

I came home. O Richard, I am so glad that we have no style or stateliness, but can live for each other!"

"And for God," he added. "That will crown our lives with joy. I also am glad and grateful."

After a pause, he said:—

"Let it be our rule to please God in all things, and not our fellow-men, and to this end be thoroughly truthful in word and deed. Let us continue to eschew pretension, as sinful in His sight, 'who has appointed the bounds of our habitation.' It is not hard to be poor, when we remember that it is His will."

Thus they lived at Langholm; not for the hollow praise or censure of the babbling world, but for their mutual happiness in the performance of duty. A lowly life, compared with others; few glimpses of rank or of pomp interwoven with its days; yet surcharged with a love and peace to which even its very cares ministered.

Agatha gained health week by week in the pure Shropshire air, wafted from Welsh mountains. At last she would stay no longer; and Hugh took three holidays from the urgencies of his metropolitan business, (certainly Dr. Ferrol's practice was extending,) and came down to fetch her home.

### CEYLON.

As we read Sir Emerson Tennent's work on this sunny island of the East,\* we almost imagine ourselves there, walking its groves of palm, sailing its waters overshadowed by the blue-flowered, holly-leaved acanthus; climbing its mountain ranges among crimson-blossomed rhododendrons of tree-like size; or dipping into its limpid streams for the dust of gems mingled with the sand in the "Island of Pearls."

Ceylon is adorned with the most luxuriant trees and magnificent flora of the world. Even on the sea-shore, among others may be seen screw-pines, with drooping clusters of "amber-coloured but uneatable fruit;" and "the graceful bamboo flourishes in groups, whose feathery foliage waves like the plume of the ostrich." So soft and fair are the island scenes, that it has obtained the tradition of being the home of our first parents when driven from the Garden of Eden. In support of this tradition is pointed out a mountain towering towards the sky, called Adam's Peak; on the crest of it is a footprint, supposed to be that of the father of all living. It is held sacred, and is covered by a temple, at which the natives worship.

At early morning, when the dew is sprayed over the ground, freshly distilled on the herbage, is to be seen the "anthelion," a curious phenomenon of light. A person's shadow appears to him to be edged with exquisite refulgence. "The light is intense, and the shadow proportionately dark. Each particle of dew furnishes a double reflection from concave and convex surfaces;" and the shadow,

\* "Ceylon: an Account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical, etc.," by Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D., etc. London, Longman & Co.

"but more particularly the head, appears surrounded by a halo as vivid as if radiated from diamonds." It may be best understood as like the "glory" with which the early painters invested the heads of their saints.

To us, a forest derives its beauty from the varying tints and forms of its myriad leaves; but in Ceylon, flowering trees and shrubs of the most gorgeous kind lend enchantment to the scene. There is the coral tree, clothed in scarlet; the murutu, with flowers each the size of a rose, and of all shades, from a delicate pink to the deepest purple. The orange and crimson asoca, and the kattoo-imbul, thorn-armed, and from whose tulip-like flowers falls "a silky cotton, forming a carpet of scarlet all around." The "king of the forest," a terrestrial orchid, is to be found about the moist roots of the trees. It has leaves among the most exquisitely formed in the vegetable kingdom. Their colour is dark velvet, approaching to black, and reticulated over all the surface with veins of ruddy gold.

Water, the mother of all this fertility, is abundant, and silvery streams thread the land. Coming from the mountains, they bring down pieces of spar and a variety of precious stones. Some streams are so rich in comminuted fragments of rubies, sapphires, and garnets, that the sands are used by lapidaries in polishing the softer stones, and in cutting the elephants' grinders into plates. They who turn gem-hunters—and many do—may perchance find a stray olive-tinted cat's-eye, or a pearly moon-stone, if not a star ruby.

Elephants so abound in Ceylon, that one of the titles of the kings of Kandy was "Lord of the Elephant." Their sagacity, their usefulness, their gentleness of disposition, has been alike praised by classical and modern writers. Perhaps they are most attractive when young. We have a description of one, who was about ten months old. He had "a little bolt head, covered with hair, and was the most amusing and interesting miniature imaginable." He was sent to Colombo, to the house of Sir Emerson, on the credit of his juvenile humour. He had a little stable erected for him, and became at once a general pet with the servants. "But his favourite resort was the kitchen, where he received his daily allowance of milk and plantains. He was innocent and playful in the extreme, and, when walking in the grounds, would run up to me, twine his little trunk round my arm, and coax me to take him to the fruit trees. In the evening, the grass-cutters now and then indulged him by permitting him to carry home a load of fodder for the horses, on which occasions he assumed an air of gravity that was highly amusing." He afterwards became one of the government stud, and mayhap has retired ere this "to the valley in Saffragam, among the mountains to the east of Adam's Peak," to die, if there be any truth in the tradition that there, by the side of a lake of clear water, the elephants take their last repose.

In a land of woods and mountains we expect the feathered inhabitants of the air to be numerous, and so we find is the case here. We have the oriole, with a flute-like voice, waking the sleeper at early

morning; the coppersmith, uttering noises like such an artisan at work; beautiful sun-birds, with two long white feathers which stream gracefully behind them in flight; the bulbul, which poetic tradition says laments when it sees the gathering of a rose; crows, that will undo the knot of a wrapper if it contain anything eatable, and carry away such trifles as kid gloves and pocket handkerchiefs; the cinnamon dove, feeding alone on the fruit from whence its name is derived; and a beautiful wood-pigeon (*Neola cobeya*), with a plaintive voice, so sweet and soothing, it is said, that, when irritated, "the feeling almost instantly subsides, on hearing the loving tones of these beautiful birds;" troops of flamingoes, or "English soldier-birds," as the natives call them, who, on rising into the air, glow with crimson, by the sudden display of the red lining of their wings: these, and many others, throng the woods and shores, or have their nests in the towering crags.

We talk here of "a fish out of water," as an emblem of being in an untoward position, but it will hardly hold good in Ceylon. Some of these denizens of the water take a journey overland as a matter of course. The perch especially is fond of a walking tour and occasional change of scene. This little creature issues boldly from its native pools, and addresses itself to its toilsome march, generally at night or in the early morning, whilst the grass is damp with the dew; but in its distress it is sometimes compelled to travel by day, and Mr. E. L. Layard on one occasion encountered a number of them travelling along a hot and dusty gravel road under the mid-day sun. Others there are with musical powers, and who are apparently accustomed to gather together in caverns and hold a festival, the mellifluous echoes of which cause the boatman lingeringly to rest on his oars. But listen: "There was not a breath of wind or a ripple, except that caused by the oars. I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass."

The warm sunshine of Ceylon, the gorgeous cups and bells of its flora, and its abundant foliage, form an Arcadia for the insect race. They give a constant life to the scene, by their ceaseless hum and glittering flight: dragon-flies flash lustroously, and beetles, whose golden wings shall hereafter be embroidered on eastern robes, bask in the sunshine; fairy-like butterflies assemble together, and "frequently the extraordinary sight presents itself of numbers of these delicate creatures, generally of a white or pale yellow hue, apparently miles in breadth, and of such prodigious extension as to occupy hours in their passage;" and bees, as plentiful and wild as on Hybla, and moths in endless variety, are among the *élite* of this world of tiny wings.

The existence of insects generally is a source of gratification to an intelligent little lizard, called the gecko. Our little friend, Mr. Gecko, makes himself at home in English houses, and presumes on his modest appearance and amiable temper to make himself a friend of the family. He

is usually attired in quiet grey tinged with pink, and will make a "spare room" or a "shake-down" of a crevice in the wall, or the space behind a picture-frame. In an officer's quarters in the fort at Colombo, one had been taught to come daily to the dinner table, and always made its appearance along with the dessert. However, white-washing and cleaning turned the house upside and down, and Mr. Gecko ceased to call. People lamented their little friend as dead; but lo! at their first dinner he made his entrance as usual, when the cloth had been removed.

The wild and uncivilized trenches closely on the civilized here, and it amply illustrates life in our tropical colonies, when we hear, in a description of an Englishman's home: "So successfully have the elegancies of landscape gardening been combined with the wildness of nature, that during my last residence at Kandy, a leopard from the forest above came down nightly to drink at the fountain in the parterre."

Among the many things of interest mentioned in the book are the ruins of Anarajapoor, and the "Victorious, Illustrious, Supreme Lord, the sacred Botree," to which, in point of age, the Oak of Ellerslie and the yew trees of Fountains Abbey are young; the great tanks, and the golden enshrined tooth of Buddha; cookery, which includes bread-fruit baked, and seasoned with the green leaves, fresh and uninjured by the fire. Mention, too, is made of the idolatry of the people—their offerings of hecatombs of flowers, their temples festooned into huge bouquets, and the air around them ever heavy with the perfume of champac and jessamine.

And now one parting word. It provokes very serious thoughts to remember in how many of these sunny lands of the South and East the inhabitants are strangers to the elevating and invigorating Christian faith. But the Bible student hopes for the time when the physical beauty of the countries shall be surpassed by the lustre of the virtues of the peoples; when the moral excellency of society at large shall surpass the beauty of the fairest efforts of Creation:

"For as the earth bringeth forth her bud,  
And as the garden causeth the things that are in it to spring forth,  
So the Lord will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."

### THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

By the kind permission of the Council of the Art Union we present, in this and the following number, copies of the engravings of Webster's celebrated pictures, *The Smile*, and *The Frown*.

There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school:  
A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I know him well, and every truant knew.  
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he:  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.  
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.

GOLDSMITH'S "Deserted Village."