

rents who will not look reverently into the awful nature of their children, search into their endowments, and try of every one of them whether it may not be he? If not he, it is certain that every one of them is a being too mysterious, too richly gifted, and too noble in faculties not to be welcomed and cherished as a stranger vouchsafed by God. How can we too carefully set in order the home in which it is to dwell.

From the London People's Magazine.
THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE.

THE "Seringa" tree, as it is called by the natives, (the India Rubber) is common to the whole valley of the Amazon, but is most abundant on the islands and low lands, which at times are inundated in the rainy season. The trees are scattered promiscuously through the forest, and reach a diameter of eighteen inches or more; the bark is smooth, somewhat resembling the beech, but thicker. The leaf is an oblong oval, thick and glossy, the wood white, and rather soft, being useless for building, as it decays very soon. The milk is white and tasteless, and may be taken into the stomach with impunity, much resembling the milk which exudes from the "milk tree" of New England, and seems to reside in the bark, or between the bark and wood. The first work of the "Seringero" (as the Indians who gather the article are called) is to open footpaths from tree to tree in the forest, so as to form a circuit sufficient for the operations of one man, so that each man has his own circuit, diverging from the cabin. These paths constitute the chief value of a location, rather than the soil, and are sold or rented to the occupants at moderate prices. The cabin is built on posts set in the ground, with the floor elevated from two to four feet, so as to be above the inundations and spring tides. They live simply and cheaply—for a basket of farina, a coarse quality of tapioca—made from the manioc root, and costing from fifty to a hundred and fifty cents, sustains a person some thirty-five days, and is eaten dry, or a little moistened, with the addition of a piece of dried fish roasted. This, with coffee, is the standing food of the country people, Indians and negroes, who are the collectors of rubber.

The tree requires to be tapped every day, by making an incision into the bark with a species of tomahawk, about an inch wide. Beneath each incision is attached a cup made of moist clay, about the size and form of the half of a goose egg, which keep their places by the adhesion of the clay. From six to ten cups are placed upon a tree, which yield from two to five table-spoonsfull of milk each per day—the trees are tapped from the root to as far up as can be reached even by a scaffold. Each incision makes a rough wound on the tree, which in time, though not dead, makes them useless, because a smooth place is required on which to attach the cups. The men start out at daylight, to tap their trees, each taking a ball of kneaded clay in the hand, for making any cups that may be wanted; and, having made their circuit in three or four hours, return to the house for breakfast. Soon after noon they make the round again, to collect the milk in gourds, slung in thongs of bark, and hung over the shoulder. The cups are detached from the tree to empty them, and remain covered up at the foot of each tree for the next day's use. On reaching the house the milk is manufactured at once, into shoes, bottles, or sheets, as it seen hardens. This is often done by females. A fire is made of some nuts, common in the forest, over which is placed, inverted, an earthen pot with a hole in the bottom, whence issues a jet of hot smoke. The wooden last, after being smeared with clay to prevent adhesion, is dipped into the milk, which adheres to it like paint, and is hardened by one or two seconds' exposure to the hot smoke; then is plunged again successively into the milk until the required thickness is obtained. Extra coats are given to the heel and sole. About sixteen or eighteen dips form the shoe, say ten general coats, and six extra for the bottoms and heels. Each last has a handle, which is stuck into the ground for the shoe to dry. When finished they are of a dingy white; but by exposure to the sun and dew, in a few days turn brown and black, during which they are covered with drops of water exuded from the rubber. In two days the shoes are hard enough for figuring, which state lasts some three days. This is done simply by drawing lines on the soft surface with the rounded point of wire or needles. In a week the shoes are taken from the last (which once were made of clay, but now wood is only used.) As soon as a few pairs are finished, they are taken to market and sold by the makers, under previous engagements, and perhaps for advances received, at from ten to fifteen cents per pair. One man collects milk for six to ten pairs per day. The dipping of a pair of shoes occupies about fifteen minutes, and the figuring the same or less.

The bottles are made by dipping a ball of clay formed around the end of a stick, which is removed when dry or by soaking in water. The rubber of Para is the best known, and thus far has only been collected near the coast—but the "Seringa" abounds throughout the bank of the Amazon and its numerous branches, up to the foot of the Andes, as well as along the Orinoco and other parts of the South America—hence the supply will ever be inexhaustible. The collection is mainly confined to the dry season, from the effect of the rain on crops.

It might be supposed that the luxuriant vegetation and tropical position of Para would produce a most unhealthy climate, but the very opposite is the fact. The people are ruddy and hardy, and Para has the healthiest

climate I have ever known within the torrid zone. The sun is scorching at mid-day, but the nights, with the mornings and evenings are delightful. The average of the mercury is about 85 deg., but within the towering forests the air is always cool and fresh. There are no roads in the country for carriages.—The river and its branches form their grand highway. Hence every house is supplied with canoes and galliotas, which are propelled by paddles and sails. The plough is yet unknown in the Province of Para. The land when cleared soon becomes too much infested with grass and weeds to be kept down with the "tresado" or cutlass, which seems to be their chief farming implement. The field is then abandoned, and a new one cleared, and the old one soon springs up into a tangled forest. Corn and rice are the only grains raised. Plantains, yams and sweet potatoes, are less used than in the West Indies.

From Hogg's Instructor.

WHERE ARE THE FLOWERS?

The little flowers, ah! whither have they fled?
What ruthless hand hath reft them from the clod?
Gems of unreckon'd worth they were, I ween,
Shower'd from the boundless treasury of God!

Sweet flowers! I miss them on the lone way-side,
When homeward plodding from my weary toil;
Deep musings on their varied loveliness
Lessen'd, methought, each slow receding mile.

Nor do I find them in the dusky glen,
Deep blushing in the dingle's soft retreat,
When press'd by care, or driven by heartless men
To court mild nature's consolations sweet.

Thou sweetest daisy! childhood's fairy flower,
Gem of the green turf, herald of the spring;
I lov'd thee for thy sinless purity:
Myself the while a vile unholy thing!

'Tis meet that I the world's frown endure:
I utter'd truth, and lost its hollow smile:
But, snowy flower, a harder fate is thine,
For thou art praised, yet trampled on the while!

How oft I've wander'd to yon fairy burn,
When smiling Sol had kiss'd away the dew,
Fondly to gaze upon the sweet mouse-ear,
And count its many stars of brightest blue!

High o'er the margin of that limpid brook,
The eglantine hung many a rosy gem;
Whilst modest violets cudsied to the breeze,
And blue bells danced upon their wiry stem.

Sweet flowers! where'er I go, your loss I mourn,
How desolate each forest, mead, and bowery!
My weary steps, ah! whither shall I turn?
Where shall I find one solitary flower?

Go, ask the surly winds, with icy breath,
Loud whistling o'er the naked stubble field,
Shading the herd-boy's cheek with hue of death,
Crouching for shelter in yon mossy field!

Go, ask yon few remaining wither'd leaves,
Still fondly clinging to the naked tree—
Ask the mute minstrels of the leafless glade,
That erst have sung to thee so joyously!

Ask, if thou wilt, yon scowling winter sky,
The roaring blast, the furious driving hail,
The little flowers in death cold mould'ring lie:
All nature answers with a plaintive wail!

Yet there is one (Omnipotent is He,)
Will give us back the little flowers again:
The earth He girdleth with His mighty arm,
Then why should man e'er murmur or complain?

And, oh, my heart exulteth when I feel,
That He who made the little sinless flowers,
In mercy waits each wanderer to bless,
For, oh! He loves this guilty world of ours.

THE HEART.

The heart is a double muscular bag, of a conical form, lined within and without by a dense membrane, and loosely enclosed in a receptacle of similar material called the pericardium. It consists of two principal sacs, the right and the left, which lie side by side, and adhere firmly together, so as to form a strong middle wall, but have no internal communication. Each of these is subdivided into two connected pouches, or chambers, termed auricle and ventricle, whereof the auricle is round and thin, the ventricle long and fleshy; the two former constituting the base, and the two latter the body of the organ.—Placed in the centre of the vascular system, the heart promotes and regulates the circulation of the blood, received on each side from two or more veins of a soft and compressible texture, and discharged through a single artery, which, being firm and elastic, is kept constantly pervious. Returning from all parts of the body except the lungs, blood of nearly a black color, and become unfit for the purposes of life, is poured by two principal veins, called *vena cava*, into the right oracle, whence, after a momentary delay, it is transferred to the corresponding ventricle, its reflux being prevented by a membranous valve interposed between them. By the powerful contradiction of the ventricle it is transmitted

through the pulmonary artery to the lungs, where by minute sub-division, and contact with atmospheric air inhaled through the wind-pipe, it is purified, and acquires a bright crimson color. Returning from the lungs by the four pulmonary veins, the renovated blood next passes into the left auricle, and from thence in a similar manner, and at the same time as on the right side into the left ventricle, by the contraction of which it is distributed with great force through the aorta to the remaining parts of the body, whence it was originally derived.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Sir John Herschel well observes that it is difficult to convey to one who has not long exercised his thoughts on the subject, any adequate impression of the relative distances and magnitudes of those planets which are comprised within our system. How much more difficult is the conception of the starry heavens; each star a sun, the centre of a system, it may be, more extensive and more glorious than our own! We cannot impart to others correct notions on the subject by drawing circles on paper, or by 'those very childish toys called orreries.' Some general impression may be conveyed by placing a globe, two feet in diameter, in the centre of a plain or bowling green. With the sun for a centre, a circle 154 feet in diameter will represent the orbit of Mercury, the comparative side of which planet may be represented by a grain of mustard-seed. Venus might be represented by a pea, moving in a circle, the diameter of which would be 214 feet; the Earth also a pea, but on a circle of 430 feet diameter; Mars, a large pin's head, and the diameter 654 feet; Juno, Ceres, Vesta, and Pallas, grains of sand, moving in circles from 1,000 to 1,200 feet in diameter; Jupiter, a moderate-sized orange, in a circle half a mile across; Saturn, a small orange, on a circle four-fifths of a mile in diameter; Uranus, a large cherry, upon a circle more than a mile and a half in diameter; and Neptune a good sized plum, on a circle about two miles and a half in diameter.

ONLY ONE BRICK ON ANOTHER.

Edwin was looking at a large building which they were putting up just opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, 'My son, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers; pray, what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?' 'No sir,' said Edwin, smiling, 'but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by only laying one brick on another.'

'Very true, my son. Never forget it. Just so it is in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all round the globe, it would be by only putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop after drop makes the ocean. Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labour. The greatest labor becomes easy, if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step after step takes you over to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember, that the whole of yonder lofty edifice is only one brick on another.'

GOOD TASTE.

The following very happy and equally true sketch is from a late London Magazine:

"You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurance of shopmen, and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever law fashion dictates, she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be brought from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which as often are brought from the nearest town and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new—on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colours; nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either enlivens you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a serap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings. See is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and should anything deep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her material. The secret consists in her knowing the three unities of her dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points—and no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say, that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome or accomplished—but we will answer for her being even-tempered, well-informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady."

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

I know not whether the Esquimaux can be said to have any religion, as the term is generally understood. The earth, they say, was

in the beginning covered with water, which having subsided, man appeared—a spontaneous creation. Aglooktook is the name of the man who first created fish and animals: chopping a tree which overhung the sea, the chips that fell into that element became fish; those that fell on the land, animals. Their paradise is beneath the great deep; those who have lived a good life proceed to a part of the sea abounding with whales and seals, where, free from care and toil, they fare sumptuously on raw flesh and blubber, in *secula seculorum*. The wicked, on the contrary, are condemned to take up their abode in a "sea of troubles," where none of the delicacies enjoyed by the blessed are to be found; and even the commonest necessities are to be procured with endless toil, and pain, and disappointment. Although the "tomakhs," or dead men, become the inhabitants of the sea, they indulge in the pleasures of the chase on their old element whenever they please, and are often heard calling to each other while in pursuit of the deer. The Esquimaux have their "men of medicine," in whose preternatural powers they place the most implicit confidence; by working on the superstitious fears of the people, these imposters obtain much authority. They are allowed to take the lead in every affair of importance; and, in short, all their movements are, in a great measure, regulated by these harlequins, who appear to be the only chiefs among them. They dispose of their dead bodies by placing them on the rocks, and covering them over with ice or stones; these tombs prove but feeble barriers against the wolves and other beasts of prey, who soon carry off the bodies. The property belonging to the deceased is placed by the side of his grave,—his caiak, or skin canoe, his bows, arrows, and spears. Thus equipped, the emigrant spirit cannot find itself at a loss on arriving at a better country.—*McLean's Hudson's Bay Territory.*

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

The following passage is from a late discourse of the Rev. T. L. Cuyler, on "True and False Religions."

Like the treacherous signal boats that are sometimes stationed by the wreckers of an iron-bound coast, these shifting systems of false religion are continually changing their places. Like them they attract only to bewilder, and allure only to destroy. The unwary mariner follows them with a trembling uncertainty and only finds out where he is when he feels his ill-fated vessel crushing into a thousand fragments on the beach.

But how different from these floating and delusive systems is that unchanging Gospel of Christ which stands forth like the towering lighthouse of EDDYSTONE, with its beacon-blaze streaming far out over the midnight sea! The angry waves, through many a long year, have rolled in, thundering against that tower's base. The winds of heaven have warred fiercely around its pinnacle; the rains have dashed against its gleaming lantern. *But there it stands.* It moves not. It trembles not; for it is "founded on a rock." Year after year, the storm stricken Mariner looks out for its starlike light, as he sweeps in through the British Channel. It is the first object that meets his eye as he returns on his homeward voyage; it is the last which he beholds long after his native land has sunk beneath the evening wave.

So it is with the unchanging Gospel of Christ. While other systems rise and fall, and pass into nothingness, this Gospel (like its immutable author) is the same yesterday, to day, and forever. While other false, and flashing lights are extinguished, this the "true light," ever shineth.

The Christian goes to his Bible and finds it always the same. The life-giving doctrines of the cross which first brought peace to his soul are still his solace; the precepts of the Divine Law are still his delight. They have never lost their ability to guide him, or their power to console him. Upon this Gospel his fathers pillowed their dying heads; upon this he means to rest in the trying hour; and he trusts that it shall be the precious heritage of his descendants long after his own corruptible body shall have mouldered into dust.

AMERICAN MIDDIES.

If the corps of American midshipmen is mostly replenished from the nursery, the counter, and the lap of unrestrained indulgence at home; and if most of them, at least, by their impotency as officers, in all important functions at sea, by their boyish and overweening conceit of their gold lace, by their overbearing manner toward the seamen and by their peculiar aptitude to construe the merest trivialities of manner into set affronts against their dignity; if by all this they sometimes contract the ill-will of the seamen; and if in a thousand ways, the seamen cannot but betray it—how easy for any of these midshipmen, who may happen to be unrestrained by moral principle, to resort to spiteful practices in procuring vengeance upon the offenders, in many instances to the extremity of the lash; since as we have seen, the tacit principle in the navy seems to be that, in his ordinary intercourse with the sailors, a midshipman can do nothing obnoxious to the public censure of his superiors. You fellow, I'll get you licked before long," is often heard from a midshipman to a sailor who, in some way not open to the judicial action of the captain, has chanced to offend him. At times you will see one of these lads, not five feet high, gazing up with inflamed eye at some venerable six-footer of a forecasteel man, cursing and insulting him by every epithet deemed most scandalous and undignurable among men. Yet that man's indignant tongue is treble-