



JOHN A.—My dear L—r P—v—s, I dare say you find my cake hot, hard, and tough; but *do* try to swallow it.

#### A Vision.

(By the Nephew of His Uncle.)

I stood upon a height overlooking a fair country, and I said, oh, my country! thou art a goodly inheritance. My heart is glad, and I worship thee as an angel of beauty! Thou art like unto a woman of surpassing loveliness, draped in a mantle of white! But why is thy cheek so pale, and thine eyes dim as with weeping, oh, idol of my soul. And methought her gaze of sorrow was turned upon me, while pearly drops fell from her eyes and lay like diamonds on the green grass at her feet. She spoke and her voice was wasted to me on a trembling zephyr, and the sound of her voice was plaintive as the song of the lonely bulbul, and its notes tremulous as the Eolian when the night winds moan amid its strings. "Thou speakest to me in my sorrow, but my tears cease not to flow—thou speakest, but thy words bring no comfort to my soul! Why is my cheek pale, and why have mine eyes grown dim? Because of sorrow, tribulation and affliction. Because of my children who are trodden in the dust. Their oppression is great! And thou, oh, son of man! cease not to wail and lament. Make thy voice to be heard on the highway and in the narrow streets. Cry strenuously against the oppressors and spare them not; for their eyes glitter after gold, and they are greedy, and lust after power. Their strength is upon them, and they would overturn and completely cast down the altars of thy forefathers. Because they are of the past, and therefore sacred, for this would they destroy them.

"Vanity and Folly have lifted them up, and sit with them in the halls of Pride. And their voice is as the sound of the trumpet, and they laugh to scorn the humble and meek.

"They say, we have woven a cunning web of many colours: the weak and the strong are woven together, and the strength of man cannot rend asunder the work of our hands. They rejoice in their strength and their cunning, and feast in palaces, while the lonely and humble cry at the gates and there is none to hear."

#### Correspondence.

Mr. *Sprite*.—Of course you have read the Hon. Mr. McGee's speech at Wexford, in which he alludes to the liberality of the Canadian Government in furnishing him with a Protestant minister and a Roman Catholic layman, as aides-de-camp. My Jim, who is rather a smart boy, astonished me this morning with the following:—

"I say, papa, why is Mr. McGee sure to get back safe from Dublin?"

"I give it up, my son."

"Why, because he has a Protestant *divine* on one side, and a Catholic *Devine* on the other."

#### "That Piece of Feather."

We beg to correct the Editor of the *Montreal Gazette* as to the meaning of "that piece of feather." We do so reluctantly, but rather than have the wearers accused of "rescuing raiders," we give the true state of the case. The pieces of feather, denote the contributors to the *Sprite*. So you see, friend *Gazette*, some one has been *raiding* on your credulity.

The sound of her voice is gone and her form is still—her white mantle is like unto a shroud.

And as I looked—behold a stately pile! Lights dance and glitter within its silent walls, and a sound as of laughter and boisterous mirth issues from its opening doors. And as I looked behold seven forms! Their forms are like unto those of men, but their features are distorted in laughter and mockery, and they approach the idol of my soul. And one of them, whose hairs are whiter than the mantle of my beloved, (and old enough to know better,) gazed down upon her, and his eyes glistened like those of the serpent. He raises his voice, and it is harsh like the grating of a file, or the rending asunder of new linen. Moreover his words were broken, and jangled in the pure air, and were lost to me. Then, as they laughed and chattered, another stepped forward and his face was full of cunning, and his limbs were thin as a young spruce tree, and appeared to grow in length but not in comeliness, and the hair of his head was like unto a black sheep of the mountains when the winds scatter her wool. While he leered upon the idol of my soul, a third approached, and his form was more ungainly than the last: he also had limbs like unto the young spruce, but they bent together as he walked, and had no strength in them. He placed his foot on her neck, and his foot was of monstrous size—there was no beauty in it.

They unroll a web of many colours—they spread it by the side of my idol. They seize her in their polluting grasp, and lay her quivering form upon the earth; then with loud acclaim and fiendish laughter they toss her to the sky, and catch her snowy form again, but to repeat their devilish game. And as she rises and falls, methinks her form melts away into thin air—and she is gone. My Canada disappears from the face of the earth!

Oh, least idol of my soul!

Oh, fiendish, deluding ministers!!

Oh, web fatal, of Confederation!!!