

upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward—'are you pretty well this morning?' said she, in a kind and gentle tone.

'Yes mother, I am very well.' 'I am glad you are well. I am well too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me.'

'Did you?' said the boy in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at its work.

'Did you ever feel my pulse?' asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him on her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

'No, but I have felt mine.' 'Well, don't you feel mine, now,—how it goes beating?'

'Yes,' said the child. 'If it should stop beating I should die.'

'Should you?' 'Yes. I can't keep it beating.'

'Who can?' 'God.' A silence. 'You have a pulse too, which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you—and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you—nobody can but God. If He should not take care of you who could?'

'I don't know,' said the child with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.

'So when I waked this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me and all of us.' Did you ask him to take care of me?'

'No.' 'Why not?'

'Because I thought you would ask him yourself.'

Along pause ensued—the deep and thoughtful expression of his countenance showed that his heart was reached.

'Don't you think you had better ask him yourself?'

'Yes,' said the boy, readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

From Notes of a Tour in the Plains of India, the Himalya, and Borneo, by Dr. Hooker.

ADEN.

ADEN is one of the most remarkable places I ever saw, and I only wonder that so little has been heard of it. It is a great, black, barren volcano, long extinct and of great age, starting abruptly from the ocean, opposite the flat shore of Arabia, with which it is connected by a long, low, flat spit of sand. To the west of it is a smaller, but somewhat similar, peninsula of rugged rocks. They are like to the volcanic islands of the southern part of the Red Sea, and some parts of the coast of Africa, but altogether different from the S. W. end of Arabia. The long low beach is richly wooded with acacias, dates, and mangroves, I am informed; but it is impossible to land there without being taken prisoner by the Arabs, whom we deprived of Aden. Ships do not lie off the shore, but at the N. W. end of the peninsula, and sheltered from the N. E. monsoon, now blowing strong; and there are the coal depots, a solitary hotel, and one or two houses of officials. The peninsula is one mass of volcanic rock, 1,700 feet high, a very ancient volcano, in short, whose crater is broken down to the eastward, where the town is placed. In this respect it resembles St. Helena, but is as sterile to look at as Assension, or more so; for the top of Green Mountain (in Assension) is green, while here, except in a few flat places near the coast, no green thing is to be discerned from the sea. Quite three-fourths of the rock are inaccessible, the upper part consisting of a wall extraordinarily jagged and serrated, several miles long, many parts of which are no broader than a horse's back. This wall ends off spurs: so that take the peninsula where you will you have a full front, and cut it down where you may there is always a pointed perpendicular section. The wall forms the rim of the crater, and is all but inaccessible; the slopes and land at the base are all volcanic cinders, strata of lava, dykes of basalt, and such like. Upon the whole, it is the ugliest, blackest, most desolate, and most dislocated piece of land, of its size, that ever I set eyes on, and I have seen a good many ugly places.

Aden we took from the Arabs a few years back, and are now fortifying it as strong as Gibraltar, which in position it resembles. At no very distant period it was held by the Turks, who relied much upon it, and have left wonderful constructions in all parts of the peninsula in the shape of tombs, aqueducts, the remains of a large town now buried underneath the miserable Arab village of Aden, and more especially fortifications on the all-but inaccessible crests of the hills, with stone roads and causeways leading to them, constructed with inconceivable labor, as it is supposed, by Jews, many of whom were kept as prisoners and slaves at Aden. The Sublime Porte still claims a jurisdiction over all Arabia, to which the Arabs are, of course, indifferent, detesting the Turks and Franks equally. We ascended a hill to survey the fortifications and obtain a view of the disputed points and modes of attack and defence. The scene was very grand, overlooking the flat sandy isthmus, with its Turkish and Arab forts and walls, similar to that neck connecting Gibraltar with the mainland of Spain. Below lay a village close to the neck, on a salt plain studded with houses belonging to the Hindoos employed in the fortifications, who spotted the plain with their white dresses. Around were all sorts of forts, guns, and black sepoy soldiers; behind, the towering mural crests of the peninsula, full of holes, whitened from the number of volutes which are seen waehing across the cliffs.

Looking north, the eye detects the long sandy waste of the isthmus, with the sea on either hand, succeeded by a belt of green woods along the Arab coast; and in the distance a long yellow desert, backed by ranges of high mountains, said to abound in fertile valleys, blooming with the rose of Shiraz, the apple, vine, apricot, melon, and all the delicious flowers and fruits of Persia and Araby the blest. What a contrast to our present site! And it is from these hills that Aden is constantly supplied with vegetables, brought for sale by the Arabs. To the right of this position is the great black gulph in which Aden is built, a sort of valley of Acheron, unblest by water or any verdure, sprinkled with the white hovels of the natives, and, scarcely better, the long cantonments of the troops. On both sides are valleys, long, steep, naked gorges, which run up the flanks of the mountains, mysterious-looking rents, leading to a distant black flat, which on this side of the island extends along the base of the highest ridge. The highest ridge is, as well as the spurs which it gives off, in every point of view, remarkable, being always a serrated wall, or knife-edges of rock, apparently inaccessible, but crowned here and there with the ruins of Turkish castles. To one of them, an excellent Turkish road from the flat still exists, by which I afterwards ascended to a signal station. On various parts of the slopes above the town are tanks, cut under the cliffs, or built of fine stone, wonderfully cemented, and there still exist the remains of an aqueduct leading from the peninsula across the long neck of land to the Arabian shore.

From the British Quarterly Review.

COMPENSATIONS OF NATURE.

A bountiful Providence has provided the means of maintaining a proper equilibrium between the different kingdoms of nature. For even these decaying substances which are not immediately returned to the soil, but suffered to waste, are all again re-animated, only after a longer interval. It may be that the guano, which now, at much expense, we bring in vessels from the coast of Africa, was partly the component matter of former generations, which have occupied this island, to which it is now returned; dead materials, which, discharged by drainage, or washed by showers into the sea, have there become converted into marine vegetation, upon which have fed the animals which have formed the prey of seabirds which produce guano. And this guano next assumes the form of corn, and is animated in the bodies of those by whom the corn is eaten. So, again, ammonia, rising into the air from organized substances, decomposing on the surface of the earth, is washed down by rain, and converted by plants into nutritious vegetable principles. The carbonic acid discharged into the air by animal respiration is the product of a constant decay of the living body: vegetation removes this from the air as it is formed, and again fixes the carbon in a solid form. Combustion is merely a more rapid decay favored by an elevated temperature, and that of ordinary fuel is merely the conversion of solid carbon into gaseous carbonic acid. The coal which we burn on our hearths becomes converted into this gas. At some bygone period it had before been mingled with the air in the same gaseous state: then became fixed by vegetation; then fossilized as coal, in which form it has awaited the time when it should be excavated by the busy hand of man, once more to float through the atmosphere as an invisible vapour, and again to go through the whole series of changes to which it has been before subjected. When we consider all these things, we cannot but perceive that the whole economy of nature consists in one great series of changes continually recurring in regular and appointed order; and that the labors of man, in the practice of this art of agriculture, have for their object chiefly to expedite some of the changes in this great series, producing results, small indeed, considered in relation to the large operations of nature throughout our globe, but, for his own race, capable of effecting the most beneficial consequences. And we cannot but admire the sagacity and perseverance with which the human mind, in its loftier developments, is endowed, enabling it thus successfully to investigate the laws of nature's workings, and to apply the results of these discoveries to purposes of the highest practical utility.

It is true that we have not in these more northern regions, the advantages of a soil and climate like that of Egypt, where, from year to year, the indolent agriculturist merely coats his grain upon the surface, and in due time gathers in a plentiful produce. But the mental activity which the very conditions of their climate stimulate in men of the northern races, is more than a compensation for this defect. By this we are enabled to discover that, although the varieties of climate are not at our disposal, yet, in effect, the rigors of a northern sky may be ameliorated to our crops by a proper cultivation of the soil, and then the fertility and productiveness of the soil may be almost indefinitely increased by scientific treatment, and by suitable additions to its original constituents. And we see no reason to regret that, with us, these good results are not attainable without those researches, which quicken and improve the intellect, or those manual labors by which so many of our crowded population are usefully and industriously employed.

From Bellantyne's Hudson's Bay.

AN INDIAN EXPEDIENT.

Sometimes I shouldered my gun, and ranged about the forest in search of game, and occasionally took a swim in the sea. I was ignorant at the time, however, that there were

sharks in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, else I should have been more cautious. The Indians afterwards told me that they were often seen, and several gentlemen who had lived long on the coast corroborated their testimony. Several times Indians have left the shores of the Gulf, in their canoes, to go hunting, and have never been heard of again, although the weather at the time was calm; so that it was generally believed that the sharks had upset the canoes and devoured the men. An occurrence that afterwards happened to an Indian renders this supposition highly probable. This man had been travelling along the shores of the Gulf with his family, a wife and several children, in a small canoe. Towards evening, as he was crossing a large bay, a shark rose near his canoe, and, after reconnoitring a short time, swam towards it, and endeavored to upset it. The size of the canoe, however, rendered this impossible, so the ferocious monster actually began to break it to pieces, by rushing forcibly against it. The Indian fired at the shark when he first saw it, but not having time to re-load, he seized his paddle and made for the shore. The canoe, however, from the repeated attacks of the fish, soon became leaky, and it was evident that in a few minutes more the whole party would be at the mercy of the infuriated monster. In this extremity the Indian took up his youngest child, an infant of a few months old, and dropped it overboard; and while the shark was devouring it, the rest of the party gained the shore.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

Of what a hideous progeny of ill is debt the father?—what lies, what meanness, what invasions on self-respect, what cares, what double-dealing! How, in a brief season will it carve the frank, open face with wrinkles—how like a dagger will it stab the honest heart! And then the transformation. How it has been known to change a goodly face into a mask of brass—the man to a callous trickster! A freedom from debt, and what nourishing sweetness may be found in water—what tooth-someness in a dry crust! Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, though his meal be a biscuit and onion, dines in the "Epicurean recess." And then for raiment—what warmth in a thread bare coat, if the tailor's receipt be the pocket—what Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat not owed for—how neat and easy the fit of the paid-for boot—how easy the hat if it cover not the aching head of a debtor!

Next, the home-sweets, and the out-door recreations of the free man. The street door knocker falls not a knell on his heart: the foot on the staircases, though he live on the third flat, sends no spasms through his antagonism: at the rap at his door, he can crow forth "come in," and his pulse still beats healthfully, his heart sinks not into his bowels.—See him abroad. How confidently, yet how pleasantly, he takes the street—how he returns look for look; how he saunters; now, meeting an acquaintance, he stands and gossips, fearing no interruption. But then this man knows no debt—debt, that casts a drug into the richest wine; that makes the food of the Gods unwholesome, indigestible; that sprinkles the banquet of Lucullus with ashes, with soot the rich spread of an emperor; which, like the moth, makes valueless furs and velvets, enclosing the wearer in a fastening prison; debt, that writes on frescoed walls the handwriting of the attorney, that puts the voice of terror into the knocker, that makes the heart quake at the haunted fireside; the invisible demon that walks abroad with a man, now quickening the steps, now making him look on all sides like a haunted beast, and bringing to his face the ashy hue of death, as the unconscious passenger glances his eye upon him. Poverty is a bitter, unpalatable draught, yet it must be gulped down, and sometimes with advantage. Though the patient make wry faces, there may, after all, be a wholesome solace in the cup. But debt, however courteously it may be offered, is the cup of a syren, and the wine, though delicious it be, a corroding poison. The man out of debt, though with a rent in his garment, a crack in his shoe, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the bird that soars above him; but the debtor, though clothed in the utmost elegance, what is he but a serf enjoying his holiday, a slave that may be reclaimed at any moment by his owner, the creditor!

Therefore if thou be poor, seek wine in the running brook, let thy palate be regaled with an antiquated roll; think a thread-bare coat thy only wear; and acknowledge a white-washed garret the fittest housing for one who can pay for no better. Do this and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the Sheriff be confounded.

From the Nonconformist.

WAR.

War! who that has witnessed it in its loathsome and revolting details would not, if a single spark of humanity has survived the ordeal, deprecate all that may, by possibility, lead to it? What more fearful scourge can light upon our race? See how, upon its first appearance, myriads of households are invaded by dark forebodings, heart-wasting anxieties, and spirit-killing fears! Where is he that can compute the sum of daily duties left unfulfilled, the amount of daily enjoyments spilt upon the ground, in consequence of the flurry and apprehension excited by the unleashing of the dogs of war? In how many bosoms, at the first shrill cry of their hated voices, does tender-hearted charity faint away, and leave an open door for the entrance of cruel and malignant passions! What a strain does the fierce excitement of the public mind bring to bear upon those gentler sympathies which Christ-

anity has nourished! How many rules of inward morality give way beneath the pressure, and to what a vast extent is injury inflicted upon the whole existing breadth of spiritual sense and feeling! Follow an army in its march! Mark the recklessness of soul that spreads from man to man throughout the ranks! and, as the fear of death is gradually surmounted by pride and passion, see, too, how usually the fear succumbs with it. Onward sweeps the walking pestilence, ruthlessly devastating the fields of patient industry, scattering the seeds of demoralisation in countless families along its course, trampling down weakness without pity, and leaving behind it a broad wake of physical and moral ruin. And then, the battle, who shall describe its hideous features? Involved in a cloud of dust and smoke, thousands of men are plying the engines of death. Maddened with the fever of the hour, and choked with thirst, they deal out and receive momentary destruction. Hot blood bounds through their veins, and makes them deaf alike to the moans of suffering and the promptings of compassion. The dying are beneath their feet, the dead before their eyes—neither are regarded. To and fro rock the living billows of ruin, leaving the soil, wherever they meet, deluged with blood, and covered with the broken and battered wrecks of poor humanity. The fortune of the day is decided—the smoke and dust clear away—and the setting sun, perhaps, or the rising moon, looks upon a spectacle of carnage, which not the stoutest-hearted can contemplate without sickening horror and dismay. Such is war! Who would not labor with all his energies of body and of mind to avert it, if possible.

CUNNING OF THE FOX.

The cunning of the fox has indeed ever been proverbial, and even so long since as the days of Aesop, he figures as the chief personifier of that quality. But, in many of the instances which have been related, we cannot refuse it the higher appellation of wisdom, as possessing the excellency implied in the definition of its being the "means best adapted to the ends most conducive of its own well being." The following instance is illustrative of the remark of Pliny, that no degree of taming will entirely divest the animal of its ancestry. A fox had been partially tamed and kept fastened by a chain to a post in a court yard; where he was chiefly fed with boiled potatoes. But the animal seems to have thought that a desirable addition might be made to his fare from the numerous fowls that strutted around him, but whose caution kept them beyond the reach of so formidable an enemy. His measures were soon taken; and having bruised and scattered the boiled potatoes which he had received for his dinner at the extremity of the space which the length of his chain enabled him to command he retired in an opposite direction, to the full extent of his chain, and assumed the appearance of utter regardlessness of all that was passing around him. The stratagem succeeded; and when some of the fowls had been so much thrown off their guard as to intrude within the circle of danger, the fox sprang from his lurking place, and seized his prey. The habits of cautiousness displayed by this animal are also significant of conclusions drawn by observation from experience. For, when followed by dogs, it will not run through a gate—though this is obviously the most ready passage; nor in crossing a hedge will it prefer a smooth and even part, but the roughest, where thorns and briars abound, and when it mounts an eminence, it proceeds obliquely, and not straight-forward. And whether we suppose these actions to proceed from a desire to avoid those places where traps may probably have been laid, or from knowing that his pursuers will exactly follow his footsteps, and he has resolved to lead them through as many obstacles as possible, in either case an estimation of causes and consequences is to be discerned.

A CONFIRMED HABIT.

A gentleman of excellent habits, and very amiable disposition, was so unfortunate as to have a wife of a very different character—in short, one that would get beastly drunk. Being in company of a few intimate friends one evening, one of them remarked to him, that if she was his wife—since all other things had failed—he would frighten her in some way so that she would quit; and proposed the following method; that some time, when dead drunk that she should be laid into a box shaped like a coffin, and left in that situation until her drunken fit should be over, and consciousness restored.

A few evenings after, the lady being in a fit state, the plan was put into execution, and after the box lid was properly secured, the party alluded to watched, each in turn, to witness the result. About daylight next morning, the watcher hearing a movement, laid himself down beside the box, when her ladyship, after bumping her head a few times, was heard to say:

"Bless me! why! where am I?"

The outsider replied, in sepulchral tone, "Madam you are dead, and in the other world."

A pause ensued; the lady again inquired: "Where are you?"

"Oh I'm dead too," said he.

"Can you tell me how long I have been dead?"

"About three weeks."

"How long have you been dead?"

"Four months."

"Well you've been here so much longer than I have, can't you tell me where I can get a little gin?"—Gazette of the Union.