

perpetual music from their soothing and melodious hum, which frequently falls to a startling sound as the cicada fills his sonorous drum on the sunny bark of some tall tree. At morning, the dew hangs in diamond drops on the threads and gossamer which the spiders suspend across every pathway; and above the pool, dragon-flies of more than metallic lustre flash in the early sunbeams. The earth teems with countless ants, which emerge from beneath its surface, or make their devious highways to ascend to their nests in the trees. Lustrous beetles with their golden elytra bask on the leaves, whilst minuter species dash through the air in circles which the eye can follow by the booming of their wings. Butterflies of large size and gorgeous coloring flutter over the endless expanse of flowers, and at times the extraordinary sight presents itself of flights of these delicate creatures, generally of a white or pale-yellow hue, apparently miles in breadth, and of such prodigious extension as to occupy hours and even days uninterruptedly in their passage—whence coming, no one knows; whither going, no one can tell. As day declines, the moths issue from their retreats, the crickets add their shrill voice to swell the din, and when darkness descends, the eye is warmed with the millions of emerald spots lighted up by the fire-flies amidst the surrounding gloom.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL PHYSICIAN.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller relates the following:—A story is told upon Rayer, the eminent physician of Paris. He was called in, a few weeks ago, to attend a sick child. The child—it was the only child of healthy parents—recovered its health. A few days after Rayer had discontinued his visits, the mother of the invalid called on the doctor. She said: "My dear doctor, there are services rendered in this world, for which we cannot pay. I know not how we could adequately reward you for your kindness and attention and skill for Ernest. And I have thought that perhaps you would be good enough to accept this little port-monnaie—a mere trifle—but which I embroidered." "Port monnaie?" roughly asked the doctor. "Medicine, madame, is not a sentimental profession. When we are called in to visit sick

people, we want their dues and not their gratitude. Gratitude—humbug! I'd like to see gratitude make the pot boil, and I have not only to make my pot boil, but I have got a horse to feed, madame, and a driver to pay, madame, and daughters to portion, madame,—and gratitude wont aid me to do any of these things. Money is what is required—money, madame—yes, money." "The lady was, as you may well imagine, confounded by this burst of indignant talent, and she could only stammer, "But—doctor—what is your fee?" "My fee is two thousand francs—and I tell you, madame, there is no use screaming about it. I will not take one sou less." The lady did not scream. She quietly opened the porte-monnaie "I embroidered," and unrolled the five-bank notes in it, gave two to the doctor, placed the other three in the porte-monnaie, and the latter in her pocket, and bowed profoundly, "Good morning, Doctor," and made her exit.

PORTUGUESE WOMEN.—The position of woman in Portuguese countries brings one nearer to that Oriental type from which modern society has been diverging. In the lowest classes, one daughter is often decreed by the parents to be brought up like a lady, and for this every sacrifice has to be made. Her robust sisters go barefooted to the wells for water; they go miles unprotected into the lonely mountains; no social ambition, no genteel helplessness for them. But Mariquinha is taught to read, write and sew; she is as carefully looked after as if the world wished to steal her; she wears shoes and stockings and an embroidered handkerchief, and a hooded cloak, and she never steps outside the door alone. You meet her pale and demure, plodding along to mass with her mother. The sisters will marry laborers and fishermen; Mariquinha will marry a small shopkeeper or the mate of a vessel, or else die single. It is not very pleasant for the girl in the meantime; she is neither healthy nor happy; but "let us be genteel or die."—*Lancet*.

THE PALM TREE.—This tree which grows in tropical countries, is most important on account of the many uses to which its products are applied.—From it is obtained the cocoa nut, date, and other fruits. When fermented, it