


We are apt to consider the artistic line as especially suited to the female capacity, influenced in part, perhaps, by the idea that the *appreciative* faculties of woman shew themselves to be in that department possibly superior to those of men. As far as the manual part of the work is concerned, and up to a certain point the mental, the pursuit of art (taking the word in its most commonly received sense as relating to painting and drawing,) is especially adapted to the capacities of women; but only up to a certain point. It is as painters, as well as musicians and poets, that men have reached heights the weaker sex have not the power to scale, high

as one or two amongst them may have climbed.

If people would but get rid of this false idea, that one half of the human race is meant to be in all things equal to and like the other, this question of the so-called "rights" of women would not be carried to such extremes practically and theoretically as is sometimes the case. But as no difficulties are so insurmountable as those which exist solely in the minds of agitators, and few things so endless as arguing in a circle, it is probable that the subject will continue to occupy a certain class of persons until one of newer interest shall arise to take its place. E.

## THE CHILDREN'S INFIRMARY.

 N visiting an Infirmary for Children, a year or two ago, I do not think I ever saw a sadder sight than the poor little ones dying, without either friend or parent to soothe their last hours with tender words and loving hands; though, to be sure, they wanted for nothing while the kind nurses were near. Still, it was a most distressing scene, and ought to stir up as many as have witnessed it, to fresh endeavours for the comfort of these suffering little lambs of Christ's flock.

Oh! 'twas a pitiful, sorrowful sight,  
The tired little forms, in their white-covered beds;  
Their eyes turned away from the dim evening light,  
And their hands pressing weakly their hot little heads.

Such sad wistful glances they gave as I past,  
Such tears as I bent down to kiss a pale brow;  
The lives of those sick ones were shortening fast,  
And many have entered their rest before now.

What scene is more sad than a child's slow decay!  
How much they would give for a mother's fond care;  
The wan little faces turned feebly away,  
When I asked if they found any solace in prayer.

One specially weak tried to stretch out his hand,  
But failing, fixed on me his sorrowful eyes:  
"Oh! tell me," he whispered, "about, that fair land  
Where children are happy and nobody dies!"

But ere he had listened a minute or two,  
His frame was exhausted, his eyes softly closed;  
Oh! then the sick boy had that fair land in view.  
I gazed once again; in death's sleep he reposed.

Another, a child of some ten or twelve years,  
Was making book-markers of card-board and thread;  
She offered me one, with her eyes full of tears,  
I'll keep it in mem'ry of her that is dead.

I have not forgotten that scene of distress,  
But oft in my prayers lift a word up on high,  
That God in His mercy the sick ones will bless,  
And teach them to know Him, their God, ere they die.

ANON.