

not to share. The *Edinburgh*, in funeral guise, laments the loss of its ablest pen, in Macaulay, who seems to have had a Parthian shot at his rival, Alison, in revenge for the keen shafts of last year's *Blackwood*. The many articles on ITALIAN AFFAIRS show that the eye of Europe is still anxiously fixed on Napoleon—as well it may be. The *North British* treats of internal defence; *Blackwood*, of the navy; the *Westminster* tries to unravel the Emperor's designs, and fancies he sees the key to the riddle in an intended series of Bonaparte settlements on the minor thrones of Italy, and the recapture of the old N. E. frontier of France—the Rhine; while it reproaches England, and with an appearance of justice, for first acknowledging, and then abandoning Sicilian independence of Naples. Turkey, too, will soon present some fine bones to pick, of which three, at least, of the eagles will want a share,—and if so, Italian troubles will be minor in comparison to what must cause a general European conflict. We shall soon see.

Old Ebony is as suspicious as we are about the "sly little man." The serial story is still very mysteriously holding back the *denouement*—which, it is to be hoped, will soon "turn up." *Blackwood* is also getting very poetic just now.

The *Atlantic* maintains its ground. The Professor has given us two more instalments—the first hardly as rich as usual, perhaps, but then one cannot always be equally sapient, or funny, still less both at once. The solid articles we have not yet read—but would be glad to be enlightened as to the meanings of the "Bardic symbols," in the April number, for we confess ourselves unable to make them symbolize anything but gammon. There is a good article on Mexico, and another on American names.

Dawson's Archaia we must defer till our next. It is most likely, however, that the author of "Acadian Geology," and the "Hand Book of Nova Scotia," who is also the prime mover in the *Canadian Naturalist* (a Magazine of which British America may be proud), will prove himself equal to his subject.

Mr. Calkin, of the Model School, Truro, N. S., has published a good, though small, school work, on the adjoining Province, which we recommend to teachers.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the Annual Reports of the Post Master General, the Lunatic Asylum, and of the Chief Superintendent of Schools—the last too late for any comment in our present issue.

GLEANINGS.

LOVE AND TRUST.

In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal
powers:

Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by-and-by will make the music
mute,

And ever widening slowly silence all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
But shall it? answer, darling, answer,
no,

And trust me not at all, or all in all.

Tennyson's Idylls.

Abernethy thinks that snuff does
not injure the brain. His reason is—
that no one with an ounce of brains
would think of taking it.

Free thinking does not always mean
thinking freely; in too many cases it
means being free from thinking alto-
gether.

A poet must e'er long arise,
And with a regal song sun-crown this
age,

As a saint's head is with a halo crowned;
One who shall hallow poetry to God,
And to its own high use, for poetry is
The grandest chariot, wherein king-
thoughts ride;

One, who shall fervent grasp the sword
of song,

As a stern swordsman grasps his keen-
est blade,

To find the quickest passage to the
heart.

A. Smith.