

of 1865, and still more so, of that very popular and very degraded type of art represented in the "Royal Marriage" of the same year.

\* "Ecce Deus;" in print, in binding, in the title and arrangement of the chapters is got up to look like Ecce Homo, on a sort of Sheep in Wolf's clothing principle, to attract those who were misled by the famous heretical work into reading a confutation of it. Ecce Deus is very orthodox, but there was we fancied a charm somewhere about Ecce Homo beyond the power of his imitator to assimilate. The mutton is excellent no doubt, but oh for the lupine vigour and originality. We have also received from Mr. Hill a volume of Devotions by Alford of the Greek Testament; like that work it is an excellent compilation. We are glad to be able to recommend to those of our readers who still take interest in Greek, a little volume containing, with some excellent notes, the text of a tract of Plutarch on the Delay of the Deity in punishing the Wicked, by Professors Hacket and Tyler. We have not before met with any edition of a previously unedited Greek Text emanating from an American University which we would so willingly see in the hands of our students. Such a book as this of Messrs. Hacket and Tyler is a vast improvement on the more pretentious and less original works of such compilers as Anthon.

## The Medley.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I.  
1. In England a city of name.  
2. Its offspring, who win it its fame.  
In crown-land my first you will hear.  
My next—near "auld Reekie" his seat.  
My third to all infants most dear.  
My fourth sends you crackers to eat.  
My fifth all who wed must provide.  
My sixth I pray thou may'st not be,  
For then I'd sit near thy bedside.  
Nor count me my seventh, for thee!—  
My eighth in the farm-yard is seen.  
My last where'er fire has been.

II.  
1. In ye rush, and ye rage of a mighty wind,  
My first, under tropical skies, you'll find.

2. My next, ye elixir of life to all  
Who live and breathe on this earthly ball.  
My third, a painter whose works display  
The clear—obscure of ye fading day.  
4. A Canadian river, whose name has long  
Lived, and shall live, in ye poet's song.  
5. My fifth what all of us are to each other  
Tho' we may not be father, son, or brother.  
6. A lovely isle of the Southern sea,  
Yet ye scene of bloody treachery,  
7. A song of ladies fair, and gallant men  
Writ by a famed Italian pen.  
From the initials may be quickly guessed,  
A fair young city thron'd in ye west.  
The finals show a lake, and both are claimed  
By Canada, our Kingdom, lately named  
G. M.

CIPHER.

A "ladye faire," instead of sending her knight  
to the wars, to test his love for her, gave him the  
following puzzle to solve, with the promise to be

his "help-meet" when he should send her its  
solution:—  
5R J5B FB73RF G5VF FVC5R2 F5N77 4R ZL XAVT5G.

SALAN SHROUWER.

CHARADES.

I.  
Behold those great ships how nobly they swim—  
See those miners go down to their mine—  
My first you will find up aloft, neat and trim,  
Or far down below it will shine.

The river! the river! my darling old river!  
O what a delight 'tis to me,  
When they pull till I see the stout oars bend and  
quiver,  
My next on the river or sea.

I walk in my garden to look for my whole:  
I carry him crumbs in my hand.  
There he sits—yes, I see him—on top of the pole,  
Down he flies now, and picks on the sand.

II.  
My first is a name known by every school boy,  
My second is the name of a letter found in all  
Grecian writings.  
My third is a noun of praise.  
My fourth was the "eye sore of Athens."  
My fifth is a wood found in tropical climates.

\* Ecce Deus: Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1867. For sale by C. Hill, Montreal.