

smile to the luminous part of the heavens. Of these friendly saluters Southey comes nearest to the suggestion we would have extracted—had we dared adventure upon such a theme—from the supplemental speculation we have added to the poetical one; and with his lines we shall conclude:

—“Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine, that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! All things, then,
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be healed and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel
God always, everywhere, and all in all.”

Scrapiana.

COMING.

BY MARY BARRY.

Oh, the wind how it whistles,
The wild North wind!
From sea-green mountains of ice,
From bergs that toss in a tossing bay,
From limitless glaciers seen afar,
White in the light of the Polar star,
With their frozen fringes of spray;
They are coming, coming I know,
The frost, and the drifts of snow;
Are they of Junes and of flowers the price?
Are they the price of our yesterday?
O the wind, how it whistles,
The wild North wind!
What of the wind? Let it blow,
Let it sweep from the height,
Where the thunders grow;
Let it bring the sleet and the snow;
Let it wail through the lonesome, pitiless night;
Let it sob, let it whisper low:
I am not a child,
Let the wind be wild,
I am not a child, to be frightened so!

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