

Original Poetry.

The author of the following lines says, addressing the Editor: 'About six years ago I lost a fond mother. Perhaps you know the sad meaning of such a loss. We do not appreciate blessings until they have fled. The enclosed is a tribute to my mother's worth.' In giving a place to these lines we confess the man, within the sacred corner of our literary work-shop, rather than the Editor, has prevailed.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

'Tis but thine image here I see,
Thy soul has flown
Up to thy God, from sin set free—
Up to His throne.

When on thy loving face I gaze,
I call to mind
How winning were thy gentle ways,
Thy looks how kind.

But when I muse on early days
Long past and gone—
When all my childhood's wayward ways
I think upon.

Oh, mother! thoughts reproachful crowd
Into my mind,
And speak to me in accents loud
Of deeds unkind.

How I too oft, with stubborn will,
Thy fond heart grieved—
And would not faithfully fulfil
Commands received.

Oh! wert thou with us as of old,
And I as now,
Not for a mine of wealth untold
I'd cloud thy brow.

Not for the gold of East or West
Thy disobedience
But now thou'rt gone, thou art at rest,
From us away.

And, oh! could tears thus late atone
For errors past,
I'd lay me down and weep and moan,
While life should last.

But self-inflicted grief will ne'er
For sins atone—
Forgiveness comes by faith and prayer
Through Christ alone.

I look to Him, He is my all—
My Saviour—God;
He keeps my feet, so that I fall
Not in the road.

My future life, I trust, shall show
My sorrow, true;
I pray in holiness to grow,
And wisdom too.

Dear Mother, if the Saints above
Do e'er appear
On messages of peace and love
To mortals here;

Come down, I pray, and round me shed
A holy light,
So that to sin I be not led;
My steps guide right.

Not of thyself canst thou do this—
An angel thou—
God, as a messenger of bliss
Will thee endow.

To those who are salvation's heirs
His angels come
To guard them from all hidden snares,
And lead them home. *

My guardian angel thou wilt be,
While here below;
And when I ever think on thee
I'll stronger grow;

I'll forward press to gain the crown
Laid up for me,
And never lay my armour down
Till hence I flee.

C. W., June, 1863.

* Hebrews i. 14.
H.

POETS AND WOMEN.

G., a young poet, sends four stanzas, but whether G. is young man or maiden, we cannot say. The handwriting is masculine; the timidity of the accompanying letter is feminine. Yet again, he in whom idealism is an inborn thing, giving birth to the spiritual emotion which seeks expression, though not always finding it, in the language of poetry, is feminine in soul; he is timid, tender, loving, trusting; although he may rise and soar into lofty rapture. The man who is a true poet is in genius refined, and tender, sensitive and ethereal as a woman. The woman, who is a true poet is—an angel. And what is that? We do not know. Nor is it within the compass of man's knowledge to comprehend all the nature of a woman, not even the ordinary woman. But she who unites in her own being the charms of ex-

ternal personality, the qualities of mind which give her dominion over social happiness, and love within the household, and the exquisite idealism which we call poetry—what is she? Man calls her an angel, because he does not know what an angel is. He believes the term to mean something with wings, yet so ethereal as to be unseen and impalpable, so greatly superior to himself that he cannot describe it.

But the woman who is an angel in the house, is not necessarily very beautiful in outward person; nor need she be a poet; but she cannot be otherwise than refined in sentiment, and tenderly affectionate. Such mothers are remembered by their children as having been more than woman. Such a mother, doubtless was that of C. W., whose invocation to his Mother's Picture is inserted on this page. Such a mother many lose, and live to mourn for. But there is a greater bereavement, a deeper anguish. The beloved and loving wife who is mother of the young children of your affection may be lost; that is a separation which wrings the soul as the death, or remembrance of no mere mother can. Then, are father and children desolate in the world. Then does the empty place make us understand that there was once an angel in the house.

G., as already said, sends four stanzas, which he (or she) says: 'were suggested by a notice in the Canadian Illustrated News, to our accomplished Poetess, Miss Pamela S. Vining.' G. 'wondered what had become of her sweet contributions, which always shed a halo around them wherever they are read.' Then he says, timidly: 'I hope you will forgive me this trespass on your time, and if you should consider these lines worthy you may insert them as a humble offering from an untutored lover of the muses. But if they do not come up to your standard, deal as leniently as possible with me, for an Editor's pen is a terrible weapon when he chooses to use it in chastisement. Therefore, to you I now commit this, my first born, and to your tender mercies I recommend it.'

Do not be afraid to try again G. the man who wields this Editorial pen is not a savage. Your verses are better than the first attempts of most other beginners, but some of the rhymes are not quite perfect, as you may see if you have retained a copy. The Editor gives two of the smoothest stanzas, the first and third:

TO OUR CANADIAN POETESS.

Maid of the forest wild,
Nature's darling child,
Why now in silence so long hangs thy lyre?
'Tune it in pensiveness,
'Tune it in cheerfulness,
Touch it again with thy sweet muse's fire.

Gladly we'll welcome thee,
With thy sweet melody,
Pensive or cheerful, whichever it may be,
Listening and longing,
We wait for thy coming
Dear Maid of the forest, we're waiting for thee.

We are happy to inform G. and others that the mail of Saturday last brought a poem from Miss Vining, which will give sweetness to our pages next week.

LANCASHIRE EMIGRANTS.

Attention is directed to the following statement taken from the Montreal Herald, and to our subjoined remarks. The Herald says: 'We are glad to learn that the first instalment of an emigration from Lancashire, which we trust will be very numerous, has arrived in this city by the Nova Scotia. We have a certificate in manuscript, which is not very clear, as to the number of persons who have come out; but the printed documents with which it is accompanied lead us to suppose that there are fourteen, representing a society of six hundred and fifty-four members, who have come out to see the country for themselves, and if they judge it advisable, to invite their friends to cross the ocean. The society comprises 137 married couples, with or without families; 60 males and 32 females are single adults; and 288 are young persons under 18. Their previous occupations are as follows: 335 factory operatives; 7 warehousemen; 25 domestic servants; 22 mechanics; 9 joiners; 3 blacksmiths; 2 wheelwrights; 2 sawyers; 6 moulders; 3 wood-turners; 6 seamstresses; 2 painters; 2 slaters; 3 coopers; 1 baker; 6 shoe-makers; 2 tailors; 1 glass-blower; 2 brush-makers; 1 carrier.

They bind themselves to act upon the co-operative principle, each member paying 2d. per week out of the small sums they obtain for relief, and then, as we understand it, draw for the first chance to emigrate. They prefer British North America to the antipodal colonies, (1) because the cost of transporting the whole society to Canada would only convey 163 to Australia; (2) hoping,

ultimately, to settle on the lands so generously proposed to be offered to the Lancashire unemployed by the Canadian Government; (3) because a country so long settled is calculated to absorb fresh labor with far less suffering to the emigrants than colonies which have been recently established. The deputation desires to interest our Government and all other persons in their behalf, especially by obtaining aid towards the cost of passages, finding employment, &c., and there is a highly respectable committee at home, who profess that their object is not to transfer a burden from the Lancashire ratepayers to a benevolent community elsewhere, but to remove honest, industrious, sober men from a district where their labor is not likely to be in request at present, to one where they believe that they can be usefully and profitably employed.'

We sit, rise, stand, amazed to the degree of astonishment, that a respectable journal like the Montreal Herald should republish some of these statements in a tone of approval and endorsement. The Canadian government has not offered to make grants of land to the unemployed Lancashire operatives. It was intimated, on the part of Mr. John A. Macdonald, leader of Opposition, that he would move that the Canadian government should grant half a million of acres, on condition that the British government sent the people here and provided for their settlement on the land.

We, of the Canadian Illustrated News, who have no party fetters to wear, warned the Lancashire operatives, and sent copies of this paper specially by mail to individuals in England, giving them caution that if they came to Canada in any considerable number, they would come to starve and perish of hunger. There is no poor law here. More persons die of hunger and cold, mercilessly left to despair, and the death of outcasts, every year in Canada, from out of its two-and-a-half millions of people, than perish in like manner out of the thirty millions of Great Britain and Ireland, where there are poor laws. We might say ten times more and be within the truth. More such died in each of the small cities, and in each of the small towns and villages of Upper Canada, in the winter of 1862-63, and more die of hunger and cold in Montreal and Quebec every year than in the great city of Manchester, England.

Mr. John A. Macdonald's intimation of what he intended to move in the House of Assembly, was merely the restlessness of a party leader, to embarrass a government which he knew would not grant half a million of acres; which has not half a million of acres to grant in any region where white men could hope to live. The conditions which he proposed were such as he knew the British government would not accept. The public lands of Canada have already been granted to speculative land companies or otherwise prodigally dissipated. In the valley of the St. Maurice fifteen hundred thousand acres are held by the North Shore Railroad Company, who by occasional Acts of Parliament renew their rights to the land, yet do not make the railroad. That is in Lower Canada. But there is room and inducement, in Upper Canada, for tens of thousands of people to arrive yearly, and for millions within ten or fifteen years, if the Canadian government, and the people whose servants the members of government are, make provision to keep these new settlers alive, giving them, on credit, food, seed, and implements, to be paid for with their lands by instalments after a short period of years.—An addition to the Provincial debt for such objects would be an investment at once patriotic, generous, and wisely provident.—To induce these people to come to Canada without such or any provision, for their employment and sustenance is cruelty; it is morally if not legally an atrocious crime.

The editor of this paper repeats what he has in his various works on Political Economy, laid down as an axiom in conservative science: The human being is the primary constituent of national wealth; and the guardianship of human happiness is the true function of any Political Economy worthy of being termed a conservative science.

The primary duty of the British government was to provide the means of life for the factory operatives until the return of a sufficient supply of cotton, and with it the people's usual employment.

War with the Federal United States, which so many persons and newspapers in Britain seem so ready to provoke, or to accept, will within the first year, add one hundred millions of pounds sterling to the national debt, besides exposing the whole domestic commerce of the Empire to the taxation of war,

and much of the external commerce to extinction. Such a war will postpone the supply of cotton indefinitely. It will be arrested on passage from India, Africa, everywhere, as well as from the American Confederate States. The supply of wool may be interrupted or cut off from Australia. What will be the condition of manufactures and domestic industry then? Only a few millions sterling added to the national debt, to keep the unemployed alive, and a generous reserve towards the United States, would have answered two noble purposes—the preservation of the working people and the conservation of peace.

Useful Information.

FUNCTIONS OF THE SKIN.

The skin of our bodies is a wonderfully complex structure, and in the animal economy its functions are of the most important character. The stomach, the liver and even the brain itself are not so necessary to life as the skin. Persons may live for several days without food, and the liver may wholly cease to act for several days before death results, but death will ensue in a few hours if the functions of the skin are destroyed. Experiments have been made with the lower animals, and the results show that the skin is the most important auxiliary to the lungs in the process of the aeration of the blood. By varnishing the fur of a rabbit or coating the skin of a pig with an air-tight substance, the animal dies in about two hours, with all the symptoms which are produced by cutting off the supply of air from the lungs. On the accession of Leo X. to the papal chair of Rome, there was a grand procession in Florence, and a little girl was coated all over with gold leaf, to represent 'The Golden Age.' The child died in a few hours in convulsions, to the horror of the spectators, who were ignorant of the cause. From such facts we may infer how important it is for health to keep the skin in an efficient state, so as to discharge its functions; and this part of the human body has been placed within the control of man, while most of the other organs of the body are beyond his visible control.

In insects the entire respiration is conducted by means of pores in the skin called 'spiracles.' These are guarded by minute hairs, but if a feather dipped in oil is applied to the abdominal portions of an insect's body, such as that of a wasp, it dies almost instantly from suffocation.

Aeration of the blood is not, however, the only function which the skin has to discharge. Absorption is also carried on by the lymphatic vessels which permeate the skin everywhere over the whole surface of the body. Persons, in whom disease of the throat closed up the natural entrance to the stomach, have been kept alive days and weeks by being frequently immersed in baths of warm milk; the celebrated Duc de Pasquier, who died in France not long ago at the age of ninety years, had been kept alive for several weeks before his death by such means. Various salts have been detected in the secretions of persons who have used baths containing those salts in solution.—The skin may also be said to be the special organ of the sense of touch. It forms a beautiful covering for the body, preserves the delicate structures underneath, regulates the intensity of sensations from without, and by excretion it removes from the body materials which are no longer of any use to it, and which, if retained any longer, would become injurious.

The structure of the skin shows how beautifully it is adapted to the discharge of its important offices. It is composed of two layers—the outer layer is called the 'cuticle' or scarf skin, and sometimes the 'epi-dermis,' and the inner one is called 'cutis' or true skin and sometimes the 'dermis.' This latter rests upon an interlaced netted structure called the 'areolar tissue,' out of which the granules and fibres of the skin are formed. At one time it was held that there was a third layer called the 'rete mucosum' or pigment-layer, between the true and scarf skins, but from later researches it is ascertained that there is no such layer, and that the pigment cells to which the color of the skin in different races is due are but a development of the scarf skin. In general the scarf skin is thin, but the true skin is of variable thickness, and it is so thick in the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, elephant, etc., as to have acquired for them the name of pachydermatous animals. The cuticle consists of several layers of laminated scales which are formed by the flattening of the granules in the deeper layers. These granules, in man, are at first nucleated cells, and the coloring matter of the skin resides in these. They are very minute, being about one three-