

mean struggle; when he saw in actions like that which we are met to express our gratitude, that wealth did not choke up the springs of benevolence, he thought he must admit that if there were some clouds in our sky, there was a large amount of sunshine. The Professor made some appropriate observations upon the public spirit and benevolence of Mr. Ketchum, in making a handsome gift to the cause of education in Yorkville, and sat down amidst loud cheers.

Rev. Dr. Ryerson was next called upon. He spoke of his long acquaintance with their guest, having known him more than thirty years—of his uniform benevolence throughout a long life—of his being one of the earliest supporters of the Bible and Tract Society, and foremost in every good work—of his exertions in behalf of civil as well as religious liberty—of his assistance in establishing the first Sunday School in Toronto. Dr. R. then made some flattering allusions to the speech of Prof. Wilson, which he characterised as eloquent and statesman-like, and thought the country fortunate in possessing a man of such learning and distinction. He also passed some compliments to Prof. Cherriman, and proceeded to commend the practical wisdom of Mr. Ketchum in connecting public amusements with the instruction of youth, in the conditions annexed to his gift. Dr. Ryerson explained at some length his views and efforts in behalf of common school education. His remarks were well received.

Mr. Robert Beard moved the following resolution, seconded by Rev. Mr. Givens, who made a very excellent speech, chiefly in commendation of the many acts of benevolence which had distinguished Mr. Ketchum's life, whom he had known upwards of 40 years:—

Resolved,—That this meeting, composed of the inhabitants of the municipality of Yorkville, assembled for the purpose of rendering their grateful thanks to Jesse Ketchum Esq., of the city of Buffalo, but for upwards of a quarter of a century a townsman of York, now the flourishing city of Toronto, during which period his many acts of liberality and benevolence rendered his name a familiar and treasured household word, at the firesides of all who had the pleasure of knowing him in those days—and also to reiterate our thanks to him for his generous gift of land within our borders, dedicated to the support and advancement of the education of the present and future generations, and that our best wishes accompany him to his family and his home, and that he and they may obtain their reward of good works done on earth, in heaven.

The meeting broke up at a late hour, all parties—and we observed persons of all ranks and creeds in religion and politics—seeming highly gratified with the proceedings. Last evening the children of the various schools of the village were regaled with tea, cakes, &c., by the Board of Trustees. The juveniles enjoyed themselves amazingly, and will, no doubt, long retain a vivid recollection of the happy occasion.—*Toronto Globe*.

Miscellaneous.

THE VILLAGE TEACHER.

BY MAY ELLWOOD.

Bending beside her little flock
The teacher stands,
Calmly wearing cut with toil
Life's feeble bands.

Upon her brow a shade of sorrow lingers,
Traced by care's unsparing iron fingers.

A single glance of her dark eye
Will tell of sorrow
Which has no happiness to-day
Nor hope to-morrow.

Her thoughtful dreaming eye still tells of sadness
Freezing up the youthful fount of gladness.

The rosy hectic on her cheek
Is burning bright;
Her brow is pale, but in her eyes
Shines a pure light.

Her burning cheek and marble brow, so fair,
'Tell the sad tale that death's dark seal is there.

The children look to her for aid—
She loves them all—
But she must leave them, for she heard
Her Father call.

The seal of Heaven is set upon her brow,
Nor cares of life can pain her spirit now.

The friends she loved so well have flown
Far, far away;
No kindred spirit meets her own—
Why should she stay?

The old school-house will know no more her tread,
And these young hearts will mourn a spirit fled.

THE BEAUTIFUL MYSTERY OF INFANCY.

There is no sentiment more natural to thoughtful minds than that of reverence for childhood.—Many sources both of mystery and love meet in the infant life. A being so fresh from non-existence seems to promise us some tidings of the origin of souls; a being so visibly pressing forward into future makes us think of their tendency. While we look on the 'child as the father of man,' yet cannot tell of what kind of man, all the possible varieties of character and fate appear for the moment to be collected into that diminutive consciousness; that which may the germ of any is felt as though it were the germ of all; the thread of life, which from our hand that holds it, runs forward into distant darkness, entwines itself there into a thousand filaments, and leads us over every track and scene of human things; here through passages where poverty crawls, there to the fields where glory has its race; here to the midnight lake where meditation floats between two heavens, there to the arid sands where passion pants and dies. Infancy is so naturally suggestive, it is the representative of such various possibilities, that it would be strange did we not regard it with a feeling of wonder.

A HOUSE AND A HOME.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

God be thanked for THE HOUSE. The heart cannot carry all its feels, and so it overflows every day, and the house is a place where all its streams do collect. The heart is like a plant in the tropics, which all the year round is bearing flowers, and ripening seed, and letting them fly. It is shaking off memories and dropping associations. The joys of last year are ripe seeds that will come up in joy again next year. Thus the heart is planting seeds in every nook and corner; and as a wind which serves to prostrate a plant, is only a sower coming forth to sow its seeds, planting some of them in rock crevices, some by river courses, some among mossy stones, some under warm hedge, and some in garden and open field, so is it with our experiences of life, that sway and bow us either by joy or sorrow. They plant every thing around about us with heart seeds. Thus a House becomes sacred. Every room hath a memory, and a thousand of them; every door and each window is clustered with associations.

After years and years we go back to the house of our infancy, and faces (that long have looked up without seeing the roots that grow over them) look out upon us, and an invisible multitude stand in gate and portal to welcome us, and airy voices speak again the old words which men do not hear except in childhood and in the house.

One pities spirits that have no *bodies*. Poor things! what a mortification it must be to flit about like a shadow, or so unsubstantial that men can look through you and not know that you are there. It may be all well enough in August to wish oneself a cloud, riding in fleecy high up in the cool air. But when one has in Autumn and Winter heard his own footsteps awhile, grasped substantial hands and clasped forms that he could feel, he feels a natural pity for poor misty spirits that cannot condense enough to be palpable to the senses. But what a poor, shivering, restless, rapping sprite is without a body, that is a living man without a HOUSE. He cannot take root. A man at a hotel is like a grape-vine in a flower pot, moveable, carried round from place to place, docked at the root and short at the top! There is nowhere that a man can get real root-noon, and spread out his branches till they touch the morning and the evening, but in *his own house*. If I could I should be glad to live in the house that my ancestors had lived in from the days of the flood! That cannot be, for in ascending the line of ancestry I find the people but not the houses; and it is more than suspected that some of them never owned one. My father's house! It is like a picture rubbed out. The frame and canvas are there, but strangers have possessed it. The room where I was born, where my mother rocked my cradle, and sang as angels do, where she died, where all my boyish frolics began and life spread out its golden dream—they are all overlaid by other histories. We planted pleasant things in the old house, but the Assyrians came in and settled down in them. The educating power of a house cannot be over estimated. It is doubtful whether civilization would not totally change its character, if men should cease to live in their own permanent homes. One reason of the difference between city and country is that men board or rent houses in cities; they own and abide in the country. One has