

## Miscellaneous.

## THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

There's no dearth of kindness  
In this world of ours;  
Only in our blindness  
We gather thorns for flowers;  
Outward, we are spurning—  
Trampling one another,  
While we are inly yearning  
At the name of "Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness  
Or love among mankind,  
But in darkling loneliness  
Hooded hearts grow blind!  
Full of kindness ting'ing,  
Soul is shut from soul,  
When they might be mingling  
In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness,  
Tho' it be unspoken,  
From the heart it buildeth  
Rainbow-smiles in token—  
That there be none so lowly,  
But have some angel-touch:  
Yet nursing loves unholy,  
We live for self too much!

As the wild rose bloweth,  
As runs the happy river,  
Kindness freely floweth  
In the heart forever.  
But men will ever hanker  
After golden dust,  
Kindest hearts will canker,  
Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness,  
In this world of ours;  
Only in our blindness  
We gather thorns for flowers!  
O cherish God's best giving,  
Falling from above!  
Life were not worth living  
Were it not for Love.

## THE FIRST MAPS OF AMERICA.

Mr. J. G. Kohl, the German traveller, at a recent meeting of the American Geographical society, gave the following interesting information in regard to the first maps of America, he said:—"The first map of America was made by a companion of Columbus—it is now in Spain. I have copied nearly all those of the sixteenth and some of those of the seventeenth century. Some are painted and drawn by the hand and brush for the kings of Spain, England, or France, and others are even printed—being joined to various collections of maps. I could entertain you a long time by explaining the alterations that the coast-lines of these maps have undergone from time to time, and showing how even the errors that were made by the first map-makers have tended to increase our geographical knowledge. You will see, too, by examining the maps I now introduce to your notice, that America appears under as many, probably, as twenty names, and is almost always, in the earlier ones, connected with Asia. Many of the earliest maps of America are drawn on bark, cotton, and other substances, by the Indians; for the earlier voyagers always referred to the natives for geographical information. Many of these still exist. Even our Franklins, Perrys, and McClures still look to the native Esquimaux for this kind of information, and parts of our country are still put down on the maps of the present day from the descriptions and drawing of Indians—particularly the sources of some of our rivers." Mr. Kohl, in the course of his paper, introduced many hundred of maps which he had copied in different countries. The Hon. George Bancroft said that, considering the importance of the early geographical history of our country, he proposed that the society should meet next Thursday, in order more carefully to examine the maps, and hear at greater length the highly interesting observations that Mr. Kohl had to make. Mr. Bancroft declared himself surprised at the beauty and arrangement of the maps, and said that it was one of the most interesting sources of study that had been introduced to his notice for some time.

## CHILDHOOD'S TERRORS.

Children suffer more from vague terror than parents are apt to realize. In Mrs. Jameson's recent work there is an autobiographical passage in which she relates the fearful tribulations of her early years. Parents may profitably read the narrative:

"There was," says Mrs. Jameson, "in my childish mind another cause of suffering besides those I have mentioned, less acute, but more permanent, and always unacknowledged. It was fear—fear of darkness and supernatural influences. As long as I can remember anything, I remember these horrors of my infancy. How they had been awakened I do not know; they were never revealed. I had heard other children ridiculed for such fears, and held my peace. At first these haunting, thrilling, stifling terrors were vague; afterward the form varied; but one of the most permanent was the ghost in Hamlet. There was a volume of Shakespeare lying about, in which was an engraving I have not seen since, but it remains distinct in my mind as a picture. On one side stood Hamlet with his hair on end, literally 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' and one hand with all the fingers outspread. On the other strided the ghost, encased in armor with nodding plumes; one finger pointing forward, and all surrounded with a supernatural light. Oh that spectre! for three years it followed me up and down the dark staircase, or stood by my bed; only the blessed light had power to exorcise it. How it was that I knew, while I trembled and quaked, that it was unreal, never cried out, never expostulated, never confessed, I do not know. The figure of Apollyon looming over Christian, which I had found in an old edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' was also a great torment. But worse, perhaps, were certain phantasms without shape—things like the vision in Job—'*A spirit passed before my face; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof*'—and if not intelligible voices, there were strange unaccountable sounds filling the air with a sort of mysterious life. In daylight I was not only fearless, but audacious, inclined to defy all power and brave all danger—that is, all danger I could see. I remember volunteering to lead the way through a herd of cattle (among which was a dangerous bull, the terror of the neighbourhood), armed only with a little stick; but first I said the Lord's Prayer fervently. In the ghastly night I never prayed; terror stifled prayer. These visionary sufferings, in some form or other, pursued me, till I was nearly twelve years old. If I had not possessed a strong constitution and a strong understanding, which rejected and contemned my own fears, even while they shook me, I had been destroyed. How much weaker children suffer in this way I have since known; and have known how to bring them help and strength, through sympathy and knowledge, the sympathy that soothes and does not encourage—the knowledge that dispels, and does not suggest, the evil."

## FOREIGN POSTAGE NOW AND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Twenty years ago the British and Foreign rates of postage could not be paid upon a foreign letter. In 1843 a convention was arranged between England and France by which a letter going to or passing through France could be paid to its destination, and international accounts were kept between Great Britain and the French Government. The following table shows the full postage on foreign letters in 1835 and 1855, viz:—

Places.	1835.	1855.	Places.	1835.	1855.
France.....	2s. 8d....	4d.	Germany.....	4s. 4d....	8d.
Luxemburg....	4s. 4d....	8d.	Sardinia.....	4s. 2d....	10d.
Baden.....	4s. 4d....	8d.	Sicily.....	4s. 2d....	13d.
Holland.....	3s. 8d....	8d.	Tuscany.....	4s. 2d....	13d.
Prussia.....	4s. 4d....	8d.	Papal States..	4s. 2d....	13d.
Bavaria.....	4s. 4d....	8d.	Austria.....	4s. 4d....	13d.
Wurtemberg..	4s. 4d....	8d.	Northern States	4s. 4d....	13d.
Switzerland...	3s. 4d....	8d.	Turkey.....	4s. 2d....	12d.

## A LARGE SHIP AND A LONDON SQUARE CONTRASTED.

A bare statement of the dimensions of the large ship which Mr. Scott Russell is just now building scarcely conveys a notion to the majority of minds of its vast size, capacity, and cost. An ingenious friend of ours, Mr. Gould, has jotted down some points of comparison between the ship and Tavistock-square, and these serve to make the idea much clearer. He points out that Tavistock-square consists of fifty-six houses, and that there are eighteen houses on one side, of twenty-five feet frontage, or 450 feet. It would require nine from the other side, or 225 feet, to make the length of the large ship—viz., 27 houses, or equal to 675 feet. Then, the houses being 42 feet deep, it would require two houses put together to make the section of the ship, which is 83 feet; so that it would actually require all the houses put together in two rows to make a block the size of the big ship, setting aside the angles cut off in coming to the keel. Again, the inhabitants of the square may be considered eight to a house, or 448 souls; while the ship may some day carry four times or five times, as many, say 2,240