of the affiliation of this Institute with the University of Toronto, is copied from the *Canada Gazette*:—"Provincial Secretary's Office, Quebec, 13th March, 1863. Notice is hereby given that His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased, under the provisions of Cap. 62, of the Consolidated Statutes for Upper Canada, by an instrument under his hand and seal at arms, dated the 11th day of March instant, to prescribe to the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Members of the Senate of the University of Toronto, "The Canadian Literary Institute," an Institution established for the purpose of Education, and situated in the Town of Woodstock in Upper Canada, and incorporated under an act of Parliament of this Province, intituled, "An Act to incorporate the Canadian Literary