

And Spencer, in his 'Faerie Queen,' thus describes one as bearing the bag of one of his heroines:

Behind her, far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazily seemed, it being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back.

INVESTING WITH THE HORN.

There were, anciently, four kinds of horns—drinking horns, hunting horns, horns for summoning the people, and horns for various and mixed purposes.

Horns were used as modes of investiture; and, in England, the practice of thus endowing persons with property was common among the Danes. King Canute gave lands at Pusey, in Berkshire, to the family of that name, delivering a horn as a confirmation of the grant. Edward the Confessor made a similar donation to the family of Nigel.

In the sacristy in York Minster, may be seen the celebrated horn of Alphas, which was probably a drinking cup belonging to this prince, and given by him, with all his lands and revenues, to that Church. The practice, on such occasions, was, for the person conveying the property, to fill the horn with wine and on his knees before the altar, *Deo et S. Petro omnes terras et redditus propinavit.* The donor drank the wine, in token that he so conveyed the lands. This mode of investiture was prevalent not only among the Danes but also among the Anglo Saxons, and at the close of the reign of William the Conqueror.

THE DRUIDS.

The Druids were a race of heathen priests whose chief seat was the Isle of Man, and who exercised great power and authority both over the minds and bodies of the ancient Britons. They were divided into three classes: the Bards, who were their heroic historians and genealogical poets; the Vates, who were their sacred musicians, religious poets, and pretended prophets; and the Druids, properly so called, to whom belonged the performance of all offices of religion. Their chief was styled the Arch Druid. The Druids are said to have practised the grossest impositions on the people in general; to the extent of borrowing money from them, with the promise of repayment in the other world! Among the Druids the priesthood was hereditary; resembling, in this respect, at least, the priesthood of Aaron. Cæsar mentions them as persons who taught many things concerning the stars and their motion, the magnitude of the earth, and the nature of things. Strabo speaks of a Druid, who in the year 600, B. C. 600, was sent by his brethren to Greece, as a sacred Ambassador; and who was equally admired for his knowledge, politeness, justice and integrity. This Druid spake Greek with a fluency that you would have thought he had been bred up in the Lyceum, and conversed all his life with the Academy of Athens.

The Druids sacrificed human victims, and were exceedingly simple and austere in their lives. It has been doubted by Pinkerton, in his Essay, whether their religion ever obtained a footing in Scotland, or whether it was ever known beyond the Island of Mona, or Anglesey, and the southern bound of Celtica in Gaul.

Dr. Jamieson combats this doubt; and a writer in the 'Statistical Account of Scotland' endeavors to show that they possessed I. or Iona, before the introduction of Christianity into that remote region.

THE MERSE.

The Merse is one of the three districts which comprise Berwickshire; the other two being Lammermuir and Lauderdale. It is about twenty miles long, and ten broad; and derives its name, as the translator, of Boetius' 'Description of Scotland,' *en passant*, remarks, from the circumstance of its constituting the marches, or limits, beyond which the Scottish territory does not extend. It forms the northern bank of the River Tweed and extends from the borders of Roxburghshire to the German Sea. The general appearance of it is that of a soil richly cultivated, and profusely ornamented with every beauty which the hand of nature can bestow. The 'Men of the Merse' performed gallant exploits at Flodden Field; and, if we believe the traditionary legends which are still current among them, their ancestors of still earlier ages—even those of the Crusades—were not content to gather laurels at home, but extended their warlike deeds, in company of knights who aided Cour-de-Leon in lowering the pride of the Saracen from Albion's coast to Syria's burning shore.

WHY FISH BEFORE YOUR NEIGHBOUR'S DOOR.

Readers, have you ever lived near an inland creek? If so, one fact must have often struck you very forcibly:—When the neighbors went out a fishing, few chose to fish near home, but went up or down the stream in search of better places. Hence, in time, all the places, however poor in the owner's estimation, were by the others lauded as the finest places for fish along the whole creek; and, not rarely, a man on coming home with fisherman's luck—wet trowsers, empty stomach and no fish—found on his own premises a stranger preparing to go home with a long string of fish.

The application is plain enough. Are we not all too prone in a hundred ways, to fish each before his neighbor's door? True, indeed, unavoidable tedium will frequently render our homes irksome, and novelty will entice

to search abroad for better things; but if we have religion or philosophy enough to resist such temptation, we shall almost uniformly be great gainers and escape many a sorrow and mortification from loss of time, money, and influence, and our own sad disappointments. Our own homes, duties, employments and recreations are often to others occasions of envy, while we are meditating to desert them all! Bad enough when necessity forces us away, but let us not go voluntarily from mere fancy, restlessness, caprice, and unwarrantable hopes of better things; for, depend on it, reader, and especially my young reader, experience addresses you in kindness and truth, when it says:—'Fish good and plenty are before your own door—fish there.'

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AN AUTUMNAL TRANSFORMATION.

BY RICHARD CLOVER.

THE sun lies islanded amid the depths
Of heaven's emurpled vastness. All serene

The upper ocean sleeps. Not even a streak
Of wandering whiteness shows its airy form
Upon its tranquil bosom. Earth partakes
In the unusual calm, and seems to pause
In attitude of gaze, and holds its breath
As if to catch the whisper of the spheres.
Which undulates athwart the empyrean!
The trees are languishing. The feeblest

Stirs not the tiniest leaf. The only sound
That falls upon the listful ear of awe,
Is the commingled incense rising up
On wings of morning dew. In sympathy
The timid birds look up, and hush the song
That awhile thrilled in joyous cadences
Forth from their quivering throats; and dare not stir

Upon the trembling boughs. The panting herd
Lies on the drooping grass with half-closed eyes,
Still'd to a drowsy tremor. The timid hare
Upriseth with a tiptoe gaze, stareful,
Lest the long grass by her own breath be stirred,
Should prove the echo of the sportsman's tread.
The soft-eyed squirrel drops his nut and halts
In his gay gambols; while the ant-hills heave
With wandering convocations.

But hark! the wind!

Like an emotion in a woman's heart,
The gentle west wind rises from the calm!
Now as a giant flushed with genial wine,
He comes forth robed in fleeces. Him the sun

Welcomes with golden smiles, like a glad sire
A son returning in too happy tears!
Then with the solemn benediction, 'Go,'
Said he, 'and gladden yon faint world!'
O'ercome by joyous sorrow wept the son,
His gentle tears fell on the parched earth,
And as they pattered through the dusty leaves,

Break the sad silence. As he wends his way
Eathward, his trailing garments through
the sky
Mutter soft music. Dread silence broke,
the birds

Fly off consenting heavenward, to join
The chorus of sweet voices, swift to hail
Gladly his advent in the middle air.
The clouds swell unperceived from the womb

Of distant heavens, and on-sailing, shine
Like floating mountains capped with gilded snow!

The forest trees with reverent majesty
Bow at his lordly approach. The golden corn

Waves a soft welcome; whilst the laughing flowers

Uprising, clap their numerous leafy hands,
Blushing like virgins innocently gay!

Now freshening flow the rills. The mountain stream
Bounds o'er its pebbly path and bursts away

Like a young Isthmian wrestler! Willows bend
Their greetings o'er the rivers as they roll
On their career of joy. The hollow rocks
Give out a whispering moan, sad musical,
As a 'reft lover's dirge. The Autumn woods

Join in the general song—a song of joy,
Tempered as earth's glad hymnings ever are

With gentle notes of woe—monitory notes
That bid the exultant spirit to be wise
As well as glad. The hoary mountains, too,

Grandly look on, serenely calm and bright,
Smiling the joy they have not voice to speak;

While Ocean, like a kind interpreter
Their smiles to holy music; and, inspired,
Joins with his own sonorous bass the psalm,

Which coming from heaven, and earth, and sea,
Tells out in vocal joy glad nature's praise.

From undiscovered caves

We leap—the exulting waves—
To chant thy praise, Creator of the Sea!
God of the potent arm!
We work thy will in storm,

And mildly smile in calms thy love's decree;
Or in terrific wrath
With thunders round our path,
Or surging softly on the sands in glee,
Thy voice, oh God, speaks in the voices of the Sea.

We thunders, lightnings, storms,
Rainbows and fiery forms;
We raindrops, singing of thine earthward care;
We splendours which surround
Sol's earliest morning bound,
And make his evening settings loom so fair;

And we bright clouds that fly
Athwart the summer sky,
Tell out in various tones thy grandeur there!
Thy voice, oh God, speaks in the voices of the Air.

Forth from a thousand bowers
We come—the happy flowers—
To join the anthem of the holy land;
We birds who sing of love
In woodland, field and grove;
And we, the trees which in thy forests stand;
And we, the mighty hills;
And we, the vallied rills;
To tell the wonders of thy forming hand!
Thy voice, oh God, speaks in the voices of the land.

THE CHOICE OF A CALLING.

Dr John M. Mason, in some one of his essays, tells a story of a young man who had been originally a maker of brooms, and had 'studied divinity' as it is termed, for two or three sessions. Having presented a specimen of his improvement before the Presbytery, he was found to have acquitted himself so little to their satisfaction, that they judged it necessary to remand him to his first vocation, as more commensurate with his abilities. This decision was announced by a reverend old Minister in the following manner: 'Young man, it is the duty of all men to glorify God. But he calls them to glorify him in different ways, according to the gifts he bestows upon them. Some he calls to glorify him by preaching the Gospel of his Son; and others by making besoms [brooms]. Now it is the unanimous judgment of this Presbytery, that he has not called you to the ministry, since he has not qualified you for it, and therefore that it is your duty to go to your father, glorify God by decent industry in making besoms.'

The anecdote has a moral. Each man to his calling. There is for every man his own peculiar sphere of action and influence, and the sooner he finds it out the better for him. It saves the loss of time and many mistakes. There may be error in both directions in aiming too high or sinking too low. A man who would make but a poor artist might make an excellent hod-carrier. One who could make but a poor figure at the Bar, might make himself usefully familiar with the exercise of a crowbar. Many a young sentimentalist, who has starved in a garret, might have been of some service to the world if he had but exercised his talents at the anvil.

THE PASSIONS.

How deplorable is the history of numbers, whom, from their pre-eminent powers, the world have unitedly stamped with the title of 'great!' They traverse the earth with the lordly tread of native supremacy; all obstacles vanish before their burning energy, like snow-wreaths in the sun; all men accept their ideas and impulses, as the planets drink in light and heat from their solar orb; and governments, institutions, and circumstances, as though melted wax, take from their sole genius new shapes and aspects.

And yet how often have these men, who were able to control all else, whether men or things, been incapable of controlling their own passions, and become their slaves and victims. Alexander consuming with the fever of a drunken debauch—Cæsar falling on the summit-level of his supremacy, by a score of dagger strokes—Cromwell, the iron Cromwell, starting every moment, like a timorous child in the dark, with apprehension of assassin attacks—and Napoleon on a lone rock in mid-ocean devouring slowly his own great heart. What an unspeakable tragedy is here! Yea, the shores of life are all littered with the wrecks of gifted natures stranded in the storms of the passions; multitudes having perished utterly, others having barely escaped total destruction, and even of those reaching land many being in a shattered and sorely damaged state.

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WEALTH AND POVERTY.

BY GEORGE WILSON.

WEALTH and poverty are now abstract and insignificant words, representing certain ideas, but they are indicative of two great social realities. The former is regarded by some as an unspeakable blessing, and the latter, by others as an unbearable curse. For our own part we most candidly acknowledge that we have not the least sympathy with these views; we simply look upon the one as a source of pleasure and happiness, if it be legitimately used; and the other as a state of discipline to the wise and virtuous, that is capable of developing and exalting the best parts of our nature. Both have their disadvantages temp-

tations, and unfavorable tendencies, and it is well for the rich when they understand the duties and responsibilities which attach to them, and for the poor, when they seek for happiness not in external circumstances, but in those higher and nobler blessings—virtue and religion. Let us glance at a few of the characteristics of these great social existences. If we take a view of society what shall we behold? The symbols of wealth and the badges of poverty, meet the eye everywhere. Splendour and squalor, luxury and want, palaces and hovels, are antitheses that strike the eye of the most casual observer. Pride and tyranny, disease and crime, vice and ignorance are usually their concomitants. Far be it from us to affirm that the latter necessarily result from the former; but alas! in too many instances they are associated with them. To the superficial discernor it would appear as though they were inseparably connected; but it is a pleasing fact there is a class, composed of both rich and poor, whose lives demonstrate that such is not the case. They consecrate wealth by the use which they make of it, and they prove that poverty is honorable when it is accompanied by moral excellence. What a noble sight it is to behold a rich man who is possessed of the bounties of providence, dispensing them to the poor and the afflicted! He visits the homes of the vicious and ignorant, and leaves behind him the footprints of love and benevolence—He regards all men as brothers, and treats them as such. Religion, literature and education find in him an ardent admirer and a liberal patron. His highest ambition is to elevate humanity, and thereby glorify its Creator. Wealth in his hands performs its noblest mission, and he is its truest representative. Oh! that this philanthropic spirit was infused into the minds of all the rich and noble in the land. What a mighty impulse would be given to the great work of social reform—society would soon be freed from many of those evils which now press heavily on its bosom. But there is another character that we often meet with in society, which is very interesting. See the poor jaded son of toil returning from the factory or workshop; follow him home, and witness the smiles that greet him. How the silver cord of love has fastened the hearts of those children to their father's; what a picture of earthly bliss! There is nothing gorgeous or costly here, and yet how enchanting. Surely this is a type of that rest which remains for the people of God! No discordant sounds are heard, or unseemly sights observed: the moral atmosphere is pure, and all the graces and virtues of the Christian character flourish in their beauty. What a great blessing it would be for our country if there were more who answered to the description we have just given! We know that there are many and we believe that the number is rapidly increasing. The ideas of men are undergoing a great change in regard to wealth and poverty: those truthful and beautiful lines of Burns, that

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that,

are beginning to be more appreciated. Why should the perishable be valued more than the imperishable? It is virtue that dignifies the man, and if he be poor, his poverty adds lustre and value to his virtues.

NECESSITY FOR EDUCATION.

Mr Baron Platt, addressing the Grand Jury at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, lately said:

For many years there have been returns made which have enlightened mankind on the subject, and classifications have been made of persons charged and convicted of crime; of those who could neither read or write, those who could read and write imperfectly, those who could read and write well, and those who had received a superior education. It is most remarkable if you refer to those statements, to find that of as many as 25,000 unfortunate persons, who in this year have been tried in this island, almost the whole—at least a very large portion—were ignorant either to read or write. At one time a very large portion consisted of those who could neither read nor write, a lesser portion consisted of those who could read and write imperfectly. The other two together were only as one to nine to the first and second of these classes. But in the progress of the education of the people we find these circumstances—that the number of those who could imperfectly read and write has been increased; those who could not read or write at all have diminished; and those two together formed the nine out of the ten, showing that those who read and write imperfectly, to whom it is a labor to read and write, might just as well not read and write at all. Therefore education ought to go further, and enable the cottager and the poor boy or girl to read, if possible, with ease—to increase their self-respect, and there is no doubt in the world that crime would then decrease, because the great object of those who have influence and power over others is to raise as much as possible amongst them a sense of self respect and that cannot be done without some education, and at the same time religious instruction.

THE SKIPPING ROPE.—The skipping rope, a toy which is discarded by the young girl when entering a premature womanhood, but which ought to be looked upon as a necessary article in every boudoir or private room occupied by a woman of civilised life and civilised habits, is one of the best if not the very best kind of gymnastic exercises that I know. It exercises almost every muscle of the body, and there are few women who do not neglect to take sufficient exercise.—Dr. Robertson.