

life short like a weaver's shuttle, but let it be a life, full, strong, rich—perchance a day only, but one of those days of heaven, which are as a thousand years!"

The deep piety, and the poetic sublimity of the following extract, will, doubtless, be considered a sufficient apology for giving it to the reader:—

There are many phases which the human soul must go through before it can attain even that approximation to the divine, which is possible on earth. We cling to prop after prop; we follow longingly whichever of earth's beautiful and blessed things seems most to realize that perfect ideal which we call happiness. Of these joys the dearest, the truest, the most satisfying, is that which lifts us out of ourselves, and unites us in heart and soul—ay, and intellect, too, for the spirit must find its mate to make the union perfect—with some other human being. This blessed bond we call Love. But the chances of fortune come between us and our desire;—the light passes, and we go on our way in darkness. There are times, when we must stand alone, and see earth's deepest and most real joys float by like shadows. Alas! we can but stretch out our arms toward that Infinite, which alone is able to fill the longings of an immortal spirit. Then, with our wounded souls, lying naked and open before the Beholder of all, we look yearningly toward the eternal and divine life, complete, unchangeable, and cry with solemn, thankful voice, "O God, Thy fulness is sufficient for me; O God, Thy love is an all-boundless store."

Through this portion of his inward life had Philip passed. But while learning the deepest mystery of all, he also gained other knowledge, other power. It seemed as though his intellect had sprung up, strong and mighty, from the ashes of the fire which had consumed his heart. Perhaps the same would be the secret history of almost every poet-soul, whose words go forth like lightning; man heeding not the stormy cloud and tempest from whence it leaps forth. Philip's world-ideal had been the woman he loved; when that became a dream, as he now deemed it was, all human love seemed to pass out of that world with her. The heart's life shut out—the soul's life began.

Who or what the author is, we have no means of ascertaining. The dedication of the work, as a solemn offering to the holy memory of the writer's mother, is given without even a date to it. But in the next quotation, which must be our last, a little of the secret is divulged. It is evidently—the extract we mean—a page from real life, and has, doubtless, been indelibly written, by the hand of affliction, on the inmost core of the author's heart, and the writer stands revealed to us, a woman and a mother:—

He smiled—what a heaven is there in the happy smile of the dying!—and suffered her fond, ministering hands—unwilling even yet to

give up their long tendance—to unfasten the cloak and put the wine to his lips. Then she sat down beside him, laid his head on her bosom, and awaited—oh mighty strength of a mother's love!—awaited, tearless and calm, the passing away of the life which she had given.

"He is quite content—quite happy—he told me so," Philip whispered in her ear, with his soft, comforting voice.

She turned round one moment with a startled air: "Yes, yes, I know. Hush!" and she bent down again over her child, whose faint lips seemed trying to frame, scarcely louder than a sigh, the last word, "Mother."

Then there fell over the twilight-shadowed room a solemn silence, long and deep—in the midst of which the spirit passed. They only knew that it was so, when, as the moon rose, the pale, spiritual light fell on the calm face of the dead boy, still pillowed on the mother's breast. She turned and looked upon it without a cry or a moan, so beautiful, so heavenly was it! At that moment, had they put to her the question of old, "Is it well with the child?" she would have answered like the Shunamite, "it is well!"

"God help her!" murmured Philip Wychnor, as she at last suffered him to take the beloved form from her arms, and bear it to "Leigh's room"—they call it so even now. Ere the young man left the chamber—once the scene of suffering and pain, now of holy peace and death-slumber—he looked long and earnestly at the white, still image before him. Then he turned away; and thought no more of the dead likeness of what poor Leigh had been, but of the now free, glorious, rejoicing soul.

We intended to have concluded this brief notice of the work before us, with a few observations upon certain defects and mis-quotations, which we would have pointed out, but after reading the above, where we made the discovery already adverted to, we could not find it in our hearts to "breathe a syllable of blame."

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#### THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

We have already directed attention to this excellent and useful publication, and we embrace the opportunity afforded us by the completion of the issue, to express our gratification, that the enterprise has been so warmly supported throughout the Province. The last number, in addition to the Maps, contains a very large and copious Index, and a handsomely engraved Title Page. Taken altogether, we are confident that, in cheapness, accuracy, and beauty of execution, the National Atlas has scarcely an equal in the same line, and most certainly no superior.

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