

every other book had thereat lost its value, and literature was at an end? Take away this green ground colour on which Dame Nature works her embroidery patterns, and where would be the picturesque scarlet poppies or white daisies, or the gray of the chalk cliffs, or the golden bloom of a wilderness of buttercups? Its chief service to beauty is as the garment of the earth. It watches night and day, at all seasons of the year, "in all places that the eye of heaven visits," for spots on which to pitch new tents, to make the desert less hideous, fill up the ground-work of the grandest pictures, and give the promise of plenty on the flowery meadows where it lifts its silvery and purple panicles breast-high, and mocks the sea in its rolling waves of sparkling greenness. It is beautiful when it mixes with *cupine* and *turitis* on the ruined bastion or gray garden-wall; beautiful when it sprinkles the brown hatch with tufts that find sufficient nourishment where green mosses have been before; beautiful when it clothes the harsh upland, and gives nourishment to a thousand snow-white fleeces; still more beautiful when it makes a little islet in a bright blue mountain lake, "a fortunate purple isle," with its ruddy spikes of short-lived flowers; and precious as well as beautiful when it comes close beside us, in company with the sparrow and the robin, as a threshold visitant, to soften the footfall of care, and give a daily welcome to the world of greatness.

"If a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
Oh, how my lonely cot resounds with glee!"

Is it only for its velvet softness, and the round pillowy knolls it heaves up in the vistas of the greenwood, that the weary and the dreamer find it so sweet a place of rest? or is it because the wild bee flits around its silvery panicles, and blows his bugle as he goes with a bounding heart to gather sweets; that the hare and the rabbit burrow beneath its smooth sward; that the dear lark covers amid its sprays, and cherishes the children of his bosom under its brows, matted roots; that the daisy, the cowslip, the daffodil, the orchises—the fairies of the flower world—the bird's foot trefoil—the golden-fingered beauty of the meadows, the little yellow and the large strawberry trefoil, are all sheltered and cherished by it; and that one of its simple children, the *Anthoxanthum odoratus*, or sweet-scented vernal grass, scents the air for miles with the sweetest perfume ever breathed by man?—*Hibberd's "Brambles and Bay Leaves."*

A CHEERFUL ATMOSPHERE.—Let us try to be like the sunshiny member of the family, who has the inestimable art to make all duty seem pleasant; all self-denial and exertion easy and desirable; even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you felt cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything! Oh, for that blessed power, and for God's grace to exercise it rightly! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good; to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent; not entirely a matter of great energy; but rather of earnestness and honesty—and of that quiet, constant energy, which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we all know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking.—*Country Parson.*

DEBT OF THE SELF-DESPAIRING.—If the pressure of pecuniary debt can rob men of their sleep, embitter their enjoyments, mar their peace, and make life a burden, what would be the issue if the vast account-books between us and God should be completely opened and made fully legible? If you are really and thoroughly persuaded that you must, and cannot pay this awful debt, you may behold, as the ancient persecutor saw amidst the white heat of his own devouring furnace, a form like that of the Son of God standing erect beside the way which leads you to the throne of mercy. You must pass by him, or you cannot reach the footstool.