

be well for our erring and selfish world if all would lay carefully to heart and honestly carry out in daily intercourse the clear and simple principles of practical ethics which Joe's humble and beautiful life so charmingly exemplifies.

THE natural scientist, as might be supposed, has no reverence for the ancient form of words. To him they are but tools and apparatus to be adapted to the work in hand. The new "Standard Dictionary," a worthy peer of "Webster's," contains some startling innovations in chemical nomenclature. As these changes have been made on the recommendation of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, no doubt they will be widely adopted. Sulphur has become sulfur, and chlorine must now be written without an e. Oxid, iodid, sulfid, etc., are now the approved forms. In *Nature*, Dec. 14th, a uniform system of names for physical phenomena is proposed. For instance, the passage of electricity through a body is now known as *conduction*, the amount as *conductance*, and the degree in one body compared with another as *conductivity*. The proposal is always to employ the suffix *tion* for the phenomenon, *ance* for its amount, and *ivity* for its specific degree. Some of the series would run friction, frictance, frictivity; solution, solutance, solutivity. Such a word as heatance looks strange, but it is a strangeness due entirely to unfamiliarity.

\*BIRD SONG.—SUNG BY MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND.

COMPOSED BY TAUBERT.

- "Vöglein! was singst im Wald du so laut?  
 Warum? Warum?  
 Rufst du den Bräutigam, rufst du die Braut?  
 Warum? Warum?"
- "Ich bin nicht Bräutigam, nicht Braut,  
 Doch singe ich im Walde laut,  
 Weiss nicht, warum ich singe."
- "Vöglein! ist's Herzchen dir so voll?  
 Wovon? Wovon?  
 Dass es von Liedern überquoll?  
 Wovon? Wovon?"
- "Mein Herz ist voll und doch nicht schwer,  
 Mein Herz ist leicht und doch nicht leer;  
 Weiss nicht, ich muss nun einmal singen."
- "Vöglein! was singst die Tage entlang?  
 Wozu? Wozu?  
 Lauscht eines auch auf deinen Gesang?  
 Wozu? Wozu?"
- "Ich singe mir mein Leben lang,  
 Nicht dies und das ist mein Gesang,  
 Weiss nicht, ich muss nun einmal singen."

—Chronotype.

\*The above beautiful song is taken from a Montreal Witness of Jan. 1851.