

'Tis all the same, a wreck of human clay,
 A mouldering relic of man's noblest part,
 Which seems in silent eloquence to say,
 "Presumptuous man, how frail, how weak thou art."

We would, in passing give a word of advice to this Correspondent, to one of whose productions we have given insertion in a previous number: to endeavor to condense and classify his ideas;—a thought reflected in several verses, weakens the force of the sentiment, and detracts from the merit of the stanza. He should bear in mind that pointed sententious writing is the best style to employ, both in prose and poetry, for the pages of a Magazine, or indeed in any literary work.

Our next contributor has sent us several pages of manuscript, from which it is difficult to select anything in an entire form. Fragments of verse from detached poems, with here and there a sentence in prose, is but an unsuitable medley to present to our readers; nor can we from the whole select anything that would convey the meaning of the writer, with the exception of the following, entitled—

EXTRACT FROM "THE LAMP OF THE MARKET SLIP."

"The dark and dreary pine forest, is the only perspective; piles on piles of wildly drifting snow, surround the traveller; and the appalling silence is alone broken by the low roar of the tempest, gathering new strength in 'mid air, and the heart-chilling howl of forest animals. Cries for succour would be here useless,—and the hazardous attempt to repossess the trail of the day, the only alternative, in despair; in a last effort to preserve the life so useful to his fellow-beings. It is tried; and it fails. And not until the long winter months had been succeeded by the tardy Spring,—not till the young cranberry vines and clustering mosses looked out from their nooks upon the hill sides, did the sheep find the lost shepherd, sleeping beneath the tall pine trees, protected by the cold garment that had been his death shroud. The remembrance of the just is blessed; and his soul hath received the recompense, "Well done good and faithful servant." They laid him to sleep in the valley where the Mayflower sheds its first odour, and the twining *Linnaea* greets the laurel shrub. They laid him there to rest, and bitter was the grieving: for one of Faith's guardians had gone; and where was there another so truthful, so earnest? But good springs from evil; and he who works as he will, with the aid of his feeble creatures, or without it, has caused the seed scattered by Nova Scotia's first missionaries, to bear fruit abundantly; and the memory of the Reverend Henry Lloyd, does not yet cease to win young competitors for their Master's honour,—in drawing new flocks into the fold. E. A.

If our Correspondent would pay more attention to the rules of composition, and moreover, instead of giving extracts from a variety of subjects, favour us with an entire article—we would feel obliged.

"Albyn" has transmitted a lengthy manuscript, entitled "The Amateurs," in verse. While returning our Correspondent all due thanks for his attention and labour in our service, we would respectfully remind him that short articles, particularly when poetical, are most acceptable. A glance at the space at our