

showers; and stomach, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

My meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you, that riches without meekness and thankfulness do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich or contentedly poor: but be sure your riches be justly got or you spoil all. For it is well said: "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place look to your health: and if you have it please God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it and be thankful for it. As for money,—which may be said to be a third blessing—neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings: one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest Scholar.

BRITISH AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Mr. W. C. Cooper, barrister, of Toronto, is preparing for the press an Equity Digest, a work much needed by the profession.

The Rev. Dr. Forrester, Superintendent of Education, Nova Scotia, is now issuing from the press a work on Education.

Longmore & Co., Montreal, will issue in a few days, two works by Mr. Frederick Driscoll: "The Twelve Days' Campaign," relating to the late American War; and "The Defence of the Provinces;" whilst Mr. Lovell has in press "A Sketch of the Canadian Ministry," by the same author.

Mr. J. O. Côté, of the Executive Council Office, Ottawa, is preparing a second and improved edition of his valuable Political Appointments.

Mr. Wattan Small, of New Brunswick, has just brought out a book of Poems, which is well spoken of by the St. John *Morning Journal*.

A brochure has appeared in Nova Scotia with the title of "The Dawn of a New Empire."

L'Abbé Casgrain's Sketch of the Life of the late M. Garneau appears in the last number of *Le Foyer Canadien*.

A third edition of "A Catechism on Baptism," by the Rev. D. D. Currie, of New Brunswick, has lately come from the New York press.

Evan McColl, the graceful Gaelic poet, so well and favourably known in Scottish literary annals, and who now resides at Kingston, in tends shortly bringing out a volume of original poems.

LONDON SOCIETY.

We are indebted to Messrs Dawson Bros., for the May number of this interesting Magazine. Among the shorter tales we notice "Second Thoughts," "How Kate discovered America," and "Mrs. Beauchamp's Little Parties." Mr. Greenwood, the Lambeth Casual, contributes an article entitled "Waiting for the Waggon," a London Street Photograph. The series of papers on the Merchant Princes of England is concluded by an article on "The Commerce of the Present." Mark Lemon continues his walks "Up and down the Streets of London," and to those who are familiar with the great metropolis, these papers will be specially interesting. There is also a very interesting article on the "University Boat Race,"—the great annual struggle between the picked crews of Oxford and Cambridge, in which the former have been uninterruptedly successful for the past six years. Chapter VII of "The London Opera Directors" is replete with curious anecdotes, and illustrated with Portraits of Taglioni, Pasta, and Malibran.

UNDER THE HILL.

Under the hill,
When the night winds are still,
Alice is waiting quite close to the mill;
Waiting and thinking: "The time is so long!
Would he were come, like the air to the song;
Long have I watched for him here at the mill,
Far from my cottage, there under the hill."

Softly and bright
On this mellow June night,
Golden and graceful the moon heaves in sight;
"Somebody's coming now—this is the time:
Now by the poplars—now under the lime;
Quickly love's searching eye traces him still:
By the brook—past the brook—here, at the mill!"

Under the hill,
Statuette-like and still,
Shadows in silhouette fall on the mill,
Roguish-eyed Alice! on tip-toe she stands:
Stoops the young miller and presses her hands;
Presses her lips, too, yet all is so still—
None but the moon sees them under the hill
Kingston, C. W. CHAS. SANGSTER.

We omitted to notice, in our last issue, that Mr. Henry J. Morgan—a gentleman to whom our readers have been frequently indebted—was a short time since elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Copenhagen. Christian, King of Denmark, is President of the Society, and Mr. Morgan's diploma bears the royal signature. We congratulate Mr. M. upon being the recipient of so enviable a mark of distinction; and more especially as he is, we believe, the first Canadian upon whom the honour has been conferred.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NEW and complete edition of Plato is spoken of at Oxford as being in preparation by Professor Jowett.

"ANECDOTES of the Upper Ten Thousand; their Legends and their Lives," is the title of a new work, by Mr. Grantley Berkely, which will shortly be published.

MR. A. W. THAYER, United States Consul at Trieste, has been engaged for more than fifteen years upon a life of Beethoven, the first volume of which is now in the press at Berlin.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE is writing a "History of Fiction."

GUSTAVE DORE proposes to illustrate Shakespeare, and he also proposes to be paid for the work. One or two publishers have offered him \$80,000; but he refuses. His price is \$100,000.

HERR HUMBURG, a Berlin bookseller, has been sent to prison for a month, for publishing a translation into German of "Pauvre France," a libel upon the Emperor Napoleon.

A LONDON publishing House is negotiating with M. Gustave Doré for the illustrations he has designed for Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Thirty in number, they comprise some of M. Doré's happiest creations, and will be engraved in the highest style of art in London.

In the place of a postage-stamp mania it appears that a taste for collecting seals is becoming very common on the Continent. Very recently, at a sale in Paris, a collection of impressions from 9,000 seals of various royal and celebrated personages sold for £400. The impression of one of Victor Hugo's bore the motto, "Faire et réfaire;" one of Alexander Dumas', "Tout passe—tout lasse—tout casse;" and of Lamartine's, "Spira spera."

MM. EMILE DE GIRARDIN and ARSENE HOUSSEY are about to commence the publication of a new magazine, which will appear monthly or bi-monthly—it has not yet been decided which. Each number will contain a portrait. Madame SANDS will be the first.

COMPENSATION has been granted to Mr. Erie Williams, the occupant of Sir Isaac Newton's house, Vicarage-place, Kensington, which is about to be destroyed by the Metropolitan Railway. The

same company has already pulled down Milton's house in Cripplegate—for in these iron times the associations of intellect go for nothing. The jury, in the case of Newton's house, gave Mr. Williams £2,110 in compensation.

THE proprietors of the *Contemporary Review* have published a list of the principal contributors to the first volume, now complete, which includes Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury; Canon Blakesley; Professors Cheetham and J. A. Dorner; the Rev. W. Fremantle, Dr. Howson, Professor Maussell, Dr. Perowne, the Rev. E. H. Plumtree, Dr. Reichel, Canon Robertson, Dean Stanley, the Rev. H. B. Tristram, Principal Tulloch and others.

ALTHOUGH M. Rénan's last book, "Les Apôtres," is exciting the profoundest sensation in French literary circles, it is said that the publishers, Messrs. Levy, have been greatly disappointed in its sale. It is not meeting with anything like the popularity which attended "La Vie de Jésus." The cause of which the *Evénement* gives in the words of the old proverb: "Il est mieux de s'attaquer au bon Dieu qu'à ses Saints."

PERHAPS the most lasting monuments to the memory of famous jesters, humourists, and eccentric characters, have been the little joke-books which secured to themselves a sale by having the name of some wit or notoriety upon their covers. "The XII. Mery Gestys of one called Edyth, the Lyeng Wydow," in the reign of Henry VIII., was followed by "Skelton's Mery Tales in Queen Elizabeth's Time," "Jacke of Dover," "The Conceites of Old Hobson," "Scogin," "Archee," and "George Buchanan," came next; and then Polly Peacham, Joe Miller, Ned Ward, Killigrew, Beau Nash, Garrick, Foote, Quin, and Lord Chesterfield, each appealing to the world as the very best mirth-provoker of the time. The old custom of giving a jest-book to every popular character has fallen out of fashion of late years; but it seems now on the point of being revived. The latest announcement is a Spurgeon Jest-Book, under the title of "Anecdotes and Stories of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, now first collected and arranged." This must not take to itself the credit of being the earliest clerical budget of wit. There was a Sterne's Convivial Jester, or That's Your Sort; and a very favourite volume with our forefathers was "Ecclesiastical Transactions, or a Collection of Reverend Jokes."

Most of our readers will already have heard of the very sudden death of Mrs. Carlyle, the wife of the great man who was lately called from retirement to the high office of Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. Mrs. Carlyle's maiden name was Welch, and she came of a family who were directly descended from the great John Knox—the stern old divine whom Mr. Carlyle eulogized so highly in his recent address. After their marriage, in 1827, they resided for some time at Craigenputtock, a small estate Mr. Carlyle had acquired through his wife. It was here that that wide correspondence was entered into with Goethe, Emerson, and other distinguished men, in which Mrs. Carlyle took an active part. In some of the collections of Goethe's poems, verses to "Madame Carlyle, Scotland," may be found; and one of these, it is said, was originally written on a visiting card, which the great German sent to the wife of his friend and admirer. The following is a rough translation of the lines:—

"Messengers like this we send
To tell the coming of a friend:
This poor card can only say
That the friend is far away."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

GILBERT RUGGE. A Novel. By the Author of "A First Friendship." Harper & Bros, New York. Montreal: Dawson & Bros.

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA. (English Edition). By Victor Hugo. London: Sampson, Low Son & Marshall. Montreal: Dawson & Bros.,

THE LADY'S MILE. A novel. By Miss M. E. Bradon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. Montreal: C. Hill