

the garden, stay long at XII. The present, like the noon, is only a point; and a point so fine that it is not measurable by the grossness of action. Thought, alone, is delicate enough to tell the breath of the present."

"The past belongs to God: the present only is ours. And short as it is, there is more in it, and, of it than we can well manage. That man who can grapple it and measure it, and fill it with his purpose, is doing a man's work; none can do more; but there are thousands who do less."

"Short as it is, the present is great and strong; as much stronger than the past, as fire than ashes, or as death than the grave."

"Memory presides over the past; action presides over the present. The first lives in a rich temple hung with glorious trophies and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but duty, and it walks the earth like a spirit!"

#### THE FATHER-LAND.

"Abuse her as we will, pity her starving peasantry, as we may; smile at her court pageantry, as we like,—old England is dear old England still! Her cottage homes, her green fields, her castles, her blazing firesides, her church spires are as old as song; and by song and story, we inherit them in our hearts. This joyous boast, was, I remember upon my lip, as I first trod upon the rich meadow of Runnymede; and recalled that *Great Charter* wrested from the King, which made the first stepping stone towards the bounties of our western freedom."

"It is a strange feeling that comes over the western Saxon, as he strolls first along the green bye-ways of England, and scents the hawthorn in its April bloom, and lingers at some quaint stile to watch the rooks wheeling and cawing around some lofty elm-tops, and traces the carved gables of some old country mansion that lies in their shadow, and hums some fragment of charming English poesy, that seems made for the scene! This is not sight-seeing, nor travel; it is dreaming sweet dreams, that are fed with the old life of books."

We know of no book that would form a more pleasant companion either for the fireside, in the cold of winter; or for a summer-day's ramble, among the wilds of nature. Its view of the inner life of the heart is profound; and its pictures of outward nature, fresh, lively, and poetical. No one, we are sure, can read its pages without becoming wiser and better, more hopeful and trustful.

As we are firm believers that the gifted soul cannot utter its sweetest and holiest music, while its best sympathies are still wandering, and its better half yet unfound, we shall expect great pleasure from the perusal of the first work from the pen of Mr. Ik. Marvel, the married man; for if he is contented to remain long in single blessedness, his book has deceived us. In the meantime we cordially commend his bachelor reveries.

The idea has occurred to us; why should not some of our Canadian publishers give us cheap reprints of some of the best works of American authors? As they are all copy-rights, reprints could be afforded here at less than half the cost of the original books, and would be worth all the cheap editions of foreign trash that are flooding the country. We hope to see this idea carried out.

There is another book from the pen of this same bewitching author, Ik. Marvel, which has not yet found its way to the bookstores of our northern city. It is entitled "*Fresh Gleanings, or a New Sheaf from the old fields of Continental Europe*," which title sufficiently explains its purport. Yet it is less a description of objects and people, which successive travellers have a thousand times reiterated, than a noting down of the impressions made, in the course of his tour, upon an original and cultivated mind, which well deserve the name of "*Fresh Gleanings*," bestowed upon them by the author. The exquisite paragraph which closes the volume, will give a specimen of the whole, and render those who read it anxious to procure the book.

"Then I went sailing under the skirts of ancient towns under vine-covered cliffs, and among pleasant islands, upon the waters of the Rhine; up and down its bounding current by night and by day I sailed. In the day the waters were bright, and there was the loud hum of busy cities by the shore; in the night, the cities were dark and silent as the dead, and the waters were flecked with red furnace-fires, or blazed upon with the white light of God's moon. Great and glorious cathedrals rose up and faded away behind; barge-bridges opened and closed again; mountains grew great and frowned; and grew smaller, and smiling left us; echoes rang, and fainted; songs of peasant girls came to our ears, and died in the rustling current. Towns, vineyards, ruins, came and went, and I was journeying through France again. The people were gathering the sheaves of harvest, and the grapes were purpling on every hill-side for the vintage. Again the enchanting city and the winding Seine; Lillebonne, and most beautiful Candebeac, and I was by the edge of the ocean once more. Then came the quick, sharp bustle of departure, and the fading shores. My straining eye held upon them fearfully, until the night stooped down, and covered them. With morning, came sky and ocean. And this petted eye, which had rioted in the indulgence of new scenes each day for years, was now starved in the close-built dungeon of a ship with nothing but sky and ocean. Week followed week, still nothing but sky and ocean, before us—behind us—around us—nothing but sky and ocean. But thanks to this quick working memory, through the live-long days and the wakeful nights, my fancy was busy with pictures of countries, and the images of nations; yet ever, through it all, Mary, the burden of most anxious thought, was drifting, like a sea-bound river, homeward!"