

neck indicates that its power of wrenching and grubbing up roots must have been tremendous. Its food was fern-roots, which, in New Zealand, are so farinaceous that the natives make bread of them to this day. It has been named the *dinornis*, because it is the most stupendous of birds (*deimos*, fearfully great, *ornis*, bird). The disappearance of the *dinornis* is easily accounted for. When the progenitors of the present native tribes first landed from the South Seas, the *dinornis* must have been their only animal food; for in New Zealand no quadrupeds are indigenous. As it took no longer than a century for the Dutch to extirpate the dodo from the Mauritius, a couple of centuries would have quite sufficed to kill and cook the *dinornis* off the face of New Zealand. When these birds had been all eaten up, the Maoris took to killing and cooking one another. The next great zoological excitement to be looked for is a real, live *dinornis*. If one of these gigantic birds be ever found and brought to the Regent's Park, the hippopotamus may accept the Chiltern Hundreds and retire from the representation of the Nile, disgusted at the lead that will be taken by the hon. member from New Zealand.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds 20 years of age; a wolf 20; a fox 14 or 16; lions are long lived, Pompey lived to the age of 70. The average age of cats is 15 years; a squirrel and hare 7 or 8 years; rabbits 7. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. Wheu Alexander the Great had couquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and then let him go with this inscription;—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter, has dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20. A horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 25 to 30. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of 10. Cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1000 years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years. Ravens frequently reach the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 300. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200. Pelicans are long lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107

THE GREENWOOD.

A blessing on the good greenwood,
In the glory of its prime,
When the leaves dance bright in the golden light
Of the pleasant summer time;
When the blackbird trills from the topmost bough
His loudest, clearest strain,

And with murmuring hum, the wild bees come
To the honeyed limes again.
A blessing on the good greenwood,
In the beauty of its spring,
When the brown buds swell in each sheltered dell,
And the larch is blossoming;
When the sage old rocks from the mighty elms
Converse in mystic phrase,
And the violet breathes, from its purple wreaths,
Sweet sighs o'er the moss grown ways.
A blessing on the good greenwood
In the pride of its decay,
When of ruby and gold are its robes unrolled,
In glory passing away.
How sweet is the calm, the hushed repose
Of the glowing autumn eves;
While the robin's hymn mid the woodlands dim
Is heard through the fading leaves!

A blessing on the good greenwood
When the winter's voice is heard;
When the storm clouds rise, and the white snow lies
In the nest of the singing bird.
Where the linnet dwelt and the dove rejoiced,
And flowers and leaves had been,
Doth the stern cold north for his home deck forth
A palace of silver sheen.
A blessing on the good greenwood
In each changing year and day,
For its paths are sweet to the weary feet
And the lonely heart alway,
Yet hath it a welcome blithe and glad
For the young, the gay, the free,
As their tryst they keep, when the wild flow'rs sleep
All under the greenwood tree.

April 28th. ELLEN C.

"WHERE ARE THEY NOW?"

BY ELIZA COOK.

The sun rays came with floods of golden gladness
When Childhood dwelt upon our laughing
lips;
But time has dimmed the dancing beams with
sadness
And manhood murmurs through the grey
eclipse,
Where are they now?"
What scented leaves and glowing buds were
flinging
Their fairy odours round our early day!
But manhood looks while bloom and branch
are springing,
And sighs amid the brightest on its way,
"Where are they now?"
What starry hopes illumed our dreaming spirits
When life and love were beautiful and new!
But Age, with all the wisdom it inherits,
Breathes o'er the molten gems of morning
dew,
"Where are they now?"
Oh, pensive words! how many a blissful treasure
Ye serve to point to as a long-lost thing!
How many a heart that pours Life's richest
measure
Must learn thy plaintive notes, and faintlysing,
"Where are they now?"