

Far stretched along the narrow winding way,
Which village footsteps keep forever bare ;
Here branching off into the bush betray,
That some lone rustic hath a dwelling there.

The shadow lengthens from yon hoary pine,
Spared from the axe by memories of yore ;
Here ancient notch that marked concession line,
Or led Backwoodsman to his log-hut door.

Guests of the sunbeams one by one depart,
Another day goes smiling to its rest ;
While drowsy earth mid rosy kisses part,
And dew drops gather where her lips impressed.

With sober instinct at the accustomed hour,
The lowing herd move on their homeward way,
While bull-frog comes from out his reedy bower
To chant a requiem to the dying day.

The squirrel partly from the mouldering tree,
Makes evening visit to a neighbouring nest ;
While azure jay on branch so silently,
Trims a soft pillow for his beak to rest.

The flowers are closed, erewhile the bee conveys
Her day's sweet gatherings on her slender thighs,
And Humming-Bird from tender branch surveys
The scenes he loved, while yet 'neath southern
skies.

On this sweet scene I feast my longing eye,
While neath the Maple's boughs I yet recline ;
And at my feet the brook slow bubbles by,
A vernal vesper, and a ceaseless chime.

I am alone, yet with a thousand friends
In every leaf and flower reposing here ;
The buzzing insect as it homeward trends,
Chants common friendship sweetly to my ear.

Can the heart pant for purer, truer joys,
Than nature's bounty in her lap hath laid ;
Give me, O heaven ! to drink ere man alloys,
And breath my life's breath humbly in her shade.

Disrael derives an income of \$6,000 a year
from the copyright of his books.

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This is another Canadian literary periodical,
after the style of the "New York Ledger" and
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PEACE.

The dove has sped upon her mission of glory, she has after seven months wandering brooded over the blood-stained fields of France, and in the midst of powerful contending armies, let fall the olive branch, and two strong nations fly to grasp it. The articles of peace have been signed by France and Prussia, and the mighty hosts in battle array are being disbanded. We know little, and can but faintly conceive of the great joy that reigns to-day in the thousands of homes in the two great countries so lately at war with each other; and while on the other hand the mourners go about the streets in multitudes weeping over their slain loved ones; yet this great army of anguished souls cannot but join in the loud praise of "Thank Heaven" for peace restored. We hope that this terrible war just past will be the last we shall see in our day, and why may it not prove a sad yet forcible warning to all nations to evade war, to sheathe the sword, to study and inculcate the nobler arts of peace. Victory of course follows to one of the contending parties in all wars, but how dearly is it bought; purchased by the life of thousands of the nation's noblest sons, wept over by rivers of tears from heart-broken mothers and sisters, the victories of war are indeed too dear, too bloody, too sad!

The issues of the late conflict are as we anticipated. The Germans have been wonderfully victorious, the French have been ignominiously defeated. The armies of Fatherland as a final triumph have entered the proud city of Paris as victors, while Bismarck has succeeded in gaining his strongest demands of settlement; the cession of territory has been conceded by the French Assembly with an additional heavy money indemnity, so that now as we write the armies are returning homeward, and the war is virtually at an end, the Germans having succeeded in all their intentions and demands. We do not propose to argue the justice of the