

THE MUSIC OF THE HEART.

'Tis not from scenes that please the eye,
From summer's green repose;
From mountain's brow, or azure sky,
That purest pleasure flows.
The streamlet's voice, the song of birds,
Can healthful joys impart,
But sweeter still are kindly words,
The music of the heart.

The workings of that Power which fills
The temple of the free,
The murmurings of forest rills
Are e'er dear to me;
Yet, what are Nature's choicest things,
If blindly view'd apart
From love's deep source, whence richly springs
The music of the heart.

READING AND TALKING.

Those accomplishments are the most excellent and most worthy of cultivation which contribute most largely to the happiness of others. We place that of reading well, before every one of the arts which usually are so designated; and certainly, had we the fairy's power to bestow on those we loved the gift which should most endear them to others—not of course including good principle, good sense, and good temper—we would give them the power of delighting their own family circle by reading and talking well. The former art especially is cultivated far too little for the health as well as the happiness of young women; so much is it neglected, that probably twenty can sing pleasingly for every one that can read agreeably. Yet we cannot doubt that a voice for singing is comparatively rare, and that almost any one who chooses to do so, can read so as to give pleasure. Perhaps there are two reasons for the general neglect of this charming accomplishment. In the first place, we are far too apt to cultivate most carefully that which is to please in society, and to neglect those arts which can contribute to domestic happiness. We sing for our acquaintances to excite the admiration of people who see us but seldom, but in being able to read well a good book or paper, we are only likely to give pleasure to an invalid father or brother, or perhaps a group of younger brothers and sisters. Yet to increase the happiness of but one of our home circle ought to be a source of far more satisfaction to us than the applause of any stranger. To while away the dreary hours of pain and sickness—to charm a group of young listeners into forgetfulness of the rain or snow that is preventing them from enjoying their usual sports—these are objects we can easily attain, and from which we shall derive such real happiness, that they are well worth a little effort.

PHYSICAL IMPROVEMENT.

Think what poor specimens of the human animal, physically, many of our noblest, and ablest men are. Do not men, by their beautiful, touching, and far-

reaching thoughts, reach the heart and form the mind of thousands, who could not run a hundred yards without panting for breath; who could not jump over a five feet wall, though a mad bull were after them; who could not dig in the garden for ten minutes without having their brain throbbing and their entire frame trembling; who could not carry in a sack of coals, though they should never see a fire again; who could never find a day's employment as porters, laborers, grooms, or anything but tailors? Educated and cultivated men, I tell you that you make a terrible mistake; and a mistake which, before the end of the twentieth century, will sadly deteriorate the Anglo-Saxon race. You make your recreation purely mental. You give a little play to your minds, after their day's work; but you give no play to your eyes, to your brains, to your hearts, to your digestion—in short, to your bodies. And, therefore, you grow weak, unmuscular, nervous, dyspeptic, near-sighted, out-of-breath, neuralgic, pressure on the brain, thin-haired men. And in time, not only does all the train of evils that follows your not providing proper recreation for your physical nature come miserably to affect your spirits, but, besides that, it comes to jaundice and pervert and distort all your views of men and things.

VARIETIES.

Why is a ploughed field like feathered game? Because it is *part ridges*.

A short time since as a well-known master in a grammar school was censuring a pupil for the dulness of his comprehension, and consenting to instruct him in a sum in practice, he said, "Is not the price of a penny bun always a penny?" when the boy innocently replied, "No, sir, they sell them two for three halfpence when they are stale."

A hatter advertises that his hats sit so easily upon the head that the wearers scarcely feel them. Unquestionably the best hats are not *felt*.

"Do you draw at all?" asked a sprightly young lady of a sentimental youth who was suffering from a slight cold, and in consequence confined to the parlour. "No, not exactly," he drawled out; "but I have a blister that does."

POSTAGE-STAMPS.—"The invention of postage-stamps," says the *Monde*, "is far from being so modern as is generally supposed. A postal regulation in France of the year 1653, which has recently come to light, gives notice of the use, for Paris, of post-paid tickets, instead of money payments. These tickets were to be dated and attached to the letter, or wrapped round it, in such a manner that the postmen could remove and retain them on delivering the missive. These franks were to be sold by the porters of the convents, prisons, colleges, and other

public institutions, at the price of one sou."

LOVE OF THE FRENCH FOR FLOWERS.—The passionate love of flowers is a marked characteristic of the Parisians, and the sale of flowers is in Paris an extensive and lucrative branch of trade. It is computed that the various little patches of ground in the vicinity of the French capital, appropriated to floral cultivation realise an annual income of 32,000,000 francs, and give employment to 500,000 persons. In Paris alone there are no fewer than 284 florists; and on occasions of public festivity their conjoint traffic not unfrequently amounts to 70,000 francs. At a *fete* given last season by one of the foreign ambassadors the cost of the flowers was 22,000 francs.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS.—Three things to love—courage, gentleness, and affection. Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity, and gracefulness. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, and freedom. Three things to wish for—health, friends, and a cheerful spirit. Three things to pray for—faith, peace, and purity of heart. Three things to like—cordiality, good humour, and mirthfulness. Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends, and good humour. Three things to contend for—honour, country, and friends. Three things to govern—temper, impulse, and the tongue.

During an argument the other day, a boasting Yankee declared that the North could lick the South with a fleet *manned* with women.

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.

An Eastern shrub we all desire,
A pronoun most of us admire,
A liquid used before our meat,
A vowel seen in all that's sweet,
United, will at once express
A friend ill-used beyond redress.

CHARADE.

A town in Naples; a city in Devonshire; a town in Lombardy; a lake in Russia; a town in Nassau; a river in Cork; and a river in the north of Holland. The initials form the name of a town in Spain, and the finale what it is famous for.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A person bought a number of oxen for £80, and if he had bought four more for the same sum he would have paid £1 less for each. How many did he buy?