

Literary Notes.

The Ladies' Home Journal is always good as can be, never disappoints. It is a marvel of cheapness at a dollar a year.

The Youth's Companion is one of the most welcome of our exchanges. Even the baby often asks when the mail comes: "Youth's Panion tum 'day?"

The Colonist is a first-rate journal for all interested in the Northwest of Canada. Its columns give just the information that people want. You will find it advertised elsewhere in this number.

No. 5, for April, of the *Manitoban*, is a credit to the prairie province. It contains quite a variety of interesting reading matter, including a serial story, an account of a trip "From Western Ontario to Manitoba in 1867," and a continuation of the "Red River Expedition of 1870." Published at Winnipeg at a dollar a year.

The Cosmopolitan for May is a capital number. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of James Russell Lowell. "Sevillian Vignettes," "Two Visits to the Lapps," "King Henry Christophe I," "At the Brewery," "Wolcott Balestier," are all beautifully illustrated. Some of the other articles are: "School, College and Library," "Mechanical Flight," "Simian Speech and Simian Thought," "Politics of the Russian Famine," and "Certain American Essayists." There are two stories and poems by John Hay, W. W. Campbell, Edgar Fawcett and E. C. Stedman.

This is a year of historical anniversaries. Says a Montreal writer, it is "the 25th of Canadian Confederation, the 50th of the establishment of Responsible Government in the country, the 100th of the convocation of the first Parliament of Upper and Lower Canada, the 25th of the founding of Montreal, and the 100th of the discovery of America by Columbus."

The man whose red rag of offense is any exhibition of the ego, no matter in how genial or inoffensive a form, can hardly be expected to survive an infliction of Walt Whitman. Particularly must that soul which goes forever wavering about the pronoun I, be too painfully sensitive to hear or read the "Song of Myself." I cannot bring myself to inflict on him the disgust these lines would awaken; but as he will not have proceeded so far with this lucubration, I cannot suppose that I endanger him.

"I celebrate myself, and sing of myself,
And what I assume, you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good as
belongs to you.
I loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf at my ease, observing a spear
of summer grass.

"I dote on myself, there is that lot of me and all
so luscious,
Each moment, and whatever happens thrills me
with joy.

A morning-glory at my window satisfies me
more than the metaphysics of books."

After all, is not the man's mind unhealthfully sensitive which so revolts? Of what does a man know so much,—great as his self-ignorance may be,—as of himself? What can he render so vividly or properly as his own impressions of things? Whether or no these are of sufficient value to bestow upon the public the event must determine. I believe it was Iago

who would not "wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at," alas! he did not tell us how numerous the daws may be, or if he was one of them himself.

There are some particulars for which we are indebted to our American brothers under the flag striped and starry, and we gladly seize any valuable suggestion. In the light of fairest days, from the seminary to the humblest primary school-house, the banner of the country is seen floating with something of a holiday air. Often in traversing the State of Maine, we turn the angle of some country road, and come suddenly upon it, and admire the sentiment and policy that placed it there. We would give to the "Flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," side by side with a chosen native banner, these points of vantage throughout our Canadian land. It is a symbol, the continuous presence of which must endear it the more to the hearts of old and young. It is but a few weeks ago that we were most delightfully entertained at the High school of the town in which we live by exercises commemorative of Robert Burns. Some of his entire poems, and many of his finest passages, were well rendered; while such essays, biographical and critical as were presented indicated particular research on the part of the respective pupils, with access to the finest writers and most reliable authorities on the subject. We could but reflect upon the possible result, in taste and intelligence, from the common observance, in like manner, of the birthdays of the leaders in letters and statecraft throughout all the Anglo-Saxon lands, and in schools high and low. This is becoming increasingly prominent as a feature of schools in this State, and it cannot fail to do something toward raising literature and the best authors in the public esteem. We are not aware but that such may be the case in

Canada; if it should not be, this is one of the useful hints from our cousins over the border.

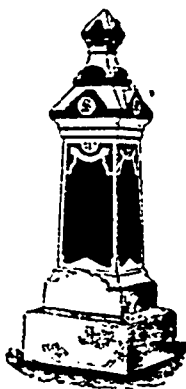
BEAR AND CUBS.—The surgeon of a vessel sailing from England to Hudson Bay in 1812, made this entry in his journal for July 25th. Of course, what the doctor calls the silver bear must be the white polar bear of Arctic regions.

This day, while sailing through straggling ice, one of the men on the quarter-deck observed, at a few yards' distance, a silver bear and her two young cubs. The captain immediately ordered the jolly-boat to be lowered, and muskets, etc. to be got in readiness; and all things being prepared, the first mate, with three or four men, set out in pursuit. We were all leaning over the deck, waiting with the greatest anxiety for the interesting scene that we expected to witness.

They had not gone many yards from the vessel, when I beheld a very affecting sight. The mother, observing their approach, and aware of their intention, set up a most doleful cry, and presently clasped her young ones within her two forepaws. First she would look at one, and then at the other, and again resume her piteous cry.

Seeing the men come still nearer, she got the cubs on her back and dived under water to a considerable distance; when exhausted, she made to the ice for shelter. This she did several successive times.

The men who went out for the purpose of shooting her were so justly affected at the sight that they humanely returned to the ship without discharging their muskets. Still, however, the poor bear apprehended danger. After getting on a detached piece of ice, she again clasped her young ones with the greatest tenderness, and continued her heart-melting cries.



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