for my cause is thine. Did they not slight and insult thee?'

'Say on—say on, woman, speak not of me,' cried Reza Hafed, impetuously.

The girl proceeded to detail the circumstances of our past narrative, as to the first coming to her master's dwelling of Nourjehan at night, —the death of the ruffians by his hand,—the strangling of the Ethiopian, her lover, in the garden,—the bearing away of the bodies,—all was minutely related from first to last. The moollah was confounded with wonder, but joy slowly lighted up his leaden colored visage.—He saw in that story the seeds of certain revenge upon the chess-player and his daughter, who had refused the hand of his nephew. In all ages, the vengeance of a priest has been no laughing matter.

'And thou, too, O my clever Miriam, thou knewest before that Zelica was to be carried off? The she fiend bent her head in the affirmative. 'Yes, I would have married her to my nephew, for she is fair, and Al-Suli has gold; but we were shamefully rejected, and at last excluded from the house. Much dirt did that old man make us eat. If what thou sayest can be proved, —by Mahommed, it bears upon their very lives and large shall be thy reward, good Miriam for thus coming forward in the cause of justice. The subjects of the shah murdered at dead of night—men strangled in cold blood!' and the moollah smiled complacently at the thought.—'But,' continued he, 'what or who can this person be—this Nourjehan, of whom thou speakest?'—and wherefore should they give thy lover the cord at his command?—Speak! this matter is not clear, it passes comprehension.'

'Who can say?—Who knows, O moollah? He is, probably, a Bedouin chief of the desert, prowling in quest of prey, and thus known to the soldiers as one to be feared and dreaded.—Doubtless he now but awaits the coming down of has own people to bear us away to the mountains in captivity.' And here Miriam resumed her agony of tears and lamentations. 'By thy soul, tell me, O moollah! tell the poor Miriam she shall be avenged.'

The moollah pressed his forehead with his hand, and rested for a few moments deeply absorbed in thought, before he again spoke.

'Go home, girl, to thy dwelling. Make thy face even, and let the joy of vengeance lighten thy brow and lip. Eblis himself shall rise, but this thing shall be visited on our enemies. It is written in the book of destiny, that Al-Suli shall be smitten root and branch, and that Miriam should then come to rest for ever within the walls of our own harem. Now go; I have spoken.' And the moollah dismissed the girl with a wolfish smile. She returned home with a lightened heart, for she knew the priest would work suddenly and surely.

[To be continued.]

THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE.

WHATEVER definition of beauty we may adopt, the fact of its existence will not be questioned. It greets us on every hand, more abundantly disclosed, indeed, to the cultivated and observing eye, yet visible to the most superficial and heedless. Physical beauty—of which alone we now speak, abounds in every department of nature. In the animal kingdom, for instance, what graceful forms and proportions, what richness and delicacy of colours, what sweetness of sounds! It was not mere utility that fashioned the humming-bird which flits around our doorways, or the bobolink pouring out his liquid, gurgling melody, as he flies over the meadow. In the commonest human face, says an artist, there is more beauty than Raphael will take away with him. The eye is not only an admirable contrivance for conveying images of external objects to the mind. but, in its form, colours, and varying expression, is in itself beautiful. Can anything surpass the tints of an insect's wing, whether viewed by the naked eye, or through the lenses of a microscope? If we descend into the region of animalcules, the minutest living objects, examined by the most powerful instruments, exhibit the greatest perfection and finish. Indeed, it seems as though the Creator had purposely drawn a veil between the common eye and some of the finest specimens of his handiwork, in order to surprise and stimulate the investigation of science. In the mineral kingdom, there are not only the precious and useful metals, but also beautiful gems. The most useful often appear in most pleasing forms and combinations. Here are the diamond, sapphire, emerald, topaz ruby, and other precious stones, which, under the hand of the lapidary, reveal the most exquisite tints and shades of colour. What wonder that wealth and beauty, and the pride of kingdoms have, in all ages, come to this kingdom of nature for their ornaments! Surely utility had little need of these minerals in laying the foundations of the earth. Caverns would have afforded the wild beasts and reptiles just as safe and convenient lurking places, though they had been paved and arched over with gems. In the vegetable kingdom, there is beauty in the seed cast into the earth; and in the plant shooting up into the sunlight, in its opening leaves, with their various forms and hues; in the outspreading branches, stems tendrils; in the forming bud, the expanding flower, and the ripening fruit. Notice the shape and structure of trees. Yonder elm,—for example. It is not set in the ground like a post, but springs from it like a thing of life. Its massive trunk, braced up with buttresses. rises on high, then spreads out in tapering branches on every side, supporting a leafy dome whose majesty and grace charm every beholder. Analyze the tree more minutely. Examine its bark, twigs, leaves; cut into its very heart-wood, and beauty haunts you still. How wide the adversity between the pendulous willow and the stately dense maple, the gnarled oak, the columnar poplar, and the heaven-kissing pine. Observe the variety in the form, size, and colour of leaves, both of trees and plants. There is a vast range between those of the palm-tree and the Victoria-regia, down to the leaflets of the mosses. Even in midsummer, there are purple and blue, grey and yellow, striped and veined, splashed and spotted, and various other coloured leaves, with every conceivable shade of green. And then, what changes are wrought in their colour between the first pale hues of spring and the crimson and gold of autumn! And after the varied glory of summer has passed by, and the pomp of autumn is blasted, it is not the least pleasant sight of the year to observe the evergreen trees, holding out faithfully against frosts and storms, and diffusing a smile over the cold face of winter. And, as to flowers, words cannot express their loveliness.—But the wide earth is covered with them; the air is loaded with their fragrance. At every step you trample on some wonder of elaborate workmanship and beauty. Fruits, too, at least most of them, must be set down among the beautiful. Here are ruby cherries, golden pears, fair-cheeked apples, purple grapes, which are not only good to eat, but pleasant to look upon. There is beauty, also, in the elements of fire and water. In fire, glowing in our evening lamps, cracking on our hearth-stones, throwing far its beams, by night, from many a casement on hillside and plain, illuminating the streets of cities, flashing on the headlands of rocky coasts, and shining from the sun and stars. In water, when the dew scatters diamonds on grass, shrub, and tree; when the mist spreads along the valley, or rolls up the mountain side, and when the departing shower garlands its locks with rainbows; beauty, too, when it ripples on the sea-shore, when the ocean is burnished with gold by day, and silver by night, and when its waves are gemmed with phosphorescent fires; beauty in lakes, rivers, creeks, and musical brooks, in the silvery spray of fountains, and in the silent springs, reflecting the overhanging woods. The revolving seasons have many pleasing aspects. Spring scatters the hepatica and anemoneod the hillside, tinges the meadow with green, breathes on tree and shrub. and bids them revive, and awakes the song of birds. Summer fills the air with fragrance and music, robes the forest in deep rich foliage, supplies man with fair and invigorating fruits, and decks his fields with the tokens of a coming harvest. She brings us cool and dewy mornings, long twilights, evening airs, resonant with the chirp of insects, the peal of distant bells, and the murmur of the leaves and streams. She brings that

"——strange, superfluous glory of the air,"

which poetry feels, though chemistry cannot discover it; brings skies of tropical richness and splendour, clouds, and refreshing rain. Autumn comes laden with ruddy fruit and golden grain; she decks the hills with variegated banners, and over all casts a thin, azure haze, softening the rugged outlines of the landscape, suffusing every object with a dreamy spell which laps the beholder in an Elysium of delight. And last in the train comes winter, spreading his white mantle over the earth, hanging crystal pendants on tree and shrub, purifying the atmosphere, giving the sky a deeper blue, and the stars an intenser lustre, filling the northern air with Auroral coruscations, and compelling the oldest heart to exclaim, "God hath made everything beautiful in its time!" But is the world, indeed, one wide, unvarying scene of beauty?—There are exceptions, certainly, to this general fact. In the animal and vegetable kingdoms, there are imperfect developments, and deformities even. There are thorns and poisons, as well as flowers and wholeseme fruits. Barren deserts, vast marshes, and rocky wastes abound as well as fertile plains and blooming gardens. Tempests howl through the sky, the lightning strikes the earth, volcanoes and earthquakes rend its bosom. Does not this mixed state of things indicate that something has happened to the earth since its creation? May it not be that the natural world sympathizes with its chief inhabitant and Lord, bearing part of the woe which has fallen upon him?

"O earth! dost thou too, sorrow for the past,
Like man thy offspring? * * *
* * * Dost thou wail
For that fair age of which the poets tell,
Ere yet the winds grew keen with frosts, or fire
Fell with the rains, or spouted from the hills,
To blast thy greeness?"

But, without pursuing this enquiry, it is obvious that the world is full of beauty; it surrounds man with a continual presence, and addresses his soul through every possible avenue. —*Dr. Bartlett.*

CIVILIZERS.

WHATEVER tends to divert the attention and interests of men from war, and attract them towards peace, by displaying or developing the greater nobleness and utility of peace pursuits, is a civilizer. War, in all its appliances, is the nurse of brutishness and despotism. Unfortunately, the human race have had most of their great shows in tilts, triumphs, and processions, awarded to sword and plume wearers, and have ever been habituated to regard the soldier's life and deeds as most certain of winning the admiration and applause of the world. There is little room for wonder, then, that the battle-field rather than the wheat-field, and the sword rather than the sickle, have been the choice of the ambitious and aspiring. Even woman, so gentle and peaceful in her instincts, where unwarped by glory and falsehood, has smiled her sweetest smiels on the "hero," smeared with the dust and blood of conflict, and, as a mother, has taught her son the story of a father's glory; glory won where banners were flying, trumpets pealing, and human hearts wasting their life-streams—brother grapling with brother, and sire with son, with a ferocious courage and joy.—All aback there, on the surface of six thousand years, there is but one picture—carnage and desolation. Castles full of armour and arms, magazines piled with trophies, and cathedral walls hung with banners, grasped from Greek, Roman, Saracen, or Saxon. A picture, at which humanity recoils, shuddering—a picture drawn from the slaughter of countless myriads who know nothing of the quarrels which drank their blood and tears in strange lands, remote from their own hearths and homes. And the priest has sanctified their work, the bard sung pæans to it, the orator spoken its eulogy, woman smiled on it, and history recorded little else on its tablets. But in the golden light of our age, when human life is counted of some worth. beyond being whipped, chained, and killed for a feudal chief, a despot king, or a tyrant state, priests, poets, orators, women, and even history grow ashamed of lapping blood as the supreme feast. Honour, greatness, and glory, are no longer tenants solely of the camp and the castle, and the sword and plume are only more respectable as playthings and gazing stocks than the fool's cap and bells, because more dangerous in the handling. Their empire is fading out. Man is nobler this day, over half of Christendom, with scythe, hammer, or axe in hand, doing honest, useful toil, than was ever lawless cavalier, perilling his life for his lady-love, or crusader, rioting around the Holy Sepulchre.—The grain-field to-day ranks before the battle-field, and the builder of steam engines before the forger of Toledo or Damascene blades. Industry and enterprise are taking the palm of courage and valour—the warrior draws nearer to the murderer, and men wonder that man has been such a fool, a slave, and a beast of prey so long. Human passion, strong and blind, has done its work, and no human reason assumes the sceptre. Invention grows less and less devilish; the useful and beautiful triumph over the destructive and terrible. Every man feels a value in his own life, and seeking to preserve and protect that, discovers that his fellow's life is equally valuable to him. So each for his own sake, learns to respect his fellow—to treat him as would be desirable in return. All see the bloody cheat of a game by which lords and tyrants have used men heretofore. Each step taken to increase the home comforts, the individual independance, and the general prosperity, through peace. Civilization — most perfect wherever man enjoys his natural faculties and powers most, whether wigwam or palace—blossoms and spreads, and flings a rich odour over the cities, hamlets, fields, and shops, where war and strife are held in abomination. There the white spire, sheltering the blessed altar, points to heaven. There, the smoke rises over happy hearts. There, men salute as brothers, and nature feels and responds to the heart of man, beating at length in union with her own.

MEDITATIONS IN POMPEII.

IT is not melancholy that affects you as you traverse the streets, and intrude into the houses, uninvited visitors, of Pompeii, for all is meretricious though elegant vanity, that glares at you upon every side; it is not awe—for neither in their original proportions nor in the details of the buildings is there any pretensions to grandeur in this city of Hercules; and as for compassion, I felt no more than I should for the harlot, whose rouged complexion, tinselled jewels, and artificial flowers daylight has overtaken and exposed. Curiosity is your prevailing sensation, and that is just sufficiently gratified to be tantilized! Antique, without being venerable, Pompeii wears a most unhappy aspect, and Time has amply indemnified himself for the compulsory arrest of his ordinary progress, by maliciously revealing her original voluptiousness in painful contrast with her present decay. Wandering through streets little wider than the back lanes of our provincial towns, and roaming from house to house, whose mean dimensions are encumbered with mockeries of those majestic diameters which still survive in Athens and in Rome, the eye is at once invaded and offended by a wilderness of colours, which, even in the freshness of their early glow, and notwithstanding their graces of design, must always have been gaudy, but which now merits an epithet, which, from the respect due to misfortune, I forbear to fix upon them. Littleness; and prettiness must always have been characteristics of Pompeii in her most palmy state, now the littleness remains, but as for the prettiness, alas! alas!—It is no great stretch to say that it seemed to me more like the model of a Greek town than the town itself. Villas, temples, theatre, forum, all elaborate of littleness, seem built to be beheld, but never to be inhabited, Doubtless this city of the demigod suffers every disadvantage from the circumstances under which it meets the modern eye. The vaulted ceiling, the draperies in dusky luxuriance, which no longer mitigate the startling violence of those scarlets, and yellows and green must once have enhanced their magnificence, and mellowed down the glare of those ornamental paintings which undoubtedly were solely intended for the soothing medium of such glimmering and subdued lights. They seem designed to receive a perpetual twilight, such as the brilliance and heat of a Neapolitan atmosphere made necessary for comfort, and this would communicate a species of gorgeous gloom all the day long. And if with venial partiality we compare these little inconvenient edifices with the united grandeur, beauty, and comfort which distinguish the architecture and arrangements of modern habitations; still, while beholding the exquisite loveliness of their pictorial designs, and their divine delineations of the human form.

"Gods that with heroes leave their starry bowers,"

we must admit that if in the one instance we have left them immesurably behind, we have but imperfectly kept pace with them in the other.—*Marston.*

INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.

IN considering the climate of tropical countries, the influence of the moon seems to be over looked; and, surely if the tides of the vast ocean are raised from their fathomless bed by lunar powers, it is not too much to assert that the tides of the atmosphere are liable to a similar influence; this much is certain, that in the low lands of tropical countries, no attentive observer of nature will fail to witness the power exercised by the moon over the seasons, and also over animal and vegetable nature. As regards the latter, it may be stated that there are certainly thirteen springs and thirteen autumns in Demerara in the year; for so many times does the sap of trees ascend to the branches and descend to the roots. For example, the wallaba (a resinous tree, common in the Demerara woods, somewhat resembling mahogany), if cut down in the dark, a few days before the new moon, is one of the most durable woods in the world for house-building, posts, &c. In that state, attempt to split it, and with the utmost difficulty, it would be riven in the most jagged and unequal manner that can be imagined; cut down another wallaba, that grew within a few yards of the former, at full moon, and the tree can be easily split into the finest smooth shingles of any desired thickness, or into staves for making casks; but, in this state, applied to the house-building purposes, it speedily decays.—Again. bamboos as thick as a man's arm are sometimes used for paling, &c. If cut at the dark moon, they will endure for ten or twelve years; if at the full moon, they will be rotten in two or three years; thus it is with most, if not all, the forest trees. Of the effects of the moon on animal life, very many instances could be cited. I have seen in Africa, the newly littered young, perish in a few hours at the mothers side, if exposed to the rays of the ful moon; fish become rapidly putrid, and meat, if left exposed, incurable or unpreservable by salt—the mariner heedlessly sleeping on the deck being affected with nyctolopia, or night blindness, at times the face hideously swollen if exposed during sleep to the moon's rays—the maniac's paroxysms renewed with fearful vigour at the full and change, and the cold damp chills of the ague supervening on the ascendancy of this apparently mild yet powerful luminary. Let therefore her influence over this earth be studied; it is more powerful than is generally known.

DIFFERENCE IN MEN.

WE often see an old and well-beaten man who never had a success in his life, who always knew more and accomplished less than his associates—who took the quartz and dirt of enterprise, while they took the gold; yet in old age he is the happiest man. He had a sum of hope. and they of desire and greed—and amid all this misfortune, and his mysterious providences, he had that within him which rose up and carried his heart above all troubles, and upon their world wide waters, bore him up like the ark upon the deluge. It was the deluge that gave out, not the ark. God has distributed his gifts. It takes a score of them to make one man. One supplies the swift sagacity; another the cautious logic; another the impelling force; another the practical tact—one supplies general principles, another the working plan. Men seldom unite by the strong points. It is men's weakness that binds them together. By distributing gifts, God makes one man dependent upon another, and welds society together, by making every man necessitous, in some place as regards all other men