

New Zealand is also following the example set by her neighbor.

Canada, with her 2,000 deaf and dumb, and almost as many blind—for the latter nothing, I believe, is done, except what Mr. McGann has been able to do, by taking a few into his school at great inconvenience and expense—is very far behind the United States and Europe. But the day will soon come when everything will be in the right condition for the instruction of both these classes, for the Government of the New Dominion has been convinced that what they have hitherto done is utterly insufficient for them, and further efforts are being made for educating the hundreds of deaf and dumb still uncared for in our midst.

The time will come also when Canada will see the necessity of adopting the English arrangements for the adult deaf-mutes. The hearing children have everything prepared for them on leaving school—churches, lecture-halls, mechanic's institutes, colleges, and the effusions of the press. The deaf-mute cannot always enter these edifices with any advantage, unless the teachings are arranged for his benefit, and given in his peculiar language. The deaf and dumb will continue to pour into the large cities of Canada as they leave school, and the saloons and low grogeries will find them accommodation for assembling together, if nothing is done for averting that degrading course.

God's doings need not here be questioned. We, frail creatures, cannot comprehend the mystery of His dispensations, which are enshrouded in inscrutable wisdom; but let the unborn generations of this land be enabled to whisper that their ancestors in the days of Victoria did their duty!

THE LAMENT OF THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY STAGNELIUS, A SWEDISH POET.

Behold, the birds fly
From Gauthhead's strand,
And seek with a sigh
Some far, foreign land.
The sounds of their woe
With the hollow winds blend;
"Where now must we go?"
Our flight whither tend?"
'Tis thus unto heaven that their wallings ascend.

"The Scandian shore
We leave in despair,
Our days glided o'er
So blissfully there.
We there built our nest
Among bright-blooming trees,
There rocked us to rest
The balm-bearing breeze,—
But now to far lands we must traverse the seas.

With rose-crown all bright
On tresses of gold,
The midsummer night
It was sweet to behold;
The calm was so deep,
So lovely the ray,
We could not then sleep,
But were tranced on the spray,
Till wakened by beams from the bright car of day.

The trees gently bent
O'er the plains in repose,
With dew-drops besprent
Was the tremulous rose!
The oaks now are bare,
The rose is no more,
The zephyrs' light air
Is exchang'd for the roar
Of storms, and the May-fields have mantles of hoar.

Then why do we stay
In the north where the sun
More dimly each day
Its brief course will run?
And why need we sigh?
We leave but a grave
To cleave through the sky
On the wings that God gave!
Then, Ocean, be welcome the roar of thy wave.

When earth's joys are o'er,
And the clouds darkly roll,
When autumn winds roar,
Weep not, O my soul!
Fair lands o'er the sea
For the birds brightly bloom;
A land smiles for thee
Beyond the dark tomb,
Where beams never-fading its beauties illumine.

ST. GEORGE FOR MERRIE ENGLAND.

As everybody knows, St. George is patron saint of England, and one of the Seven Champions of Christendom. We are all familiar with his martial figure, clad in glittering armor, bestriding a fiery steed, and killing the dragon in the most gallant manner possible. Perhaps the knowledge conveyed by this accurate representation of the saint, and the legends therewith connected, are sufficient for all practical purposes. Patron saints are not now so indispensable as they once were, and people are not curious about their lineage or history. Once upon a time, knights were ready to fight to the death in honor of their patron saints, and in vindication of every word of the amazing tales of which they were the glorious heroes. But times have changed. Knights do not, now-a-days, keep the Queen's highway, lance in hand, to give battle to all who refuse to acknowledge that the most Lovely, Beautiful, and Virtuous Lady Dorothea is the most lovely, beautiful,