

not that of the prevalent Tennysonian rhythm. The plot of the story is that of an old myth. Orion, the mighty hunter, is engaged by CEnopion ('the wine-drinker'), king of Chios, to clear that island of wild beasts, in return for which he is to receive the king's daughter in marriage. Orion comes forward with the last wolf ready bound for sacrifice.

'Meanwhile, from out a neighbour gorge,  
which spake  
Rough torrent-thunders through its cloak of  
pines,  
Along the shore came one who seemed to wear  
The grandeur of the mountains for a robe,  
The torrent's strength for girdle, and for  
crown  
The sea's calm for dread fury capable,—  
A hunter laden with the spotted pride  
Of kingly beasts before not dared of men,—  
And stood without the laurel's sacred shade,  
Which his large presence deepened. When  
the knife  
Let blood well-pleasing to Apollo forth  
The victim's gasping throat,—who yet cried  
not,  
But glared still hate upon his murderers,  
And died uncraven,—then the hunter bent  
His godlike head with awe unto the gods,  
And so kept bowed, the while the king drew  
forth  
Wine from a full-skin-bottle nigh, and poured  
A beaded, dark libation.'

The king deals treacherously. Orion is drugged with poisoned wine. A venomous juice is dripped into his eyes: he has lost his sight. But the sea nymphs gather round Orion, and sing an exquisite chorus of sympathy.

'We all are made heavy of heart, we weep  
with thee, sore with thy sorrow,—  
The Sea to its uttermost part, the Night from  
the dusk to the morrow,  
The unplumed spaces of Air, the unharnes-  
sed might of the Wind,  
The Sun that outshaketh his hair before his  
incoming, behind  
His outgoing, and laughs, seeing all that is,  
or hath been, or shall be,  
The unflagging Waters that fall from their  
well-heads soon to the sea,  
The high Rocks barren at even, at morning  
clothed with the rime.'

It is revealed to him that his sight shall be restored, 'Get thee up to the hills! Thou shalt behold the morning.' Eos comes to heal him.

'A mist of gold flung down about her feet,  
Her dewy, cool, pink fingers parting it  
Till glowing lips, and half-seen snowy  
curves  
Like Parian stone, unnerved him, waited  
SHE—  
Than Circe skilfuller to put away  
His pain, to set his sorrow afar off,—  
Eos, with warm heart warm for him.'

Surely this is poetry, thoroughly Greek, and saturated with the spirit of the glorious Greek religious art. Surely it is like what Keats wrote and Shelley; that is to say, it is true poetry, unmarked by mannerism any more than Shelley is marked by it. Of equal beauty, but in lyric form, is Ariadne. A strain of mediæval music clad in modern richness of expression is 'Launcelot and the Four Queens.' 'A Ballad of Three Mistresses' is mystical and voluptuous.

'Fill high to its quivering rim  
The crimson chalice, and see  
The warmth and whiteness of limb  
Light-draped luxuriously.'

'Memnon' and 'Drowsyhood,' are familiar to the readers of *Scribner*. Among the other lyric poems—all good, not one feeble or wanting in *verve*, and originality—we specially commend those which revive ancient classical forms, those in Sapphics and Choriambics. With a quotation from the latter, we close the brief notice that the space at our disposal permits. But first we would ask, does not the publication of such a book as this by Mr. Roberts, of New Brunswick, justify us in auguring good things of the spread of a genuine literary spirit in Canada? Here is a writer whose power and originality it is impossible to deny—here is a book of which any literature might be proud.

'Ah, Love, what would I give just for a little  
light!  
Cryings born of the wind wake on its under-  
tones.  
Vainly praying the shore wearily all the  
night  
Round me the ocean moans.'

'Ebb-tides laden with woe flee with a wail-  
ful song  
Far down out of the dark, calling my  
trembling soul.  
Ah, Love, where is the light? Why is the  
way so long? . . .  
Hearken how sad their roll!'

Our quotations do but scanty justice to Mr. Roberts. His poetry should be judged by a far larger sample of his varied and vivid powers as a lyrical poet. But what we have given is enough to induce those who are lovers of poetry for its own sake to order this volume, which, by the way, is as prettily bound and printed as such a book deserves to be.