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THE DEAD.

Beneath the sunshine and the clouds they sleep away the hours. Beneath the sweet and tender grass, the trees and blooming flowers, The soft, warm rain of summer, the winters frost and snow, The scarlet leaves of autumn and the spring's returning glow: But ah! they do not heed these things, a sweeter dream is theirs, Eternal silence seals their lips—no shadow of dark cares Can throw their pall upon these hearts forever now at rest; For safe for aye from sorrow's dark is every silent breast. The eye that sparkled once so bright, entranced at beauty s forms, Is shadowed in that dreamy land where calms ne'er break in storms; The glory of man's vigorous prime, sweet woman s loveliness, Rest 'neath the shade oblivion wears—the garb of nothingness. The swallows may return again with a kiss of early spring, And flowers may bloom, and o'er the land a fragrant perfume flug; Unclouded suns may rise and set in floods of golden light, And Cynthin's beams again may make the vault of heaven bright Bright stars may shine and silver cast o'er sky and land and sea, And autumn's vintage gathered be in joyous revelry. Chill winter's pure white snow may fall like hawthorne blo-soms fair, And wake the merry sleigh bell's chime upon the crisp, cold air Sweet birds may sing, and crystal streams may ripple o'er their bed, And sigh when flowers are withered a requiem to their dead: Daylight may weep itself to gloom and night fly from the day,
The sunbeam dim the moon's pale face and her bright company. The evening zephyrs wander forth to kies the flowers "Good night," And breathe in mystic cadence a farewell to the light.

The rosy moon with incensed breath, which mattre's censer gave, Shall wake no more the slumbering eyes now curtained by the grave. They in that ailent city dwell where naught jars their repose, They in that ailent city dwell where naught jars their repose, They in that ailent city dwell where naught jars their repose, They in that ailent city dwell where now the passed away. Owell in some bright land where sickness ne

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Voncouver, British Columbia, 7th July, 1890.

To the Editor of the Critic:-

DEAR SIR,—I have never received a bill from your office, and do not know exactly what my indebtedness is, but think it is for a little over a year and a half. I shall sand you a P. O. Order for \$4, and shall feel obliged if you will continue the paper until the first of the year, when I will subscribe in advance. I enjoy the paper so much. Everything in it is good, and a scholarly refined tone pervades it from first to last page, and Yours truly, from year's end to year's end.

JENNIE C. ATKINS

To the Editor of the Critic .-

Redding, Cal., July 8, 1890.

DEAR SIR, -In your issue of June 27th, in the editorial notes, you state that "Mount Shasta has collapsed, and the top has fallen into its own crater." I live in the valley below, and where I am writing this, can most plainly see the 14,442 feet hill looming above me just the same as ever.

There was a slight slide of snew on the top, which, together with the state of the atmosphere at the time, caused an associated press despatch to that effect, calling attention to the change of appearance of the mountain.

The despatch must have therefore received quite a mangling on its journey

from ocean to ocean.

I receive your paper very regularly, and consider it one of the brightest gems of Canadian journalism.

Though some years have rolled by since t left good old Nova Scotia, still news from home is always first read. Long may your journal flourish and continue to impress on the minds of your readers the fact that to be known as a Nova Scotian is a title to be justly proud of on any spot of this globe, and that their land to-day has none other to compare with it, according to area, in its undeveloped resources.

Yours very truly,

G. W. ARCHIBALD.

BOOK REVIEW.

Throckmorton-a novel, by Mollie Elliot Seawell, P. Appleton & Co. New York.

A pretty Virginian story, told in a captivating manner. The characters are few, but they are clear cut and distinctive. The hero of the story, Major Throckmorton, was by birth a Virginian, but, having been a soldier in the Federal army, he remained there through the war and fought against his own people, out of principle. Afterwards, on returning to his native place, he was received with coldness by all his form of friends, who could not understand the motives which actuated him. At tender romance observe the sympthms of the reader and it must be a high hearted at the reader and it must be a high hearted at the reader and it must be a high hearted at the reader and it must be a high hearted at the reader and it must be a high hearted at the reader. claims the sympthy of the reader, and it must be a hard hearted person who can read of the sorrows of poor, misguided little Jacqueline and not have a lump rise in the throat and tears in the eyes. Judith Temple, although nothing notable in her career arrests the attention, wins the love of all by the power of her sweet nobility of character, and the reader rests satisfied, when Throckmorton and she come to an understanding, that they will both be supremely happy. With a woman like Judith, Throckmorton's age would prove no barrier to happiness, as it would certainly have done with Jacqueline. The story is lightened with touches of great humor all through. The villain is not a very bad villain, and he is so fascineting that the reader as well as Judith Temple has to forgive him.