

taught me better, and for a happy, good-natured set of children, I will turn out my little Japanese friends against the world. God bless the boys and girls of Nippon!

VIII. Miscellaneous.

1. POETICAL GEMS.

There are some happy moments in this lone
And desolate world of ours, that well repay
The toil of struggling through it, and atone
For many a long sad night and weary day.
They come upon the mind like some wild air
Of distant music, when we know not where,
Or whence, the sounds are brought from ; and their power,
Though brief, is boundless.—*Halleck.*

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased :
The which observed, a man may prophesy
With a near aim of the man's chance of things
As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings lie intresured.—*Shakespeare.*

There's a proud modesty in merit !
Averse to asking, and resolved to pay
Ten times the gift it asks.—*Dryden.*

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.—*Rogers.*

Earth is an island, parted round with fears ;
The way to heaven is through a sea of tears ;
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wreck of many a ship, but no man drowned.—*Quarles.*

Off the cloud which wraps the present hour,
Serves but to brighten all our future days.—*B. Brown.*

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed, are sweeter still.—*Rogers.*

2. POETICAL DEFINITIONS.

How musically and beautifully some people express their thoughts !
Are not the following definitions in a quaint, curious, pleasant style ?

Religion—A key which opens wide the gate of Heaven.
Death—A knife by which the ties of earth are riven.
Earth—A desert through which pilgrims wend their way.
Grave—A home of rest which ends life's weary way.
Resurrection—A sudden waking from a quiet dream.
Heaven—A land of joy, of light and love supreme.
Faith—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.
Hope—A lone star beaming o'er a barren heath.
Charity—A stream meandering from the fount of love.
Bible—A guide to realms of endless joy above.

3. ANECDOTES OF BOY LIFE IN LONDON.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

How do the poor live in London ? I will give you a little of my street experience. One day I caught a little fellow not bigger than a good-sized baby, with his hand in my pocket. I caught him in the act, and turned and saw the little fellow with his right hand up to his eyes, crouching and squirming like a dog, expecting to be punished.

"What are you doing with your hand in my pocket ?"

"Nothing."

"Where is your father ?"

"Father's dead."

"Where is your mother ?"

"I ain't got none."

"Where are your friends ?"

"Ain't got no friends."

What could I do ? I let him go, and he dived like a rat, into a pile of unfinished buildings ; and that was his home. Another of these boys told me that his mother died before he could remember, and, when his father died, the furniture of the room was taken to

pay the expenses of the funeral, men were taking away the things and now he slept in a garret, or a railway arch or an omnibus. Or poor boy said that he passed the greater part of one winter on a iron roller in Regent's Park.

BEST FOR THE WEARY—A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

"Yet the promise of rest to the weary and heavy laden has visited some of them. A friend of mine, seeking to relieve the poor, came to a flight of stairs that led to a door, which led into a room reaching under the slates. He knocked. A feeble voice said, 'come in' and he went in. There was no light ; but as soon as his eye became adapted to the place, he saw, lying upon a heap of chips and shavings, a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a sweet face. 'What are you doing here ?' he asked the boy : 'Hush, hush ! I am hiding.' 'Hiding ? What for ?' And he showed his white arm covered with bruises and swollen. 'Who was it beat you like that ?' 'Don't tell him : my father did it.' 'What for ?' 'Father got drunk, and beat me because I would not steal !' 'Did you ever steal ?' 'Yes sir, I was a thief once.' These London thieves never hesitate to acknowledge it, it is their profession. 'Then why don't you steal now ?' 'Because I went to the Ragged School, and they told me, 'Thou shalt not steal ! and they told me of God and Heaven. I will never steal, sir, if my father kills me.' Said my friend, 'I don't know what to do with you : here is a shilling ; I will see what I can do for you.' The boy looked at it a moment, and then said : 'But, please sir, wouldn't you like to hear me sing my little hymn ?' My friend thought it strange that, without food, without fire, bruised and beaten, as he lay there, he could sing a hymn ; but he said : 'Yes, I will hear you.' And then, in a sweet voice, he sang :—

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.
Pity my infirmity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain would I to Thee be brought ;
Gentle Lord, forbid it not ;
In the kingdom of Thy Grace,
Give Thy little child a place."

'That's my little hymn : good-bye !' The gentleman went again in the morning ; went up-stairs ; knocked at the door—no answer ; opened it, and went in. The shilling lay on the floor. There lay the boy with a smile on his face—but he was dead ! In the night he had gone home. Thank God, that he has said : 'Suffer little children to come unto me !' He is no respecter of persons, black or white, bond or free, old or young. He sends his angels to the homes of the poor and the destitute ; the degraded and the wicked, to take his blood-bought little ones to his own bosom !"

4. QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER OWN CAPITAL.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

One sight is often to be seen in Hyde Park which strikes a republican as rather strange. You are leaning against the rails, idly watching the ceaseless flow, when all at once, as suddenly as by the word of command, though not by word of command, every one of the carriages pulls up on one side, the equestrians do the same, and two scarlet grooms gallop by. Immediately behind, in a plain carriage, is a lady, rather stout, with a good colour, with a baby or daughter, or female attendant. There is nothing particularly remarkable about her ; yet every hat is lifted, every head is bared, and towards that matron lady every eye is turned ; and no wonder ; for that is Victoria, England's Queen ! She reigns for her virtues supreme in the affections of Englishmen. An Englishman is proud of his country ; but above all of his Queen. Wherever he is, however remote from his own island home, 'The Queen !' is the first toast given at all public festivities where Englishmen are congregated—'The Queen, God bless her !'

In England there is an immense respect to rank and wealth. In this case, the highest rank in the land is filled by a woman, and that woman a wife and mother, and, in all relations of life, a pattern to her people. No wonder that John Bull gets red in the face as he shouts, with might and main :

"Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen !"

5. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND CANADA.

The Prince of Wales does not forget Canada. We have pleasure in learning that he has just sent Mrs. Hatt, daughter of Col. de Salaberry, and Mrs. Laura Secord, £100 stg. each, as a mark of sympathy for these ladies in their straitened circumstances. The Mrs. Secord spoken of is the widow of the late Jas. Secord, Esq., of Chippawa. Her patriotic services during the war of 1812, which are well known, were brought under the notice of the Prince during his visit last summer, have thus been handsomely acknowledged.