

in pleasant places" into this new edition of your poetical works, oh poet!

"Alas for the rarity  
Of Christian Charity  
Under the sun."

"Native Hell"—how uncharitable!

"To the Robin" is a very pretty little dedicatory poem; indeed Mr. Murdoch excels rather in this particular description of poesy. Our barn-yard friends, our flower gardens, our wild grottoes and glens and sweet smelling meadows and lawns, and craggy peaks and mountain retreats, are all vigorously painted on Mr. M's canvas, and he touches his easel and in glowing tints scatters here and there tall umbrageous trees; and tiny warblers sing and chirp and play, hopping from one bent twig to another, filling the air with melody and pleasant sounds. He wanders through "pastures green" and notes by the way-side all that is worthy of note, and in delicate verse he tells us pretty stories of his meanderings. He paddles the babbling "burnie," and anon he stands contemplating rugged nature by wild cascades and roaring cataracts, and his soul soars higher and he dashes on the tinted landscape, far into the distance, the giants which come thundering down like avalanches, beating back all that come in their way. And the bleating lamb dies and she too tells her tiny story, and on the waving leaflet a humming bird opes its still small voice and *she* also lisps her tuneful ditty. All bend to the poet's will, and all sing in their own way to keep him company. Sheaves of wheat and ears of yellow corn play their several parts in these dramas of life, and the "blythe wee Robin" picks the morsels of grain "'mong the stack-yairds" and gratefully whistles back its "card of thanks."

"Let him Come" can serve no good purpose in reproduction and we are sorry it is included in the present volume. Napoleon the Third is perhaps the best abused man who has ever wielded the sceptre of a mighty nation. Notwithstanding all that has been said about him, his generalship and his government and his mode of governing the French, we still adhere to the opinion, often expressed in these pages, that he was the best monarch France has ever had and that he has done more for the Empire than any other ruler has ever done for that country. He has been unfortunate. It is not right to heap up more calumnies on his fallen dynasty. Had he been successful in the late war between France and Prussia, and had planted the victorious Tri-colour and French Eagle on the ramparts of Berlin, the world and the hireling correspondents of volatile daily newspapers would have been a unit in their praises of the nephew of the mighty General who ruled supremely in solitude on wave-washed St. Helena. He fell! and look at France to-day! How much better off is she with the so-called goddess of Liberty enshrined where the proud Imperial Eagle once flapped in regal pride and power her untarnished wings? To Great Britain Napoleon III. was always a staunch and firm friend and sought every means in his power to convince the people of the "tight