

THE BOY'S SURPRISE.

A loving father once to his fair garden came,
And in the mould he traced his little
George's name;
Then in the letters made, some seed he
gently threw;—
And no one but himself a word about it
knew.

A few bright days had passed, when
Georgie cried with glee,
And yet in wondering tones, "Oh, father
come and see
A most surprising sight!" With eager
haste he led
His father's willing steps to that mysteri-
ous bed;
And there inscribed in fresh and verdant
type was seen,
His name, **GEORGE WASHINGTON!**

With grave and thoughtful mien,
The father said, "Well, George, though
I must frankly own
That this seems rather strange, yet may
not plants have grown
In such a way by chance?"

"By chance? No, father, no!
How could the little seeds arrange them-
selves just so?"

How could the little plants spring up, and
join to make

The letters of my name, without the least
mistake?

Somebody, I am sure, the curious thing
has done;

Somebody must have sown the letters one
by one;—

Ah, father, I suspect that 'somebody' was
you!"

The father, with a smile, confessed the
charge was true.

"I wrote your name, dear child, with this
new-fashioned pen,

That you might be amused and pleased
with it, and then

I meant that it should guide your thoughts
to One above,

Who made this world of ours, and rules
it by his love."

"Yes, father, that is God: but tell me,
where is He?"

I often hear his name, but him I never
see."

"Nor did you see me, George, about ten
days ago,

When I prepared this ground in which
the seeds to sow,

Yet you believe that I was here?"

"I do, indeed,
Because I know that some one must have
sown that seed."

"Then look around, my boy, and mark
God's mighty hand,

In all the wondrous things which He has
wisely planned;—

The golden light of day; the calm sweet
rest of night;

The gaily-tinted flowers which yield us
such delight;

Cool water for our thirst, and yellow corn
for bread;

Ripe fruits which we may eat, soft grass
on which we tread;

The cows that give us milk, the busy
bees that bring

Nice honey from their stores: the birds
that to us sing;

The lambs with snowy wool that warm
attire provide;—

And all the precious things which we
enjoy beside,

Too many to recount—are proofs that
there must be,

A heavenly Father's care encircling you
and me.

Though hidden from our gaze, we know
that He is near,

For everywhere around his glorious works
appear;

Then let us trust in Him, and strive from
day to day,

To thank Him for his gifts, and his com-
mands obey.

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 pa-
pers are received. All communications in connec-
tion with this Department of the Weekly Miscellany
should be sent post paid.

ENIGMA.

I am a character well known in Eng-
land, and there are few, either high or
low, rich or poor, that are not acquainted
with me. I shun cities and towns, and
take up my abode in the extremity of a
village. In respectable society I am ne-
ver admitted, but in a gang of gipsies
and beggars I am a principal character,
and without me smuggling would do
nothing. I never appear in day-time,
but in the middle of night, and late in
the evening, and always in disguise. I
am fond of gaming, and always end in
cheating, stealing, and plundering. It is
the opinion of some that I should be in
jail. I was certainly never there yet,
and from what I have said, you may sup-
pose me some thief or pickpocket; but
to prove that I am neither, I avoid a
crowd, and no sooner appear before one
than I am gone.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

If 126 apples and 96 oranges cost 90d.
and 99 apples and 256 oranges cost 161d.,
what is the price of one orange and one
apple?

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NO.

Charade.—Band-ago.

Arithmetical Question.—He had 48
oranges and 16 apples.

VARIETIES.

No person is so insignificant as to be
sure that his example can do no harm.

When is coffee like the soil? When
it is ground.

On being shown a portrait of himself,
very unlike the original, Hood said that
the artist had perpetrated a false-Hood.

A musician near Eccle, in Lancashire,
one George Sharp, had his name painted
on his door thus—G Sharp. A wag of
a painter, who knew something of music,
early one morning made the following
sign:—*Sharp*, undeniable addition—is *A flat*.

Employ thy time well if thou meanest
to gain laurels.

Patience is very good, but perseverance
is much better.

DON'T SCORN THE HUMBLE.—We ne-
ver yet knew a man disposed to scorn the
humble man, who was not himself a fair
object of scorn to the humblest. A man
of a liberal mind has a reverence for the
little pride that seasons every condition,
and would deem it sacrilege to affront, or
abate, the respect which is maintained
with none of the adventitious aids, and
solely by the observance of the honesties.

He that studieth revenge keepeth his
own wounds green.

Virtue is not to be considered in the
light of mere innocence, or abstaining
from harm, but as the exertion of our
faculties in doing good.

What is that which belongs to yourself,
yet is used by everybody? Your name.

A mixture of black lead and lard is a
good anti-friction compound for carriage
axles.

In the town of Bergen, in Prussia, is
an elegant church, capable of holding
1,000 persons, constructed entirely—sta-
tues and all—of papier-maché.

A man advertises a clock for sale
which keeps time like a tax-gatherer.

"Oh, dear!" said a fashionable girl,
when she first beheld a cucumber, "I al-
ways thought such things grew in alices!"

"Thomas, spell weather," said a school-
master to one of his pupils. "W-i-e-t-h-
e-r, weather." "Well, Thomas, you
may sit down," said the teacher; "I
think that is the worst spell of weather
we have had since Christmas."

"Willie," said a doting parent to an
abridged edition of himself, who had just
entered the grammar class at the high
school, "Willie, my dear, will you pass
the butter?" "Thirtainly, pa," said the
juvenile; "I can path anything. But-
ter ith a common thubthantive, neuter
gender, agreeth with cakth, and ith gover-
ned by thugar—thweeths of any kind
underthood."

The Halifax Directory.

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(at a reduced price) at the Weekly Miscellany
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