

We have only space to afford a passing notice to his 'Dream,' which, however satisfactory it may have been to himself in setting his mind at rest, as to the necessity of baptism, to us throws little light on the subject. We must dismiss this writer with our regrets that his composition is not better suited to our pages, and advising him for the future to relinquish any attempts at versification.

Some verses entitled 'The Student of Musquodoboit,' come next under review. The subject of them was a young and promising native of our own province, and we believe fully deserved any encomium from those who knew him. We therefore give insertion to a portion of the 'memoriam' lines, which friendship dictated, hoping that the feelings which influence them will disarm all ill-natured criticism.

" Urged by the bent of an industrious mind,  
He sought the paths where science he might find,  
Pored 'neath the Scholars lamp—and hailed the morn,  
For skill, his life and practice to adorn ;  
His chosen study was the healing art,  
A boon he could not to himself impart;  
He graduates—his not for length of days,  
He sees the will of God : and own His ways !  
The unextinguished Lamp still feebly burns,  
The Student, to his home and friends returns !  
But this was not that better land afar,  
Tho' oft discerning one refulgent star !  
Still there, the student droops and inly fails,  
Straining his eyes to brighter happier vales.  
Or rather to the heights of light and love,  
Where once ascended—change cannot remove !  
To that fair land of pure delight and bliss,  
Where joy is not illusive—as in this !  
Here, the best maxim of the healing art—  
Can find no Medicine—for the failing heart,  
The heart may fail—and flesh, and strength decay,  
All may be found again—in endless day !

We will conclude our present notice by reference to a paraphrase on 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die,' and some lines addressed to the Mayflower, both from the same pen. We have only space for the opening verse to the Mayflower, which we give below :

" Our pretty little forest flower  
That blossoms 'mid the snow,  
Is whispering through the woodlands,  
In accents soft and low.  
It tells us in the sweetest tone,  
That winter now is past ;  
And though summer's long in coming,  
It is sure to come at last."

We must take leave of our correspondents with many regrets that their ability is not equal to their will ; at the same time we would not discourage them from persevering in the path of literary endeavour. 'Try again' is their only motto for success, but let them try with a distrust of their own powers, remembering that there is no pursuit requiring so much care, patience, and perseverance, as that of literature ; we would counsel them never to write, unless they really have something to say, not for the mere wish to accumulate manuscript. Above all things let them rather try the simplest form of composition—prose. The poet, as we have before said, requires an inborn legitimate spirit for his vocation, the power must be born with him, it cannot