

Sees ghastly visions. Fears of a spectral band,
 Encompass me. O, Father, take my hand,
 And from the night
 Lead up to light
 Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
 Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
 While yet I journey through this weary land,
 Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
 Quickly and straight,
 Lead to heaven's gate
 Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
 Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
 And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
 Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
 Then safe and blest,
 Lead me to rest,
 Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
 And fear and danger compass me about;
 And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
 Or go alone. O, Father! take my hand,
 And through the throng,
 Lead safe along,
 Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
 It long, and still do bear it. Let my word
 And fainting spirit rise to that bright land
 Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
 And, reaching down,
 Lead to the crown
 Thy child!

Montreal Gazette.

2. THE QUEEN AND MR. PEABODY.

The following letter has been written by the Queen to Mr. Peabody: "Windsor Castle, March 28, 1866—The Queen hears that Mr. Peabody intends shortly to return to America, and she would be sorry that he should leave England without being assured by herself how deeply she appreciates the noble act of more than princely munificence by which he has sought to relieve the wants of the poorer classes of her subjects residing in London. It is an act, as the Queen believes, wholly without parallel, and which will carry its best reward in the consciousness of having contributed so largely to the assistance of those who can little help themselves. The Queen would not however, have been satisfied without giving Mr. Peabody some public mark of her sense of his munificence, and she would gladly have conferred upon him either a Baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, but that she understands Mr. Peabody to feel himself debarred from accepting such distinctions. It only remains, therefore, for the Queen to give Mr. Peabody this assurance of her personal feelings, which she would further wish to mark by asking him to accept a miniature portrait of herself, which she will desire to have painted for him, and which, when finished, can either be sent to him to America, or given to him on his return, which, she rejoices to hear, he meditates to the country that owes him so much."

Mr. Peabody has sent the following reply to the Queen's letter, through Earl Russell, dated April 30:—

"MADAM,—I feel sensibly my inability to express in adequate terms the gratification with which I have read the letter which your Majesty has done me the high honor of transmitting by the hands of Earl Russell on the occasion which has attracted your Majesty's attention of setting apart a portion of my property to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor of London. I have been actuated by a deep sense of gratitude to God who has blessed me with prosperity, and of attachment to this great country, where, under your Majesty's benign rule, I have received so much personal kindness and enjoyed so many years of happiness.

"Next to the approval of my own conscience, I shall always prize the assurance which your letter conveys to me of the approbation of the Queen of England whose whole life has attested that her exalted station has in no degree diminished her sympathy with the humblest of her subjects.

"The portrait which your Majesty is graciously pleased to bestow on me I shall value as the most precious heirloom that I can leave in the land of my birth, where, together with the letter which your

Majesty has addressed to me, it will ever be regarded as evidence of the kindly feeling of the Queen of the United Kingdom towards a citizen of the United States."

3. GEORGE PEABODY—THE RECORD OF A NOBLE LIFE.

The New York Evening Post gives the following brief biography of the far-famed London banker, George Peabody; born in Danvers, Massachusetts, on February 18, 1795, he had at first a struggle with poverty, like most of our very rich men. Beginning his commercial career as a clerk with a Danvers grocer, at the age of 11; afterwards employed in the same capacity at Thetford, Vermont, and Newburyport, Massachusetts; he gradually but slowly improved his condition, until in 1814, he became managing partner in a wholesale dry goods house, with Mr. Elisha Riggs, at Georgetown, D. C., the latter furnishing the capital. The next year the house was removed to Baltimore. It prospered, and in 1822 branch houses were established in New York and Philadelphia. In 1822 by the retirement of Mr. Riggs, Mr. Peabody became the senior partner in the house, and in 1837 he took up his permanent residence in England, having previously visited that country on private business, as well as to transact important negotiations entrusted to him by the State of Maryland. In 1843 Mr. Peabody withdrew from the dry goods business, and established himself in London as a merchant and banker, his house soon becoming the headquarters of Americans in London, and the centre of American news and intelligence. His first large gift, sent in 1852 to his native town of Danvers, was a check for \$20,000, to be expended for the founding of a town library and institute. This handsome gift was afterwards increased to \$60,000, besides an additional \$10,000 for a branch library at North Danvers. He also contributed \$10,000 to the first Grinnell expedition to the Arctic ocean, and in 1856-7 gave \$300,000 to found a Scientific and Literary Institute at Baltimore, with a pledge to increase this sum to \$500,000. His largest and most notable donations, however, have been to the poor of the city where most of his fortune has been made. They amount in all to £450,000 sterling—a gift so magnificent as to have lately received the special acknowledgement of Queen Victoria, in a letter which we publish. This unprecedented donation was not the display of an ostentatious and exceptional liberality, but was so much in harmony with Mr. Peabody's known generosity of character as to deserve the universal commendation it received. Mr. Peabody, although now past 70 years of age, has, we trust, yet before him many years of vigorous life and usefulness. He has already accomplished a life work with which he may be well satisfied, especially as he has acted as his own executor in the bestowments of his charities.

4. THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND AN ARTIST'S WIDOW.

A poor artist died the other day in Paris. A few sketches, some water-color drawings, an unfinished picture, were the sole provision left for his widow and children. Susse's, the well known artist's shop on the Place de la Bourse, had often been his resource for the sale of his pictures. Thither the widow repaired. She showed the contents of a portfolio. Susse (says a correspondent) suggested a private sale, as likely to be more remunerative than the chance his widow offered of attracting attention, and advised application to be made to the families in which the deceased artist had given lessons. "I possess several letters," replied the widow, "from those whom my late husband instructed, among others a note from a Spanish countess on her quitting Paris, in which the youthful writer promises at any time when her master required assistance to do all for him that lay in her power." "Where is the young countess?" "In Paris, but she is now married." "If I dared," added she, as she handed Susse a note, the folds of which were almost worn through, and which bore unmistakable traces of having been often read. Susse glanced at the few lines it contained, and asked the widow to trust it to him for a few days. The Empress, on recognizing her own writing, gave orders that a liberal pension should be granted to the widow and children of the teacher under whom she had studied as Countess de Teba.

5. AN ANECDOTE OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

A Paris letter in the Augsburg Gazette gives the following anecdote: "While with the Emperor on an excursion in the mountains, near Biarritz, the Empress perceived a man crippled from the paralysis sitting in the sun before his cottage. While Napoleon III. was questioning the sufferer as to his infirmity, and promising assistance, the Empress observed a child four years old, who appeared to be suffering also. This was the only child of the poor man, and she was suffering from dysentery. The Empress asked, with