

We are reminded, in this connexion, of an excellent old English version of "The Lark and the Reapers," which we lately met with, which proves how inexhaustible are these slight themes. When the lark has quieted the fears of her young, who inform her that the farmer has applied to his friends for aid,—

"Then up she clam the clowdes
With such a lusty saye,
That it rejoyste her younginges heartes
As in their neast they laye;

And much they did commende
Their mother's lofty gate,
And thought it long til time had brought
Themselves to such estate."

The conclusion of the same fable in the present version is lively enough. When at length the farmer and his boys resolve to reap the field themselves,—

"All, fluttering, soaring, often grounding,
Decamped without a trumpet sounding."

These volumes, we think, are sure of a lasting popularity with the young, and will no doubt make acceptable Christmas and New Year's presents.

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Confessions of St. Augustine. Boston: E. P. Peabody.

WE heartily welcome this reprint from the recent London edition, which was a revision, by the Oxford divines, of an old English translation. It is a rare addition to our religious library. The great Augustine,—one of the truest, richest, subtlest, eloquentest of authors, comes now in this American dress, to stand on the same shelf with his far-famed disciples, with A-Kempis, Herbert, Taylor, Scougal, and Fenelon. The Confessions have also a high interest as one of the honestest autobiographies ever written. In this view it takes even rank with Montaigne's Essays, with Luther's Table Talk, the Life of John Bunyan, with Rousseau's Confessions, and the Life of Dr. Franklin. In opening the book at random, we have fallen on his reflections on the death of an early friend.

"O madness, which knowest not how to love men like men! I fretted, sighed, wept, was distracted, had neither rest nor counsel. For I bore about a shattered and bleeding soul, impatient of being borne by me, yet where to repose it I found not. All things looked ghastly; yea the very light; whatsoever was not what he was, was revolting and hateful, except groaning and tears. In those alone found I a little refreshment. I fled out of my country; for so should mine eyes look less for him where they were not wont to see him. And thus from Thagaste I came to Carthage. Times lose no time; nor do they roll idly by; through our senses they work strange operations on the mind. Behold, they went and came day by day, and by coming and going introduced into my mind other imaginations and other remembrances;

and little by little patched me up again with my old kind of delights unto which that my sorrow gave way. And yet there succeeded not indeed other griefs, yet the causes of other griefs. For whence had that former grief so easily reached my inmost soul but that I had poured out my soul upon the dust in loving one, that must die, as if he would never die. For what restored and refreshed me chiefly, was the solaces of other friends with whom I did love what instead of thee I loved: and this was a great fable and protracted lie, by whose adulterous stimulus our soul, which lay itching in our ears, was defiled. But that fable would not die to me so oft as any of my friends died. There were other things which in them did more take my mind; to talk and jest together; to do kind offices by turns; to read together honied books; to play the fool or be earnest together; to dissent at times without discontent, as a man might with his ownself; and even with the seldomness of those dissentings, to season our more frequent contentings; sometimes to teach, and sometimes learn; long for the absent with impatience, and welcome the coming with joy."—BOOK 4.

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A Discourse on Popular Lectures, pronounced before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, Aug. 3, 1842. By CALVIN PEASE. Burlington: C. Goodrich.

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The Connexion of Taste and Morals; Two Lectures. By MARK HOPKINS, D. D. Second Edition. Boston: Tappan and Dennet.

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Observations on the Presidential Veto; Together with a Plan for a Change of the Constitution relative to this Power. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. pp. 78.

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The Beggar of the Pont des Arts; translated from the German. Boston: James Munroe & Co.; and

The Career of Puffer Hopkins. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1842.

A BOOK of the school of Dickens, and "designed by the author to be national in its features." As we are obliged to keep our novels uncut against the rainy days, we have not yet looked far enough into these stories to have an opinion to offer.

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Poems on Slavery. By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The thinnest of all Mr. Longfellow's thin books; spirited and polished, like its forerunners; but the topic would warrant a deeper tone.