

Would he not have some bestowal,
Which but LIFE could give;
Some prophetic full avowal,
Bursting forth "I live?"

Surely so—we will not question,
Power of higher things;
Idle is the false suggestion,
Which earth's fancy brings!
Love with all its sweet delusions,
Chains and charms the soul;
But it flings not vain illusions,
Boasts not such control!

As to fill the dying hour,
With these prophet words
Foretaste of immortal power,
Quickening earth's last chords
"Still I live" an heir for ages,
Birthright on the scroll;
Which unfoldeth living pages,
Glorious for the soul.

Thus he spake, and then he slumbered,
All the mortal part;
Which the spirits utterance cumbered,
Heard the sound "Depart!"
But the soul with glory guarded,
Such as God could give;
Nevermore by frailty burdened,
Entered *life to live*.

M. J. K.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE circle of Provincial readers who take an interest in colonial literature would appear to be very limited. Judging at least from the number who have come forward to support by their subscriptions our present effort we can arrive at no other conclusion. No doubt there exists a general taste for reading, a taste that is indulged to a considerable extent and which is gradually extending. This is proved by the large number of Periodicals both from England and the United States that find their way to the Provinces through the Book Stores and other channels. The desire, however, to cultivate and support a native literature in the country is either yet to be formed or has not yet developed itself to any great extent. When the Provincial Magazine was first issued, after several previous failures of a like attempt to maintain a monthly journal in Halifax, the difficulty most apprehended was the want of a sufficient support in contributions to its pages. It was supposed that although it might be easy to enlist a goodly number of supporters in the way of annual subscribers for one or two dollars per annum, who would be presumed to receive an equivalent in the amount of reading matter to be periodically furnished, yet that few comparatively would be found to devote their leisure almost gratuitously to the effort necessary to fill its pages. The story told by Hood, the humourist, it was supposed would apply here as elsewhere to an attempt at cheap literature. The story is, that Hood was applied to, to contribute, not exactly gratuitously, but at a very small advance upon nothing, to a new journal about to be issued in London. His reply was that he would accept the terms conditionally, provided the principle could be properly carried out. He wrote, it is said, to his butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary for the sake of cheap literature and the interest of the reading public, that they should furnish the different commodities in which they dealt, at a trifling per centage above the cost price. The answer of the butcher is given as an example of the rest. It ran thus: 'Sir. Respectin