at, whe losed eyes. Then they saw the un-ond eyes ep was upon them, and said she died ion-wis asant dreams.

d called From the Opal. tself into TO CHILDREN. be for ogs! blest things! to look on you tempted, that are in their wane temples that are in their wane
inistered ht—and hearts at ebb of age
in of the ith life's tide again.
oled het not age, nor death should touch is ealies nan love might save; of your eris the love that blights ith eye gathers to the grave.

language that you the angels love y love all gentle things,) had been o'er you fondly stoop prototyp pread their viewless wings.

, and he orly their starry eyes the half by their starry eyes there and hay, her half ly as they smile on you, or flecial on, on us, alway.

To face the hould He who smiles on all, the she was loves both.

she up loves both young and old her soll e dear shepherd take his lambs, old her dear them to his fold; bmerged s plungte who gave these buds of love— much gives—and maketh lorn—

beautifilike withered stems till eve,
save stake them in the morn;
see, wis
see, it is to be seed t

Cless's woman's yearning a a spiribe in Bethlehem;

life wites, in flowers, upon the earth, then the stars, in heav'n above;

ged. Subjectes and tears, in human souls, pledge's and tears, in human souls, new as'd characters of love;

born he hath given to Death—as dawn review hickest dark he gave;

her worled that still the new year's flowers are at he won the old year's grave;

ever can bring from grief, as calm a, the beeds the wind's fierce wars— he sin esser's tears bring summer leaves, A cles night the joy of stars ! with the shness, in these children's steps, the thorns

tical forief, and doubt, and care, lly take—or for their peace, sorre kindly plant them there;

d to
a with regions and with weeping storms,
time, k wood and frowning hill,
a to by bright as angel dreams,
refersion guide them at his will,
record

led on I them on in peace, with joy and for ainging on their way; a at is about a last, their shining path art servost in perfect day.

so epirity. JAMES'S AGINCOURT. the me ast adapted for extract, is where Woodin the Burgundian service, rescues a Bfrom a mill on an island where they mptall danger of being swept away by a yren to The description of the landscape, e temporm, and the swelling waters, is pow-an mes: but we commence at a climax, when her, lville is preparing to attempt the res-

bell, while is preparing to attempt the res-by a beam in despite of the remonstrance of his unade or officer.

w show hy treyou stripping off your casque she beam, Sir Richard? asked the Count. To dian secause I imagine they may soon want ny good Lord,' replied the young those adness!' cried the Lord of St. Paul; immor an could swim such a torrent as

obe do not know that, noble sir, answerone of of Woodville; we are great swim
estic my country, and accustomed to buffer
waves But there is a bost higher
man ng must save me.'
its of is saying, he sped

em see ng must save me?

Its saying, he sped on to the very
ithe water; which, instead of decreasway he still rising rapidly. There, he tried
her be the people of the mill hear him; and
her is outed from the casement in reply, but,
purity ring of the torent drowned their words;
wered rrying up to the spot where he had
boat moored, he found it, now far
the boat moored, he found it, now far
the study brink of the stream,
and The top of the post to which it
ached by a chain, and which an hour
thad been some yards on shore, was ached by a chain, and which an hour had been some yards on shore, was an he's t visible above the rushing waters; an more ding in the young Knight caught the stand drew the boat to him.

from was luckily flat, and somewhat heavy in d; so that he managed to get in withmplements, however, which he found

seen in the people of the mill. But he had no hesitation—no fear; and, throwing loose the chain, he guided the boat into the middle of the stream, where, though the current was atronger, the eddies were less frequent. There it was borne forward with terrible rapulative to the distributed by was no longer to be distinguished from the rest of the stream but by the foaming ripple on either side and the mill tising the

"The bank of the river on the Eastern side "The bank of the river on the Eastern sine was crowded by his own attendants and the followers of the Count of St. Paul; the windows of the mill, and a little raised platform above the wheel, showed a multitude of anxious faces. No one spoke—no one moved, however, but two stout Englishmen, who were seen upon the shore stripping off their arms and clothing; while the timbers of the mill, and the posts and stanchings of the the mill, and the posts and stanchions of the platform, quivered and shook with the roaring tide as it whirled red, and furious, past them, lingering in a curling vortex round, as if unwilling to dash on without carrying every obstacles along with it.

"Richard of Woodville raised not his eyes

stacles along with it.

"Richard of Woodville raised not his eyes to look at those who hung between death and life: he turned not a gaze at his companions on the shore; he knew that every energy, every thought was wanted to accomplish the great object; and if he suffered his mind to other things, it was but to think, 'I will show those who have belied me that I can risk life, even for beings I do not know.' His eyes were fixed upon one spot, where the boiling of the tied evinced that the ground came near the surface; and there he determined first to check the furious speed at whick he was hurried down the stream. A little further on were the strong standards and braces of a mill of those days; and he thought if he could break the first rush of the boat at the shallow, he should be able more easily to bring her up under the casements and the platform.

"Now guiding with the paddle, now starting up to hold the boat-pike, he came headlong towards the shoal; but, fending off till the speed of the boat was checked and she swung round with the torrent and drifted more slowly on, he caught at the thick uprights of the mill with the hook—missed the first, grappled the second; and through almost thrown over with the shock, held fast till the boat swung heavely round and struck with her broadside against the building. A rope was instantly thrown from above; and, tying it fast through

against the building. A rope was instantly thrown from above; and, tying it fast through a ring, which was to be found in the bow of all boats in those days, he relaxed his hold of the wood-work, and the skiff floated further

all boats in those days, he relaxed his hold of the wood-work, and the skiff floated further round.

"Then first he looked up; and then first a feeling of deadly terror took possession of nim. His cheek grew pale; his lips turned white; and, stretching out his arms, he exclamed, 'Oh, Mary!—oh, my beloved? is it you on whom such peril has befallen?—Quick, quick! he continued, 'lose not a moment. The stream is coming down more and more strong—the building cannot stand. Bear her down quick, 'ir John.'

"Poo! the building will stand well enough,' said a man, in a rude jargon of the French tongue. "Tis but that people are afraid.'

"Foo! cried Richard of Woodville, who saw the timbers quivering as if shaken by mortal agony; if you would save your life, come down with the rest.'

"Not!,' answered the miller with a laugh; 'I have seen as bad floods before now. Here, lady, here—set a foot upon the wheel; it is made fast, and cannot move. Catch her, young gentleman: nay, not so far, or you will upset the boat;—that will do—there she is!' and Richard of Woodville, receiving Mary Grey in his arms, seated her in the stern of the boat, and again advanced to aid her women and the old Knight in descending. Two fair young girls, a young clerk in a black gown, and three armed servants, formed the train; and they were the first to take refuge in the boat, lenving their horses behind them. train; and they were the first to take refuge in the boat, leaving their horses behind them. There were three other men remained above, and laughed lightly at the thought of danger; but one young lad of first work. and laughed lightly a; the thought of darger; but one young lad, of fifteen years of age, though he too said he would stay, bore a white cheek and a wandering eye.

"Send down the boy, at least, cried Richard of Wcodville to the miller: though you may be foolhardy, there is no need to sacraftee his life.

"Go, go, Edme, said the miller; you are as well there as here. You can do us no good."

"The boy hesitated; but the increasing force of water made the mill tremble more violently than ever; and, hurrying on, he sprang into the boat.

sprang into the boat.

"' Every one down, and motionless!' cried Richard of Woodville, without exchanging even a word with those who were most dear; and, casting off the rope, he sterred dear; and, casing on the rope, he sterred as well as the paddle would permit towards the bank. Bur, hurried rapidly forward down the stream, with scarcely any power of direction, he saw that the frail bark must pass the ruined bridge. By impulse, the instinct of great peril, he guided the boat over the most violent gush of the stream, between two of the half checked whirlpools; and she shot clear down, falling into another vortex below, which carried her completely round twice; and then, broken by the blade of the laddle, let her float away into the stream.

" The whole band of the Count of St. Paul were running down by the side of the river; and, as the course of the skiff became more steady, Richard of Woodville turned hiseyes towards them. They had got what seemed a rope in their hands; and ever and anon one of e its course, were one paddle and a corchards held it up and made signs so if he

large pole with an iron hook, such as he had | would have thrown it had they been near

"Some one be ready to catch the rope ! cried Woodville, 'I cannot quit the steer-ing; and he guided the boat gently and gra-dually towards the shore. The young clerk sprang at once into the bow; the women sat

Sir John Grey advanced slowly and steadily to aid the youth; and when, at the distance of a few yards, a band, formed of the sword-belts of the troop tightly tied together, was thrown on board, the young man and the old Knight caught it, but were pulled down by the shock. Some of the others aided to hold it fast; but, in spite of all Woodville's efforts, the boat swung round, struck, the rocky shore violently, and began to

"There were now many to aid, however; and one after another was supported to the land."

From Lamartine's Travels. THE PLAINS OF TROY.

It is Midnight !—the sea is as calm as a mir-ror: the vessel floats motionless on the resplendent surface. On our left, Tenedos rises above the waters, and shuts out the view of the open sea; on our right, and close to us stretches out like a dark bar the law shore and indented doast of Troy.—The full moon, which rises behind the snow-streak'd summit of Mount Ida, sheds a screne and doubtful light over the sweater of the mounting the light over the sammits of the mountains, the hills the plan—the extending rays fall upon the sea and reach the shadow of our brig, forming a bright path which the shades do not venture to approach. We can discern the Tomuli, which tradition still marks as the tombs of Hector and Patroclus. The full moon, slightly tinged with red, which discloses the undulations of the hills, resembles the bloody buckler of Achiles. No light is to be seen on the coast, but a distant twinkling light is to be seen on the coast, but a distant twikling lighted by the shepherds on Mount Ida; not a sound is to be herd but the flapping of the sail on the mast, and the slight creaking of mast itself. All seems dead, like the past, in that deserted land.—Seated on the forecastle. in that deserted land.—Seated on the forecastle, I see that shore—those mountain—those rains—those tombs—all rise, like the ghosts of the depatted world and reappear from the bosom of the sea with shadowy form by the rays of the stars of night which sleep on the hill, and disappear as the moon recedes behind the summit of the mountains. It is a beautithe summit of the mountains. It is a beautiful additional page in the poems of Homer, the end of all history and of all poetry! Unknown tombs—ruins without a certain name—the earth naked and dark, but imperfectly lighted by the immortal luminaries; new spectators passing by the coast and repeating, for the thousand in time, the common epitaph of mortality?—here lies an Empire—here a town—here a People—here a hero! God, alone, is great; and the thought which steks and adores Him, alone is imperishable upon the earth. I feel no desire to make a nearer approach in daylight to the doubtful remains of the ruins of Troy—I prefer that nocturnal apparition which allow the thoughts to repeople those deserts, and shed over them only the distant light of the moon and of the poetry of that light of the moon and of the poetry of Homer. And what concerns me, Troy—its heroes, and, its gods?—that leaf of the heroic world is turned over, for ever?

From Sir George Lefevre's apology for the Nerves.

IMPORTANCE OF THE NERVOUS POWER.

In a state of health and tone we recognize its powers in the perfection of the five senses; the smallest derangement of its minnes organization is accompanied by imper-fect communion with the external world in any of these five modes of relationship. The division of a little chord, finer than the most delicate lutestring, shall prevent the eye from seeing, the ear from hearing, the tongue from giving utterances; nor shall there be aroma in the rose, nor smoothness to the finger's touch—all shall be dead without; and then the ismost soul shall wither, pine away, and die. Its importance over the vital and animal functions equally prependerates. The division of two small chords shall suspend respiration; and circulation is so dependant upon the duties of this function, that it soon coases afterwards. In the processes of digestion, assimilation, and secretion, there is equal evidence of its prior claim to consideration. It is not so easy to test it in these latter operations by meenanical lusion as in the former; but pa thology affords us the same conclusive evi-dence; and another power, of which at pres-ent we have but imperfect notions, but which offers us much that resembles the pervous, makes that evidence still stronger. Thus the nerves, which preside over digestion, may be subjected to test; and when, by division of these, this function is suspended, it may be renewed by the substitution of the electric Some of the facts in the following account

of heat and cold, support our view that the ner-vous system would not bear the frequent efforts necessary to overcome chronic or habitual di-

HEAT AND COLD.

We find the body capable of resisting a temperature sufficient to decompose dead matter.
Animals, as well as man, have been exposed to a degree of heat exceeding that of boiling water, and without injury; when at the same time a thermometer placed under the tongue

has indicated an elevation of a few degrees only above the natural standard. This power of resistance is but of short duration, for the nervous influence is exhausted by so extraordinary a demand. Chemical agents come into nary a demand. Chemical agents come into play, and matter is resolved into lifeless form.

As regards cold, the same law prevails, the limits are the same. However great the power may be of resisting it, as soon as the nervous energy is exhausted, the system is subject to

I have witnessed the effects of cold too long A have witnessed the effects of cold too long endured upon the little postilions who are barbarously exposed to it in the winter season at St. Petersburgh. The lads bear it for a time, as they sit on their horses clapping their hands and singing to keep up their courage; but this fails them by degrees, and finally benumbed, they fall from their saddles in a state of toppor which extract the relative that the state of toppor which nothing but rolling them in the snow will overcome. There is seldom a fete given at St. Petersburg in the extreme cold weather that occurrences of this sort are not recorded. in very cold nights the sentries are frequently trozen to death, if not relieved at short inter-

As long as nervous excitement can be kept up, the resistance of cold is very great. Gen. Pirofisky informhed are, that in the expedition to Khiva, notwithstanding the intenseness of the cold, the soldiers marched along singing, with the breasts of their coars open, but only as long as they were flushed with the hopes of success. Where there is nothing to excite, and where exposure to cold takes place under the common rotuine of parade, its depressing effects are lamentably left by those long exposed to it. In the time of the Grand Duke Constantine, a regiment of horse was marched from Strelua to St. Petersburg, a distance of twelve miles and upwards. He marched at their head at a foot pace all the way. He had well wadded himself, and smeared his face over with oil. It was the gratification of a had well was ded himsell, and smeared his face over with oil. It was the gratification of a whim to expose the soldiers to a great degree of cold. They arrived at the square before the place, and were discussed to their barracks. The following day one-third of the regiment was in the hospital, attacked by nervous fever, of wich many died. There was no stimulus of necessity in this case; but the moral feeling aggravated the mental suffering.

OPTICAL DELUSIONS AND GHOSTS.

Ir is when the brain and nervous system have been shattered by moral causes, or by the sequela of physical ones, that the most curious phænomena occur as regards the visual powers. The author of the Diary of a Late Physician has The author of the Diary of a Late Physician has published a ludicrous paper of the spectre dog, which followed the man wherever he might be; he could not shake him off, either in his walks, or in his bedroom, or in the stage coach; the dog was always there. I know not whether this story be founded on fact or not, but a case very similar occurred to a gentleman who related it to me. In great distress of mind, he had taken a considerable quantity of laudanum with the intent to poison himself. It did not accomplish what he intended, but was productive of most distressing nervous afwas productive of most distressing nervous affections. Among others, as soon as he was in lections. Among others, as soon as he was in bed at night, he saw a dog lying at the foot of his bed upon the floor. He got out of bed to verify it—the dog vanished; when he returned to his couch, there was the dog again. The most singular item in the history was, that his mind could not rectify the error; the visual impressions overcame the rational powers. He would leave his bed two or three times in the same night to be same due, a phastory, and same night to be shamed by a phantom; and this lasted for full six weeks. At a full subse-quent period, and previously to his death, which was a melancholy one, he was hunted night after night by a chess-board with men upon it

That ghosts and appartitions have appeared to people, cannot be doubted. Carlyle has alluded to the history of Luther and the blue bottle fly, and referred it naturally to that imperfect state of the sensorial powers when de-bilitated by physical exhaustion or moral causes. It is not true that there are ghosts in sub stantial forms, paradoxically expressing it; but they are visible to the mind's eye. It is no-where recorded that two people ever saw a ghost at the same time and in company. It might so happen, that two men walking down a lane at night, one should fancy he saw a ghost, and point it out to the other, whose fear might persuade him he saw something; but no two men at the same time, and in each other's com-pany, ever saw the same spectral before their

From the Practical Christian. PRACTICAL NON-RESISTANCE

We were lately told the following anecdote. Some years ago, a swaggaring sailor was making his way along one of the streets of New-York, in a mood of merry mischief, when he chanced to meet an elderly colored woman en the sidewalk, who was very sedately amplications. her pipe. Our tar, none too sober, thought he would give the old woman a touch of his politeness. So he turned aside, gave her a hunch, and knocked her pipe out of her month, He waited with evident amusement to see the poor woman gather up the pieces. But what was his astonishment to hear her meekly say, -" God forgive you, my son, as I do!"-His generous heart was instantly smitten with mingled emotions of shame and admonition. tushed towards her, exclaiming—"God bless you, good mother! I am sorry" Here, take my arm; let me walk with you I would not be ashamed to walk with you through the whole city!" Then recollect that this token of respect would be assless to her, he suddenly them out of his nockets an extraverse. drew out of his pockets an extravagant hand-fal of "change," which he compelled her to receive, and walked on with a repeated "God