

All things to all she is; for why?—in all
Her skill is to be true and natural.
True to herself, and to the high ideal
That God's grace gave her to inform the real;
True to her kind, and to your every feeling
Respondent with a power of kindest healing.
She knows no falseness, even the courtliest lies
She dreams not; truth flows from her deep
blue eyes;

And if her tongue speaks pleasant things to all,
'Tis that she loveth well both great and small;
And all in her that mortals call politeness,
Is but the image of her bright soul's brightness
Direct from heaven. Such is the perfect fair
Whom in my heart I hold, and worship there;
And if the picture likes thee well to see,
Know, lady more than half I stole from thee!

Blackwood's Magazine.

A SHAM LADY.

Sing a song of nonsense,
Silly Mary-Ann;
"Maw" is in the kitchen
Working like a man—
"Paw" is in the counting-house
Toiling hard for money;
You are in the parlor,
Don't you think it funny?

Sing your song of nonsense,
Sometime, Mary Ann,
You'll be in the kitchen
Working like a man.
Husband in the counting-house,
Earning little money;
Daughter in the parlor,
Then it won't be funny.

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

THORNHILL, SCOTLAND, &c.

MY DEAR MELVILLE:

I enclose an unpublished poem of Burns, as recited by an old lady, 103 years of age. As you are an able and eloquent exponent of British poetry, I wish you would examine it carefully at your leisure, and tell me if you think it genuine. I think myself the old lady is right; it has a good deal of the ring of Burns about it. What a good thing it would have been had your friend HATELEY WADDELL got it for his new edition.

I hear you are into the winter's work once more. I trust you will have a prosperous season. I wrote you when at the coast, but as you never answered it, I do not know whether you got it or not. Nothing new here at present, unless it be that wedding the people are speaking about; pity it is only talk as yet.

Hoping to hear of you soon,
D. CLARK.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM OF BURNS.

(as recited by an old Woman aged 103 years who met the poet at Thornhill.)

"TO THE POTATO."

"Guid e'en, my auld acquaintance cronie,
I'm glad to see thee bloom sae bonnie;
Of fruits and flowers there is nae monie
Can match wi' thee:
I question much if there be onie,
At least to me.

[us,

"It's now twa months since ye've been wi'
As soon's ye can, come in and see us;
Ye'll banish poverty quite frae us,
The time ye stay;
And troth I hope ye winna lea' us
Till Whitsunday.

"I'll mak my braw young bouncing wencher,
Place thee upon a bowl or trencher
Wi' floods o' milk as deep as Hinchlar,
In case I had it;
I'll show thee fairly I'm nae flincher,
When ance I said it.

"Ye're now the poor folks bread and scone
And hungry meals ye gar stan yon,
Frae me to him that fills the throne,
O' happy Britain:
Baith young and auld, man, wife and wean
Ye haud them eating."

REPLY.

There is a jarring rhyme here which Burns would not have allowed. But perhaps the fault is in the old lady's memory, as the style is truly like that of Burns in other respects. I conjecture that the closing lines were originally:
"Baith young and auld, wife, wean and me
Ye hand them eatin'."

EDITOR.

ALL FORGIVEN.

How many sins will God forgive? At
How many is all? Every one. Not a
left unforgiven; not 99 out of 100; not
999 out of 1000, with one little one
rankel or condemn. But All! All! The
Word of God is this—"Who forgiveth
thine iniquities." "The blood of Je-
Christ His Son cleanseth from ALL sin."
Is not this pardon like God?