

MY MOTHER.

In dreams I see my mother now,
Her locks are silver'd grey,
I see upon her placid brow
The cares of many a day;
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow,
Her strength is failing fast,
Her voice is tremulous and low,
For youth's bright day is past.

We knelt in childhood by her side,
To say our evening prayer;
Her gentle voice was then our guide,
It soothed each little care.
But as at night the weary dove
Flies to her mountain nest,
She winged her way to heav'n above,
With angels there to rest.

If then you have a mother dear,
O love her while you may!
She will not always linger here,—
Too soon she'll pass away!
Her love we know not how to prize,
Till from us she is riven,
And like an angel from the skies,
Points us the way to heav'n.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

The Duke of Buccleuch, in one of his walks, purchased a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, which was to be sent to his place on the following morning. The duke, in his morning dress, espied a boy ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him, "Hie, mun, come here, and gie's a han' wi' this beast." The duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance, and at last, in a tone of distress, exclaimed, "Come here, mun, an' help us, an' as sure as any thing, I'll give you half I get." The duke went and lent the helping hand. "And now," said the duke, as they trudged along, "how much do ye think ye'll get for this job?" "I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' somethink, for the folk up at the big house are gude to a'bodies." As they approached the house, the duke disappeared from the boy, and entered by a different way. Calling a servant, he put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who brought the cow." The duke, having returned to the avenue, was soon rejoined by the boy. "Well, how much did you get?" "A shilling," said the boy, "an' there's half o' it to ye." "But you surely got more than a shilling," said the duke. "No," said the boy, "as sure as death that's a' I got; an' d'ye no think it's plenty?" "I do not," said the duke: "there must

be some mistake, and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return I think I'll get you more." They went back; the duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled. "Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling." "It was that chap there with the apron," pointing to the butler. The butler confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted an apology; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service instantly. "You have lost," said the duke, "your money, your situation, and your character by your covetousness; learn henceforth that honesty is the best policy." The boy by this time recognized his assistant in the person of the duke; and the duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, kept there, and provided for at his own expense.

RUSSIAN BABIES.

It is stated that the Russian babies look like so many idols, with their heads carved out, and the rest of their body left in a block. This appearance is caused by their being rolled up tight in bandages, (leaving only the head out,) so that they may be put away out of mischief and danger. On going into a Russian house, you may find one little fellow left on a shelf, another hung to the wall on a peg, a third hung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother, who has the cord looped over her foot.

"Why, that is a child!" you exclaim, looking close to be sure you are mistaken,

"Of course: what should it be?" answers the mother.

Yes, sure enough, it is a child; but so dirty that you cannot help asking:

"When was it washed?"

"Washed!" shrieks the mother, "washed! what, wash a child! You would kill it."

Boy Wow.—An Englishman dining in a Chinese village was greatly enjoying a savory dish and would have expressed his pleasure to the waiter, who, however, understood nothing of English, nor could our friend utter a word of Chinese. The smacking of lips indicated satisfaction; and then came the question, ingeniously put. Pointing at the portion of meat in

the dish, and which he supposed to be duck, the Englishman with an inquiring look said, "Quack, quack, quack?" The waiter, gravely shaking his head, as much as to say "No," replied, "Bow, wow, wow."

TEA.—When packages of tea were first sent to Scotland as a rare luxury, one good housewife boiled the tea to make a mess of greens, while another made it into a gravy to pour upon roast meat. The Caledonians probably know better now. The luxury of tea and coffee was known in the Shetland and Orkney Islands long before it was known in London.

EDDY'S ARGUMENT.—Aunt E.—was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown, using an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy; "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunt E. tried no more arguments with him.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

Answers to the following Questions will be given in next No. In the mean 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 papers are received. All communications in connection with this Department of the Weekly Miscellany should be sent post paid.

CHARADE.

'Tis to my first the ball-room owes
The evening's greatest pleasure,
While round and round do nimble toes
Trip on in graceful measure.

Then to my second all must come,
If life's thread be unbroken;
But rudely on the head of some
I'm press'd in varied token.

Tho' some may deck in Fashion's style,
Or in garb deceitful dress me,
I am conceal'd but for awhile;
They must at length confess me.

My whole upon the battle-field
Enfolds the wounded soldier;
While both my first and second stand
Amid the ranks enroll'd there.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A man going to market, finds that he has three times as many oranges as apples; but happening to sell eight oranges and as many apples, he finds that he has five times as many oranges as apples. How many of each had he?

The Halifax Directory.

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