land. Whatever may betide, we will always love and venerate the old land, but surely the love for the old cannot chill our affection for the new. We have a magnificent country, we are inheritors of the traditions and forms of constitutional government given us by England. It is ours to preserve to Canada, at least, the proud distinction of being the greatest colony in the world.

## gerapiana.

## WEARY.

Weary, weary, he said!
Ah, for the dreamless pillow,
Ah, for the dreamless bed!
Weary, weary, weary,
He sighed as my path he crost:
All that I hoped for is vanished,
And all that I loved is lost.

I dreamed! but my dreams were ever
The dreams of a fevered brain,
I hoped, but my hopes were only
The hopes that are born of pain!
Weary, weary, weary!
The rest that all men dread,
Were sweet to this throbbing heart of mine,
And sweet to this aching head.

Weary, weary, weary,
He said as he passed from my sight:
Weary, weary, weary!
Away in the desolate night
With the wail of the winds that wander,
With the moan of the moaning sea—
Came back the sigh of that weary
And desolate soul to me.
H. L. S.

## DR. JAMES P. COLLINS.

If virtue means good works it must always be a pleasing task to the biographer to give a record of it. The whole of the brief career of the subject of our sketch was pre-eminently of the above. The late Dr. Jas. P. Collins, was born in the County of Cork, Ireland, April 23rd, 1824, and came to this Province with his parents when quite a child. From youth he was of a meditative cast of mind and always eager for the acquirement of

knowledge John Gran tion, and, late Dr. Pa Latin lang resolved th this object Peters, of necessary, was an en honours, hi ingly sent t under the n receiving hi wards the s immediately fessors, in th for him a m declined, or health, who sufficient, as state of mat affections, a John, and fo which attend assorted you the summer monly knows ships to the ravages were do better tha

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