

Fall like tears that leave us resign'd
When the soul submits to a hapless doom ;
Fall like light that falls on the blind,
On a life o'ersteeped in gloom

Fall like the bounties God has given,
While the mournful winds are piping abroad ;
Fall like the hints we have of heaven,
Like a blessed balm from God !

The next Poet on whom I must bestow a few words is a native Canadian,—the late JOHN McPHERSON who was born at Liverpool, Nova Scotia, in 1817, and who died 1847, in the Province of his nativity. This child of the Muses gave proof of a serious and studious mind in his early boyhood. Delicate health, together with the hard and thankless profession of a schoolmaster sadly marred his genius. Troubles, difficulties and disappointments were his lot through life. He was so delicately sensitive that the least word of criticism robbed him for a time of tranquillity and happiness. I am not aware of any other work published in his lifetime than his poem of 16 pages "THE PRAISE OF WATER." A prize was awarded to him for this work as the best Poem on temperance. His posthumous work "THE HARP OF ACADIA" consisting of moral and descriptive poems in 298 pages 12mo, and published by his friend MR. J. S. THOMPSON, attracted much attention. It has been warmly eulogized by the most competent judges. The poems which it contains do not evince great imaginative power, nor are they rich in gorgeous descriptions, or the fire of sustained passion, "but," says that accomplished authoress Miss CLOTILDA JENNINGS, "they are melodious, tender and original. They are not the reflex of his reading, they are his own genuine utterance. Grace and perspicacity of expression, usually one of the charms last acquired by accomplished and well trained authors, seem to have been the unconscious possession of this one ; and when we remember how little he was aided in this way by the society of fluent talkers, the suggestions of judicious critics, or the influence of early discipline, we venture to conclude that he was taught and endowed very much as the ravens are fed and the Elies clothed."

EDWARD J. CHAPMAN, Professor of Mineralogy in University College, Toronto, although devoted to scientific studies, has produced some poetical compositions of very great beauty ;—a proof, if any were needed, that Poetry and Science are not antagonistic. His chief poetical work is called "A Song of Charity," published at Toronto in 1857. Critics are agreed that this learned Professor possesses the genius of Poetry.

MR. BIGNEY, a native of Nova Scotia, but now resident at New Orleans, has published a work of 258 pages 16mo, called "the Forest Pilgrims and other Poems." Some of the purely imaginative pieces in this work are spoken of by critics as being of a high order of merit.

MISS MARY J. HALZMANN of Nova Scotia has written some elegant fugitive pieces in verse for the press of that Province.

MR. DANIEL CAREY, an eminent Journalist of Quebec, has enriched the literature of the country with some very meritorious poetical compositions.

MRS. RHODA ANN FAULKNER, (née Paige), was born at Hackney, near London, England, in 1826. This very accomplished Lady had scarcely given proof of her fine poetical talent in a little work called "Wild Notes from the Backwoods," when she was called from this earthly sphere. Mr. Dewart relates a pleasing but melancholy circumstance connected with her early death at Cobourg in 1863. He had written to ask some contributions for his "Selections." Her husband replied that through severe illness, she was unable to comply with this request. A few weeks after, "Wild Notes" was sent to Mr. Dewart by Dr. Powell of Cobourg, with a request to insert some pieces from it in his work, and stating at the same time that the author had died the week before. One of the Pieces which Mr. D. selected,—"DREAMS," and which I need ask no apology for quoting, would alone suffice as an enduring monument of her genius :

Dreams, mystic dreams, whence do ye come—
In what land far off is your fairy home—
From whence off at night do ye hither stray—
Where aye do ye flee at the dawn of day ?
Ye ne'er can fold your wand'ring wings,
Ye wild unfathomable things !

Come ye from a beautiful world afar—
The land where the lost and the loved ones are,—
That ye oft bring back in your shadowy reign
The sound of their voices to earth again,
And their sunny smiles and their looks of light,
In the silent hours of the quiet night ?

Ye have brought again to the mother's breast
The child she hath laid in his grave to rest,
And lo ! she hears him prattling at her knee,
And she watches with joy his infant glee,
And kisses again that fairest young brow
That can meet but a worm's caresses now.

Ye have opened the captive's prison door,
And he stands on his own hearth-stone once more,
And his Sire is there with words of blessing,
His Mother with tears and fond caressing,
And a Sister's form to his heart is clasped,
And a Brother's hand in his own is grasped.
And he feels nor fetter nor galling chain,
He is safe ! He is free ! He's home again !

The murderer lies in his murky den,
His crime ever hidden from human ken.
Of his victim's fate few ever may know,
None ever may tell who hath struck the blow ;
But dreams ! ye have brought to his sight again,
Him whom his hand hath remorselessly slain—
With his ghostly smile and his glassy eye
And his finger pointing in mockery.
O dreams ! ye are strange and terrible things,
When ye come in the might of conscience' stings !

Lo ! the child lies down in his cradle bed ;
And his soft hand pillows his drowsy head,
And his parted lips have a cherub smile,
Untouched e'er by sorrow, unstained by guile ;
Falls Heaven's sweetest light on his baby brow,
And he lists to the "Angels' whisper" now.
O bright are ye, dreams, and beautiful things
When ye visit the child on Seraph's wings !

The warrior dreams of the laurel wreath,
And he rushes on to the field of death,
The minstrel dreams of the ne'er fading bay,
While pouring his soul in his fervid lay ;
And the soldier lies with thousands as brave,
And the minstrel fillets a nameless grave

Oft the Statesman dreams of ambition's dower,
Of the pride of wealth and the pomp of power,
Of a people's trust and a people's love
That the waning years of his life may prove ;
And when age hath palsied both brain and limb,
Oh, sad is the waking awaiting him !

The lover oft dreams of a mortal brow
To shine ever blessed and bright as now ;
Of an earthly love which no power may change,
No sorrow e'er darken, nor time estrange,
That shall know no shadow, no fear, no fall,—
Oh his is the wildest dream of them all !

We are dreamers all, we shall still dream on,
Till the vision of life itself be done,
Till the weary race to the goal is run,—
Till the fevered pulses are checked and chilled,
Till the fluttering heart is for ever stilled,
Till the final struggle at length is o'er,
And we quiet lie down to dream no more.

You may not all be aware that British America claims an OLIVER GOLDSMITH. This gentleman whose sweetness of versification and happy smoothness of expression have been praised by critics, was a collateral descendant of the celebrated OLIVER GOLDSMITH who wrote that beautiful and justly admired poem :

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain !

He attained the rank of Commissary General in his native Province,—Nova Scotia. He devoted much of his time to literary pursuits and published a Poem of 144 pages called "The Rising Village," which reached a second edition in 1834.

THE REV. ARCHIBALD GRAY, Rector, (Ch. of Eng.), of Digby, Nova Scotia, has published "Shades of the Hamlet and other Poems." This work, it has been said, must add to the lustre of our native genius.

SARAH and MARY E. HERBERT have published a volume (237 pp.) of Miscellaneous Poems under the title of "The Eolian Harp," which entitles them to a distinguished place among the Poets of British North America.