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SONNET.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Weak is the will of man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and hope betrays;
Heavy is woe; and joy, for human kind,
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!
Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more than reasoning mind,
And color life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined:
'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreathes that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.—NO. 6.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

A large part of the stream of travel from America to continental Europe flows through London. In the travelling season especially, hundreds, or even thousands, of persons from this side of the Atlantic may be found temporarily stopping in the great metropolis on their way to Paris, or Berlin, or Dresden, or Heidelberg, or Geneva, or Nice, or Rome, or other European centres. If one has travelled alone as far as London, he need not do so from that point onward. In the same car or steamer in which he has taken passage he will probably find persons of his own tongue or nationality, and probably having in view the same destination. Such, at least, was almost invariably my own experience.

At the hotel at which I stopped in London, I made the acquaintance of a Prof. Wright, just arrived from the United States, and intending to proceed to Leipzig, to prosecute

his Greek and Sanscrit studies under the great Curtius.

As he purposed going hither by the same route which I had chosen for myself, we agreed to go in company, and a most agreeable and profitable travelling companion did I find him. My recollections of the journey, which his genial presence did so much to enliven, are of the pleasantest kind. I may remark in passing, that after spending two years in Leipzig, Prof. Wright received an appointment to the chair of classics in Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, and recently entered upon his duties. Should these lines fall under his eye, he may know as he reads, that their author still remembers him, and ardently wishes for him the highest prosperity and happiness.

The first of our journey brought us to Antwerp, which lies nearly east of London, on the opposite side of the channel. We crossed over by steamer direct from London Bridge. Getting on board at 6 o'clock in the evening, we had over two hours' daylight for seeing the many objects of interest along the banks of the Thames, as well as the highly cultivated and beautiful country stretching far away on both sides.

A steam down the river gives an excellent opportunity for inspecting the great

DOCKS,

which convey an astonishing idea of the extent of London's commerce. They are seven in number, and occupy between 700 and 800 acres. In the West India Docks alone colonial produce to the value of twenty millions sterling has been stored at one time.

Six miles below London Bridge, on the site of an ancient royal palace, in which