

a few hours after. He made a new will, and left half his fortune to my husband, the rest to me. I loved John Grantly with my whole existence—no one but the desolate can understand such love. When I came here I was anxious to love his friends too; but you see what I've done, I've driven him away, and made my very name hateful amongst his relatives. Do you think he *could* forgive me?"

"Of course he will," I said cheerfully, "and when he comes back I want you to promise me two things; will you?"

"Oh! if he only comes again I'll promise anything you wish—if I can do it—what are they?" and she looked up hopefully.

"First, that you will never heed anything aunt Mattie says—the rest of us never do—and the other is, always make a confidant of John. If you had only told him, dear, how different it would have been." Well, John came home. I was there to receive him in my right of mediator, so I looked very grave, and severe, and

the poor fellow began to feel himself a dreadful culprit. When he had arrived at the proper grade in the vale of humility, I said, something in the style of a Judge, (I imagine,)

"The next time. Doctor Grantly, that you run off and leave this poor, timid child, to be tossed about among the gossiping surf (I was quoting Stella, you see,) around here, you need not depend on me to come and pull her out."

"Don't Jessie," he answered penitently; and then he commenced to say more—but who would stop to listen to a man's gratitude, I'd like to know. Ah! who indeed? 'Tis a very pleasant thing to *feel* but not to listen to.

And John Grantly did love pretty Rosamond after all,—that is, I should judge by a certain happy face, that it was the case. Being aunt Mattie's niece. I hope I will be excused if I add that I have a few independent ideas, on the subject—but of course I'm not going to commit myself by telling what I think about masculine devotion, &c., &c., just now!

ALEXANDER SMITH.

It is we think a fitting time, in the short space allotted here, to say something concerning the character and writings of Alexander Smith. That he was an artist in the first sense of the word, and gifted with rare poetic powers, no one we think will pretend to deny. And it is not too much to say, that if he had applied himself industriously to painting, his country in all probability would rejoice in annexing his name to the list of those who are ever to be revered and honoured for the works they have left behind. But the poetic faculty developed itself early in his mind, and allured him on to drink from those sweet and refreshing springs dedicated to the children of song. After his death, which, unfortunately for his country and his fame, occurred some months ago, the literary journals of both England and America gave their impartial testimony to his worth, both as a man and a writer, and vied with one another in expressions of regret and sorrow for the loss of one who, by his writings, had endeared himself to all thoughtful readers. And it is our purpose here to speak of him reverentially, and with all sincere honour, and to add our humble tribute of respect to his memory.

He came to Glasgow when quite young, and was, at the time of the publication of the *Life Drama*, his first poem, a clerk in a mercantile house of good standing; but the success of this poem, and the very flattering reception it met with from the public, induced him, no doubt, to change his employment for one more congenial to his tastes, and where he could find a more favourable opportunity for the display of his rare and gifted talents. He obtained a situation in the University, and retired, 'mid its cloisters and classic retreats, to a life of con-

templation and study. It is unnecessary to dwell at any length upon his mode of life in his new situation; but we can well imagine the delight the change must have given him, and how he must have rejoiced at the thought of leaving the drudgery and routine of a merchant's office, for the quiet life and hermit repose which was to be found in the University. "Solitude," says Gibbon, "is the school of genius;" if there is any truth in this aphorism, we think it is exemplified in the life of Alexander Smith. To his change of pursuits more suited to his talents we are indebted for the works he has written, and it is indeed to be regretted that his life was not spared, for he had those qualities in him which patient study would have amply developed, and the world had yet much to learn from him; but the dreariest day will have its ending, our fairest visions vanish like the sunbeam, and life is not to be measured by time, as Festus says, "we live in thoughts, not years." We know of no more melancholy spectacle than that of a man of genius stricken down in the prime of life, at a time when the glowing dawn of reputation and fame begins to light his way onward to the end. The world is full of examples such as these, and the remark is often unjustly applied to young writers that it is fortunate for their reputation they have passed away, before detraction or envy could blight or defame their character. Sympathy, they say, is always allotted to those who die young and have written little, since we are more concerned about the productions left behind than the creations which were yet to be executed. Our author has not written much, for he was a conscientious and pains-taking artist, but every new book he gave to the public gave evidence