

unhappily for our author. The rest of the poems in this book are very good indeed but space forbids us to quote any and perhaps it would be difficult to make a choice.

In conclusion we may say that Mr. Sangster is truly a Canadian Poet. Her rivers and mountains, streams and valleys, woods and seasons, are all sung by him in truly Canadian verse. He deserves the name that some one has given him, of the Patriotic Poet.

I. F. A. W.

ST. LAWRENCE.

A. CARSWELL.

I've oft' disport'd in lucid flood,
Borne strongly up in thy paternal arms,
As was Horatius once, in Tiber's wave.
Thy limpid stream has been my wholesome drink
My food, thy finny denizens, and the corn
Thy wave hath watered : O, I do believe
Thou slowest in my blood, and I love thee,
St. Lawrence, and am proud to be thy child.

Far, where the setting sun his course delays.
And lingers, shedding soft his parting rays.
Where noble forests crown the highlands bold,
And fertile plains yield forth a hundred fold ;
Where cities, filled with wealth and enterprise ;
Where nature's work is on a lordly scale,
And thoughts, in keeping great, in men prevail ;
Where horizons of crystal meet the skies,
Mid beauty rare, St. Lawrence takes his rise.

O, who has visited, in summer tour,
Those verdant shores, and passed a swift sped hour.
Unmoved by all the witching of the view.
Nor longed to visit those fair scenes anew ?
Those frowning cliffs, those fairy nooks serene ;
These Isles like emeralds, clothed in living green ;
Each has its story, each its legend hoar,
The memories old, of that romantic shore.

Of hardy voyageurs, of former time,
From far Quebec, who braved the Northern clime ;
Of lonely missionaries, brave for God,
Who preach the truth, and sealed it with their blood ;
Of gentle Indian maids, of warriors bold—
Tales often round the evening fires retold.

A stately commerce sweeps the broad expanse,
Each year is witness to the great advance
Of wealth and power : and, to the unclouded eye,
A future, bright with glory, rises nigh.
When prosperous millions throng those fertile strands,
And peace and plenty reign o'er all the lands.

Through narrowing maps, with ceaseless beauties crowned
By busy marts, where lies historic ground :
Past memories of war and gallant deeds,
That stir the pulse now, of him who reads :

Anon is felt the current, faint, that grows
In strength, as we advance, and swifter flows :
And, pressed between the rocky narrower shores,
The waters lift their heads ; the torrent roars.

So there, on these sharp rocks, that maiden fair,
Who erst in other streams, by music rare
Led oft' wary boatmen to their fate ;
Mid swirling floods, and far flung spray : Too late
To find their fond delusion fled ? How strange
Is human nature, aye, how passing strange.

A hundred pens have tried, in vain, to trace
The wildering beauties, of that wondrous place.
Distracted by unnumbered charms around,
While ' Niagara stuns with thundering sound ;
The hand has lost its cunning,—eye and brain,
And every sense, does that great scene enchain.

The tumbling sea of waters, foaming white :
The awful roaring leap, the dizzy height :
The lofty rising mist, with colors rare,
That gently sinks upon the verdure fair,—
O ! 'twere in vain, to see into other eyes :
Pen, tongue, and pencil, all, this scene defies.
Let him who would these matchless beauties know,
A quiet visit mid them not forego.

O, noble river, 'twere a heavy task
To sing of all thy glories : man could ask
No higher bounties than thou offerest free.
O happy he who has a home by thee !
Freedom broods over thee, thy people brave
Have deep imbibed its spirit from thy wave ;
The sturdy nations on thine either shore
Have come, through thee, to marvellous wealth and power.
And this but an anticipation slight,
Of those soon coming days, when high in might,
They take their part, in Earth's great questions ride,
And spread abroad the influence of the tide.

THE GENIUS OF BACON.

In taking Francis Bacon as the subject of this article it is not with the spirit of a special pleader presenting only his greatness of intellect while glossing over the weakness of his moral character, nor yet one who wishes merely to point out the beauties of some fault discovered in this many sided diamond, but we approach the subject as explorers in the realms of genius whose wandering glance falling upon this colossal figure is drawn irresistibly to a closer scrutiny, for it is impossible but that men must admire the colossal, whether found in the physical or the mental sphere, nay whether it appear as a power of evil or a power of good. While disdaining any intention of pleading the cause of this Modern Belial of morality as Bacon has been sometimes termed, it may not be inconsistent to regret that with the popular mind his moral