

Miscellaneous.

THE BLIND BOY'S BEEN AT PLAY, MOTHER.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The Blind Boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had;
We led him on our way, mother,
And every step was glad,
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played;
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Where'er we found the spots
Where the periwinkle crept, mother,
O'er wild Forget-me-not's;
"Ah, me!" he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers,
"It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh, that poor slightest boy, mother,
Has taught me I am blest,
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best;
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white,
I kneel upon the meadowed sod,
And thank my God for sight.

THE POET MONTGOMERY.

The following sketch of the incidents of Mr. Montgomery's late visit to the Wesleyan Conference of Sheffield, is highly touching. The scene must have been singularly impressive and solemn:—On Saturday, the venerable poet of Sheffield arrived at the Conference, having kindly consented to pay the assembly a personal visit. Mr. Montgomery appeared on the platform, leaning heavily on the arm of Dr. Hannah, and was by him conducted to a seat in front of the platform. A few appropriate words from Dr. Hannah introduced him to the Conference. The President then addressed him in simple, and graceful terms, his face beaming with the peculiar sweetness and beauty which belongs to the happy smile of John Scott. Then the aged and hoary poet, somewhat bent and very feeble in body, with the silver hair shining in flakes as it fell thin upon his temples, or waved slightly upwards from the side of his head—stepped forward to the front of the platform, and raising his hands in prayer and blessing, pronounced the words "The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace." The beautiful and impressive way in which the poet uttered the last words of this prayer was indescribably affecting. All felt that it was a patriarch of peace and purity who thus pronounced his benediction. The Christian poet, the laureate of piety and gospel heroism, the spotless Moravian brother, James Montgomery, in his 80th year, dying more and more to the world whose praise has long echoed round him, but which he soon, very soon, must leave to go to that "grave" which he has so beautifully celebrated, that resting-place, the inmate of which have no more "portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun,"—and looking more and more to that home of the blessed, where he shall join the "sister spirits"—who, like him, have learned on earth to lisp the songs, and breathe the music, which they shall soon, in full anthem, swell in heaven,—James Montgomery raised his prayer, and bent his aged form in benediction, over the assembly of the ministers of that church whose ordinances he had so long and dearly loved, and in whose public meetings of missionary zeal and piety he had so frequently presided. It was a scene long to be remembered—every trace was engraven on the heart in lines never to be effaced. Then Dr. Bunting, in words still eloquent, and, what is better still, in words full of pious feeling, responded to the visit and words of the poet. The address of Mr. Osborn, in particular, was pre-eminently beautiful. While Mr. W. M. Bunting

was speaking, another scene opened. The students of Wesley College—the tutors, scholars, and gownsmen in their proper scholastic costume—entered the Chapel, headed by their Governor and Chaplain, the Rev. S. D. Waddy. These were arranged around the front of the gallery. And now the scene was most beautiful. On the platform, were the seniors, of the Conference, men of weight and wisdom, and (some of them) of venerable age;—in the centre of the platform, and on the right of the President, was the frail, but venerable, form of James Montgomery, his eye still beaming forth a ray of kindly genius and tremulous tenderness, and his features still revealing, amid all the tokens of decay, the sensitive and spiritual life of the poet's quick nature;—in the body of the Chapel were the Ministers; on the left, under the gallery, a privileged company of ladies sat, to drink to their hearts and memories the impressions of the present scene;—around, and in front of the gallery, a crown of bright, intelligent youth, encompassed the whole. Hoary age—vivid youth—the beauty of feminine emotion—the earnestness of masculine reverence—and eager, wondering, half awe-struck gaze of brisk boyhood, solemnized for the moment, and of young aspiring youths, who had learned intelligently to venerate the poet, and to feel a filial regard for the assembled Pastors of their paternal Church—all met here in one centre—all were united in this lovely and sacred scene. What various lights, with striking contrasts, what softened shades, what brilliant hues, were all assembled here!—*London Watchman.*

THE OTTAWA COUNTRY.

The Country drained by the Ottawa river and its tributaries embraces an area of 80,000 square miles, the aggregate area of the New England States. This extensive region presents a great variety of soil and scenery. The timber producing districts occupying a large proportion of its surface are generally not well adapted for settlement, and it is not probable that these portions will ever be reclaimed for agricultural purposes. These districts, however, are the most remote and least favoured as regards climate, and for centuries to come they will continue to produce immense supplies of wood for exportation; while the extensive country less remote on this magnificent stream and its numerous branches presents the most desirable agricultural capabilities.

The whole of this country South of latitude 48 degrees produces white pine of good quality, but the region growing red pine is limited to about one-fourth of this. The Western part of the Red Pine country extends as far South as latitude 45 degrees and Northward to latitude 47½ degrees, and the Eastern part lies between 46 and 48 degrees,—the extreme length from East to West being about two hundred and thirty-five miles, ending Westward at 80 degrees West longitude.

In its geological character, as well as in some other respects, the Ottawa Country bears some similarity to the Eastern portion of the United States. The granite formation of the prevailing one, and excepting 4,000 square miles of the country lying on the Ottawa, and some of its lower tributaries on the South side, which rest on the limestone, the region presents the usual characteristics of the primitive formation. The limestone tract referred to presents a remarkably level uniform surface, and is exceedingly well adapted for Agriculture. The other portions, though uneven, are not mountainous,—there being no elevations in the country of sufficient altitude to merit the name of mountain,—and they contain extensive tracts of beautiful land. Taking the following general classification in the aggregate, there is in the Ottawa Country, according to the most accurate information:

Red Pine country,	38,000 sq. miles.
Fit for settlement,	23,000 "
Remainder,—Lakes, rocky hills, &c., &c.,	19,000 "
	80,000

The geographical arrangement of the divisions thus classified is very remarkable, as being the most advantageous possible. The part best adapted for settlement forms the Southern section, and is the most easily accessible, enjoys the best climate, and is most contiguous to the other settled part of the Province,—while the Red Pine division occupies a portion extending far Northward, and enjoys very great advantages in consequence, having longer winter, with deeper snow and steady frost, which facilitate most materially the Lumbering operations.