

of Nero, at about 1,020,000; and Pekin of modern times is said to be the only city which has any claim to rank beside it; but eye-witnesses tell us that Pekin is rather a peopled district than a city. Paris, Vienna, and Berlin united would but a little more than equal it in the number of its people; and twenty-three of the other largest cities of these isles must be rolled into one to make a second London. Sir Salar Jung, in visiting it, may also, while describing Paris as "the city of pleasure," well refer to "the severe aspect and activity of London," seeing that 10,488 vehicles course through twenty-four of its principal thoroughfares every hour, and 384,000 pedestrians and 75,000 vehicles pass over its bridges daily. In the words of Sir Joseph Bazalgette, "it is now without a rival as regards its size and population, not only in the present but as far as we know in the past history of the world. Its population is equal to that of the whole state of Holland, is greater than that of Scotland, and double that of Denmark, and if it continues to increase at the same rate until the end of the century it will then equal that of Ireland, as indeed Outer London now does."—*Christian Chronicle*.

SAYS HE.

"Whatever the weather may be," says he,  
 "Whatever the weather may be—  
 "It's plaze, if ye will, an' I'll say me say—  
 "Supposin' to-day was the wintriest day,  
 "Wud the weather be changin' because ye cried,  
 "Or the snow be grass were ye crucified?  
 "The best is to make your own summer," says he,  
 "Whatever the weather may be," says he,  
 "Whatever the weather may be!"

"Whatever the weather may be," says he,  
 "Whatever the weather may be,  
 "It's the song ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear  
 "That's a-making the sun shine everywhere;  
 "An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,  
 "Wid the bird in the bush and the bud in the tree,  
 "Whatever the weather may be," says he,  
 "Whatever the weather may be!"

"Whatever the weather may be," says he,  
 "Whatever the weather may be,  
 "Ye can bring the spring, wid its green an' gold,  
 "An' the grass in the grove where the snow lies cold,  
 "An' ye'll warm your back, with a smilin' face,  
 "As ye sit at your hearth like an old fire-place,  
 "Whatever the weather may be," says he,  
 "Whatever the weather may be!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

I think when the cold white winter is past,  
 The world must be made over new,  
 I know that the sunlight is brighter far  
 And the sky, a much deeper blue.  
 The daisies come out like stars in the grass;  
 Just watch how their petals unfold,  
 And wild winds dance, with the little new leaves  
 On the trees that had felt so old.

The violets are blue as bits of the sky,  
 The May-blossoms pure as the snow,  
 See, where the tiny anemones hide!  
 They're so modest and shy, you know.  
 And leafless willows are all covered o'er  
 With the strangest, fuzziest things,  
 Pale yellow catkins, so yellow and bright  
 In the sheen that the sunshine brings.

Gay butterflies flit through the perfumed air,  
 Or linger among the flowers,  
 But fold their wings if a chill breeze blows,  
 And hide from the sunlit showers.  
 The streamlets rival the birds in their song,  
 In a low-toned musical flow,  
 As they wend their way by the millside slopes  
 To the widening river below.

Hear the children's voices so full of glee,  
 Through woodland and flowery fields,  
 I wonder if ever they'll grow too old  
 For the joys that the spring-time yields?  
 And pray that they never may grow too old,  
 To believe in the "creed of love,"  
 And wake at last from the winter of death  
 For the spring-tide of life above.

EMILY A. STEES.

SLANDER.

'Twas but a breath—  
 And yet the fair good name was wilted;  
 And friends once fond grew cold and stilted  
 And life was worse than death.

One venomed word,  
 That struck its coward, poisoned blow,  
 In craven whispers, hushed and low—  
 And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one,  
 That muttered low, for very shame,  
 The thing the slanderer dare not name—  
 And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,  
 And yet, so mighty is its power,  
 A human soul in one short hour,  
 Lies crushed beneath its blight!

NOTICE.

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