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TERMS, \$2 if paid in advance,  
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NO. 40.

THE TRIUMPH OF THOUGHT.—What mind can comprehend all the grandeur of this scene?

words—"The Triumph of Thought!" Thought, that mighty master-piece of the Creator, is a some

is almost undefinable, and if we attempt to reduce its many triumphs, we only display its splendour. But we intend merely to notice some of the most apparent, and at the same time, most useful triumphs which thought has accomplished. We will begin with steam—and what an innumerable benefit it has been to man. The steam engine, as it glides along our rivers, and our giant vessels, as they plough their way through the mighty deep, point to the world the triumph of

And as we stand near a railroad track, and see the cars go thundering by, freighted with cargo of human beings, and hear the deafening shriek of the locomotive, we are constrained to exclaim, "What has God wrought!" Again, as we visit the extensive manufactories, and hear the ponderous machinery creaking and groaning under the propelling power, and we see the engine puffing

th the labor it has to perform, we can have  
the idea of the triumph of thought in this sense  
and, but triumphs of thought are not less displayed  
in a art of printing. What would this be without  
printing? A gloomy world indeed. Printing  
medium through which we may read the minds  
of others, and have access to the most hidden things  
of the soul. And by it knowledge is imparted to  
every one to whom it comes. And its influence

extended over mountains and seas, over hills and  
deserts, from continent to continent, among the  
rich and the poor, in the mansion and in the humble  
dwelling—in fact, where civilization reigns, though  
the influence of this mighty agent is felt. And  
in connection with the art of printing is that  
wonderful piece of mechanism the printing press,  
we stand beside it and behold the genius dis-  
played in its construction, and see with what har-  
mony the different parts perform the labor assign-  
ed them. We are struck with wonder and amazement

are led to exclaim, "O, the mighty power of thought!"

Another triumph of thought is the magnetograph, and in this case we look around us for something by which to express ourselves. If we work by the operator, and see his busy fingers at work upon the battery, and imagine that he is adding converse with some persons perhaps hundreds of miles distant, and then contemplate the unity with which it is carried on, we think we see the extent of the telegraph, but for the first time

the mere mechanical part of it. We must consider how the lightning is chained and made so obedient to the will of man, and how it is made to express his wishes. How it is made a medium for conveyance of intelligence from one distant citizen to another, annihilating space, and bringing them within speaking distance. These and many other things must be taken into consideration before we can fully appreciate the ends attained by this mighty triumph of thought. And, indeed, the

were we undertake, the more powerful and efficacious we thought. There is nothing too big or too little to aspire to, nothing too low that it cannot reach, and nothing too high that it cannot attain. The only thing that is necessary in mechanism is its wonderful power, however displayed, but the sciences, one after another, bear witness to the all-pervading power of thought.

London during the past year was 523,000,000, showing an increase of 33½ per cent. The proportion to each person was 18. Of the whole population a quarter were delivered in London and the suburban district, and counting those also which were despatched, nearly one-half passed through the London office. The proportion of registered papers is about 1 in 400. The number of newspapers delivered was about the same as in each of the previous years—viz., 71,000,000. The sum of the returns returned annex to the Culture of the

"The death of an old man's wife," says Lamar, "is like cutting down of an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, fall upon the old widower's heart, and there are no more tears."

thing to break their force. It is as if his hand was withered—as if one wing of an eagle was broken, and every movement that he only brought him to the ground. His eyes dim and glassy, and when the film of death over him, he misses those accustomed tones which might have soothed his passage to the grave."

"If I was yer brother, and likewise yer mother, I'd see that you went to bed early. To taste yer breath, I would starve to death, and lay yer hoops altogether; to joust have a taste of yer own mee waste, I'd lart at the manest weather. — Paddy be mine, mee own volonte — ye'll see me both gentle and civil; our life we will spend in an illegant ind, and care may go dance the devil.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—In 1718 the

News Letter which had been printed on a sheet of foolscap size was enlarged so as to reach a whole sheet. The publisher naively remarked that it was impossible "with half a sheet to carry on all the Public News of Europe hitherto all those of Great Britain, Ireland, and our Neighboring Provinces have been inserted." He was now thirteen months behind hand with Foreign News, and to make up deficiency, and to make all "new that used only to be old," he resolved to print a whole

long and Short Days.—At Berlin and London, the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm, the longest day has eighteen hours and a half; at Hamburg, the longest day has seventeen hours and a half; at Amsterdam, the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at St. Petersburg, the longest day has nineteen, and the shortest five

at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two hours and a half; at Wanderhus, in Norway, the longest day is from the 21st of May to the 22nd of July, without interruption; and at Spitzbergen, the longest day is three months and a half.

“Mother, you musn’t whip me for running away  
school any more.”  
“Because my school book says that ants are the  
industrious beings in the world, and ain’t I a  
ant?”

Paras. — It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.

The chief properties of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come.

Why is snuff like the letter S? Because it's the  
ending of sneezing.