

lover, husband, or son, it would be a happier world than it is to-day. It reads thus:—

I've a guinea I can spend,  
I've a wife, and I've a friend,  
And a troop of little children at my  
knee, John Brown;  
I've a cottage of my own,  
With the ivy overgrown,  
And a garden with a view of the sea,  
John Brown.  
I can sit at my door,  
By the shady sycamore,  
Large of heart, though of very small  
estate, John Brown.  
So come and drain a glass,  
In my arbor as you pass,  
And I'll tell you what I hate, and what  
I like, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,  
And the children's early words,  
And a loving woman's voice, low and  
sweet, John Brown;  
And I hate a false pretence,  
And the want of common sense,  
And arrogance, and fawning, and  
deceit, John Brown.  
I love the meadow flowers,  
And the briars in the bowers,  
And I love an open face without guile,  
John Brown;  
And I hate a selfish knave,  
And a proud contented slave,

And a lout who'd rather borrow than  
he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song,  
That awakes emotions strong,  
And the word of hope that raises him  
who faints, John Brown;  
And I hate the constant whine,  
Of the foolish who repine,  
And turn their good to evil by com-  
plaint, John Brown.  
But even when I hate,  
If I seek my garden gate,  
And survey the world around me and  
above, John Brown,  
The hatred flies my mind,  
And I sigh for human kind,  
And excuse the faults of those I cannot  
love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways,  
And the comfort of my days,  
I can tell you how I live so unvexed,  
John Brown:  
I never scorn my health,  
Nor sell my soul for wealth,  
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of  
the next, John Brown;  
I've parted with my pride,  
And I take the sunny side,  
For I've found it worse than folly to  
be sad, John Brown;  
I keep my conscience clear—  
I've a hundred pounds a year—  
And I manage to exist, and to be glad,  
John Brown.

## GLEANINGS.

### A SUMMER DAY.

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,  
Hedges are white with May; the bride-  
groom sea  
Is toying with his wedded bride, the  
shore;  
And in the fulness of his marriage joy,  
He decorates her tawny brow with  
shells,  
Retires apace to see how fair she looks,  
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her.

*Alexander Smith.*

We are happy to state that the  
young lady who burst into tears, has  
been put together again. Her brother,  
however, is in a precarious condition,  
which no one pities; for if he bolted  
a door, no one is surprised to hear of  
his throwing up a window.

The moving power in some men's  
minds is sadly susceptible of surround-  
ing influences. It is not *principle*, but  
*feeling*, which forms their pendulum  
rod; and according as this very va-  
riable material is affected, their index  
hand creeps or gallops—they are swift  
or slow in the work given them to do.  
But principle is like the compensation  
rod, which neither lengthens in the  
languid heat, nor shortens in the brisk-  
er cold; but does the same work day  
by day, whether the ice-winds whistle,  
or the simoon glows.—*Rev. J. Hamilton.*

The good are better made by ill,  
As odors crush'd are sweeter still.

*Rogers.*

After all, the *forte* of woman is  
her *piano*.—*Lord Palmerston.*