

office, when she, herself, has served as ticket-vender?

Will the brother believe his sister sincere, when she represents to him the immense dangers of the gambling saloon? As he points to the ring on his finger, will she need other reply?

When the boy is forbidden to patronize the vagrant fortune-teller, does he not with propriety exclaim, "Why, what makes it so wrong now, mother? The ladies told fortunes at the Festival, and I thought it was real fun."

Influence is woman's weapon. With its loss, her power is gone, her charm vanished, and her spell broken. Let it be guarded well and handed skilfully. It is neither lawful, nor expedient, to "do evil that good may come." God's treasury will not be enriched, or the church benefited by any practice of Christian iniquity.

We would commend these considerations to ladies, earnestly desiring that in all their efforts to do good, they "may be blameless and harmless," without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom they should "shine as lights in the world."

Instructibility of the Bible.

Four thousand years this volume has withstood not only the iron tooth of time, but all the physical and intellectual strength of man. Pretended friends have endeavored to corrupt and betray it; kings and princes have perseveringly sought to banish it from the world; the civil and military powers of the greatest empires of the world have been leagued for its destruction; the fires of persecution have been lighted, to consume it and its friends together; and at many seasons death, in its most horrid form, has been the almost certain consequence of affording it an asylum from the fury of its enemies. Though it has been ridiculed more bitterly, misrepresented more grossly, opposed more rancorously, and burnt more frequently than any other book, and perhaps than all other books united, it is so far from sinking under the efforts of its enemies, that the probability of its surviving until the final consummation of all things is now much greater than ever. The rain has descended, the floods have come, the storm has arisen, and beat upon it; but it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock. Like the burning bush, it has been in the flames, yet it is still unconsumed; a sufficient proof, were there no other, that He who spake from the bush is the author of the Bible.—Payson.

LAZY BOYS.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course, we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work, little by little, as the child is taught to learn at school. In this way he will acquire habits of industry that will not forsake him when he grows up.

Many parents who are poor, let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labor. Such children, not having any idea of what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness.—There is a repulsiveness in all labor set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequence is, they rove about the world, get into mischief, and finally find their way to the prison or almshouse.

With the habits of idleness, vice may generally if not invariably be found. When the mind and hands are not occupied in some useful employment, an evil genius finds them enough to do. They are found in the street till late in the evening, learning the vulgar and profane habits of the older in vice; they may be seen hanging around groceries, bar-

rooms, and streets, where crowds gather, but they are seldom found engaged in study.

A lazy boy is not only a bad boy, but a disgrace to his parents, for it is through their neglect that he becomes thus. No parents, however poor, in these times of cheap books and newspapers, need let their children grow up in idleness. If they cannot be kept at manual labor, let their minds be kept at work; make them industrious scholars, and they will be industrious at any business they may undertake in after life.

Value of a Manuscript.

The original manuscript of Gray's *Elegy* was lately sold at auction in London. There was really "a scene" in the auction-room.—Imagine a stranger entering in the midst of a sale of some rusty-looking old books. The auctioneer produces two small half sheets of paper, written over, torn, and mutilated. He calls it "a most interesting article," and apologizes for its condition. Pickering bids ten pounds! Rodd, Foss, Thorpe, Bohn, Holloway, and some few amateurs quietly remark, twelve, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and so on, till there is a pause at sixty-three pounds! The hammer strikes. "Hold!" says Mr. Foss. "It is mine," says the amateur. "No, I bid sixty-five in time." "Then I bid seventy." "Seventy-five," says Mr. Foss; and five are repeated again, until the two bits of paper are knocked down, amidst a general cheer to Payne & Foss, for one hundred pounds sterling! On these bits of paper are written the first drafts of the *Elegy* in a country church-yard, by Thomas Gray, including five verses which were omitted in publication, and with the poet's interlinear corrections and alterations,—certainly an "interesting article;" several persons supposed it would call for a ten pound note, perhaps even twenty.—A single volume, with "W. Shakspeare," in the fly leaf, produced, sixty years ago, a hundred guineas; but probably with that exception, no mere autograph, and no single sheet of paper, ever produced the sum of five hundred dollars!

Squirrels in the Woods.

There are few things more pleasing than to lie upon the grass on a sunny day in summer, and watch the squirrels in the trees above you. Peering up, you will espy, on one of the tree stems, a little brown, monkey-like-looking rat, with a sort of rabbit's head, and a foxy tail as long as its body, and curling over it, and *ecce* my lord squirrel! Down he comes, leaping from branch to branch, clawing, racing so fast, and now he reaches the turf and sits upon his hind legs, and looks this way and that, and listens. Do not move, or he is off; do not wink so much as an eyelid. "All right?" his merry brown eyes seem to ask. Yes, all right; for a nut drops from between his teeth into his fore paws, and giving his mighty consequential tail an extra curl, he makes ready for breakfast. That is another sight—the way in which a squirrel deals with a nut. First of all he shakes and rattles it, that he may be sure there is something inside; then he twists round and round in his paws, till he gets the narrow end uppermost, for he knows that at the upper end the shell is the thinnest; then he begins to grate and file till he has wormed his way through, getting noisier and noisier as the bole gets bigger; and then come intervals of quiet, which mean that his teeth are in the kernel, and that he is eating all within reach; for a squirrel never has patience to wait till the kernel is clean out; he eats it by instalments in the shell, and trust him for getting the whole of it! Well, after the nut, he will perhaps pick the bones of an apple, if there be one within reach; and when he has had his fill he will wash his face with his paws, and his paws with his face, and, feeling quite clean and spruce and comfortable, he will roll over on the turf, making funny little noises, and giving queer little jumps, and then away! up the next tree stem, clawing, leaping, swinging, so fast, so fast—up and up, till your neck is out of joint with watching him, and he is lost among the leaves.

CHANGE OF DRESS IN THE ARMY.—A reform in the dress of the British army is to take place. The uniform of the line has been decided upon, and that of the cavalry is under consideration. The Guards are to remain as they are—bear skins, epaulettes, coatees, duck trousers, white cross-belts, and pipeclay. The soldier of the line is to wear a double-breasted red frock-coat, with pockets, and without epaulettes, with decorative buttons on the skirts and sleeves, shaped in at the waist like a dress coat. The Albert shako is to be replaced by a felt helmet, adorned with German silver. The rifle regiments are to wear bronze ornaments. The trousers of the line are to be dark blue, the light gray having been found to soil readily, and to necessitate, in consequence, an abundant use of blue ball, quite as detrimental to the health and comfort of the men as pipeclay.

Constantinople from the Sea.

No words can express the beauty of the city of Constantinople, with its charming suburbs of Pera Galata, and Scutari, when seen from the waters on the opposite shores of the Hellespont. Situated on a cluster of hills, which there border the Sea of Marmora, it presents an assemblage of charming objects, such as are not to be seen in a similar space in any other part of the Bay of Naples, nor the castellated majesty of Genoa, but in the perfection of the scene, the harmony of all its parts, and the homogeneous nature of the emotion it awakens, it is superior to either. The scene is perfect; the panorama as seen from the bay is complete. To the north, the majestic entrance of the Bosphorus—the waters of which are covered with *caïques*, while its shores exhibit alternately the wilderness of the savage forest and the riches of cultivated society—kindles the imagination with the idea of unseen beauties; to the east, the suburb of Scutari, in itself a city, with its successive ranges of terraces and palaces, the abodes of European opulence and splendour; to the west, the superb entrance of the Golden Horn, crowded with vessels, and the dense piles of the city itself, rising one above another in successive gradations, surmounted by the domes of hundred mosques, among which the cupola of St. Sophia and the minarets of that of Sultan Achmet appear conspicuous; while, to the south, the view is closed by the beautiful Point of the Seraglio, its massy structures guarded with jealous care, half obscured by the stately trees which adorn its gardens, and dip their leafy branches in the cool stream of the Dardanelles.—*Liverpool Advertiser*.

Crystal Palace Library at Sydenham.

We copy the following from the *Liverpool Journal*:—

Eighteen little books, cheap and elegant. We see each is a guide to some one department of the Crystal Palace, and they are all written by competent authors. They are full of facts, history, and knowledge, for they tell of art, of architecture, of science in Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Byzantium, Italy, and Europe in the middle and later ages. One of the guides tells you all that is known of the extinct world, and another by Mr. S. Phillips, "The Portrait Gallery," tells us of many great men living and dead. Of the former we make a few extracts:

THOMAS BRASSEY.

One of the chiefs of the aristocracy that has risen in these latest times upon the foundations of commercial enterprise. A prince of the new dynasty, whose dominion extends wherever civilization is fostered by the rail, and whose coronet is of iron. He commenced life as a surveyor at Birkenhead, and his first connection with a railway was a contract to supply the stone for a viaduct of the "Manchester and Liverpool." Since that time his labors have been incessant and extraordinary, both in his own country and out of it. Since 1846, he has, upon his own responsibility and credit, constructed upwards of 500 miles of railway, representing an aggregate of £9,250,000 of contract money. In France and Spain, his joint contracts with Mr. Mackenzie were for 189 English miles of road, and for nearly £3,000,000 sterling.

His engagements in Scotland and England, with Mr. Mackenzie and with Mr. John Stephenson, from 1844 to 1851, comprised 511 miles of railway and an aggregate of £7,400,000. His hands are still full, and his men are carrying out his behests in all parts of the world. In more senses than one the career of Thomas Brassey may be described as princely. The "Barentin" viaduct, of 27 arches on the "Rouen and Havre" line, tumbled down when all but completed; and the casualty involved a loss of £30,000. Mr. Brassey, the contractor, was neither morally nor legally responsible. He had repeatedly protested against the material used in the structure, and the French lawyers maintained that his protest freed him from liability. The contractor was of a different opinion. He had contracted, he said, to make and maintain the road, and no law should prevent him from being as good as his word. The viaduct was rebuilt at Mr. Brassey's cost. For the construction of this stupendous work, (accomplished in seven months,) 16,000,000 bricks were required, of which 14,000,000 were new, and made on the spot. Thomas Brassey is beloved by his countless retainers. Riches, power, influence, and dominion, have not touched his sound and feeling heart. We dare to speak truths of this living worth, for his life is in all respects one of the highest examples we can offer to our generation, absorbed as we are in the production of great industrial undertakings, and above all things, intent upon the pursuit of wealth.

Mr. Brassey is one of the firm of Jackson, Brassey, Peto & Betts, contractors for the European and North American Railway in New Brunswick, and the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada.

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM.—When I compare the clamorous preaching and passionate declamation, too common in the Christian world, with the composed dignity, the deliberate wisdom, the freedom from all extravagance, which characterised Jesus, I can imagine no greater contrast; and I am sure that the fiery zealot is no representative of Christianity.—*Channing*.

He who rears up a child in Christian virtue, or recovers one fellow-creature to God, builds a temple more precious than Solomon's, or St. Peter's, more enduring than earth or heaven.—*Id.*

Victoria Bridge, Canada.

The work, now fairly commenced, is, without exception, the grandest work of its kind on this continent. When Stephenson first projected a tubular bridge across the Menai Straits, people shook their heads and doubted the possibility of accomplishing such a work. When the Britannia bridge was completed, people came from all parts of Europe to inspect the wonderful structure.—Steamboat excursionists via Liverpool, and railroad excursionists via London and Chester, were equally loud in praise of this wonderful work.—Up to this very moment, it constitutes, with the Menai Suspension Bridge, one of the great attractions of the district, and the traffic in excursionists alone, is immense.

The Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence, will form a still more grand and important object of attraction, because of its being a far more surprising work of art. Thus the Britannia Bridge, thrown from cliff to cliff, has natural ramparts on which to rest. The low shore of the St. Lawrence does not present the same advantages to the engineer, which are to be found where the bold cliff of the Island of Anglesea, is separated from the equally bold cliff of the Welsh main, by this arm of the sea. To those who have not seen the Britannia Bridge, but who have seen the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls, we may say, that the cliffs at Niagara are not unlike in formation, those that border the Menai Straits, so that the tubes rest upon buttresses of solid rock. In the one case nature has prepared the place to the hand of the engineer, in the other, everything has to be done by the art and science of the engineer; and yet, in spite of these natural difficulties, the engineer proposes to throw a Tubular Bridge, two miles long, over the noble river with a centre arch, one hundred feet high over the only navigable channel of the river. A more stupendous and noble work, could hardly be conceived; and we should be dull observers, if we did not believe that it will, when completed, take its place, and be ranked beside the Tunnel under the River Thames, the Menai Suspension Bridge, the Britannia Bridge, and other monuments of human ingenuity, which are visited by pilgrims from distant lands, as abiding trophies of human genius and labor, and which administer more largely to the prosperity of the localities in which they are placed, than those who take a narrow view of the subject could possibly imagine. A few years hence, this very bridge may be one of the greatest attractions to bring the tourist and visitor to Montreal.—*Montreal Herald*.

THE BIBLE.—"The place which the Bible occupies in the history of the world knows no parallel. As a system of objective truth for a fallen race, it admits of no improvement and of no increase. There are no heights nor depths, no lengths nor breadths, which are not already included in it. Of self-advance it can know nothing; it is already at the goal; its only grief is that man will not follow. All his wanderings it has foreseen; all his emergencies provided for. Its scheme was laid at the first on the calculation of every element on man's nature, and every combination of which those elements admit. Its march through time has been marked by a train of blessings. Silently as the light it comes, and the darkness of ages flees before it. With the majesty of law it comes, and the anarchy of evil subsides into order and peace. There is no form of guilt which it has not vanquished, no intensity of anguish which it has not assuaged. And still it awaits each succeeding generation, on a higher level, and at a new starting point, beckoning the way to unattained heights of knowledge and excellence."

SALT.—Common salt is one of the most important substances for domestic and general use. It is obtained from three sources; from mines, where it exists in solid form, evaporation of sea-water, and from saline springs. About five hundred thousand tons of fossil or rock salt are annually produced in England. The principal of these mines are situated at Norwich, in Cheshire. There are rock-salt mines of extraordinary capacity and depth at Cracow, in Poland. Salt is a state monopoly in Austria; it is obtained of excellent quality from the mines of Bochnia and Willems, which yield upwards of thirty thousand tons annually, and would produce an inexhaustible supply. Prussia raised two hundred and fifty-five thousand tons in the year 1842, and the article is also procured extensively in Calabria, Catalonia in Spain, and Tuscany. Vast natural salinas or salt ponds exist on the shores of Patagonia, at Key West, Syracuse, and some other parts of the United States, and in the Bahamas. Eight or ten million bushels are made annually in the United States, and nearly as much more is imported, chiefly from Turkey Island. From forty-one to forty-five gallons of the brine of the Syracuse salt springs furnishes a bushel of salt. Salt to the extent of eight thousand tons was shipped in 1819 from Syracuse. The whole coast north of the province of Venezuela furnishes a considerable quantity of salt of a beautiful whiteness.

A private soldier writing home from Gallipoli gives an account of finding an English woman reduced to slavery by some Greek. She was shipwrecked when she was 12 years old,—when found she was in irons, with a large weight upon her chest. The men who had reduced her to slavery were to be tried, and are sure to be shot.