

Might not disobedience to parents, idleness, profaneness, and Sabbath-breaking, be easily checked, were the effort made at the right time and in the right way?

QUERY When is the right time, and what is the right way?

We solicit a reply to the above by some of our correspondents.

ENIGMA.

In the lightnings it flashed—I saw it pass by;
The thunders rolled on—but they deigned no reply
The fire caught its spoil, as it issued in flame,
But the flame and the smoke would not carry its fame.
Search each breeze, and each zephyr, you'll not find it there.

Yet 'tis whistled in wind, and 'tis hoisted in a r.
Search each tear, and each sob, and you'll not find it nigh.

Yet 'tis hidden in grief and 'tis heaved in each sigh,
No age has it known, yet 'tis centered in time;
Tho' 'tis not in beauty, it ranks in sublime.
Earth, ocean, all nature, cannot tell where it is,
And the sky hears the sound, but still its not his.
Our language, without it, would lose half its fire,
And the egotist, spoiled of his weapon, expire
* * Elucidations, in verse, are requested.

In future, we shall occasionally insert a query or an enigma, with a view of enticing our juvenile readers to exercise their thinking powers in solving them

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The subject on which L. M. writes is one of great importance, and we should like to see it more ably handled.

P.'s poetical extract would not be intelligible to our young readers.

Mr. D.'s remarks on our little Miscellany, if well meant, as he says they are, really cannot be well supported. If he will be at the trouble of referring to our prospectus, he will find that we never contemplated the procedure which he suggests. Were our weekly Number as large as the monthly Number of Lardner's Encyclopædia, it would not contain the lengthy details pointed out by him. He might as well expect to see in our pages, under the head of History, every line of Rollin, as to see in them, under the head of Biography, the fullest and most comprehensive account extant of any individual, however eminent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE.—Let young persons put some such questions as these to themselves—Do I think myself a person of consequence? If so, on what grounds?—who is the better for me? if I were away, who would miss my services? would my parents lose many dutiful affectionate attentions? would my brothers and sisters lose a kind and accommodating and self-denying companion? would my friends or poor neighbours be any the worse off for my removal? would one and another say, "Ah! if he were but here, he would have done this or that for us?" But if conscience assures us that in no such ways as these we should be missed or regretted, then whatever our station, whatever our opinion of ourselves may hitherto have been, we may be assured that we have not, at present, any just grounds of self-complacency: and if we are discontented with this conclusion, let us go and learn of the humble active and devoted Christian, how to make ourselves persons of consequence

INDIA RUBBER.—This tree, in Brazil, grows to the height of 50 or 60 feet. it is generally straight without branches, except at the top. the leaves are green above and white beneath. "Flambeaux, an inch and a half in diameter, and two feet long, are made of this gum: which give a beautiful light, have no bad smell and burn twelve hours. A kind of cloth is also prepared from it, which in South America is applied to the same purposes as our oil cloth, and sail cloth.

SINGULAR CALCULATION.—A celebrated menagerie-keeper has made a calculation that the different wild animals now exhibited in various parts of Europe, consists of 225 Lions, 280 Tigers, 302 Leopards, 170 Panthers, 83 Wild Cats, 76 Wild Bulls, 67 Elephants, 10 Rhinoceros, 1,400 Bears, 2700 Wolves, 78 Rattlesnakes, 1042 Hyenas & 96 Crocodiles, and that if they were all let loose in a wood, 50,000 men would with difficulty render themselves masters of them.

ANECDOTES.

THE CABIN BOY.—So far back as the year 1796, the London Missionary Society sent out their ship, the *Duff*, to the South Sea Islands, having a company on board of about twenty seamen and twenty-nine Missionaries. The following account of the anxiety of a young boy to join the company, cannot fail to interest our readers.

"We cannot forbear adding an anecdote, which we have from perfectly good authority, and which is the more pleasing, that it relates to the youngest of the whole crew. As Mr Cox, one of the Directors, was one day walking in the street, he was met by a very fine-looking boy, about fourteen years of age, who, stopping him, said, 'Pray, Sir, have not you some management in the ship that is going out with the Missionaries?' "Yes, I have, my young man," said Mr Cox. "I should like very much, Sir, to go out with her as cabin-boy." "Would you," said Mr Cox, "have you any parents?" "I have a mother," said the boy, "but no father." "And is your mother willing you should go?" "O yes, Sir, very willing. Mr Cox then desired the boy to call at his house, and to bring his mother along with him, that she might speak for herself. At the time appointed, the boy and his mother came, who having declared her willingness that her son should go, the matter was accordingly settled. In the course of the conversation, a gentleman present in order to try the boy, said to him, "So you wish to go to sea?" "Yes, Sir, in the Missionary ship." "And you can swear a good round hand, I suppose?" Shocked at the very idea of such a thing, the ingenious little fellow burst into tears, and exclaimed, "If I thought there would be swearing aboard at all, I would not go."

LYING.—When George Washington, the late president of the United States of America, was about six years of age, some one made him a present of a hatchet. Being like most children, immoderately fond of his weapon, he went about chopping every thing that came in his way; and, going into the garden he unluckily tried its edge on an English cherry-tree, stripping it of its bark, and leaving little hope of its recovery. The next morning, when his father saw the tree, which was a great favourite, in this condition, he inquired who had done this mischief, declar-

ing he would not have taken five guineas for it but no one could inform him of the offender. At length, however, came George, with the hatchet in his hand, into the place where his father was, who immediately suspected him to be the culprit. "George," said the old gentleman, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?" "The child hesitated for a moment, and then nobly replied, "I can't tell a lie, pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms my boy," exclaimed his father, "run to my arms. Glad am I, George, that you have killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is of more worth than a thousand cherry trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of gold."

SELECT SENTENCES.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and brought to light.

An industrious and virtuous education of children, is a better inheritance for them than great estate.

Agesilaus being asked what he thought most proper for boys to learn? answered, What they ought to do when they come to be men.

Xenophon commended the Persians for their prudent education of their children, who would not admit them to effeminate their minds with amorous stories and idle romances, being sufficiently convinced of the danger of adding weight to the bias of corrupt nature.

Do nothing rashly
There is nothing done so well in a passion—
but what may be done better out of it.

If you find your spirit heated in a discour.
at any time, Now, now, is the time for the bidlo.

Suppress rather than express too warm and hot resentments, whatever be the provocation.

There will be nothing lost by doing so. N. thing lost by a noble calmness and self-possession of soul.

POETRY.

During the course of my reading, I came across the following beautiful, and truly pathetic LINES, which I have reserved for your interesting little paper.

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

I.

When shall we three meet again?
Oh! when shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

II.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Still in fancy's rich domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

III.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, power, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we three meet again.