

## THE CHILD AND THE DEW DROPS.

"Oh! father, dear father, why pass they away,  
The dew-drops that sparkle at dawn of the day,  
That glitter'd like stars in the light of the moon,  
Oh! why are the dew-drops dissolving so soon?"

Does the sun in his wrath chase their brightness away,  
As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?  
The moonlight had faded, the flowers still remain,  
But the dew-drops had shrunk in their petals again,  
Oh! father, dear father, why pass they away,  
The dew-drops that sparkled at dawn of the day?"

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies,  
Behold that bright rainbow—those beautiful dyes;  
There—there are the dew-drops in glory re-set,  
Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.  
Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray,  
To mourn not earth's fair things, though passing away  
For though youth of its beauty and brightness be riven,  
All that withers on earth blooms more sweetly in heaven.  
Look up," said the father, "look up to the skies,  
Hope sits on the wings of those beautiful dyes."

Alas! for the father—how little knew he,  
That the words he had spoken prophetic would be,  
That the beautiful cherub—the star of his day,  
Was e'en then like the dew-drops dissolving away:  
Oh, sad was the father, when low in the skies,  
The rainbow again spread its beautiful dyes,  
And then he remembered the maxims he'd given,  
And thought of his child and the dew-drops in heaven.

### AN INCIDENT OF THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

In the neighborhood of his father's residence in the county of Meath, the future duke, then a lad, was one of a party which, after the manner of the times, had indulged in free potations until a late period of the night. Mr. Wellesley, or, as the name then was, Wesley, managed to escape from his companions, and, retiring to his bed, fell fast asleep. His absence was observed, and his retreat detected. It was determined that he should return. One of the party, more or less drunken than the rest, snapped up a loaded pistol, and, carefully drawing the ball with which it was loaded, proceeded to the bedside to discharge the powder at the head of

the sleeper. He fired. Mr. Wellesley was of course awoken, and was forced to get up, dressed himself, and was brought back in triumph to the party. In the morning, however, it was found that the ramrod of the pistol had passed through the pillow close by where the head of the future conqueror of Napoleon must have been. With all the care that his assailant had taken to draw the ball, he had left, unconsciously, in its place the ramrod; and but that the potations that confused his perceptions unsteadied his hand, when he pointed the pistol at the young sleeper's head, that might have ended the career of the Hon. Arthur Wellesley.—*Dublin University Magazine.*