

## MONT BLANC REVISITED.

Oh! Mont Blanc! mine eyes again  
Behold the twilight's sanguine stain  
Along thy peaks expire;  
Oh, Mount beloved! thy frontier waste  
I seek with a religious haste,  
And reverent desire.

They meet me mid thy shadows cold,  
Such thoughts as holy men of old  
Amidst the desert found;  
Such gladness as in Him they felt  
Who with them through the darkness dwelt,  
And compassed all around.

Oh! happy if His will were so  
To give me manna here for snow,  
And, by the torrent side  
To lead me as He leads His flocks  
Of wild deer, through the lonely rocks  
In peace, untrifled.

Since from the things that trustful rest,—  
The partridge on her purple nest,  
The marmot in his den,—  
God wins a worship more resigned,  
A purer praise than He can find  
Upon the lips of men.

Alas for man! who hath no sense  
Of gratefulness nor confidence,  
But still rejects and raves,  
That all God's love can hardly win  
One soul from taking pride in sin,  
And pleasure over graves.

Yet let me not, like him who trod  
In wrath of old the Mount of God,  
Forget the thousands left,  
Lest haply, when I seek His face,  
The whirlwind of the cave replace  
The glory of the cleft.

But teach me, God, a milder thought,  
Lest I of all whom Thou hast bought  
Least honorable be,  
And this that moves me to condemn,  
Be rather want of love to them,  
Than jealousy for Thee!

—John Ruskin.

## PLEASANT MEMORIES.

Not one, but legion, are the forms and places,  
Laughing and lovely, solemn and serene,  
Which come with all their wonders and their graces  
From Memory's treasure-halls, where they had been  
Hoarded with miser passion. Spenser's sheen  
And grandeur of romance; great Shakspeare's muse,  
That holds all human sympathies between  
The foldings of her pinions; Milton's hues  
Stolen from the deathless amaranths of heaven  
And woven in his own seraphic song.  
These to my wakened faculties were given,  
An ever shifting, ever pleasing throng;  
Until I stood enraptured and alone,  
In a strange world of beauty—boundless, and my own.

H. M.

"Lothair, by the Right Honourable B. Disraeli," is a novel reflecting the experience of a man who moves in the circle of society which he pictures; and yet, vividly as the scenes are coloured, and truthful as is the language employed in describing the life around him, whenever music is mentioned the author unmistakably proves not only that he is unacquainted with the rudiments of the art, but that he does not hesitate to use terms of which he cares not to inquire the signification. When he writes that "two fair sisters burst into melody as they tried the passages of a new air," and that the "Duke sometimes took a second," we have little doubt that, musically speaking, he does not mean at all what he says; but the remark that "many things were said and done amid accompanying melodies, that animated without distracting even a whist player," we fear that he gives too accurate a description of the manner in which music is often treated in the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy. Occasionally, however, he becomes more minute, as, for example, when he seems to infer that a "fine Mass of Mozart" is sung by a single vocalist, who must possess "skill as well as power to render it;" but the climax seems reached when he thus relates the effect produced upon him by the voice of Theodora: "Deeper and richer, and richer and deeper, it seemed to become, as it wound with exquisite facility through a symphony of delicious sound, until it ended in a passionate burst, which made Lothair's heart beat so tumultuously that for a moment he thought he should be overpowered." Apart from the important fact that we are extracting from the work of one of our most prominent legislators, we cannot but wonder whether upon any other art or science writing like this would be hazarded by a person of such general culture as the author of "Lothair."—*Musical Times*.

## WITTICISMS.

All wit does but divert men from the road  
In which things vulgarly are understood,  
And force mistake and ignorance to own  
A better sense than commonly is known.—BUTLER.

THE New York *Herald* calls Talmage's sensations "low-neck sermons."  
THAT Greenback business among of our neighbours seems to be a *non est* currency.

THE GOOD are said to *dye* young, because of the lightness of their moustaches.—*Elmira Advertiser*.

Josh Billings says: "There is nothing so scarce as originality, even an original fool would be a relief just now."

SURPRISE is one of the principal elements of wit. This is why it always makes a man laugh when he sits down on a pin.

A PHILOSOPHICAL Senior describes a student's moustache as "not a tangible entity, but a mental concept."—*Oberlin Review*.

"GOOD BY. It is probable General Nepokoitsensky will be made Russian minister of war; and what is the use of living any longer?"—*Exc*.

A. (angrily): "If you attempt to pull my ears you'll have your hands full."  
B. (looking at the ears): "Well, yes; I rather think I shall."—*Exc*.

SCHOOLMASTER: "What is the meaning of equinox?" Pupil (who knows something of Latin derivations): "Please, sir, it's Latin for nightmare."

"YES, it's a nice boarding-house, but there is one objection: they won't shingle the cow,—water will persist in getting into the milk."—*Transcript*.

REMARKETH the Rome *Sentinel*: "The wise man placeth the stock of his gun to his shoulder before he fireth, but the fool looketh down the barrel to see the ball start."

THE editor of the Kingston *Freeman* objects to finding thumb-nails in his mince-pie, and wants the man who makes the mince-meat to be more careful in handling the chopper.

THE philosophical paragrapher of the Boston *Transcript* has stumbled on the phrase, "straddling a blind," and interprets it to mean taking equestrian exercise on a sightless horse.

COMPREHENSIVE.—A company of settlers, in naming their new town, called it Dictionary, because, as they said, "that's the only place where peace, prosperity, and happiness are always found."

THE indefinable joy which fills a young man's bosom when he carves his first fowl, is more than counterbalanced by the mortification which ensues when he involuntarily pulls it over into his lap.

"DON'T you love her still?" asked the judge of the man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her still better than any other way, but the trouble is she will never be still."

A BOSTON MAN seeks a divorce from his wife because she won't move oftener than once a year. He just dotes on putting down carpets and putting up stoves, and eating his supper on the head of a flour barrel.

A PROFESSOR at a Western University was remarking on the position of the funny-bone in the whale, when a humorous youth wished to know if the funny-bone was so called from its connection with the *humerus*.—*The Tripod*.

THE Chinese Encyclopædia meets a long-felt want, and no family should be without it. It is published at Peking in 5,020 volumes, and at the price of \$7,500 is the same as given away. "Get the best."—*Lowell Courier*.

ONE beneficent boon likely to result from the electric light is the possibility of being able to read a book or newspaper in the cars when travelling at night. But after all, it all depends on whether electricity costs less than candles.

PROFESSOR: "What was the state of French affairs at this time?" X. (rapidly): "The majority ruled the minority, and consequently the minority was ruled by the majority." Prof. (sternly): "Sit down, sir!"—*Yale Record*.

TALMAGE'S salary has been raised to \$12,000 a year, and he earns it too. A man can't afford to pound himself all to pieces, and kick the stuffing out of a new pulpit fifty-two times a year for less than that. Talmage preaches hard. When he wants rest he saws wood.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

If the following is not new, it is at all events worthy a *da capo*. It was at Gad's Hill that somebody remarked to Douglas Jerrold concerning an amateur who was disporting himself on Charles Dickens's impromptu stage: "Why, the fellow's as thin as a pin!" "Aye," retorted Jerrold, "but without the head and without the point."

It was a well deserved criticism, and one which would not be wholly out of place in some churches now-a-days. A friend was supplying the pulpit of Dr. Chalmers. Hundreds rose to go out. The clergyman hesitated a moment before giving out the hymn, and then said: "We will not begin public worship until the chaff blows off."

ONE night last week, at a party in Toronto, a young man was frightening some of the young ladies by his daring exhibition of a revolver, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, the bullet entering the young man's side, inflicting a serious wound. Upon which the Burlington *Hawkeye* thus comments: "We have said a great many harsh things about these young men whose revolvers contain more than their heads, but we retract everything now. At last a revolver has been found that knows which man to shoot. May its tribe increase."

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