STREET LIFE IN LONDON.

Some of the London papers rather grandiloquently entitle their reporters "our commissioners," and the *Telegraph* has a "commissioner" engaged in investigating the daily life of the lowest classes in London. Here is a report of an interview with a blacking-boy:

"A poor, shoeless, shuffling little wretch, whose entire suit consisted of a pair of manly trousers, ingeniously secured by a single brace over a dilapidated shirt of the Dangerous order, and whose stock in trade was five or six cakes of boot blacking, contained in a box slung round his back."

The boy speaks:

"I am nine and a half," said he, "and I lives in Playhouse yard, in Whitecross street. It ain't a house, at least it isn't a house what you goes in doors to, with tables and chairs and that, and a fire." "Ah, ah!" from Ginger; "no, there ain't much room for furniture in Billy Tagg's house, hadn't werry comfortable, and, wot's more, it's regler. It's barrer"—"a baker's barrer," poor little Tagg hastened to explain—"one of them with a lid. He lets me sleep there, and I watches out for the cats." "For the cats?" "It's down a yard with gates to it where the barrer is, and the baker he keeps breeding ducks and pigeons there, and the cats come and nail 'em o' nights, and when I hears 'em I gives the lid of the barrer a histe, and down it comes with a whack, and they are off like a shot. I ain't got no mother, I've got a father; I sees him sometimes. He don't live up my way, he goes to fairs and that. I ain't got no brothers. I've got a sister; she's in the hospital. She used to work up Hole-and way, at the lucifer factory, till she got the canker making 'em. She's been in the hospital this ever so long. That's why I can't sell 'lights,' I can't bear the sight of 'em. I'm on my own hands quite. I earns all I gets. I've been alone it since she was took to the hospital. I haint been ill a long time, not since the the middle o' summer, when I had the measles. No, I didn't know him. I knowed a pipemaker, and he let me lay in his shed, and his missus was werry kind to me. I do werry well. I hardly ever goes with out grub. I don't know what you mean by 'regler' grub. I most times saves threehalfpence for my breakfast, and this cold weather I gets a ha'porth of bread and a penn'orth of pea soup; there's lots of shops wot sells penn'orths of soup in Whitecross street, ha'porths too. I sell out somehow every night. I gets a dozen cakes of blacking for tuppence ha'penny, and I in general clears about fivepence. Dinner time I gets a baked tater, or sometimes a ha'porth of fried fish. All I got left, 'cept threehalfpence for breakfast and stock money, we spend at supper time. We goes together four or five of us, sometimes to the soup shop, sometimes to the baked tater and fish shop. It's all right mostly. Course there is hard times. Once a policeman took away my box, blacking and all, cos I cheeked him. It was more'n a week before I could make another start. I washes myself sometimes, not often. I ain't got no towel and soap. I don't recollect when the last time was. It were afore the frost, though, cos I know it was a wrench at the pump I had. Yes, sometimes I wear boots. I ain't had none since the last boat race day—Cambridge and Oxford—and I lost one on 'em turning catrin wheels behind a carriage. I never was locked up—certiny not. Don't I think I should be better off in the workus? No, I don't want to be shut up anywheres. I am all right. I don't want nobody to be a looking arter me like that, th nky all the same, mister. No, I can't read, nor write neither; I never was in a school. Never was in church. I don't like to be shut up anywhere. I'd a jolly sight rather go on as I'm goin'."

And so he retires to collect his blacking out of the funder with a dismal foreboding, as I can see, that he may, after all, in consequence of his sturdy determination to embark in no business that may involve his "shutting up," though for never so short a period, miss my "job" and the promised shilling after all.

MISCELLANY.

She could not do it. It was her misfortune, not her fault, that she could not do it; but I was not aware of the fact at the time, and I was angry and disappointed with and about her. It was unreasonably absurd of me to expect that fair rosebud-faced, forget-me-not-eyed girl to understand aught that was not immediately about and around her.

"I hope you're not going to turn out jealous, Willie," she said gravely, when I came to a pause after giving out the lines,

> But if thou use me as a blind,
> I'll never love thee more,

with a degree of unction which surprises me considerably now that I look back upon it from my present standpoint.

To illustrate: Here is an old Virginia mansion, near the center of 600 acres of average Orange County land. To use the gilt-edged language of the agent, "there are 275 acres in timber of original growth, oak, hickory, and pine; improved by a large and comfortable dwelling, with 15 rooms, all with closets, kitchen attached by a covered way, orchards of apples and peaches in good bearing; all necessary out-buildings in good order; dwelling commands a fine view of the country around; society good; price, $20,000; terms easy." A cash payment of $7,000 will put this property in possession of a cluster of Northern workers. The mansion will divide into two dwellings, giving seven rooms to each family. The overseer's house will furnish another home. Two or three other buildings and a tobacco shed, will temporarily accommodate the remainder of six families.

The estate will divide into six 100 acre farms; some will have more of meadow and some more of woodland. If each family can raise $1,500 they can make the cash payment, remove to the estate, become established in houses of their own, and have a good plow, an able team, and some money to buy lime and clover seed. Ten years of good, regular routine farming—

> Corn, wheat, clover, clover;
> Corn, wheat, clover, clover;
> Corn, wheat, clover, clover;

feeding the corn to hogs and beeves and the clover to beeves and cows, and saving all the manure, and dressing the fields with 20 bushels to the acre of lime once in the rotation, will make these lands worth at least $30 an acre.

From The Atlantic Monthly for April.

CHILDREN.

The paths which lead us to God's throne
Seem worn by children's feet;
So small, and yet so difficult,
Are ways by which we meet.

We cannot see His hidden plan,
Nor read life's history through,
Yet oftimes we despair, as if
The work were ours to do.

Entwined cords of love and pain
Lead the young children on;
Why, then, should we forget to hope,
And think there's nothing done?

We cannot know their childish hearts,
We cannot learn their grief;
Though we, too, were but children once,
And years gone by are brief.

Who saw, at night, the stealing tear,
Drop on the folded sheet;
Or guessed what formless midnight shape
Had chilled those little feet?

Who knew the hours of waking joy,
In our green garden plot?
Those hours among the hollyhocks,
Whose beauty faileth not?

Days when the hidden steps of Spring
Were heard, not understood;
When music from afar swept in,
Born of her dreamful mood.

Seasons when young Love hid his face
Through joyless, restless days;
The Winter of the growing soul,
Whose Summer still delays.

Glad thought to light the darksome path—
A child's grief is not long.
Cloud, but lead in the strong, bright day,
The morning mist, her song.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SAVED BY A DOG.—The Detroit *Free Press* mentions an accident to a man named McMahon, who, while felling trees in the woods, was caught under one, and was unable to extricate himself. The narrative then proceeds:

He shouted and screamed for a full hour, and then found himself so hoarse that he could not speak above a whisper, and yet no help had come. There was only one way for him to do—wait until the folks at the house suspected an accident and came hunting for him. He heard the rumbling of wagons on the road and distant shouts, and knew that a dozen men were not a mile away. But he could not shout again, and must wait for Kintenden.

For a year past he has owned a little white dog, which follows him like a shadow, and about ten o'clock at night the little fellow came gliding through the branches and licked his master's face. He had been frightened away by the falling tree and the shouting, but had come back to act as a messenger to bear the tidings. The dog had not been with him more than five minutes, before McMahon hit the idea. He reached his free hand down, covered it with blood, and then wiped it over the dog. This he repeated three or four times, knowing that the animal must bear plain marks, and he then ordered him to go home, rapping him sharply with his free hand. The dog hesitated a moment, received another rap, and then started off. The animal went straight home, but for half an hour could not get into the house. At length when the door was opened, he darted in, sprang into the lap of the farmer's wife, and the family were shortly convinced that McMahon was dead or badly hurt, and both man and wife, with lantern in hand, started for the woods. The little dog led them straight to his master, who was by this time half crazy with his hurts. After viewing his situation, the farmer returned home, got a crosscut saw, and himself and wife used it to free the victim, and then got him to the road and carried him home in a farmer's wagon.—Had it not been for the dog, McMahon would not have been searched for at all, as the farmer had concluded that he had gone to the city for the night.

DAY OF REST.

"Hail, hallowed day of heavenly rest,
To man in Eden given;
The day which the Creator blessed,
A type and pledge of heaven.
When fallen man, forlorn and reft,
Was wrapped in sorrow's shroud,
This sign of mercy still was left,
A rainbow in the cloud.
Memorial of blessings fled,
It bade the banished mourn;
Prophet of good, it likewise said,
"Ye banished ones return."
And now a richer light is shed
On thee, sweet day of grace;
Creation hides her lowly head
Before redemption's face.
Let little children hail the day
Which breathes of peace and love;
Which bids their toils and cares away,
And tells of rest above;—
And tells of resting Sabbath bell,
And love the house of prayer;
Sweet thoughts and hopes within them swell,
Whilst they are gathered there.
Lord, for thy day we bless thy name,
Thy law has made it sure;
It stands from age to age the same,
The birthright of the poor;
O may these first fruits of our time,
These Sabbath-seasons, be
Bright steps up which our souls may climb,
Till they are safe with thee.

IN THE ROUGH.

The marble was pure and white
Though only a block at best,
But the artist, with inward sight
Looked farther than all the rest,
And saw in the hard, rough stone,
The loviest statue the sun shone on.

So he set to work with care
And chiseled a form of grace,
A figure divinely fair
With a tender, beautiful face;
But the blows were hard and fast
That brought from the marble that work at last.

So I think that human lives
Must bear God's chisel keen,
If the spirit yearns and strives
For the better life unseen.
For men are only blocks at best,
Till the chiseling brings out all the rest.

Brooklyn. C. B. L.

WHITE AS SNOW.

(ISA. I: 18.)

"White as snow!" Oh, what a promise
For the heavy laden breast!
When by faith the soul receives it,
Weariness is changed to rest.

Red like crimson, deep as scarlet—
Scarlet of the deepest dye,
Are the manifold transgressions
That would else upon me lie.

God alone can count their number;
God alone can look within;
O, the sinfulness of sinning!
O, the guilt of every sin.

God's own law, so just and holy,
Proves my sin and shame and loss,
But what proves it still more clearly,
Is the story of the cross.

Heavy-laden, worn and weary,
To the promise let me go;
Though your sins be red as crimson,
They shall be as white as snow.

"White as snow!" Oh, have you watched it
Softly carpeting the ground,
Wreathing with a wreath of silver
Every common thing around?

"White as snow!" Can my transgressions
Thus be wholly washed away,
Leaving not a trace behind them
Like a cloudless summer day?

Yes, at once, and that completely,
Through the blood of Christ, I know,
All my sins, though red like crimson,
May become as white as snow.

I believe the glorious record
God has given of His Son;
I accept the free salvation
His atoning death has won.

Yet, though free from condemnation,
I am not in Heaven yet;
What it cost—this free salvation—
Never let my soul forget!

Much forgiven! Quite forgiven!
Once for all, yet daily, too,
Let me live near Him who saves me,
Let me keep the cross in view.

Much forgiven! Then let boasting
Be forever cast aside;
Shall a newly pardoned sinner
Dare to lift his head in pride?

Much forgiven! O, my Saviour,
If my present state be such,
May the further words describe me,
This poor sinner loveth much!

—*Sunday at Home.*

I have been up for an hour or more,
Crowing aloud at the stable-door;
Dobbin has gone with the boy to plow,
Betty has started to milk the cow;
Sure there is plenty for all to do,
And all are up, young friend, but you.

"Up! up!" cries the soaring *Lark;*
"Only sleep, my young friend, in the dark.
Oh, let it never, never be said
You wasted the morning hours in bed.
Out of the window glance your eye,
And see how blue is the morning sky;
Open the casement: your slumber spare,
And smell how fresh is the morning air."

"Up! up!" cries the busy *Sun;*
"Is there no work, little friend, to be done

Discount

Discount is the abating of so much money to be received before it is due as that money if put to interest would gain in the same time and at the same rate.

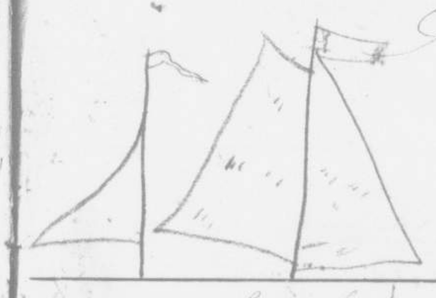
Thus $100 would discharge a debt of $106 payable in 12 months discount at 6 pr cent per annum because the $100 received would if put to interest regain the 6 earlier Discount.

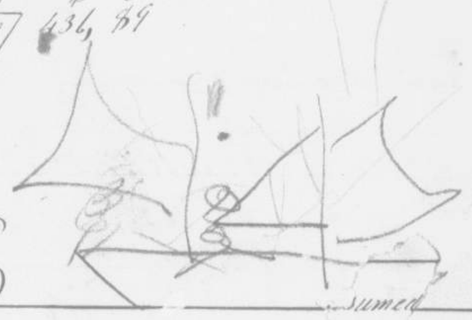
Rule as $100, with the interest for the given time is to 100 so is the given sum to the present worth and the given sum is the discount.

Examples

1. What is the present worth of $450 Due in 6 months Discount at 6 per Cent per annum

6 months ½ 6 per Cent
3
100
103 : 100 :: 450
100
103 | 45000 | 436 69
412
380
309
710
618
920
824
960
927
33





2. How much is the discount of £308.15s Due in 18 months at 8 per Cent per annum

Ans £33.1qr 5d 3f

for 12 mo 8 per cent for 100
6 " 4
12
100
112 : 12 :: £308.15
20s shillings
2240 | 6175 shillings
12
2240 | 74100 | £33. 9. 7¾
672
690
672
18
20s
2240 | 360 | 1qr
224
136
12
2240 | 1632
1568
32 | 64
2240 : 32 = 2/7