

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

WE know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows; with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues, while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture. Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person had assured me, that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion.

THE EVENING PROCEEDINGS OF ROOKS, &c.

THE evening proceedings and manœuvres of the rooks are curious and amusing in the autumn. Just before dusk they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne-down, where they wheel round in the air, and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exerting their voices and making a loud cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, makes a confused noise or chiding, or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow echoing woods, or the rushing of wind in tall trees, or the trembling of the tide on a pebbly shore. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley. We remember a little girl, who, as she was going to bed, used to remark on such an occurrence, in the true spirit of physico-theology, that the rooks were saying their prayers; and yet this child was much too young to be aware that the Scriptures have said of the Deity, that "he feedeth the ravens who call upon him."—WHITE'S *Nat. Hist. of Selborne*.

MUNGO PARK IN THE DESERT.

MUNGO PARK, during his travels in the interior of Africa, was stripped and plundered by banditti, on leaving a village called Kooma. When the robbers had left him, almost naked and destitute, he tells us, "I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, *naked and alone*; surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once upon my recollection; and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative, but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still

under the protecting eye of that Providence, who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend.

At this moment, painful as my reflexions were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss, in flower, irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to shew from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of the roots, leaves, &c., without admiration. Can that Being (thought I) who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not! Reflexions like these could not allow me to despair: I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed—in a short time I came to a small village."

THE LORD'S DAY.

Hail to the day, which He, who made the heaven,
Earth, and their armies, sanctified and blest,
Perpetual memory of the Maker's rest!
Hail to the day, when He, by whom was given
New life to man, the tomb asunder riven,
Arose! That day his Church hath still confest,
At once Creation's and Redemption's feast,
Sign of a world call'd forth, a world forgiven.
Welcome that day, the day of holy peace,
The Lord's own day! to man's Creator owed,
And man's Redeemer; for the soul's increase
In sanctity, and sweet repose bestowed;
Type of the rest when sin and care shall cease,
The rest remaining for the lov'd of God!

D. C.

AN hour of solitude passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or the conflict with, and conquest over, a single passion or "subtle *bosom* sin," will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the *faculty*, and form the *habit*, of reflection, than a year's study in the schools without them.

A reflecting mind is not a flower that grows wild, or comes up of its own accord. The difficulty is indeed greater than many, who mistake quick recollection for thought, are disposed to admit; but how much less than it would be, had we not been born and bred in a Christian and Protestant land, very few of us are sufficiently aware. Truly may we, and thankfully ought we to, exclaim with the psalmist: "The entrance of thy words *giveth* light; it giveth understanding even to the simple."—COLE-RIDGE'S *Aids to Reflection*.

It is a secret known to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—ADDISON.

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