

But they are tame when compared to that plaintive dirge by Murdoch, "The City of the Dead." We quote a stanza of the latter :

"Along thy wild, romantic ridge,
In nooks dark, drear and lone,
I read the tales of other years
On tablet and on stone.
Here from his toil the soldier rests,
— Who for his country bled,
Now prison'd in thy charnel mould—
Grim city of the dead."

We have given enough specimens to enable our readers to form some opinion of the work under review. "Flowers of the Year" is handsomely printed on an excellent quality of paper, fine, clear type, and bound in cloth, gilt edges. It will serve as a parlour-table ornament, if nothing else, and for that purpose we cordially recommend it.

LECTURES, LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL.*

To enter the lecture room and listen to the eloquence of a popular lecturer on some "taking" topic, is one thing; but to go home and take up a volume of lectures and read them is quite another. Lectures are in most cases considered excessively dry reading; and the present generation of lecture-going people are not of the sober, logical, thinking order, but eminently ephemeral in their composition. A lecturer, now-a-days, does not give his auditors his best and most pains-taking thoughts; but, to gain anything like a "fair house," he has to resort to clap-trap, indulge in comic stories, and delight his hearers with his wit. For the "girl of the period," who consults "Planchette," costumes herself *a la* "Grecian bend," and only goes into the lecture room to admire and be admired, he must have a good supply of poetry of a very inferior type; for Spenser and Byron are entirely beyond her comprehension.

But these remarks cannot be said to apply to Harvey's Lectures. They are as far removed from the ephemeral lecture of to-day, as the "heavens from the earth," and will, for many years to come, have hosts of appreciative readers. We confess to having read this pleasant volume with a great deal of gratification. The author possesses the power of making the character he delineates real. As he tells you of the heart-rending sufferings of his heroes, you unconsciously feel a tear trickling down your cheek; and when a phase is touched upon, in which the hero comes off best, you enter into the enjoyment of the scene just as if you were there and took part in it yourself.

In that beautifully poetic lecture (why did the author choose so bad a title for his book? "Had it been called by any other name than this," how rapidly the editions would succeed each other.) on two of Ireland's brightest gems, "Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith," the author appears to the best advantage. Noble-hearted Oliver, how overworked was he when, from sheer exhaustion, he laid himself down to take his last long sleep. Truly, as the Canadian poet, Carroll Ryan, says:

* "Lectures, Literary and Biographical," by Rev. M. Harvey: Edinburgh, Andrew Elliot.