

All Bruges was paralysed.

Meanwhile, the Magistrates held consultation together in the hotel de Ville. The missing Echvin had gone over the day before, to settle some pecuniary matters at Ostend. It was determined therefore, to despatch a proper force in that direction, with full instructions to make diligent search. But to whom could this commission be confided? That was the question.

At this moment Salembier entered. He was young, active and intelligent—who so fit for such an undertaking? The choice unanimously fell on him. But he at once declined. Captain Villedieu, who accompanied him, was next solicited, and, after some hesitation, undertook the task. Preliminaries settled, full powers to search were given; and in a few moments the dragoon was trotting at the head of a dozen fine fellows on the flat serpentine road which leads to Ostend.

Perhaps in Europe there does not exist a more dull and monotonous route than the five leagues which lie between these towns. In the whole line the traveller finds but four hawls; while the extreme flat, which extends for several leagues on each side, offers no impediment to the blast, which on a winter's night, howls dismally over this dreary path. No light to be seen; no object to break the view; no noise save the dull clatter which the paved road returns. The traveller may well shrink from encountering this journey after daylight. But now that the sun shone, and each mind was wrought up to a state of eager excitement, the group at present hurried on, unmindful of the dreary scene.

By the Bishop of Oxford.

PRIDE A HINDRANCE TO KNOWLEDGE.

For the discovery of truth, it is needed that the facts of nature around man should be questioned by his intelligence. For this questioning, the first of all conditions is, that he should have these facts clear, defined, separated from others, ascertained in themselves; that he should so have studied them as to know their true relations, to see through seeming resemblances, to catch the scattered hints which declare, in the midst of apparent dissimilarity, real connection; to see the value of a fact, which, having been arbitrarily thrust from its true place, has seemed hitherto a perplexing superfluity; that he should thus have, plain and clear before him, the elements of which the insight of his highest reason is to suggest to him the law. Now, for all this the very finest mental qualification which he needs is patience—a patience which will steadily refuse to taste prematurely the pleasure of generalisation, which will sustain him through the longest, the most wearisome processes of minute investigation. And to this first condition of successful study, pride is the direct antagonist. The pride of ignorance is, we all know, most impatient; it gathers up the merest external resemblances, and then generalises at a grasp. And very little removed from this state is the impatient man, be his actual attainments what they may. His own thoughts, his own impressions, his own fancies, these are the facts of the self-sufficient. He cannot endure the slow laborious processes to which the student of nature must submit. Nor is this all: there must be an ardent love of truth, as truth, in him who would so persevere as to follow her guidance up the steep path which alone leads to her secret dwelling-place; and with this, too, pride interferes. He who dwells upon or looks for his own exaltation, will soon have in all his studies another and a lower aim than the discovery of truth. Not what she will reveal, but what will do him credit, will become the secret law of his motives; and to such a tempter soon become familiar short paths, and little ends, and tricky means, which lead not to her seat, and to which she will not yield her bidding store. At another point again he is weakened. He only who will be indeed a learner can be greatly taught; and to be a learner the proud man will not bow: he will not learn of others, for he looks down scornfully upon them, and scorn is no learner in any school. He wastes the rays which would have enlightened his eye, not believing in the light of other men. He will rather repudiate the richest inheritance of transmitted knowledge than acknowledge even to himself what he receives from others; and on such a mind there soon settles down the thicker darkness, which is bred by all the storms of envy, capriciousness, jealousy and hatred. And as he will not learn from others, so not even by Nature herself will he be taught. He thinks he knows so much, that his estimate of what is to be known is lowered. And this is not the spirit of a learner: he grows to deal boldly with nature, instead of reverently following her guidance. He seals his heart against her secret influences. He has a theory to maintain, a solution of which must not be disproved—a generalisation which must not be disturbed—and once possessed of this false cipher, he reads amiss all the golden letters around him.

THE DIALS OF PUBLIC CLOCKS.

The dials of the new clock at the palace of Westminster are to be thirty feet in diameter, the largest in the world, excepting a skeleton dial at Malines, on which the time is shown by only one hand, and which makes one revolution in twelve hours. The dial of St. Paul's Clock, which is only fifteen feet in diameter, is the largest in this country, that is furnished with a minute hands. A few of the clocks in Flanders strike on large bells. But those generally require to be wound up once, and sometimes twice in the twenty four hours.

From Howitt's London Journal.

THE SEERS ARE NOT DEAD.

They say the prophet-days are past—

The seers all are dead—

That wonder-works, and miracles,

With ancient ages fled.

Believe it not: as wondrous things

Are passing o'er us now,

As when the Teacher sat and taught,

Upon the mountain brow.

The ambient sky hangs over us—

In thanks bend down the head—

God still dwells in the universe:

His seers are not dead.

The earth is fresh and beautiful;

The flowers still as fair

As when from Eden's hidden nooks

They perfumed all the air;

And shall we think the inner part—

The Soul of all this world—

Rath vanished from the battle-field,

With tattered flag unfurled?

Believe it not! believe it not!

God's hand is o'er us spread,

His breath is in our nostrils yet—

His seers are not dead!

As once into the troubled pool

The holy angel came,

With healing balm upon his wings

For leperous and lame;

So now upon the tide of life,

On every ruffled wave,

Comes gently down the breath of Peace,

To purify and save.

In each day's good sweet mercy rains

In showers upon our head,

God guideth still the universe—

His seers are not dead!

Sages still live upon the earth

To make our children wise;

The prophet-souls that look within—

Within, with pitying eyes;

Eyes that can see, in seeming ill,

A providence of good;

Hearths that can turn the poisoned spring

To nourishment and food.

Beneath the calm, deep azure skies,

In thanks bow down the head;

God whispereth still upon the wind—

His seers are not dead!

In ancient times the blind got sight

Out on the broad highway;

And is there not a clearer light

Given to souls to-day?

In the cool shadows of the eve

Was inspiration given,

And souls of genius commune still

With sister-souls in heaven.

Ecstatic visions—noble thoughts—

Hope-halos have not fled:

Immensity is full of God—

His seers are not dead!

Then mourn not for the shady past,

With prophet, sage, or saint,

But with the tintings of the hour

Thy life's fair picture paint.

Hold pure thy heart—believe in good—

Make beauty of the mean—

And, equally in sun or storm,

Rock-like thou'lt stand serene.

And, being thus supremely blest,

With love-rays round thy head,

Thou wilt believe, with all true souls,

The seers are not dead!

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELLOR.

A moral instructor should be attached to youth, and well acquainted with the development of the human mind. In communicating instruction, his manner should be earnest and affectionate, and his language simple and perspicuous. With these qualities, accompanied by a gentle tone of address, he will more effectively convince and persuade than by all the studied arts of oratory. There are two methods of imparting moral instruction. The first conveys a precept by the direct address; the second involves a truth in a maxim or proposition, and leaves the practical deduction of the precept to the reflection of the reader. The second method I frequently adopt, since it gives a salutary exercise to the intellectual and moral faculties; and truth which is discovered by reflection, usually makes a deep and lasting impression on the mind. A subject which we long and attentively contemplate, acquires an importance in the mind in proportion to the time and attention we bestow on it. At first a subject is obscure, gradually and progressively it appears more clear, till at last it rises in its full proportions before the mental vision. In the tuition of youth what is of more importance than moral discipline? Nothing: impress, then, on the youthful mind moral instruction with all the earnestness of truth, and with all the kindness of affection, avoiding the formality that fatigues and the austerity that repels. But sentiment is not action; the love of virtue is not the practice of it: the two may be disjoined. We may love virtue without being virtuous, and claim for it the merit which is due only to the harmonious union of principle and conduct. Vain and abortive are our best emotions unless they are reduced to principle and embodied in action. We conceive a sentiment, we also feel it. These propositions temperance is health, benevolence is happiness, gain ready assent, but their full import is felt only by the temperate and the benevolent. Thus should moral duty be inculcated on the young till they feel its truth, and delight in its practice. An action by repetition becomes a corporeal habit. In this respect the mind is analogous to the body; a thought or an emotion frequently recurrent, in like manner, is

converted into a mental habit. These habits, when new and unconfirmed, may be easily modified and changed, but the difficulty of modification and change increases with their strength. Habits are not stationary, they are progressive; and as they gradually advance to conformation, they prompt to action and form the character. Physical and mental habits of primary moment, if neglected to mature age, can never be acquired to any degree of perfection. In order to impart to them the facility and correctness of natural ease, they must be commenced in early years, and cultivated with steady perseverance. A physical habit is similar to a mental habit in its course of training by reiterated exercise. Train, then, the young to moral duty with the same assiduity that you train them to a trade or a profession. When the habits are matured and consolidated, a man changes not his character with his condition; but when they are tender and unconfirmed, the character of a young man is moulded by the circumstances in which he is placed. In the circle, then, in which a youth moves, let all that he sees and hears, every action that he witnesses, every book that he reads, be pure, virtuous, honorable, and worthy of imitation. Many act foolishly in opposition to their health and happiness, and are sensible of their folly yet their experience does not induce reformation, and why not? Their bad habits are too deeply rooted for their weak resolution to eradicate. What a powerful argument for the early inculcation of moral and religious principles!

VIRTUE AND VICE.

The virtues and vices are as distinct in their conceptions as they are in their names. Candour is different from benevolence as envy is from falsehood; yet each class has but one origin—the virtues a principle of goodness, the vices a principle of depravity.

A small deviation from rectitude, it may be alleged, offers an excuse in the trifling nature of the effect; a considerable deviation pleads a palliation in the weakness of human nature, and in the strength of temptation. Both views or arguments are fallacious, and fraught with danger.

Virtue is a comprehensive and uniform system. The observance of one duty, however important, cannot compensate for the neglect of another; and the highest merit cannot atone for the indulgence of minor faults.

To comply with one error is to facilitate the lapse into another, till the habit of compliance is formed that terminates in guilt. To resist error is to acquire moral fortitude, when confirmed into habit, is the conservator of virtue.

No temptation can justify a vicious action. Every good man resists vice; hence he who yields to it cannot plead in excuse the strength of temptation, since what others overcome he may overcome; it therefore follows, that his conduct is the result of his own vicious habits.

We may resist vice in its grosser forms, and yield to it when it assumes a delusive show of goodness. Never is vice more dangerous than when it treacherously allies itself to some virtue, usurps its power, and under this disguise, without alarming caution, betrays us to ruin.

The hypocrite, who assumes virtue, is outwardly in conduct what the good man is in principle. The one personates a character, fears detection, and his mind is never at ease. The other who is undisguised, fears no scrutiny, no exposure, no disgrace, and his mind is ever tranquil.

In all your actions be more afraid of the accusation of conscience than the reproach of men. From the reproach of men, you may find refuge in virtue; from the accusation of conscience there is no escape. In a happy home the vexations of the world may be soothed; in an unhappy home domestic peace is destroyed.

In every pursuit, when we have done our part, and wait the issue, the inquietude of expectation is often equal to the previous turmoil of labour; but after discharging the duties prescribed by virtue, the mind is at peace, for it leaves the issue to Providence. In the common avocations of life, there is often much doubt and perplexity, in virtue all is fixed. Do your duty and trust in God.

Virtue contains its own reward, and vice its own punishment. A benevolent man rejoices with the prosperous, and in his sympathetic feelings shares their happiness; a selfish man envies the prosperous, and afflicts himself without diminishing their happiness.

In every condition of life maintain your integrity. An accusing conscience, though the world applauds, whispers in accents of reproach, and destroys mental peace; an approving conscience, though the world frowns, smiles on the heart.

BENEVOLENCE AND SELFISHNESS.

We naturally love our own well-being; and this principle, the prime and ruling impulse of our nature, is termed self-love. Self-love deserves no more praise or blame than do the appetites of hunger and thirst. In its excess and perversion, when confined to personal gratifications, it is denominated selfishness, and incurs censure. In its diffusive sympathies to mankind it has the appellation of benevolence, and is entitled to commendation.

When we contemplate the character of the Supreme Being as it is discovered in nature and revealed religion, we plainly perceive that he wills the harmonious union of the great family of man. No system, therefore, of theology, morality, or polity, can be pure and efficient, which is not in subservency to humanity and benevolence, to social order and happiness.

A beautiful landscape is presented to two individuals. One of them, who has no relish for such an exhibition, looks on it with indifference; the other, whose taste is cultivated, gazes on it with delight. Similar is it with selfishness and benevolence. The selfish re-

gard noble and generous deeds, in which they have no interest, with apathy; the benevolent hail them with congenial mind, and experience a reflected pleasure in their sympathetic feelings.

The call to benevolence on religious principles is clear and conclusive. All who are religious, love their Creator and Preserver; those who love him obey his commands, and his express command is to love one another, and to do good to all men.

A selfish man, like an opaque mineral, absorbs every ray of good in himself. A benevolent man, like a transparent gem, refracts them in diffusive lustre around him.

A worldly man calculates every thing by his profit and loss, and estimates every person according to his integrity and usefulness.

The selfish cannot see with satisfaction those happy whom they envy; their minds are like a diseased body that cannot enjoy the vernal beauties of nature. The benevolent rejoice in general happiness, and by sympathy share in it, as by taste they enjoy the blooming prime of the year.

A person who is happy rejoices in the happiness of others, and he who rejoices in the happiness of others, promotes his own. Cultivate then, in the prime of life, the personal virtues which constitute the felicity of the individual, and the benevolent sympathies, which extending through society, unite and bless the great community of man.

By Mrs Ellis.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

We all know what it is to the learner to be dragged on day by day through the dull routine of exercises, in which a school-girl feels no particular interest, except what arises from getting in advance of her fellows, obtaining a prize, or suffering a punishment. We can all remember the atmosphere of the school-room, so ungenial to the fresh and buoyant spirits of youth. The clatter of slates, the dull point of the pencil, and the white cloud, where the wrong figure—the figure that would prove the incorrectness of the whole—had so often been rubbed out. To say nothing of the morning's lessons before the dust from the desks and floor had been put in motion, we can all remember the afternoon sensations with which we took our places, perhaps between companions the most unloved by us of any in the school; and how, while the summer's sun was shining in through the high windows, we pored with aching head over some dull dry words, that would not transmit themselves to the tablet of our memories, though repeated with indefatigable industry—repeated until they seemed to have no identity, no distinctness, but were mingled with the universal hum and buzz of the close, heated room, where the heart, if it did not forget itself to stone, at least forgot itself to sleep, and lost all power of feeling anything but weariness, and occasional pining for relief. Class after class was then called up from this hot-bed of intellect. The tones of the teacher's voice, though not always the most musical, might easily have been pricked down in notes, they were so uniform in their cadences, of interrogation, rejection, and reproof. These, blending with the slow dull answers of the scholars, and occasionally the quick guess of one ambitious to attain the highest place, all mingled with the general monotony, and increased the stupor that weighed down every eye and deadened every pulse. I know not how it may affect others but the number of languid, listless, inert young ladies, who now recline upon our sofas, murmuring and repining at every claim made upon their personal exertions, is to me a truly melancholy spectacle, and one which demands the attention of a benevolent and enlightened public, even more perhaps than some of those great national schemes in which the people and the government are alike interested. It is but rarely now that we meet with a really healthy woman; and as intellectual attainment may be prized, I think all will allow, that no qualification can be of much value, without the power of bringing it into use.

TRUE NOBILITY.

The genuine nobles are the wise, the good, the great; the men who cultivate their minds and improve their talents; the men who exercise and cherish their social, their benevolent, and their religious affections; the men who love truth and righteousness; the men who labor for the illumination and improvement of their fellow men; the men who love their country and their kind; the men who look on fraud and robbery with abhorrence, the men who hate injustice and cruelty; the men who treat their fellow men as brethren; the men who employ their time, their strength, their wealth, their influence, for the instruction of the ignorant, the elevation of the degraded; the reformation of the vicious, the improvement of the good, and the happiness of all; the men who sympathise with suffering humanity, and minister, according to their ability, to its relief and comfort; the men who love God's creatures, and co-operate with God's providence, in promoting the greatest possible happiness of the creation.

THE PRICE OF A PRIVILEGE.

The privilege of selling newspapers, &c., at the several stations on the London and North Western Railway has been let by tender to Messrs Smith and Son, news-agents, Strand, for £1500 a year. The person who has hitherto supplied Euston-Station offered the company the enormous sum of £610 for a stand at that station alone. Our readers are not probably aware that newspapers are charged an extra penny at most of the railway stations.