

She differed materially from the young lady at the College in Hamilton, C. W., who gave it as her opinion that 'a good, honest mechanic, with his sleeves rolled up and his tools in his hands, was worth fifty of those empty-headed fops who strut up the sunny side of the street,' even though the last mentioned owned thousands. Would that all girls thought so. What a change it would make! Young men would not then dread marriage as they do now, on account of the extravagance of women. A woman would then be a helpmeet for a man, thus filling the position that God created her to fill, and not a useless dressed-up appendage to a man who has to toil hard, whether with his brains or his hands, for the money which she thoughtlessly and foolishly expends.

Lottie Clifton married a rich merchant, who was attracted by her beauty and accomplishments, but he soon found the difference between the maiden he had wooed and his wife. He soon discovered that she had married him for his wealth, and he despised her. His domestic unhappiness had such an effect upon his mind that he neglected his business; his affairs went wrong and he failed. They were now poorer in this world's goods than George and Emma had been when first married, and how much poorer in happiness, for there was no love to sustain them. Lottie's spirits sank beneath this affliction, and upon her death-bed she sent for her old friend, Emma Carleton, now the wealthy Mrs. Spencer.

'Oh! Emma,' she cried, wringing her hands in despair, 'my life has been all a mistake—all a mistake—oh! that I had not cast from me the loving, noble heart that was offered me in the days of my youth!—Let my fate be a warning to all coquetts.'

THE MAID OF THE MIST.

The reader is solicited to remember the occurrence on which the following lines are founded. In the summer of 1861, "THE MAID OF THE MIST," a small steamer constructed on the NIAGARA, opposite CLIFTON, and employed to convey adventurous tourists up the river, and into the clouds of spray that forever conceal the mysterious depths into which are swallowed up the mighty "Falls," was from CLIFTON to QUEENSTON, a distance of over seven miles in about 20 minutes; running without material injury. "THE RAPIDS," where the waves are said to average 20 feet in height, and the current descends at the rate of 20 miles an hour. The name of the brave man who steered her was, I believe, ROBINSON.

All purposes that move the hearts of men To swift conceptions, and impulsive deeds, In full fruition find their loss or gain. He, whose confounding eagerness betrays The blind resources of a feeble brain, Beholds his work collapse,—a splendid ruin. He, who clothed on with calm determination, And rudder'd by far-seeing experience, With no hot haste, but noblest energy, Fronts the great danger he must overleap; Fear nor defiance in his steadfast soul, That man may look, with deepest human trust, For vast success to crown his high resolve.

And such was he who in the distant West Achieved a Fame that Rumour loves to tell, And travellers from Earth's remotest region Hear with amaze—half doubt, half admiration:— Such Fame as Death shall hardly dare to cancel; Such Fame as follows him where'er he go, And casts around the scene of his exploit Associations of heroic skill.

There, where tumultuous NIAGARA Hurls ever down the his congregated waters Into unfathomable and misty gulfs, With headlong thunder, like the sullen roar Of far a tillery; whence issuing, He moves to the North in stately majesty,— There, moved beneath the frowning eastern bank Rocks on the pacified and gentle stream "The Maid of the Mist."

Scarcely heaving with the undulating wave She lay serenely still—"The Maid of the Mist," At the earliest dawn of dawn, when many a star Yet quiver'd with a lingering scintillation, And the pale primrose of the waning moon Shew'd like some straggling remnant of a cloud. The grey gull flapped along with labouring wing,

And up the pines the restless woodpecker Pursued his swift, circuitous ascent, Hurrying from bough to bough; the blue-bird flashed, The dense, precipitous woods were thronged with life.

She would not, for her iron pulse was still, Before this mighty orb where'er we dwell Shall in its fixed pre-order'd revolution Again present the great NIAGARA, With its huge rocks and multitudinous foliage To the fierce eye of the beholding sun, Yon little bark shall skim victoriously The horrid borders of annihilation.

Just where the genius of God-like man Has bridged the gulf that separates two peoples, Both famous in the world's broad History, In culture and development of Science,— Both rivals in a great progressive age,— Vexed by the virulence of petty scribes, Who waste their mean perverted intellects In probing wounds long healed, almost forgotten:— There the NIAGARA prepares for flight, And hurls itself with fierce velocity Into a chasm betwixt two mighty rocks Haunted forever by reverberations.

Under the brige, so fairy-fine in shape, Whereon the commerce of a continent Rolls, night and day, in proud security; Into "THE RAPIDS," into such a war Of waters as no human eye hath seen Elsewhere, must pass to-day "THE MAID OF THE MIST."

She went, whether the Heathenish FATES impelled, Or the unparalleled daring of a single heart May claim the sole supremacy, she went.

The sun blazed down with saltry fervidness; The quarried rocks smoked in the breezeless glare; The adders coiled themselves in burning sleep On the bald stones; the birds, too faint to sing, Concealed themselves in leafy crevices, As upwards, slowly, and with doubtful wheels, Steamed toward the FALLS the tiny MAID OF THE MIST;

For he below, who ruled her furnace heart, And knew not the projected enterprise, Must credit, by the dead, resisting tide, She sails again on her original course.

Four hundred paces from her moorings past, A hand appeals to the responsive helm:— She veers, she floats on the descending stream, As frail and helpless as a drifting weed.

With fatal ease upon the smooth, broad wave, With noiseless hurry swam "THE MAID OF THE MIST," Leaving behind her on the stagnant air The long thin pennon of triumphant steam.

Beneath the lofty over-arching Bridge She cleft the sharp infolding cataracts, And burst into the sea of wrath below.

We cannot know, no human tongue can tell, The momentary horror of that plunge, But he, whose grasping brain had learned the key

To the ten thousand currents of NIAGARA, Clutched with unconquerable tenacity The slavish helm, his flashing eye undimmed, And all his frame unquaveringly erect.

The mountainous billows reared their foaming crests In intertwining, horrible contortions, As though a million giant-horses fought, Lashing convulsively their snowy manes, Strangling themselves in the agonies of DEATH.

The swirling waters, swallowed and engulfed, Were vomited in coronets of spray Full fifty feet above that moveless hero.

They hurled the intruder with volcanic roar; Sucked her beneath,—infuriated maelstroms! Hissed at her in their angry impotence, Batter'd and crushed, but still they bore her on,

A Thing of Life sublime!—A Thing of Life:— Till, all their fierce exasperation vain, They panted down into a resolute calm. An oily calm, a smooth hypocrisy.

Undaunted still, seeming imperishable, She, guided by his superhuman skill, With overmastering indifference Spurned the WINDMILL'S snaky treachery, Drove on her pathless track, and, still supreme, Flew to her haven of rest, and nestled there, Moored to a friendly shore,—a Thing of Life,

As peaceful with her wounds as when she lay Beside the shore above, in the earliest dawn of dawn.

Such is the story of no distant date, Which these poor lines so feebly eulogize; They fail, because no pen can ever yield The full conceptions of the weakest brain; May they be added to the rich archives Of old Romance, and learn Posterity That though "the many fail, the one succeeds."

J. J. JONES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In relating anything he had heard, Scott, says Mr. Leslie, added touches of his own that were always charming. 'Why, Sir Walter,' once interposed John Clerk after-wards Lord Eldon, 'that's a story of mine you've been telling; but you have so decorated it that I scarcely knew it again.'

'Do you think,' replied Scott, 'I'd tell one of your stories, or of anybody's, and not put a laced coat and cocked hat upon it?'

The laced coats and cocked hats in which he dressed his inexhaustible store of anecdotes made him a favorite in society long before he was known to fame. Speaking of his lameness, he said, 'When I was of the age at which lads like to shine in the eyes of girls, I have felt some envy in a ball-room of the young fellows who had the use of their legs; but I generally found when I was beside the lasses, I had the advantage with my tongue.' His face, as is well known, had a heavy look when not animated, and, except in the capacious forehead, gave no indication of his genius, but there was more benevolence, Mr. Leslie states, in his countenance than is embodied in any portrait which was ever made of him.

'The gentle turn of the head,' we are told, 'and the lurking humour in the eye and about the mouth were Scott's own.' In his walks he frequently pointed out the precise effect which would strike a painter; but, with an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature, he had little or none for the same effects when transferred to canvass. 'To him,' says Leslie, 'pictures were interesting merely as representing some particular scene, person, or event, and very moderate merit in their execution contented him. There were things hanging on the walls of his dining-room which no eye possessing sensibility to what is excellent in art could have endured. I am inclined to think that in music also his enjoyment arose chiefly from the associations called up by the air or words of a song.' A strong proof of the correctness of this opinion is, that he maintained that the bagpipe was a fine instrument. Little, however, as he estimated music by its intrinsic qualities, he had a keen relish for Highland melodies and military marches. His face was lighted up by the inward delight, and his whole body swayed slightly in unison with the tune.—Quarterly Review.

"SMALL, BUT GOLDEN GRAINS."

Where necessity pinches, boldness is prudence.

If a jewel is bright, no matter who says it is counterfeit.

A passionate man scourges himself with his own scorpions.

The world is a workshop, and none but the wise know how to use the tools.

Hope is a working man's dream.

A lie begets a lie, till they come to generations.

He who spares when he is young, may spend when he is old.

Good instruction is as necessary as food.

He denies himself who asks what is possible.

An obstinate heart shall be laden with sorrows.

Cherish the buds of piety, and they will bloom with benevolence.

Memory is the mother of the Muses.

Purchase by persuasion rather than enjoy by violence.

Levity of manners favors vice, and weakens virtuous inclinations.

Make provision for want, in time of plenty.

A QUAKER once hearing a person tell how much he had felt for another who was in distress and needed assistance, dryly asked him: "Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"

The wit deservedly won his bet, who, in a company when every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagged that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, two half-brothers, each measuring six feet.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

— Lord Lyon arrived in Quebec on Monday last, and proceeded to Spencer Wood. He dined at the Governor's, the Premier and Messrs. Dorion, Cartier, &c., being present.

— Some boys, employees of the Grand Trunk Railway, at Montreal, had a quarrel on Saturday last, and a lad named Cleland struck another named Riley with a bar of iron, breaking his jaws. He is not likely to recover.

— Edward Mills, of the Ottawa No. 1 Rifles, was accidentally shot by a member of the Foot Artillery, a few days ago. A rifle, while being loaded by the latter, exploded, and death speedily ensued.

— The Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Knox's Church, Galt, left for a fortnight's sea-bathing at Portland, on Monday. Before his departure, his congregation presented him with the handsome sum of \$237, to defray his expenses.

— From June, 1862, down to March, 1863, arms, ammunition, and other military stores, of the value of £363,285, have been sent from Woolwich and the Tower to Canada, besides clothing for the English troops. The articles sent included 30,000 rifled muskets, 20,941 cartridges, and ammunition (for small arms), 6,800,680.

General and Mrs. Thunb, Commodore Nutt and Miss Warren intend visiting Canada in the fall.

— 2117 emigrants have arrived at Hamilton during the month ending Aug. 31st. Of these the destination is said to be—to the United States, 1,193, and 942 to Canada. 655 were Germans, 676 Irish, 282 English, and 271 Scotch.

— The Hon. Col. Knowlton died last week, at St. John's, C. E.

— Arrangements for a battalion drill at Guelph, on the 26th of this month have been made. The Guelph, Galt, Morrison, Mount Forest, Flora, Fergus, Arthur, and Orangeville Companies will constitute the military gathering.

— A statement that Mr. Rankin had been appointed Superintendent of the Lake Superior Indians is emphatically contradicted.

AN ILLUSTRATION.—Dr. Adam Clarke was preaching to a large congregation in Ireland, and after dwelling in glowing terms upon the freeness of the Gospel, and telling them that the water of life could be had, 'without money and without price,' at the conclusion of the sermon a person announced that a collection would be made to support the Gospel in foreign parts. This announcement disconcerted the worthy doctor, who afterwards related the circumstance to the lady of the house where he was staying. 'Very true, doctor,' replied the hostess, 'the water of life is free, 'without money and without price,' but they must pay for pitchers to carry it in.' The conclusion of the anecdote was followed by cheerful smiles and a clapping of hands, and the children showed that they understood its import by the readiness with which they contributed to the collection.

ENVY.—Envy, like a cold poison, benumbs and stupefies, and thus, as if conscious of its own impotence, it folds its arms in despair, and sits cursing in a corner. When it conquers, it is commonly in the dark—by treachery and undermining, by calumny and detraction. Envy is no less foolish than detestable; it is a vice which they say keeps no holiday, but is always on the wheel, and working upon its own disquiet.—Jeremy Taylor.

PSALMS OF DAVID.—Great has been their power in the world. They resounded amidst the court of the tabernacle; they floated through the lofty and solemn space of the temple. They were sung with glory in the halls of Zion; they were sung with sorrow by the streams of Babel. And when Israel had passed away, the harp of David was still awakened in the church of Christ. In all the eras and ages of that church, from the hymn which it first whispered in an upper chamber, until its anthems filled the earth, the inspiration of the royal prophet has enraptured its devotions and ennobled its rituals. Chorused by the winds of heaven, they have swelled throughout God's own temples of the sky and stars; they have rolled over the broad desert of Asia, in the matins and vespers of ten thousand hermits. They have rung through the deep valleys of the Alps, in the sobbing voices of the Forlorn Waldenses, through the deeps and caves of the Scottish Highlands, in the rude chanting of the Scottish Covenanters; through the woods and wilds of primitive America, in the heroic hallelujahs of the early pilgrims.—Harry Giles.