

the sins of commission, the poem on "Shakspeare" for example. We felt this want while going through the 237 pages just let loose upon the public. Mr. Reade's pen is capable of turning some very interesting Canadian incidents into very pretty legends, stories and lyrics or even allegories.

Mr. Chas. Mair who gave us his "Dreamland" a couple of years ago, dealt almost entirely in Canadian subjects. He walked into Canadian fields and forests and sung the songs of the pines, and of the waters of our own land. He listened in wrapp'd attention to the moanings of the north wind and he heard the dismal story, and a very pretty but sad story it is too, and his "Dreamland" in itself, though a trifle weak, possesses some fine points. Mr. Reade knows of all these treasures and yet he sits down and dashes off his poems, lyrics and blank verse as though he were not sitting in the vicinity of a perfect treasury of poetic lore. Mr. Mair appeals directly to our *hearts* and *sympathies*, while Mr. Reade, so full of the influence of the classics, gives us the result of his well-stored mind, in a somewhat unfeeling, cold-blooded manner. His pen does not flow untrammelled, whipped in by the chords of the heart, and the sweet sighs of nature: but it is sluggish at times, elegantly so, and on it moves, in the slow, indolent style of the man teeming over with education and the influence wrought upon his mind by the dead bards of ancient history. In his desire to do something very brilliant, Mr. Reade forgets simplicity, and he fails entirely to catch our heart. We read his poetry with a certain pleasure and a sufficient amount of admiration, but when we lay the book down, and throw ourselves into our grateful arm-chair, we only think of the melodious diction, the classic allusion and the rare beauty of certain passages. Our eyes do not fill with tears, neither do we feel that choking sensation which deep sorrow invariably arouses, when he tells us a sad story, and all this is because he stands with his easel and brush in his hand at too great a distance from the painting itself. He uses no warm colours; and neutral tints alone fall from his brush as he embellishes the canvas.

Still there is much to admire in Mr. Reade's poetry. We like to read it. It is a *relief* after the countless things which, now-a-days pass for poetry. And when we want to have a real good cry let us take up Goldsmith, and Keats and Burns and Wordsworth and others of that ilk, or if we want to do both there are Hood and Holmes and Lowell and that rare old book the Ingoldsby Legends. Mr. Reade uses a pure and correct English, and occasionally words now out of use, which will have the effect, no doubt, of new editions of Johnson's, Walker's and Barclay's Dictionaries being published.