

As those lines are not to be found in any of the recent editions of Tennyson, I give them in full. They must have proved gall and wormwood to the supersensitive dandy—dude he would be called in our day—whose influence drew upon himself such a severe chastisement.

It seems that there was a little spice of love romance in Whittier's life. His sweet poem, "*In School Days*," is one with which even school children are familiar. It is said that the one romance of Whittier's life was woven about the tangle-haired girl two long years ago had said she loved him; and Whittier's bachelor life is traced by those who delight in such episodes in the careers of distinguished men, to his love for her. Iconoclasts take great pleasure in contracting and ridiculing this story; but those who believe in it are much hap-

pier in their romantic faith, than those who deny it in their historical accuracy.

Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, we learn from the "*Quebec Chronicle*," has in the press, and will shortly publish, his *Ode for Centenary of Shelley's Birth*. It is entitled *Ave*, and competent judges pronounce it Prof. Roberts' most praiseworthy poetic production.

I am reminded by the foregoing notification, that something remains to be said in these columns anent Shelley, in this his centenary year. But the author of *Alastor*, *The Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound*, cannot be crushed into a line, nor disposed of in a short paragraph. Should opportunity offer, I shall, in the near future, devote a whole series of notes and notices to the works and life of this great poet, and dazzling but unfortunate genius.



The man who is fond of books is usually a man of lofty thought and of elevated opinions.—DAWSON.

