

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Oh! could I say "I'm home to night!"
What rapture it would bring
Unto my young and wayward heart,
Where pure affections spring.

I'd clasp my aged father's hand
Upon my throbbing breast;
For soon, I know, he leaves this vale
For an eternal rest!

My mother's form I would caress
In earnestness and love,
And think of all the joyous songs
She taught me by the grove.

My sisters, too, with whom I've play'd,
And fondly cherished here;
I'd soothe the sorrows of their hearts,
And check each silent tear.

I'd greet my brother's noble form
Upon this earth once more;
But, ah! perhaps we ne'er shall meet
Till on yon distant shore.

But soon, I trust, if life is spared,
I'll meet with those at home,
Beside the winding healthful stream—
Where I have loved to roam.

A TRUE STORY.

One day, there was a loud ringing at Mrs. Brower's door, and when it was opened, a little boy, of about six years of age, asked, with great earnestness: "Is Mrs. Brower in? I want to see her at once! I must see her." Mrs. Brower stepped forward, and asked what was wanted. "O! Mrs. Brower, your son Johnny has been swearing! He swore at me! He used a very bad word!" "Why," said Mrs. Brower, "how can that be? What can he have said?" "I don't like to say it. Mother says I must not repeat bad words."

"By no means," said Mrs. Brower; "but I should like to know all about it, for I never knew of Johnny's using bad language. I am very much surprised to hear it!"

"But he *did!* He—he—called me a—a—dande-lion!" "He called you a dande-lion, did he?" said Mrs. Brower, hardly able to contain herself, "well I am sorry to hear that Johnny should have called you names—and I will have a talk with him when he comes home. But my little boy, you must know that dandelion, in itself, is not a bad word. It is the name given to a little yellow flower that grows in the fields. But it was the wicked spirit he showed towards you that was wrong; for it is the same spirit that makes bad boys swear, and men too. And not only does it make boys and men swear, but it makes them ugly and wicked; and, unless they govern this wicked spirit, it will lead them on and on to a bad end. I am sorry that Johnny should

be so wicked. He must learn to govern his temper. Good-by! If you see Johnny, ask him to hurry home. I want to see 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.

ENIGMA.

For some I'm too long, for others too short;
I'm with them in sorrow as well as in sport;
I'm certain destruction to all things below;
I'm a solace to grief, tho' I often bring woe.

CHARADE.

My *first*, no doubt, you'll soon find out,
It's both in pain and rain;
Just letters two, which further you
Will find in main and drain.

My *second* now you must allow
To be a river known;
It's north, you see, of Italy,
And that you all must own.

If you're inclined my *third* to find,
Your search will not be vain;
For sure am I you'll soon espy
A province that's in Spain.

My *whole* must be of high degree,
And one that rules a state;
And few I ween have met or seen
So marvellous a fate.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A huckster bought a certain number of oranges at a halfpenny each, and half as many at three a penny; but finding the first lot was of an inferior quality he mixed them with the others, and sold the whole at five for twopence, losing thereby 1s. 2d. How many oranges did he purchase?

SOLUTIONS OF QUESTIONS IN LAST NO.

Charades. 1—Weekly Miscellany.
2—Farc-well.

CURIOUS PHOSPHORIC EXPERIMENT.—

Procure a clean oil flask, and fill it about three parts with water; now drop in half a drachm (one sixteenth of an ounce) of phosphorous; then hang up the bottle in such a manner that you can place a lighted lamp under it. As soon as the water is warm, streams of fire will dart from the bottom of the water, resembling sky-rockets; some particles will adhere to the sides of the glass representing stars, and will display brilliant rays. These appearances will continue till the water begins to simmer, when immediately a beautiful aurora-borealis begins, and gradually ascends till it collects to a pointed flame; then blow out the lamp, and the point formed will rush down, forming beautiful

clouds of fire, rolling over each other for some time; and as these disappear, a beautiful hemisphere of stars presents itself. After waiting a minute or two, light the lamp again, and the same will be repeated. The stars may be increased by alternately lighting and blowing out the lamp several times consecutively. The liquid in the flask will allow of several repetitions of the experiment.

VARIETIES.

When is the letter *a* like one of the United States?—When it is in Diana (Indiana).

What word is there of five letters, from which, if you take away two, six still remain?—Sixty.

He who pays more attention to his hat than his head, shows which is most prized.

When is a horse like a herring?—When he's hard rode (hard rowed).

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?—When it runs down.

A man recently *walked* two days *running* and was *weak* a *fortnight* afterwards.

Why is dough like the sun?—Because it is light when it rises.

Sophistry is like a window curtain—it pleases as an ornament; but its use is to keep out the light.

If girls would have roses for their cheeks, they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lilies and get up with the morning glories.

How many sticks go to make a crow's nest?—None. Because they are all carried.

Man may be said to be going to destruction apace when he abandons any sober *walk* of life for the *de-canter*.

"Don't you think my son resembles me?" inquired an apothecary, as he introduced his greasy-faced boy to a witty physician. "Yes," replied the doctor, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each; "yes, I think I see your liniments in his countenance."

A clergyman having preached several times in a small town, in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said, in seriously exhorting his hearers against being seduced by the prevalent vices of the age, "I have preached against every vice but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it was carried on in this town."

For washing fine and elegant colours, boil some bran in rain water, and use the liquor cold, than which there is nothing equal for this purpose.

The average amount which the corporation of the city of London now pay for educational purposes is £5,000 per annum.