

like follow them to the earth. There are worm-eaten fruits and blasted corn-ears in the fields of humanity, as in the fields of vegetation. The good ones only can find a place in the storehouse of the great husbandman. The lesson of the autumn bears upon and illustrates the whole subject of the close of human life. The year is but a hollow farce without fruit as the grand result. A human life, in its Autumn in which is seen no fruit, betrays a perversion so foul that it might make an angel weep, and as the angels look down upon the world, may they find graces which blush like apples among the leaves, characters well filled out and clean from all impurity, true wisdom filling all the store houses, and the seeds of an immortal life perfected, and ready to be unfolded in

"Those everlasting gardens  
Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens."

—*Springfield Republican*.

#### Last Moment of John Knox.

On Monday the 24th of November, 1572, he got up in the morning, and partially dressed himself; but, feeling weak, he lay down again. They asked him if he was in pain? "It is no painful pain," he answered, "but such a one as, I trust, shall put an end to the battle." His wife sat by him with the bible open upon her knees. He desired her to read the fifteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians. — He thought he was dying as she finished it. "Is not that a beautiful chapter?" he said; and then added, "Now, for the last time, I commend my spirit, soul and body, into thy hands, O Lord." But the crisis passed off for a moment. Towards evening, he lay still for several hours, and at ten o'clock "they went to their ordinary prayer, which was the longer, because they thought he was sleeping." When it was over, the physician asked him if he had heard anything? "Ay," he said, "I wad to God that ye and all men heard as I have heard, and I praise God for that heavenly sound." "Suddenly thereafter he gave a long sigh and sob, and cried out 'Now it is come!' Then Richard Bannatyne, sitting down before him, said, 'Now, sir, the time that ye have long called for, to wit, an end of your battle, is come; and seeing all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promise which oft time ye have shown to us, of our Saviour, Christ; and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make us some sign, and so he lifted up his hand; and incontinent, thereafter, rendered up the spirit, and slept away without any pain.' In such sacred stillness, the strong spirit which had so long battled with the storm, passed away to God." — *Westminster Review*.

#### The English Bible.

When we reflect that the English Bible has been regarded as a model of correct expression by the ablest critics; that it has been more read than any other English book; that the nature of its subjects and the character of the people have given it, more than any other book, a hold upon the imaginations and the feelings—we do not wonder at the extent to which its language has become the basis both of prose and verse, and even to common conversation. The Bible is not subject to the fluctuations of taste. Shakspeare may become unfashionable, as Milton is now except in theory. But the Bible will always be read, and read by the multitude, who are the great corrupters of language. Its words will always be those most upon the popular lip. Not only, therefore, will it remain "a well of English undefiled," but there is a certainty that its pure waters will be resorted to by all the hundreds of millions who shall be born within the reach of British and American influence till the end of time. — *Princeton Review*, 1836.

#### Which is the Weaker Sex?

Females are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments, and incase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear water-proof boots over woollen hose, and incase the whole in India-rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold! When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women half cover their heads with straw bonnets, and ride twenty miles in an open sleigh, facing a cold northwester, and pretend not to suffer at all. They can sit, too, by men who smell of rum and tobacco smoke, enough to poison a whole house, and not appear more annoyed than though they were a bundle of roses. Year after year they can bear abuses of all sorts from drunken husbands, as though their strength was made of iron. And then is not woman's mental strength greater than the man's? Can she not endure suffering that would bow the stoutest man to the earth? Call not woman the weaker vessel; for had she not been greater than man, the race would long since have been extinct. Here is a state of endurance which man could not bear. — *English paper*.

#### The Autumn and its Lessons.

All that is earthly must fade. This is an annual lesson, taught by the falling leaf, the withering frost, the silence which pervades the air, and the wreck and decay of vegetation as each recurring Autumn assumes her reign. Another Autumn is upon us now. The tassels of the corn are dead, and the husks of the standing ears have lost their green. The scythe is shearing the hay-fields of their last burden. Small, yellow leaves, that have exhausted their vitality before the advent of the frost, are dropping, one by one, from the trees. Flower stalks that but a few short weeks since stood green and glowing, bearing proudly up their wealth of floral beauty, now stand stark and dead. The first faint intimations of approaching dissolution rests upon all vegetation, yet, amid these scenes, the fruits of autumn are spread upon every side. Apples bend from the bough, nuts wait on the trees for the loosening fingers of the frost, wains go creaking home laden with homely roots, the granaries are already filled, and soon, housed and garnered, the product of the year will await the grateful use of man and animal.

All that is earthly must fade. "We all do fade as the leaf." Man has his Spring, his Summer, his Autumn, and his Winter. Some leaves wait not for the frost, and fall early, but we who grow crisp and dry with age, and we who grow golden and glorious in the frosts of time, must all a-

The Silby estate, belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Petre of England, has been sold to Lord Londesborough for £270,000. Mrs. Petre, whose property was left by her husband entirely at her own disposal, has taken the veil in a nunnery in France, which will of course receive the whole of her fortune.