

in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kiss, with which she routed so many bad dreams; as she leaned over your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovers over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of these wrinkles would seem to be wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you one of these days; the burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done too many unnecessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your baby kiss will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother's love when it will be too late."

A THOUGHT FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, mid-way between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the day of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling. It is the sensation of half-sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feeble shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up-hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children, we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work; and then old age; and then the grave; then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on and not look back.—*F. W. Robertson.*

PAINTING THE DREAM.

BY GRACE H. DUFFIELD.

Life painted a dream with tints of gray,
 "For the world is sad," said he;
 But Love looked over his shoulder—"Nay,
 Give up thy brush to me."

Love painted the dream with colors bright,
 "'Tis a joyous world," said she;
 "If only thy brushes be used aright,
 Nothing need dreary be."
 Bloomfield, N. J.

LONDON, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The metropolis of an empire of 300,000,000, containing, in itself, a population of over 4,000,000, and the home of our Colonial Exhibition; representing 8,000,000 square miles of territory, has some points and contrasts that may be interesting to distant readers unable to personally partake of an Imperial National welcome.

In the twelfth century, London possessed 26 parochial churches and 13 conventual establishments, and contained 40,000 inhabitants. In 1348 began the first of the eleven awful pestilences which decimated the inhabitants, and when the streets of the city were filled with the dead and dying. In the middle of the sixteenth century, London was considered to be one of the largest cities in Christendom, "its extent being near a league;" and in 1631, on requisition by the Privy Council on the occasion of an expected scarcity, the Lord Mayor of London returned "the number of mouths esteemed to be in the City of London and the Liberty" 130,268. In 1637 London was computed to contain 145,000 inhabitants, and in 1661, four years before the great plague, it had 384,000. In 1685, although the great fire of 1666 had swept away 400 streets and 13,000 houses, London was perhaps the most populous city in Europe, as the number of its inhabitants—more than seventeen times that of the next greatest towns in the kingdom, Bristol and Norwich—was said to amount to 530,000.

Every year since that period people have