

The hallow'd last repentant breath,
 That Saints do at the hour of death
 'To heaven for mercy sigh,
 Breathes not a fragrance more divine
 Than scents these nectarous lips of thine,
 Of Ruby's deepest dye.

Sweet form whose "step hath fairy lightness,"
 Picture of hope and "pleasure's brightness,"

 Maid of the noble brow,
 If aught could make my soul adore,
 And love angelic woman more,
 'Tis maidens such as thou.

R. M. S.—r.

REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

To begin with ourselves: This journal was ushered into existence and our first number, for January, we are constrained to say, was well received by the reading public, although not so generously supported by those who are most expected to foster and promote the growth of a native literature, as we had been induced to hope. There are some, it would seem, who are disposed to look upon an effort such as the present, as something not of a utilitarian character—something having analogy only to the light and useless—not calculated to rouse the latent energies of our people, or direct them in right channels, or to instruct and elevate them mentally and morally in the social scale—some who view the pursuits of literature as a kind of vicious indulgence in a description of light-reading—so termed—fitted only to amuse, and not suited to the wants of colonists. They do not perceive the necessity of an attempt to exalt and refine the mental powers of a growing and expanding population, that is soon destined to make of these North American Provinces a great nation—and hence the apathy and indifference that prevails in some directions on the subject. We might, by way of contrast, point with some propriety to the example afforded by our neighbors in the Eastern States, and more especially to the town of Lowell, long since famous for its manufacturing capabilities, and equally noted even in literary circles of the mother country for its periodical work, entitled "The Lowell Offering," filled entirely by contributions of a useful, amusing, and interesting character, by the operatives employed at the mills. Some selections from this periodical have been republished in Great Britain, under the title of "Mind among the Spindles," in illustration of the truth that literary taste and ability is confined to no class or sphere of operation. The OFFERING, as we understand, was for a long period sustained with spirit and success, by a community not more able than our average provincial population, and by whom the latter ought not to be outdone or excelled in literary pursuits. Yet to a degree of indifference to literature, that is perhaps characteristic of new countries, more than to any pecuniary inability, must we attribute the necessity which led to the recent discontinuance at the close of 1851, of a Canadian Monthly Magazine, after an existence of fourteen years. We transfer from the Hamilton (U. C.) Spectator, the