

tune, and by them won over your friends to my side. Yet when you were here, I had not courage to tell you personally, and I suffered you to find it out for yourself."

"Sir," interrupted Mary, rising, "I am ashamed to say that I have been guilty of contemptible curiosity this day; but I have not read your papers. Forgive me, this is the last time I shall ever doubt you."

"But what caused your very belligerent aspect?" said Mr. Gordon to my husband, after he and Mary had settled the question of forgiveness. "I thought you and Mrs. Wigley were both going to attack me; and if you did not know I had been twice a widower, what occasioned your solemn manner of reception?"

"The two wooden legs!" I replied.

"In four months after their first meeting, we had the grandest wedding that was ever seen in our chapel; which was registered for the celebration of marriages. Mary and Mr. Gordon left the town in great glory.

"Since then we have often visited them: and my own little Mary is now being educated with their children.

"I believe the two wooden legs still remain in the dark little closet; but there is no apparent probability of a third defunct limb at present."

We ought to be more patient under deprivations," added our minister's wife; "for who knows all the advantages of disadvantages?"

The writings of Herbert Spencer have found a Russian translator, though no version of them has yet been made in French or German.

Mr. Garrett, Director of Public Instruction in Mysore, is preparing a classical dictionary of all the Indian deities and mythical personages.

The British and Foreign Unitarian Association will publish at an early date a new edition of *The History of the Corruptions of Christianity*.

The first part of Prof. Seeley's edition of Livy will appear shortly, with a preface and long dissertation.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY J. G. MANDY, JR.

Now Spring with smiles and whisp'rings low,
Breathes on the pulses of the land;
The streamlets softly stealing flow,
The breezes pipe their music; and
The earth once bare is over spread
With emerald-woven carpeting:
A softer grace o'er all is shed,
The groves with choirs of thrushes ring.

Blue is the sky, and bright the sun;
His broadening influence is felt,
His rays already have begun
To wake what through wide Nature slept.

Now wakes the heart to joy and hope,
Now bounds the soul with throbs of love;
No more in shadow-land we grope,
We smile as smiles the sky above.

We walk through Nature, and we feel,
On plain and hill, or through the dale,
Delicious dreamings o'er us steal,
Sweet phantasies of hope prevail.

We cast away the weight of cares,
We feel the joy, which Spring-time makes;
When Winter his rude rule forbears,
And Spring comes smiling o'er our lakes.

Now when sweet Hope steals fondly o'er
Our hearts, let us adore the good,
And teach ourselves to evermore,
Do less we should not, more we should.

Then in each flower, and each blade
Of grass, and in all Nature, we
Shall more distinctly see conveyed
The teachings of Divinity.

Two short treatises on Pennsylvania German are in course of compilation, a grammar by Prof. Notz, and a vocabulary by Mr. Rauch.

M. Louis Blanc is preparing a history of the siege of Paris, the incidents of which he follows with the closest attention.

Boucicault is reported to have written, translated, and adapted more than 200 plays, and to have realized upon them over \$1,000,000.