

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE!

Look at the bright side! The sun's golden rays
All nature illumines, and the heart of man
cheereth;

Why wilt thou turn so perversely to gaze
On that dark cloud which now in the dis-
tance appeareth?

Look at the bright side! Recount all thy joys;
Speak of the mercies that richly surround
thee;

Muse not for ever on that which annoys;
Shut not thine eyes to the beauties around thee.

Look at the bright side! Our friends, it is true,
Have their failings, nor ought we to mention
them lightly;

But why on their faults thus concentrate thy
view,
Forgetting their virtues which shine forth so
brightly?

Look at the bright side! And it shall impart
Sweet peace and contentment and grateful
emotion;

Effecting its own brilliant hues on thy heart,
As the sunbeams that mirror themselves on
the ocean.

Look at the bright side! Nor yield to despair!
Though some may forsake, yet others still
love thee;—

And if the world seems mournful colours to
wear,

Oh look from earth's shadows to heaven
above thee!

HOME.

A home! It is the bright, blessed, adorable
phantom which sits highest on the sunny
horizon that girdeth life! When shall it
be reached? It is not the house, though,
that may have its charm; nor the field,
carefully tilled, and streaked with your
own foot paths; nor the trees, though
their shadow be to you like that of a
"great rock in a weary land;" nor yet
is it the fireside, with its cozy comfort;
nor the pictures, which tell of loved ones;
nor the cherished books; but more than
all these, it is the *presence!* The altar of
your confidence is there; the end of your
worldly faith is there; and adoring it all,
and sending your blood in passionate flow;
is the ecstasy of the conviction that there,
at least, you are beloved; that there you
are understood; that there your errors
will meet ever with gentlest forgiveness;
that there you may unburthen your soul,
fearless of harsh, unsympathizing ears;
and that there you may be entirely and
joyfully—yourself!

It was a favourite maxim of the Duke
of Wellington that persons who are good
at excuses are seldom good at anything
else.

When is a wall like a fish?—When it
is sealed.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

Answers to the following Questions will be given
in next No. In the most time we suggest to our
young friends to exercise their ingenuity in solving
them; so that they can compare the results of their
efforts with the published Answers, when their pa-
pers are received. All communications in connec-
tion with this Department of the Weekly Miscellany
should be sent post paid.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* is an order of nobility;
my *second* is a covering for the head; and
my *whole* is the dignity of my *first*.

2. My *first* is very sweet,
Though never made by me;
Some think it quite a treat,
And relish it for tea.

My *second* was so bright,
When Harry by my side,
On a calm summer's night
Ask'd me to be his bride.

He is my husband now,
And I'm a smart young wife,
For 'tis my *whole* you know,
Though it cannot last for life.

REBUS.

Read me aright and I'm useful to cooks,
But by transposition, draw boys from their
books;

Again transposed, then me you would shout
Most lustily after a thief, I've no doubt;
Transpose but once more and I may be
found

In each street of the city both steadfast
and sound.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A person dies worth £13,000, a portion
of which he leaves to a charity, and twelve
times as much to his eldest son, whose
share is half as much again as that of each
of his two brothers, and two-thirds as
much again as that of his five sisters.
Find the amount of the bequest to the
charity.

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NO.

Riddles.—1.

The Riddle which to us you gave
Concerns a monster of the wave.
Though he has neither hands nor feet,
Yet floats he through the mighty deep.
Though thousands him do ne'er behold,
His bone supplies wants manifold;
His oil to thousands giveth light,
And to the Esquimaux at night.
When Jonah fled from God's command,
And sought to hide in a strange land,
On board a ship he paid his fare,
But God was with him sailing there;
And sent a storm out o'er the wave,
Which fear and dread the sailors gave.
Then Jonah did confess his fault—
How he did from his God revolt.
Then he was cast into the sea,
That it might calm and peaceful be;
But God a great fish did prepare,
That he of Jonah might take care.
Three days and nights he did him keep
Beneath the great and mighty deep;

And then the WHALE, at God's command,
Plac'd Jonah safely on dry land.
Thus God from him took back that soul.
He wanders still from pole to pole. J. F.

2.—Bad Money.

VARIETIES.

A man coming to pay his rent bill, ten-
dered his landlord a very ragged looking
bank-note, at the same time apologizing
for its dilapidated appearance. "Your
apologies are unnecessary," said the land-
lord; you are only doing what you should
—paying a rent bill."

The good heart, the tender feeling, and
the pleasant disposition, make smiles,
love, and sunshine everywhere.

An impetuous volunteer, while practising
the military science alone in his gar-
den, tumbled backwards into a ditch.
His wife hurried to his assistance, and
implored him to say whether or not he
was hurt. The reply was, "Go away,
woman; what do you know about war?"

AN ERUDITE MAYOR.—The Worcester
Chronicle gives the following as a verba-
tim copy of a letter from a chief magis-
trate of a certain corporation:—"Dear
Sur,—On Monday next I am to be made
a Mare, and shall be much obliged to
you if so be as you will send me down
by the Coach some provisions fitting for
the occasion, and I am to ax my brother,
the old Mare, and the rest of the Bench.
I am, sur," &c.—The above was answer-
ed by a wag, into whose hands it fell, as
follows:—"Sir,—In obedience to your
orders, I have sent per coach two bushels
of the best oats; and as you are to treat
the old Mare, have added some bran to
make a mash."

Why cannot a family of girls be pho-
tographed? Because there's no son (sun).

The best way to do good to ourselves
is to do it to others; the right way to
gather is to scatter.

Sheridan agreed with Walker that the
pronunciation of *wind* should be *wynde*,
but insisted; contrary to Walker, that
gold should be *goodl*. Mr. Sheridan tells
us that Swift used to jeer those who pro-
nounced *wind* with a short *i*, by saying,
"I have a great minn'd so finn'd why you
pronounce it winn'd." An illiberal critic
retorted this upon Mr. Sheridan, by say-
ing, "If I may be so boold, I should be
glad to be toold why you pronounce it
goodl."

A USEFUL DOG.—"I say, stranger,"
said a cottage urchin in the neighbour-
hood of Montreal to a pedlar, "don't
whistle that dog away."—"Why, he
ain't no use nohow; he's too homely."
"Oh, but he saves heaps of work."
"How?"—"Why he cleans the plates
and dishes, so that they never want wash-
ing; and mother says she wouldn't part
with him nohow, for our new dog hain't
got used to mustard yet."