

## FOREVER AND A DAY.

I little know or care  
 If the blackbird on the bough  
 Is filling all the air  
 With his soft crescendo now ;  
 For she is gone away,  
 And when she went she took  
 The springtime in her look,  
 The peachblow on her cheek,  
 The laughter from the brook,  
 The blue from out the May—  
 And what she calls a week  
 Is forever and a day.

It's little that I mind  
 How the blossoms, pink or white,  
 At every touch of wind  
 Fall a-trembling with delight ;  
 For in the leafy lane,  
 Beneath the garden boughs,  
 And through the silent house  
 One thing alone I seek.  
 Until she come again,  
 The May is not the May,  
 And what she calls a week !  
 Is forever and a day !

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in October *Atlantic*.

“TENNYSON'S VIEWS ON RELIGION,” by J. A. Nicholson, M.A., in the Presbyterian College Journal for March, is an article well worthy of reading and is sure to be of special interest to all students of Tennyson.

“TALENT AND HOW TO DEVELOP IT,” is the title of a very interesting article in the February number of the Ontario Ladies' College Monthly. “The Sunbeam” is a fitting appellation for this bright, newsy and wholesome exchange.

“GENTLEMEN, you do not use your faculties of observation,” said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. “When I was a student,” he continued, “I used my sense of taste.” And with that he dipped his finger in the gallipot, and then put his finger in his mouth. “Taste it, gentlemen—taste it,” said the professor ; “and exercise your perceptive faculties.” The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class. One by one the students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction, and, with many a wry face, sucked the abomination from their fingers. “Gentlemen, gentlemen,” said the professor, “I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation ; for had you looked more closely at what I was doing, you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot.”—*Home Journal*.