

been roused a little by the reflection that its present state is nothing very extraordinary, and that it will pass away, hope begins to exert its power; and the next thing to be done towards recovery is, to get something to do. That is, something for the mind to do; for the body may have been performing a daily round of mechanical business all this time, while the mind has been sick and sorry. Something to do, which in the doing shall raise our thoughts above ourselves, and when done shall tend to the profit of others. As Jeremy Taylor in his "Holy Living" exhorts—"Let your employment be such as may become a reasonable person, and not be a business fit for children or distracted people, but fit for your age and understanding. For, a man may be very idly busy, and take pains to so little purpose, that in his labors and expense of time he shall serve to end but of folly and vanity. * * There are some people who are busy, but it is as Domitian was, in catching flies."

Those who are compelled by circumstances to spend great part of the day in a calling which does not exercise the higher powers of the mind, (and they are the bulk of society) must be careful how they dispose of the remainder of their time. The body, perhaps, is wearied by the daily routine, and prone to take its ease; but, in nine cases out of ten, its best recreation would be intellectual employment and not luxurious indulgence. It is often such persons who are afflicted with the mental debility spoken of above; and who, because they have a daily business and employment, and yet are ill at ease, think that their cure will be found in idleness and relaxation. They are ready to believe the friends who say "you stick too close to business, you work too much,"

while all the time, it is but a very small portion of their nature that gets any work at all, and all the rest is dying away within them for want of exercise. Casting up accounts, reading invoices, selling wares over a counter, copying documents, and a hundred other necessary and useful employments of social and civil life, are not all that a man needs for living. He must do something more than any of these things if he would be fully alive. He must call out those higher faculties, which, when they are properly alive, make him but a little lower than the angels. Let him explore the vast fields of knowledge which the industry and genius of his fellow men have already acquired; he will see how vast they are, compared with the possessions of the savage mind; and how small compared with what remains to be discovered. Why should the shopkeeper and the clerk, and the farmer, and the merchant forget that they are also men? It is this subjection of their manhood to the necessities of the shop and the desk, the farm and the merchandise, that makes them feel so discontented and languid, so dissatisfied with themselves and all things around them. Let them use their privileges, and begin to do some of the glorious work which God has given them to do. Science awaits them, ever ready to unfold her secrets to the reverential gaze of the steady searcher. Art, that confides her wondrous charms to few, may yet give them glimpses of the world of beauty of which she is the queen; Philosophy that pierces the material universe, and loves to reach the essence of things; History, the tale of humanity, began so long ago, and into which we have not penetrated half-way yet; Poetry, that knows by intuition what is else learned by reason and experience only; all these are, or may be, the portion of every individual man, who will set himself free from the chain of mechanism and habit, which the petty avocations of mere business life are winding around him. He may not be able, nay, he certainly will not be able, to set himself free at once; but by degrees it may be done. When once he takes a high view of his nature and destiny, he may begin to work out his own salvation from this bondage of civil life, and stronger than all other tonics for his sickly mind, will be the recollection of his high calling. What has a being to do with sadness and despair, who is born

"The heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time?"

Who has the means of extracting the honey of wisdom and love from every flower, bitter or sweet, that blooms in his path? Truly, he who knows well the object of his life here, and strives to attain it, has little need of medicines for the mind. But there are so many who know what they ought to do and do it not; these are they, who require artificial support, and to whom various mental tonics are very useful at those periods when the spirit fails them, and the flesh is weak. Nothing is more likely to give tone to the depressed and enfeebled mind than conversation with a friend of sound mind and cheerful temper. Cheerfulness is as contagious as small pox; and strength of mind in a friend supports us like an oaken staff. Country walks are as beneficial to the mind as to the body; and that not merely by the free circulation which they impart to the blood, and the healthy expansion of the lungs, but because the eye ministers favourably to the mind; the forms, and colours, and motions of external nature are beautiful, and beautiful objects soothe and satisfy the spirit. Amusements of various sorts, serve as tonics to the mind when used in moderation; but there is danger in excess; and we had need remember these words on this subject (they are from the writer quoted above): "At no hand dwell upon them or make them your chief employment; for he that spends his time in sports and calls it recreation, is like him whose garment is all made of fringes, and his meat nothing but sauces; they are healthless, chargeable, and useless. And therefore avoid such games which require much time and long attendance, or which are apt to steal thy affections from more useful employments. For to whatsoever thou

hast given thy affections, thou wilt not grudge to give thy time."

Music and light reading are very useful as restoratives to the mind; but they must not be of a low kind, or they will act merely as a stimulus for the time, and leave the mind in a worse state than it was before. Music that is sensual, empty, and frivolous, that does not rouse one noble or holy feeling, is not a tonic, but a species of heady wine, and is by no means beneficial to the system. Books that are satirical and flippant in their tone, which turn all things into jest, which are faithless, heartless, and full of a cold, hard, loveless unreason—(and alas there are too many such in these days) such books, light and easy reading as they may be, will not be digested well, they are not calculated to strengthen the sinking soul; they are not tonics, but are destructive to the vital power, and should be carefully avoided.

A benevolent hobby is by no means a bad tonic. We have known a very bad case of prolonged mental depression cured by the sudden setting up of a hobby on the part of the patient. But in all mental tonics the reader will perceive that the one grand element of activity is present. The patient must become an agent in his own cure; he must do most of the work himself as it cannot be done for him. He must sing the poet's song:

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

GIBRALTAR.

Gibraltar is an enormous rock, the top of which is peopled by apes, and the bottom by soldiers. There is a tradition that the apes came there originally by a submarine passage from the African coast, and emerged at St. Michael's Cave, which is about half way. Whether this be correct I am unable to determine, for, when the Caliban arrived, the tribe were enjoying themselves on the Mediterranean side of the rock, which they generally keep, until driven to the other by the east wind, and I had no opportunity of consulting them on this subject. The town is narrow and not particularly elegant; the inhabitants ugly, and not particularly clean. How the officers stationed there manage to rub along without falling a prey to ennui I cannot understand. Billiards is an interesting game, but tables are few in number, and one cannot play for ever. The turn for "guard" comes only once a fortnight. Even cigars direct from Havannah, at eighty dollars a thousand, will cease to charm; and the market near the new Mole, with its men and women in Spanish costume, its rich fruit and its many colored game, cease to attract. What then can a sensible man do? Gallop his horse on the neutral ground, over a leaping bar: fire at the pump there with a pistol; or cross over to Algeiras and see a third rate bull-fight! All these can be exhausted in a week, and what is a private gentleman to resort to, particularly if, as is generally the case, any draught on his intellectual resources is returned with no effects? A Celpe hunt was started some years ago, but foxes are scarce, and there is nothing to jump over, or into but some large holes. A hurdle race was also got up and this promised some excitement, for very soon an officer was killed; but an order from the horse guards put a stop to the luxury and all was desolation again.

From the Scientific American.

COMPENSATION.

One of the finest instances of compensation in the world is found in the perpetual renovation and purification of the air we breathe. Nothing else more beautifully illustrates the saying of the wise Hebrew, that all the works of the Most High are made two and two and act one against the other.

The animal kingdom lives by breathing as well as by eating. From the man down to the sponge, all animals eat and breathe. By breathing we mean that they absorb oxygen from the air, and return an equal volume of carbonic acid gas,—composed of the oxygen they had absorbed, and carbon from their blood. This supplies their animal heat. It is in fact the burning of charcoal, as eternal fuel. Man does this breathing in their lungs, fishes in their gills, insects by little tubes; all creatures in some manner absorb oxygen and return carbonic acid.

But carbonic acid is deadly poison to animal life. All animate things therefore are perpetually robbing the air of its power to give them life, and filling it with poisonous gas.

Mark now the beautiful arrangement. All vegetable things absorb this carbonic acid, and return an equal volume of oxygen gas, retaining the carbon to the growth of their own substance. From the oak down to the minute fern, known only to the microscopic eye, all plants have this only source of carbon, to the stores of carbonic acid in the air, absorbed by the water and carried to the leaves of growing tissue.

Again, all animal things live, directly or indirectly, on vegetable things. Thus, then, does the perpetual movement of nature run through its grand and simple chords. Plants are the food of animals, and purify the air for animals to breathe. Animals live upon plants, and restore to the air the food for plants to feed upon. Who was the master composer that arranged so wide and deep a harmony?

HAVE A CONFIDANT.

The New York Organ has a Ladies' Department, in which there are many good things especially adapted to their taste, and contains

much excellent advice. We copy the following from the last number, to which we invite the attention of our fair friends:—"Young ladies confide in your mother, if you have one, if not, still seek out some real friend, and confide the secrets of your heart; for it is through that, that ruin cometh oft, and shame. It is seldom or never that those come upon one who hath confided in a mother or a friend. But the heart that welcometh a sinful flattery, and layeth it up in secret, harboreth a serpent, and shall feel its sting."

THE LAMENT OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

"The Lament of the Widowed Inebriate," by Dunganne, which I enclose for the gratification of the readers of your paper. They breathe the true spirit of poetry, and surpass in tenderness, beauty, pathos and delineation of heart-broken sorrow, anything I ever saw: Longstaff says they are enough to immortalize any poet. Alas the poor inebriate! How just, how true the following lines! What a Daguerrotype likeness of the inmost soul of the drunkard have we here:—

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of your youth and love,
Ere sorrow came, or—guile:
When thine arms were twined about my neck
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbb'd for me alone,
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile Mary,
On young lips beaming bright;
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight:—
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And loneliness comes o'er my soul.
When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking on the night Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came—
O, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved!
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though the heart was sorely grieved!

But the smile soon left thy lips Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad;
For the tempter lured my steps from thee.
And the wine-cup made me mad;
From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine cup made me wild,
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And cursed thee when they smiled,
God knows I loved thee even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee wife.
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door;—
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I ne'er shall see them more.

Thou'rt resting in the churchyard now,
No stone is at thy head;
But the Sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate.

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest.
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thy angel eyes,
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung:
But a pale and sorrowing face looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard
That I fancied breathed by thee.

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief,
Is on thy mourner's brow,
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead.

HAVE I NO FATHER.

I was once in an awful storm at sea: we were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks; the steam engines would work no longer; the wind raged violently, and around was heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves as they broke over the deck.

At this dreary and trying time, while we lay, as might be said, at the mercy of the

waves, I found great comfort and support from an apparently trifling circumstance; it was, that the captain's child, a little girl about 12 years old, was in the cabin with us. He had come two or three times, in the midst of his cares and toils, to see how his child went on; and it is well known how cheering is the sight of a captain in such a time of danger. As our situation grew worse, I saw the little girl rising on her elbow, and glancing her eye anxiously to the door, as if longing for her father's re-appearance. He was a large, bluff, sailor-like man; an immense coat, great sea boots, and an oil-skin cap with flaps hanging down on his neck, were streaming with water. He fell on his knees on the floor, beside the low berth of his child, and stretched out his arm over her, but did not speak.

After a while, he asked if she were alarmed. "Father," the child answered, "let me be with you, and I shall not be afraid." "With me," he cried, "you could not stand it for an instant."

"Father let me be with you," she repeated. "My child you would be more frightened than I," he said, kissing her, while the tears were on his rough cheeks.

"No father, I will not be afraid if you take me with you. O! Father let me be with you!" and she threw her arms round his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome; he lifted his child in his arms, and carried her away with him.

How much I felt her departure! As long as the captain's child was near, I felt her to be a sort of pledge for the return and care of the captain. I knew that in the moment of greatest danger the father would run to his child; were the vessel to be abandoned in the midst of the wild waves, I should know of every movement, for the captain would not desert his child. Thus, in the presence of that child, I had comforted myself, and when she went, I felt abandoned, and for the first time fearful. I arose and managed to get on deck. The sea and sky seemed one. It was a dreadful sight: shuddering I shrunk back, and threw myself again on my couch.

Thence came the thought; the child is content—she is with her father, and have I no father? Oh God, I thank thee! in that moment I could answer, yes. An unseen father, it is true; and faith is not as sight, and nature is not as grace; but still I knew I had a father, whose love surpasseth knowledge. The thought calmed my mind.—Reader, does it calm yours?

Oh! cries the trembling soul, the storm is fearful; the sky is hid; we walk in darkness, and have no light. Be still and know that I am God, saith the Lord. Be happy and know that God is thy father. Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God. All things are under the dominion of Christ, and all things, yea, even terrible things, shall work together for good to them that love God. Tempest tossed soul! as the child clings to her father's bosom, so cling thou to thy God; in the moment of thy extremity He will appear to be with thee, or to take thee to be with Him.

From Austen's Picturesque Sketches of Creation.

THE ANCIENT WORLD.

It is not an unusual thing in examining sandstone rocks to find indication not only of an ancient sea bottom, but also of that intermediate space between the reach of the highest tides and low water, which formed the actual sea-shore, and are exposed alternately to be irrodden on and indented by various animals moving over the damp sand, and to the influence of the waves of the sea. Among the more common indications of this state are the ripple-marks often seen on sandstone, and many irregularities of surface, apparently produced by the passage of worms, crabs, star fishes, &c. Of all the ancient lines of sea coast that have yet been introduced to our notice, there is none more interesting than that of the new red sandstone, for we find there not only marks of worms and the ripple of the water, but almost every other marking that can be imagined likely to have been made under such circumstances, and among these are distinct traces of numerous four-footed animals of many different kinds.

Every one will remember the astonishment which Robinson Crusoe is represented to have felt at the sight of a human foot print on the island which he thought deserted; and scarcely less surprising or interesting, was the first discovery of these indications of animal existence in a rock so barren of fossils as the new red sandstone, and in a formation in which, till then, there had been no suspicion of the existence of any animals more highly organized than fishes. Nothing, however, can be more certain than such foot-prints do occur; and although very little is to be determined from the mere form of the extremity, still even that little is of the greatest possible interest, when as in the case before us, it is nearly the whole extent of our information. It is especially interesting to find that the foot-marks exhibit indications of some animals entirely different from those whose remains occur in the bed, and some which present only faint and distant analogies with modern species, but which are yet made out by studying the peculiarities indicated in the rarest and most interesting of the fossils,

ENEMIES.

Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A