

nors of the world; hence it is evident that virtue is man's supreme good.

None can enjoy a tranquil life whose mind is not defended from the pretty vexations of society. A man of exalted and benevolent sentiments can occasionally condescend to trifle agreeably, and still be great as he is estimable. One of a contracted mind, who is immersed in trifles, magnifies them into importance, and extracts from them a perpetual succession of annoyances that disturb his peace.

Happy is a youth who has a respected friend to give him wise counsel; and he is still more so when he has the disposition and docility to apply it. When a young man in the beginning of life, is set on a right path, the more he advances, the more he improves in knowledge and virtue. When he enters on a wrong path, the more he hastens in his devious course, the more he recedes from his true destination, and precipitates himself into ruin.

So great is the utility of earnestness and perseverance in the economy of human nature that, if they are not allowed to be virtues, they are certainly nearly allied to the virtues. To them we are indebted for all the brilliant monuments of genius and industry. Earnestness imparts force and animation to the faculties and their exertions; and in the communication of thought, it is the very spirit of eloquence and persuasion. Perseverance levels the mountain, drains the lake, erects the pyramid, and, in the intellect, its achievements are still more transcendent and glorious.

You have an esteem for a person, and you do him an obligation: the esteem is the origin of the obligation, as a good principle is the origin of a good action. Every action has its motive or cause; and the more steady and pure is the motive, the more steady and pure is the conduct that results from it.

A prominent place in society must be combined with moral and mental qualities, in order to constitute a respectable character—Greatness, without worth, is admired by the vain and the frivolous; worth, unsupported by greatness, is esteemed by the virtuous and the wise. A high station cannot compensate the want of desert; a lowly station is great in its integrity. If your rank is high, embellish it with your virtues; if it is low, the consciousness of worth is superior to the applause of the world.

Fix intensely your eye on an object without fluctuation, and in a short time, the object will fade into obscurity. Allow the eye to regain its natural tone, then look on the object in the usual manner, and the motions of the eyelids, by their momentary shades breaking the monotonous light, impart relief to the eye, and clearness to the object. It is thus that every sensation must have its mitigating influence; what is luscious cannot long please the palate; vivid lights must have their shades, sweet sounds their discords, and the evils of life are essential to its true enjoyments.

When the mind has acquired the necessary incitement, it is intent on the acquisition of knowledge; but much knowledge is not much wisdom: one may know all things, and yet be ignorant of himself. The great question, then, in moral science, is not so much, Is the intellect well informed? as Is the heart well disciplined, and disposed to virtue?

It is not knowledge which is extensive, but knowledge which is well applied, that especially merits commendation. It is not the praise of a man that his abilities are eminent, so much as that they are adequate, and fitted to his situation. It is not his praise that he has an enlightened mind and a fine perception of the moral character, if he gives not in his conduct a practical proof of his knowledge.

The cultivated garden, enriched with the choicest plants and flowers, exhibit symmetry and beauty; neglect it, and soon will weeds luxuriate, choke the plants and flowers, and transform the scene into a desert.—This is an emblem of virtue and vice. Virtue is a delicate flower, and requires to be constantly tended; vice is a hardy bramble, that needs only neglect, and it shoots into luxuriance.

THE BEST BOOK.

The Book, we thus are justified in proclaiming to be superior to all other books that have been, or are, or shall ever be, on earth. And this, not that it forestalls coming books, or includes all their essential truth within it; nor that, in polish, art, or instant effect, it can be exalted above the written masterpieces of human genius;—what comparison in elaboration, any more than what comparison in grandeur and greatness, between the cabinet and the oak; but it is this, that the Bible, while bearing on its summit the hues of a higher heaven, overtopping with ease all human structures and aspirations—in earth, but not of it—communicating with the omniscience, and recording the acts of the omnipotence of God—is at the same time the Bible of the poor and lowly, the crutch of the aged, the pillow of the widow, the eye of the blind, the 'boys' own book,' the solace of the sick, the light of the dying, the grand hope and refuge of simple, sincere and sorrowing spirits;—it is this which at once proclaims its unearthly origin, and so clasps it to the great common heart of humanity, that the extinction of the sun were not more mourned than the extinction of the Bible, or than even its receding from its present pride of place. For, while other books are planets shining with reflected radiance, this book, like the sun, shines with ancient and unborrowed ray. Other books have, to their loftiest altitudes, sprung from earth: this book looks down from heaven high. Other books appeal to understanding

or fancy; this book to conscience and to faith. Other books seek our attention; this book demands—it speaks with authority, and not as the Scribes. Other books guide gracefully along the earth, or onwards to the mountain summits of the ideal; this, and this alone, conducts up the awful abyss which leads to heaven. Other books, after shining their little season may perish in flames, fiercer than those which destroyed the Alexandrian Library; this must, in essence, remain, pure as gold, but unconsumable as asbestos, in the general conflagration. Other books may be forgotten in a universe where suns go down and disappear, like bubbles in the stream; the memory of this book shall shine as the brightness of that eternal firmament, and as those higher stars which are for ever and ever.—*Bards of the Bible.*

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE BIBLE.

WITHIN the old cathedral dim,
A solemn group are met:
And hearts are glowing in their heat,
And cheeks with tears are wet.
The book is chained to the desk,
And from its page, the throng
Listen to Him of Nazareth,
Or Zion's holy song.

Ah! well may tyrants fear the truth
That sets the spirit free;
And vain would they have quenched in
blood
Its glorious liberty.
But kindled was a beacon light,
That higher tower'd, and higher;
Ho! people, answer with a shout,
Is not my word a fire?

And kindled were a thousand hearts,
And quenchless was the flame;
The spirit it had call'd to life,
Nor rack nor stake could tame.
'Twas folded 'neath the bloody plaid
Of him who grasped the sword;
And fought for kirk and covenant,
The battles of the Lord.

The chainless truth, our country's boast,
Through many a glorious age;
The truth that gilds her high renown,
And lights her letter'd page;
That teaches no commands of men,
But wisdom from above;
And needs no weapons, but his own
Strong faith and holy love.

The chainless truth, we'll speed it forth,
Till like electric cords,
Shall land to land transmit its glad,
Its everlasting words.
And nations, blinded and enslaved,
Shall rouse, as from a sleep,
And error for her fallen shrines
And broken idols weep.

The chainless truth, we'll speed it forth,
Till all the isles shall sing;
And China's millions peal the strains
Of Israel's shepherd king,
And in our hands, and to our hearts,
And at our altar's pure,
Our strength our glory and our shield,
We'll hold it fast and sure.

O'er all our holiest sympathies,
Its holier light we'll shed;
A blessing on the baby brow,
A hope above the dead.
Its first page taught our childish lips
Themes that are sung on high;
And kindred hands shall find it near
Our pillows when we die.

From the London People's Journal.

THE POETRY OF CREATION.

As the stars pale before the sun, so does the poetry of man lose its brilliancy when compared with the wonderful poem of the Creator. God is the Supreme Poet, and he deals not with words—mere shadows of things they are—but with the actual embodiments of poetry themselves: for there is in every object which he has made something beside an outward, mechanical form, there is a spiritual meaning, a living lesson, to be drawn from everything.

This world is not merely the rugged spot on which we are to struggle for a foothold on life—to toil for daily bread; but a bright member of the starry brotherhood, that range the fields of space, raising from every corner of the universe the harmonious anthem of praise; a region of still waters, and cooling shades, and bright birds, and blessed things for the comfort of God's weary children. This world is a poem written in letters of light on the walls of the azure firmament.

Man is not merely a creature displaying the endowment of two legs, and the only being qualified to study grammar; not an animal browsing in the fair fields of creation, and endeavouring with all possible grace to swallow the pill of existence; but the masterpiece in the mechanism of the universe, in whom are wedded the visible and the invisible, the material and the spiritual; before whom the waves of the ocean crouch, and on whom the winds and lightnings and the fire all wait to do his bidding; the great gardener in this garden of the Lord; the keeper of His great seal, for he alone is stamped with the image of God. Man is a glorious poem; each life a canto, each day a line. The melody plays feebly at first upon the trembling chords of his little heart, but with time gains power and beauty as it sweeps onward, until at last the final notes die away far, far above the world amid the melodies of heaven.

Nature is not merely a senseless, arable cloud, through which runs the golden vein, and o'er which waves the golden harvest; not a monster, to be bowed down by the iron fetters of rail-roads and telegraphs; but it is a grand old temple, whose starlit dome and woodland aisles, and bright and happy choir, invite the soul to worship and to gratitude. Nature is a sweet poem: each downy-cheeked floweret, each uncouth stone, and frowning mountain, and silver river, are the bright syllables. And though the fall of man has thrown them into confusion, they should be arranged once more in harmony; and the burden of that song shall be beauty and praise to Him from whom all beauty radiates.

How often, when the quiet night woos us forth to commune with Nature in her chastened robes, is our spirit thronged almost to oppression by thoughts new and inexpressible! When the bright moon, just risen above the hill-top or on the peaceful waters, tinges the cloudy curtains that hang about the couch of the departed day, draws out the long mysterious shadows, and locks in her white arms the slumbering earth; then, as we look above can we say with him who knew so well to express his lofty thoughts:

Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven!
A beauty and a mystery, ye create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named
themselves a star.

Why should we, then, give way to the absurdly named practical spirit of these days? Physical good is not the only good on earth. The mind, the soul, must be fed as well, ay, infinitely rather than this feeble body. We are in the world to make ourselves blessed; and is not the bliss that comes from purifying the heart and enlightening the intellect more to be desired than the gratification of our sensual appetites? Let us, then, learn to analyse whatever we meet in the pilgrimage of life, and read the lesson of truth and beauty that God has stamped upon it. Then will the desert of the world gush out in fountains to refresh our flagging spirits and to brace our sinking frames.

ENVELOPE MACHINERY.

ONE million of envelopes are daily manufactured in the British Islands. Each of these requires to be cut and folded with precision. The former operation is performed partly by a patent cutting machine, and partly by means of a large hollow chisel, the cutting part of which is exactly the shape of the required envelope. The folding was, till within a recent period, entirely done by manual labor, but lately by a folding machine, the invention of M. de la Rue. By means of the admirable precision and rapidity of this engine, forty-two envelopes can be folded in a minute. The table consists of—1. A table, or metallic surface, of the exact size of the envelope which is laid on it, and which moves on a verticle plane. 2. A corresponding surface, called the box, which, descending on this table, creases the envelope, and then opens so as to permit the partial folding of it. 3. Four folders, two of which press down the corresponding flaps of the envelope before the box is entirely raised; the two others follow with their pressure, after the remaining portion of the box is lifted up. 4. Two figure-shaped projections, made of caoutchouc, which owing to their property of adhering to a paper surface, never fail to carry off each envelope as fast as it is folded. There are twenty-two movements for folding each envelope, and each successively performed with great rapidity (the several motions succeeding each other,) there is no blow or jar of any kind in the working of the machine. This is the effect of a regulation of velocity produced by cams. There is in operation in Philadelphia, an ingenious machine for the manufacture of envelopes, an article which, within a few years, since the alteration of the postage laws, has come into great demand. The process of the manufacture is thus described:—A pile of paper is first laid under the cutting press, and the flat forms of the envelopes are cut out at once. These are taken to the folding machine, which is one of the most singularly constructed and beautiful pieces of mechanism it is possible to conceive. It requires but one person to feed it, and performs all the rest of the operations itself; for the paper, cut in proper form, being placed in a fixed position, is seized by nippers and drawn forward to a bed, where it is firmly held by an overhanging plate of metal, which covers just so much as marks the size intended to be made, leaving the parts to be folded over loose. The sides are then, by means of plates advancing towards each other, folded over, and, as they retire, a roller covered with gum, passes under the surface of a doubled curved piece of brass, which instantly falls upon the paper, and, as it rises another plate turns over the inside fold, while at the same time a roller presses on it and causes adhesion. This being done, the bed on which the envelope rests falls to an inclined position; and, being caught between rollers, the finished article is passed through a trough into a receiving basket. The only remaining labor is to gather the envelopes and sort them into packages of twenty-five each. The whole is performed with the greatest rapidity, and so various and contrary are the motions of the machine, that it appears almost to be in some degree sentient.

KNOWLEDGE AND TRUTH.—The man who would speak truth, must know what he troweth. To do that he must have an uncorrupted judgment.

From the Texas Wesleyan Banner.

PATAGONIANS.

WITH a light breeze and delightful weather we entered the Straits of La Mere, formed by the Island called Statenland on the one side, and the east coast of Terra del Fuego, or land of fire, on the other. The straits are about twelve miles wide, and we could distinctly see both shores, as we glided slowly and almost imperceptibly through the water. About noon the breeze freshened a little from the eastward, and the current setting from that quarter, the ship drew near the coast of the main land, when we observed a number of the natives coming over the brow of a hill about a mile inland. They ran down the slope making most frantic gestures, and hallooing at the top of their voices. Being now within a mile or two of the shore, and the water most favorable (a very unusual circumstance in those latitudes), I proposed to our captain that we should land and have an interview with these people, around whom travellers had thrown a degree of wonder, with reference to their gigantic proportions and cannibal propensities.

He urged the danger, &c., but I ultimately overruled his objections, and he ordered the necessary arrangements to carry out our intention. A quarter boat was lowered, and five picked men, well armed, manned her; our skipper and myself with a gun on arm and a pair of pistols stuck in belts, took our seats in the stern-sheets, and the oarsmen dropping their oars pulled at once for the shore. The captain and myself landed on a ledge of rocks, and joined the group, (consisting of about forty aborigines,) leaving instructions with the men in the boat to watch the motions of the savages, and if they observed any manifestations of hostility, to give them a volley. They received us, however, with much apparent cordiality, looking at our dress and examining our persons with undissimulated curiosity. I intimated by gestures that I was desirous of seeing their women, but they either would not or could not understand me.

Observing about half a mile off a dwarfish sort of forest, I thought I would walk over and examine the description of timber, and also collect such wild flowers as I might see, in crossing the open country to the woods. But the natives, noticing my intention, appeared very anxious to prevent my going, and on my persisting, manifested the utmost alarm and anxiety. As I approached the confines of the woods, a number of dusky forms started off in full run for the depths of the forest, and were soon lost to view. These, I have no doubt, were the females of the tribe, and they appeared as anxious to avoid our acquaintance as their lords were to prevent our making their's. I returned to the party, and after securing a bow and quiver of arrows, in exchange for a knife, we parted from our new friends, and once more rejoined our ship, much gratified with our run ashore.

These people are not by any means the giants voyagers have represented them, the tallest among them not exceeding six feet.—They are well proportioned, of fine muscular development, about the color of our Indians, with long black coarse hair, and on the whole, rather a good formation of head. Their general expression indicates almost a feminine character. I would pronounce them a simple, harmless race. Their only covering was a seal-skin—(drawn at the top with cold made of some kind of bark)—thrown over their shoulders. They were all armed with a most primitive sort of bow, about three feet long, and quivers made of seal-skin, filled with arrows. These appeared to be dried reeds, feathered at one end, and mounted at the other with a chip of flint-stone. They place much store on these rough weapons, evincing great reluctance at parting with them, and used them with remarkable skill in a trial they made, at our suggestion, at the numerous gulls winging past us, striking their bird at almost every shot.

They appear to have the utmost dread of fire arms, crying like children if we manifested any intention of using them. I judge from this circumstance that sealers had landed there in pursuit of seal, and had heartlessly and cruelly used their deadly weapons against them, as but few vessels can approach near enough to land, the weather being generally so boisterous as to render it dangerous.

THE TRUE STRUGGLE.

O, ye gifted ones, follow your calling, for however various your talents may be, ye can have but one calling capable of leading you to eminence and renown; follow resolutely the one straight path before you, it is that of your good angel; let neither obstacles nor temptations induce ye to leave it; bound along, if you can; if not, on hands and knees follow it, perish in it, if needful; but ye need not fear that: no one ever yet died in the true path of his calling before he had attained the pinnacle. Turn into other paths, and for momentary advantage or gratification ye have sold your inheritance, your immortality. Ye will never be heard of after death.

PLUCKING THE BEARD.

Plucking the beard was always considered the highest possible sign of contumely and insult. So particularly anxious was Charlemagne to show this mark of scorn and despite to an enemy, that according to Hron de Bordeaux, he despatched no fewer than fifteen successive messengers, from France to Babylon, to pull the beard of Admiral Gaudisse.