

had been there during the season, much to the satisfaction of her aunt. She told her she had been to see the excellent Miss Grey, who had been to see the sick woman before dark, and that Pauline had bound herself, for a consideration, not to use her needle for a whole year.

[ORIGINAL.]

On the Moon.

Thou art floating on with a brow of light
In the depths of the vaulted sky,
Thou art gazing down with a smile too bright,
Too fair for mortal eye.

Thou art lighting the waves of the dark blue sea,
When the evening star shines bright,
And they whisper many a song of music to thee
As they sleep in the silvery light.

Thou art sleeping in many a palmy glade
"On some green Southern shore,"
Thou art quivering deep in the vine's dark shade,
"In the bush of this midnight hour."

Thou art piercing down from the glowing sky,
In the darken'd Convict's cell,
Where snitten hearts are called forth to die,
By the note of the passing bell.

Thou art stirring the depths of the Mariner's soul,
Where Adrian's waters foam;
Thou art bidding him think, as thou proudly roll,
Of his own fair Cottage home.

Thou art lighting that lonely rock of the deep
Where the warrior's dust hath laid;
When the fearless, the true hearted, came to sleep
In the depth of the forest glade.

Thou art pouring thy rays on Albion's shores
Blest land of the brave and the free!
Thou art bathing, in glory, her ruins and towers,
And wreathing each leaflet and tree.

But ah, thou art lighting my own green land,
This land of the forest and flood,—
Thou art tugging the pine on her billowy strand,
"Where the forest for ages hath stood."

M. E. D.

Art of Dress---Old Ladies.

A very sensible personage has said, that the grand secret of a woman's dress consists in knowing the three grand unities—"station, age and—points." Under the present system, an old lady does not know how to dress herself; and many display in their appearance symptoms of perplexity of mind on this point which must be very bad for them. But no worse for them than the artist whose task it is to paint a subject which appears before him with "December in her face and May in her costume"—with faded eyes and eyebrows, and dark, glossy tresses above them—fallen colourless cheeks, and the

bright roses beside them—withered throat and neck covered only with a necklace or a velvet band which calls aloud for a stout silk above and good flannel below it. If he paints her exactly as she is, he paints a monstrously absurd thing; if he suits the face to the roses, and the neck to the necklace, he does not paint her at all.

Let us look for a moment at a writer's well-drawn portrait of the old woman who is an old woman indeed. See the plaited border, or the full ruche of the cap, white as snow, circling close around the face, as if jealous to preserve the oval that age has lost; the hair peeping out from beneath, and more silken than ever, but white as that border, or gray as the shadow thrown by it; the complexion withered and faded, yet being relieved, as Nature has appointed it to be, by the still more faded tints of the hair, in a certain degree delicate and fresh; the eyes with most of their former fire extinguished, still, surrounded only with the chastened hues of age, brighter than anything else in the face; the face itself, lined with deep wrinkles, but not one that the painter would spare; the full handkerchief, or rich bustling laces, scrupulously covering neck and throat, reminding us that the modesty of her youth still survives; some deep sober shawl or scarf, carefully concealing the outline of the figure, though not its general feminine proportions—all violent contrasts, as all violent passions, banished from the picture, but a harmony in their place which is worth them all.

Think also of the moral charm exercised by such a face and figure over the circle where it belongs—the hallowing influence of one who having performed all her active part in this world, now takes a passive, but a nobler one than any, and shows us how to grow old—who, having gone through all the progressive periods of life, and their accompanying rank in the estimation of mankind—the palmy days of youth and admiration—the working time of cares and consequences—the honourable maturity of experience and authority—now casts them all aside, and asserts a far higher claim to our respect, namely, the simple fact of her age; who knows that to all who have eyes to see and hearts to feel, her silver locks are more precious than the most golden tresses money could purchase—her pale cheek more interesting