

number,—some poems of high merit by his brother, B. Lockhart, who graduated at Acadia College and has since won considerable fame as an orator. The *Masque of Minstrels* is, we believe, by far the largest collection of poetry by a Canadian writer which has yet appeared in one volume. In the opening piece, called “The *Masque of Minstrels*,” which though prose in form is fairly aglow with true poetry, the following passage occurs:—

First Minstrel.

“I will sing out of the affections, a ballad of the love of womanhood and childhood, of country and home. I will celebrate the deeds of good and brave men; my songs may cheer them while they live, and glorify and lament them when they die.”

In this passage is sounded the key-note of the whole volume, and of Lockhart's poetry in general. The poems might be classed as of the affections, of religion, of country, of home, of memory, aspiration, and endeavor, and miscellaneous. Under the first heading comes “Alice Lee,” a deeply tender story of a realistic character, which aims “to portray the effects of an unconquered sorrow in an aimless life.” As a representative of the style and versification we quote the following musical lines:

“For Love had come with viewless wings,
To hover on the enamored air,
To seek my heart's most secret springs,
And dwell with soft enchantment there,
Till all the world looked doubly fair:
The lisping of the cluster'd leaves
Had deeper, sweeter power to move;
The swallows, twittering 'neath the eaves,
Blithely expressed my thoughts of love;
I saw in bright poetic hues
The purest forms of earth arrayed—
Saw diamonds in the morning dew,
And pictures in each flowery glade;
The pigeons, looking from their cotes,
Now coo'd from mellower, softer throats,
And the deep blue of sun-bright skies,
Beamed only with the lustre of her eyes.”

A few songs scattered through the poem are really excellent. Witness the stanzas below taken from two of these lyrics:

At twilight's soft dream-time,
At fall of the dew,
When meadow and woodland
Grow dim on my view,
I linger, I listen,
Alone and apart,
For the musical footfall
That gladdens my heart.

What the star is to the sky,
And the pearl is to the sea,
What the light is to the eye,
And the leaf is to the tree;
What the joy of mounting wings
To the bird that soars and sings,—
Thou art to me.