

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

(Suggested by a picture by Mr. Romney.)

This relative of mine
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen,
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste;
What an arm! What a waist
For an arm!

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace, farthingale and gay
Fallala—
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love;
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, "Come!"

What funny fancy slips
From atween these cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Sweet sorceress in paint,
What Canon says I mayn't
Marry thee.

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,
Once shamed the swarthy crow.
By-and-by
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cruel foot for spite
Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine;
Well I wot
With her needles would she sit
And for hours would she knit
Would she not?

Ah! perishable clay;
Her charms had dropped away,
One by one.
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen it was "Thy
Will be done."

In travail as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest,
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest.

O, if you now are there,
And as sweet as once you were,
Grandmamma,
This nether world agrees
'Twill all the better please
Grandpapa.

A GARDEN IDYLL.

We have loiter'd and laugh'd in the flowery croft,
We have met under wintry skies;
Her voice is the dearest voice, and soft
Is the light in her wistful eyes;

It is sweet in the silent woods, among
Gay crowds, or in any place,
To hear her voice, to gaze on her young
Confiding face.

For ever may roses divinely blow,
And wine-dark pansies charm
By the prim box-path where I felt the glow
Of her dimpled, trusting arm,
And the sweep of her silk as she turned and smiled,
A smile as fair as her pearls;
The breeze was in love with the darling child,
As it moved her curls.

She show'd me her ferns and woodbine sprays,
Fox-glove and jasmine stars,
A mist of blue in the beds, a blaze
Of red in the celadon jars;
And velvety bees in convolvulus bells,
And roses of bountiful June—
Oh, who would think the summer spells
Could die so soon!

For a glad song came from the milking-shed,
On a wind of that summer south,
And the green was golden above her head,
And a sunbeam kissed her mouth;
Sweet were the lips where that sunbeam dwelt—
And the wings of Time were fleet
As I gazed; and neither spoke, for we felt
Life was so sweet.

And the odorous limes were dim above
As we leant on a drooping bough;
And the darkling air was a breath of love,
And a witching thrush sang "Now!"
For the sun dropped low, and the twilight grew
As we listen'd and sigh'd, and leant—
That day was the sweetest day—and we knew
What the sweetness meant.

—From "Poems" by Frederick Locker.

PERIODICALS.

In the January number of *The Century Magazine* that much discussed novel, "The Bread-winners," reaches its conclusion. It strikes us as a story strong throughout; here and there a trifle unrefined, and now and again in error in its analysis; but on the whole a vigorously conceived and boldly outlined picture of full-blooded life. An unusually readable and well illustrated paper is that by Mr. Andrew Lang, entitled "Edinboro' Old Town," with drawings by Mr. Pennell. A bright artistic paper is the "Log of an Ocean Studio," by Clarence C. Buel. There is an interesting article on a young Hindu genius, a girl by name Toru Dutt, who died at the age of twenty-one, after having added work of permanent value to our literature. Mr. Robert Grant's "An Average Man," does not by any means strike us as possessing the dulness one critic has ascribed to it. The heroes are two young men who are not slow; one of the heroines, a charming and beautiful young woman wedded to a feeble-minded husband, is dissatisfied, and reads with one of the before-mentioned heroes, on first acquaintance, sundry stanzas from Swinburne's exquisite but not exactly prudish "Before Dawn." We do not think the novel gives any promise of dulness. In fact everything points quite the other way. An article signed "Y. D." gives an account of "The Forty Immortals" of the French Academy; there are extracts from Garfield's "Journal of a Trip to Europe in 1867"; Mr. Edward Eggleston contributes a paper on "Husbandry in Colony Times"; and Mr. E. V. Smalley writes a timely note on General Sherman, whose portrait, engraved to perfection, opens the number. Mr. John Burroughs contributes one of his finely sympathetic essays, under the title of "In Wordsworth's Country." Mr. Cable continues his novel, "Dr. Sevier," of which we do not yet find ourselves able to formulate an opinion. The characterization, it goes without saying, is beyond praise, as are the descriptive touches. Like all of Mr. Cable's work, it has a quality which prejudices the critic in its favour. The hero is a somewhat contradictory and uncomfortable doctor. The heroine is a sweet and lovable little woman, whose husband commands our liking and respect, while we are conscious of a lack in his make-up which vexes us. Narcisse is admirably drawn. In the department of "Open Letters" there is a letter from Mr. J. Fred Harley, a young Canadian writer of great promise, dealing with the question of "Free Trade with Canada." Mr. Frank R. Stockton has in this number one of his delicately humorous stories, entitled "His Wife's Deceased Sister," from which we quote. The name itself is a hit. The poetry of the number is not remarkable.