

dangerously ill, and being in consequence sent adrift by the family with whom she lived as governess, Routh relieves her from this false position by marrying her. Henceforward she becomes his accomplice, his decoy, his ready instrument—choosing sin and loving it, because she loves him; in forgery, lying murder, and the more cruel murder of dooming an innocent young man to infamy as well as death, she follows his steps. We are then asked to believe that such a woman retains through all this moral pollution, a pure and unselfish love for her husband. Now we do not hold it possible that a general deterioration of character can co-exist with the retention of any high and pure affection. To a supposition that this can be the case, which is what we take to be meant by the complaint of Mrs. Routh's dying words: "There is no God, if there were, such women as I am could not exist," we reply, "Negatur." Such women do not exist, except in Mr. Yates' very amusing pages.

The Village on the Cliff recalls the peculiar charm of Miss Thackeray's earliest novel "The story of Elizabeth." The plot is a simple one, having neither sensationalism, improbable incident or abnormal character, to recommend it. A lonely little governess amidst the dreary monotony of her school life gets some glimpse of the goings on of a certain very amusing specimen of a Law student, whose Bohemian life in the temple is admirably described—what Miss Thackeray gives us in this line by the way is much fresher and better than the usual regulation rechauffé of drinking, slang, smoking and the demi monde. She allows herself to fall in love with an ideal law student got up in her imagination to represent the actual one. They are repaired, and years after she marries without thinking sufficiently whether she has quite forgotten all about her early fancies. Of course the Bohemian reappears—she struggles bravely to do her duty with her whole heart, and is able at last to shake hands with the old love, feeling that there is a sufficient gulph between them.

Mr. Alpheus Todd's book on Parliamentary Government—at least the first volume of it, has reached us. The importance of the subject, and the elaborate manner in which Mr. Todd discusses it, demand a fuller consideration than we can give at present. In a future number we hope to lay before our readers some account of the view which Mr. Todd takes of matters which the changes in the constitution of our country make of increasing importance.

In belles lettres Mr. Palgrave's * "Essays on Art" contain some excellent criticism on the last Academy exhibition, chiefly reprinted from the Saturday Review. Remembering the Cœur de Lion Statue in front of Westminster Palace, we think Baron Marochetti is hardly dealt with. To those of our readers who may think of visiting London we recommend the articles on the Exhibition as giving a good account of some of the best works of Millais, and others of the great modern English school. We were glad to read Mr. Palgrave's condemnation of that unearthly looking ideality labelled Helen of Troy in the exhibition

* Palgrave's Essays on Art: for sale by C. Hill, Montreal.

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