

those of last year. Will not our friends in these places make a special effort to secure, at least, most of our old subscribers. It is only by retaining the old, as well as securing new subscribers that our circulation can be permanently increased.

We can supply back numbers from the beginning. Our friends who have sent us subscriptions, will confer a favour by sending to the editor a memorandum of the number of names, both of old and new subscribers, that they have forwarded.

ON THE RIVER.*

RIVER ! river ! gentle river !

Bright you sparkle on your way ;
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River ! river ! swelling river !

On you rush o'er rough and smooth ;
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping,
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River ! river ! brimming river !

Broad and deep, and still as time,
Seeming still, yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River ! river ! headlong river !

Down you dash into the sea,—
Sea that line hath never sounded,
Sea that sail hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

*We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Belford Bros. for this poem and the accompanying engraving, which are taken from their recently published volume, "The Prattler."—ED.