

The leaves of the forest—tho' many 'tis true
Are prone to the earth, yet still there's a few
Like Faith, evergreen, abiding on high
To beckon the weary to rest in the sky.

The leaves of the forest—fit emblem of life,
Oft leave the young buds to continue the strife;
So race follows race; yet protection is given
To bud and to infant by favor of Heaven.

Long, long has the struggle been, countless the slain;
All nature unites, but effort is vain;
The sword and the cherubims guard every way,
Nor the tears of a world can move them away.

But Hope spread her wings o'er this valley of tears,
And Faith sees afar through the vista of years
The "Birthright" restor'd—for God in his grace
Spared not His own Son to atone for our race.

Behold him! the gentle, the good, and the great,
In form so lowly, yet God in estate:
Winds, seas, and diseases, as servants obey,
Even Death and the Grave acknowledge His sway.

He woos rebel man, Sin and Satan succumb—
Souls shouting for joy to that Saviour come.
His kingdom establish'd, his mission reveal'd,
He bows to his Father, and Scripture's fulfill'd.

Midst the silence of Heaven, Earth palling in dread,
On the Cross, as the Altar, the victim is laid;
While God hides his face as the bosom is bared,
The innocent suffers, and the guilty is spared.

Earth pregnant, deliver'd, Christ burst from her womb;
Twice born—great symbol what man must become.
The guilty, believing in Jesus, our Lord,
Have "Life Everlasting," their Birthright restor'd.

Death, stingless and willing, now usher to life;
And the Grave's but "Memento" where ended the strife;
Above are the Kingdom, the Crown, the Reward,
And "Blessed the dead who die in the Lord."

SUNNIDALE, December, 1868.

ALEXANDER HISLOP.

2. REV. W. M. PUNSHON ON NIAGARA.

Mr. Punshon, in a letter to the *Methodist Recorder*, thus speaks of this grand phenomenon of nature:—"On my way from Buffalo to Toronto I caught the first sight of that wondrous vision which it is worth a pilgrimage from England to see. I have since had an opportunity of making it a study, and my conviction is, that if there is anything in the world which defies at once description and analysis, and which excites in the beholder by turns ideas of grandeur, beauty, terror, power, sublimity, it is expressed in that one word 'Niagara.' I have seen it in most of its summer aspects. I have gazed upon the marvellous panorama from the Rapids above, to the 'whirlpool,' three miles below. I have looked up to it from the river, and down upon it from the Terrapin Tower. I have bathed in its light, and been drenched with its spray. I have dreamed over it through the hot afternoon, and have heard it thunder in the watches of the night. On all the headlands, and on all the islands I have stood entranced and wondering while the mist has shrouded it, and while the sun has broken it into rainbows. I have seen it fleecy as the snow-flake; deepening into the brightest emerald; dark and leaden as the angriest November sky—but in all its modes there is instruction, solemnity, delight. Stable in its perpetual instability; changeless in its everlasting change; a thing to be 'pondered in the heart,' like the Revelation by the meek Virgin of old; with no pride in the brilliant hues which are woven in its eternal loom; with no haste in the majestic roll of its waters; with no weariness in its endless psalm; it remains through the eventful years an embodiment of unconscious power, a lively inspiration of thought, and poetry, and worship—a magnificent apocalypse of God. One wonderful thing about Niagara is, that it survives all attempts to make it common. Like all show places, it has its Arab hordes—Bedouins of the road, of the caravansary, of the river. All along the line, from the burning spring to the negro touters, who press upon you that 'there is no charge for the charming view,' and down to the spot where, with sublime contempt of nature and indifference to truth, a notice-board announces that 'The whirlpool is closed on Sundays,' Niagara is a grand institution for making people pay. Of course, also, it is the excursion terminus for all the country round, and during the season attracts crowds that would make Wordsworth as angry as when he denounced the railway which was to profane his own sylph-haunted Rydal—but these cannot vulgarize it—rather it ennobles them, kindling in the most insensate breast an awe and

a rapture of which they had hardly thought themselves capable before. I have yet to see it by moonlight, and in winter. Under the combined influence of these two conditions it must be grand indeed. I cannot even confess to the disappointment which so many affirm to be the first feeling of the mind on the sight of it. I was deeply impressed with it at the first, and all after experience has but deepened my delight and wonder."

3. INFLUENCE OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

The Rev. Thomas Binney, says of little children. "I am fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world, the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes; little conjurers, with their 'natural magic,' evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get along very badly without them. Only think if there never were anything anywhere but grown-up men and women, how we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delighted prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is 'to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children,' and to draw 'the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.' A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; enriches the soul by new feelings, awakens in it what is favourable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that endangers and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a miserable world, I do think, if it was not embellished by little children.—*English Sunday School Teacher.*

4. ORIGIN OF COMMON QUOTATIONS.

Among the quotations in constant use, "dark as pitch," "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," are found in Bunyan. "By hook or crook," "Through thick and thin," are used by Spencer in the "Fairy Queen." "Smell a rat," is employed by Ben Jonson, and by Butler in "Hudibras." "Wrong sow by the ear," (now rendered, "the wrong pig by the ear,") is used by Ben Jonson. "Turn over a new leaf," occurs in Middleton's play of "Anything for a Quiet Life." "The moon is made of green cheese" is found in Rabelais. "To die in the last ditch," which is popularly supposed to have originated in the south during the late rebellion, is traced to William of Orange, who once said: "There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin—I will die in the last ditch."

5. THE HORSE HAIR SNAKE.

Prof. Agassiz gives a curious account of the "Gordius" or "horse hair snake" as it is more often called. He says: "Soon after being hatched in the water, and while mere little transparent bodies, they creep into the legs of grasshoppers, and burrow their way into the abdominal cavity, where they undergo further development as worms, sometimes growing to be two or three inches in length before they are freed. When they have grown so long that the grasshopper becomes distended by the size of its strange inhabitant, it bursts, the worm is released, and it returns to its aquatic life. A gentleman living in Yonkers says that his little girl recently pulled a gordius six inches long from the body of a cricket. They seemed to be protruding like horns. The cricket hopped away apparently as well as ever."

6. EVILS OF WORKING HORSES ON SUNDAY.

At the meeting of the British Association in Dublin, in August, 1867, Mr. Charles Bianconi, of Cashel, read a paper relative to his extensive car establishment, after which a gentleman stated that at Pickford's, the great English carrier's, they could not work a horse economically more than ten miles a day, and wished to hear M. Bianconi's opinion on the subject. Mr. Bianconi stated he found, by experience, he could better work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week, than six miles a day for seven days in the week. By not working on a Sunday he effected a saving of twelve per cent. This statement elicited loud applause.

Mr. Bianconi's opinion on this point is of the highest authority; for although the extension of railways in the land has thrown thirty-seven of his vehicles out of employ; which daily ran 2,244 miles, still he has over nine hundred horses, working sixty-seven conveyances, which daily travel 4,244 miles; it is also founded on the result of forty-three years' experience.