Scrapianu.

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How the Albatross, lord of both tempest and ses, On far-shading pinions scaled up from a-lee; His great eyes in wonderment gleam'd—saying plain "Who are you that intrude on my Austral Domain?"

X.

How the Cape-pigeon followed—preceding the sun, Sweet herald! proclaiming the tempest was done; As the dove of old Noah the olive-spray bore; Showed the waters subsiding would vex us no more.

NAUTES.

and all a sid

HUNTER DUVAR'S IDYL.

In this poem, a pair of young lovers go out to search for the "common objects" of the woods and fields,

"And read the book of Nature-never read, Because without a finis."-

he with a painted tin box strapped on his shoulder, she carrying a slight basket wrought with dyed porcupine quills by some dusky Huron maid. Then follow a series of lovely little vignette pictures, full of delicate observation and playful fancy, and with those touches of local scenery and circumstance which make them distinctively Canadian. The squirrels making themselves merry with forbidden fruit, the busy woodpecker boring his holes in the beechen tree, the boozy hornets sucking up the wine from the flasks of the melilotus, the yellow lichen with red coral tops on the old pine stump, are all pictured in this charming Idyl, with many others of Nature's tiny wildings; all these common objects the lovers ought to have seen, but not one of them did they see. Through the long summer day they wandered hand in hand,

"Till daylight darkened in their deepening eyes,"

and as they passed along the leafy walks, the linnet mocking sang

"Oh, love, sweet love, that makes the bright eyes blind !"

Duvar is about to publish by subscription a poem entitled "John a' Var, Gentilhomme and Troubadour, his Lais." Specimen pages are given in the *Maritime Monthly*, giving a fasicnating view of its contents, and showing that it is to be got up in the daintiest of styles. We are sure all who love poetry will wish to possess it, and this they may do by sending the very moderate subscription price of one dollar to Mr. Spencer, the editor of the *Maritime Monthly.—London Advertiser*.

We trust our readers will not wait to be called upon personally for their subscriptions, but will send them in at once. One or two hundred names are now required to insure the publication of the volume early in December.