

discovered on the fragments of an ancient tombstone Greek words to the following purpose: "I was not, and I became; I am not, but shall be." The same thought is expressed in the following reply of Rabbi Gabiha to a sceptic. A freethinker once said to Rabbi Gabiha, "Ye fools who believe in a resurrection, see ye not that the living die? how then can you believe that the dead shall live?"—"Silly man!" replied Gabiha, "thou believest in a creation—well then, if what never before existed, exist; why may not that which once existed, exist again?"—*Goodhugh's Lectures on Biblical Literature.*

#### QUEENS' PICTURES.

QUEEN Elizabeth, who was exceedingly vain of her person, was not a little incensed by some of the sad daubs which the limners of that day put forth as royal likenesses: to prevent which, she required Lord Burleigh, then Secretary Cecil, to put forth an ordinance, prohibiting "all manner of persons to draw, paint, engrave, or pourtray her Majesty's personage or visage for a time, until by some more perfect pattern and example, the same may be by others followed;" adding, "for that her Majesty perceiveth that a great number of her loving subjects are much grieved and take great offence with the errors and deformities already committed by sundry persons in this behalf, she straitly charges all her officers and ministers to see to the due observation thereof, and as soon as may be to reform the errors already committed."

#### A SPANISH INN.

THE whole presented an interior quite suited to the pencil of a Teniers. A bright wood fire sparkled on the wide hearth, shedding a brilliant red light upon the group of animated figures assembled in its immediate vicinity, and here and there also picking out some conspicuous figure from the more distant parties. The back ground was in deep Murillo shade.—excepting on one side, where the flickering flame of a solitary lamp, contrasting its pale light with that of the fire, cast a yellow tinge on the squalid features of the hostess and her helpmates, round whom the eyes of some dozen of cats danced like monster fireflies. A well-polished *batterie de cuisine*—sides of bacon—ropes of onions—platters—goblets—and tobacco smoke—were not wanting to fill up the picture. But it was perfect without the aid of such accessories: the spirit and expression of each actor in the Spanish scene, and the diversity of costume, giving it a decided superiority over a picture of the "Flemish school," in which foaming pots of beer, and a melting *frau*, must needs be introduced to extract animation from the stolid features of the assembled boors.—*Scott's Ronda and Granada.*

(ORIGINAL.)

#### LINES TO A POT OF MIGNONNETTE,

PLANTED BY A FRIEND, SINCE DECEASED.

BY E. L. C.

Sweet Mignonnette, I love thee well,  
Wherever thou dost bloom,  
But most of all in this small pot,  
And in this quiet room.

For she who sowed thy tiny seed  
Deep in its bed of mould,  
And watched to see thy infant germ,  
Its emerald tint unfold—

Sleeps with the hush'd, and dreamless dead,  
Among those sacred shades,  
Where fair Mount Auburn's sculptured tombs,  
Gleam through the op'ning glades.

But when the dazzling sunlight falls  
Upon thy fairy bells,  
And forth, as if in grateful joy,  
A gush of fragrance swells—

I hear a glad voice ringing sweet  
From out the silent tomb,  
And see a bright, dark eye, look forth  
Upon thy clust'ring bloom.

I see among thy dancing leaves,  
A thin and jewell'd hand,  
Striving, thy weak and flexile stalks,  
To bind with silken band.

Sweet Mignonnette, she loved thee well,  
Loved all things pure and fair,  
All perfect forms—for to her eye,  
God's hand had written there.

Walks she not now 'mid brightest shapes,  
And flowers of heavenly birth?  
Such is our trust—the mortal coil,  
Alone is claim'd by earth.

For as thy flower, fair Mignonnette,  
From germ minutest burst,  
So the freed spirit soars to God,  
When dust returns to dust.

Her heart's deep longings breath'd in prayer  
All, all are answered now,  
Our trembling spirits, shrined in flesh,  
Must still in darkness bow.

Montreal, April 12, 1839.

#### HOW TO LIVE.

SIR Wm. Temple says, "The only way for a rich man to be healthy is to live as if he were poor, by exercise and abstinence."