

the amended charter the Head of the University need no longer be an ecclesiastic, and the Anglican Bishop was to be replaced in future in his capacity of visitor by the Judges, &c. Notwithstanding the alterations thus made the Bishop loyally co-operated in the establishment of the college, which largely owing to his untiring exertions was at length opened in 1844, amid great rejoicings and much pomp for its short career of seven years as a University connected with the Anglican Church.

SOME CANADIAN POETS.

I. PROFESSOR C. G. D. ROBERTS.

Young as Canada is, and many as are the disadvantages under which she has laboured in the field of literature, yet the crop of Canadian Poets has been by no means a small or poor one. Of the six or eight men who have published volumes perhaps none have so many claims to the first place as Professor Roberts, of Windsor, N. S. His neat little book, "In Divers Tones" has just been read with much pleasure from beginning to end, and to all not seen the volume we would say, 'We envy you the treat in store.' His earlier work "Orion and other Poems" was reviewed in this Journal as it came out, so that at present our task, or rather pleasure, lies in speaking of the latest sprig which has been twined into his already famous laural wreath.

The Book is indeed well named, for divers are the strings he touches, and divers the notes they produce, in the fifty or sixty short poems which fill the volume.

It is dedicated to his friend, Edmund Collins, with these words.

In divers tones I sing
And pray you friend give ear
My medly of sing I bring,
You, who can rightly hear.
Themes gathered far and near,
Thoughts from my heart that spring
In divers tones I sing,
And pray you friend give ear.
Here's many a serious thing
You'll know if it's sincere,
Where the light laughers ring,
You may detect a tear,
In divers tones I sing
And pray you friend give ear.

We recognize many of the poems that follow as old friends for they have appeared in different magazines at various times, but some are new. Mr. Roberts has touched themes the most diverse with a gentle and cultured hand, and if there is any one thing more striking than another in his verses it is the sweet softness of all his lines, not one of them grates upon ear or jars the mind of the

reader, and it gives us a special pleasure to note this, for if poetry be not pleasing it is nothing. We turn to a volume of the gentler muse for pleasure and repose after a wearisome struggle with some of her sterner sisters, and if we find her didactic and tedious we are apt to lay more blame upon her than perhaps is deserved.

It would be vain to pick out one or two verses or poems from this book, and judge them the best, but the beauty of some were more readily perceived than of others, and especially we would make mention of, *Actæon, The Pipes of Pan, Out of Pompeii, Birch and Paddle, and The Quelling of the Moose.*

What a vivid painting of the scene, to any one remembering the story of Actæon are these words taken from the poem and the rest is well in keeping with this extract

And now he came upon a slope of sward
Against the pool. With startled cry the maids
Shrank clamouring round their mistress, or made flight
To covert in the hazel thickets. She
Stirred not: but pitiless anger paled her eyes,
Intent with deadly purpose. He, amazed,
Stood with his head thrust forward, while his curls
Sun-lit lay glorious on his mighty neck,—
Let fall his bow and clanging spear, and gazed
Dilate with ecstasy; nor marked the dogs
Hush their deep tongues, draw close, and ring him round
And fix upon him strange, red, hungry eyes,
And crouch to spring. This for a moment. Then
It seemed his strong knees faltered, and he sank.
..... but they
Fastened upon his flanks with a long yell,
And reached his throat; and that proud head went down
Beneath their wet, red fangs and reeking jaws.

Turning over a few pages we come upon the "*Pipes of Pan*" one of the most beautiful pieces of word painting to be found in any modern book of poems; take for instance the opening lines, they speak for themselves.

"Ringed with the flocking of hills, within shepherding
watch of Olympus,
Tempe, vale of the Gods, lies in green quiet withdrawn;
Tempe, vale of the Gods, deep-couched amid woodland
And woodland,
Threaded with amber of brooks, mirrored in azure
of pools,
All day drowsed with the sun, charm-drunken with
moonlight at midnight,
Walled from the world for ever under a vapour of
dreams,—
Hid by the shadows of dreams, not found by the curious
footstep,
Sacred and secret for ever, Tempe, vale of the Gods."

What language could be more beautiful and yet pure and simple than this description of the famous Temple. We cannot help wishing that our space permitted us to quote more fully from this poem.