

near hay ricks, feeding on the wheat they contain; while in very bleak weather when the ground is clad with universal snow, and the air is piercingly cold, it may be easily attracted to the parlor window, by throwing forth a few crumbs—the desolation of its lot causing it to forget its natural fear of man.—There is a feeling of melancholy passes over the mind when the bleak and dreary landscape, deserted by all other tenants of the air, is only enlivened with the presence of the mournful Snow Bird. Yet, even in the bitterest weather, he is always gay and lively; and the desolation of the scenery around him seems to have no saddening effect upon his cheerful heart.

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THE EXTREMES OF CREATION.—About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it, the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems this insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every field, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.—*Chalmers.*

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THE YANKEE'S VISIT TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS.—Sir Joseph Banks hearing that there was a man in London who had crossed the Atlantic in a boat alone, was desirous of seeing him, and got some American to go to the hotel, and contrive ways to bring him to his house. This was easily effected. Shackford, in company with Captain Follansbee, paid Sir Joseph a visit. They were asked into a room devoted to natural history. Shackford looked around, and was pleased to see so many things which were so many real curiosities, preserved so well. At last he saw a young crocodile in a tub of water, and took notice of him, as he appeared, now above, and now below the surface. Sir Joseph soon made his entry. "Is this Mr. Shackford, who has crossed the Atlantic alone in a boat?" inquired Sir Joseph. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "I have