

for the success of the aspirant. This is enough, and the novice already sees in imagination the substantial cheque of the publisher and the favourable criticisms of the reviewers. We pass over the untold trouble of writing out a fair copy of the entire work with corrections and alterations, the careful selection of a thoroughly respectable publisher, and the affectionate packing of the literary child which has been born and nurtured at the cost of so much labour and suffering. Its parent feels quite uneasy when it has been consigned to the dangers of the Post-office or the parcels delivery. A reply from the publisher is of course expected by return of post, and of course not received. Days and days elapse without tidings of the valuable packet, until the author begins to please himself with the fancy that the publisher is waiting to be able to send a few proof-sheets for correction, with his letter as to terms. One day a brown paper parcel arrives, having no apparent resemblance to the lovingly arranged package which had contained the precious book. Upon opening it, he has the gratification of finding his property restored to him, accompanied by a slip of paper on which are written the laconic words, "Returned with thanks." And that is all! The mock gratitude of the "with thanks" contains a sting which he thinks he might at least have been spared. The vile sentence is scribbled carelessly upon a scrap of paper torn from the fly-leaf of an old letter. This is in itself an insult. He had expected that if, at the very worst, his book should be refused, he would receive a long and interesting letter upon the subject from the publisher; but that this miserable scrap of three words should constitute the sole and only requital of his work of weeks and months is more than human nature can stand. It is no wonder, he thinks that his book should not have been appreciated by a man who cannot even write decent English. "Returned with thanks." What is returned, to whom is it returned, and with whose thanks is it returned? In all the volumes which this offensive message accompanied there is not a single sentence so devoid of sense or defiant of grammar. The manuscript itself, when unpacked, has an air of having been in bad company. It is already musty and dusty, and has an unpleasant savour of the waste-paper basket. Altogether it looks as if it has lost its self-respect, and, much as it is beloved, somehow or other it is not welcomed back to its home with the warmth and affection that might have been anticipated. It is even possible that, if a cheerful fire is blazing within easy reach, the disappointed author may decide in the agony of the moment that cremation would form a classic and appropriate conclusion to the chequered career of his literary offspring.

Writers of books are not the only scribblers who receive slips of paper containing the consoling words "Returned with thanks." Would-be contributors to the public journals are also well acquainted with such missives. Indeed they may think themselves lucky if they get even so much politeness as this, for judicious editors mostly decline on principle to "return rejected communications." In any case, if the writer of a volunteered contribution neglects to send the requisite number of stamps with his article, in all probability he will never see it again either in print or manuscript. How many people have sent "a good thing" to *Punch*, and eagerly torn open the next issue of that popular periodical without finding the "good thing" recorded in its columns or ever receiving the cheque which was so confidently expected.

We should certainly shrink from the responsibility of recommending perseverance to writers of rejected MSS.; but we cannot deny that unflinching perseverance sometimes succeeds at last. There is a literary legend that Lingard's History was refused by several publishers before it was printed, and there are plenty of similar well-authenticated stories. The history of *Jane Eyre* is a well-known case. As regards journalism, unsuccessful aspirants may console themselves with the reflection that there are but few regular writers of articles who never find a contribution refused. Woeful, however, as the words "Returned with thanks" may appear to disappointed writers, they have even more melancholy associations for editors of public journals. When a man writes a book or an article which is rejected, he suffers a pang, but there is an end of it; on the other hand, the unfortunate editor is daily receiving packet after packet of useless and unsolicited manuscript until he is worried almost to distraction. Most people feel the reception of circulars and the postal advertisements of joint-stock companies to be something more than a minor nuisance; but, after all, such trash can be thrown into the waste-paper basket at a moment's glance, while the communications received by an editor must necessarily be subjected to a certain amount of scrutiny. The scribbling public might justly give an occasional thought of pity to the literary winnowing-machines known as editors, sub-editors, publishers, and publisher's readers. As to the non-writing, non-editing, and non-publishing community, we should imagine they must often regret that many of the books and articles which they read have been accepted, printed, and published, instead of having been "Returned with thanks."—*Saturday Review*.

The Old Masters.—The pictures under this title, to the merits of which we have given much space, are now on exhibition at the Art Gallery, Phillips' Square. The public will have the opportunity of judging for itself whether the pictures are worthy the place assigned to them. The Council of the Art Association have exercised a sound judgment in permitting their exhibition, because, without doubt, the pictures have great merit, and are, practically, great teachers of an Art not yet sufficiently studied by our people. The exhibition is daily open from One to Four P.M.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Sublime! on Pisgah's Mount
 Stood Israel's Prophet old,
 And thence beheld the "Land"
 Jehovah had foretold
 Should be the Heritage
 Of His own chosen race,
 Who long in Sinai Wilderness
 Had pined to find the "rest,"
 Of this fair "promised" place.
 Firm and erect!—as when in youth
 On Midian's Plain he stood,—
 Now towers in majesty his form!
 And his bright flashing eye
 Roams far, o'er sea, and land and wood!
 Then, backward went his thoughts
 To all his life, passed o'er—
 In vision saw the wondrous works
 That God had wrought before;
 And wildly he repented him,
 In sorrow, deep and sore.—
 Creator! Father! Friend! and Guide!
 How could I e'er despair
 Of seeing all Thy holy words,
 By glorious deeds made clear.
 Thy people, by Thy guiding hand
 Through trials great were led,
 And now the beautiful "Promised Land!"
 Before mine eyes is spread!
 Though through my sin, my feet may not
 E'en pass the bound'ry o'er,
 Still, blessed be Thy love to me,
 I now repine no more.—
 Now may Thy will to me be done,—
 My earthly race is o'er
 Mine eyes have seen the setting sun,
 Time is to me no more.
 But resting on Thy promise sure,
 I yield my soul to Thee
 And in the glorious light of Heaven
 I trust Thy Face to see.

Montreal, 20th Nov 1879.

E. L. M.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

The star we gaze on, from our sight may fade,
 The loveliest flower be blighted and decay'd,
 The joyous fawn may perish in its glee,
 The dove be stricken in its wanderings free.
 Weep, Beauty, weep! Thy fairest form hath fled;
 Mourn, Virtue, mourn! thy favourite child is dead;
 Weep ye for innocence, weep ye for truth,
 Mourn ye for loveliness, mourn ye for youth.
 Sleep, gentle girl, why should we mourn thy doom?
 Why weep to lay thee in the silent tomb?
 Vain are our tears, vainly do we repine—
 Grief still is ours, but happiness is thine!
 Sweet saint! yes, gone from earth, such is thy fate,
 Whilst here we linger sad and desolate;
 Frail are the things that claim our earthly love—
 Thy joys are lasting in thy home above.
 The household group assemble round the hearth,
 Where late uprose the sound of laughing mirth;
 And thou art wanting, with thy voice so glad—
 Thy kindred miss thee, and their hearts are sad.
 Full many a tear hath dimm'd thy mother's eye,
 That thou, the young and dearly lov'd should die;
 And droop'd in woe the spirit of thy sire,
 To see the daughter of his hope expire.

Thy brother, too, the fair and graceful one,
 Long will he miss thee, long in musings lone,
 Think of the form that by his side did stray,
 The good, the beautiful, the kind, the gay.

J. B. R.