

The very God came down and talked with men,
 What can the hearer do but reverent say
 This is the voice of God.

No fitful leaping, no impetuous rush,
 But stern and slow in solemn majesty,
 With the dread calm of the inevitable
 And cold serenity of shunless fate ;
 That ever-falling wall could, effortless,
 Submerge a capital, sweep nations' fleets
 In splinters to unfathomable depths,
 Or whirl whole armies of the empires light
 Upon its face as floating thistle-down.
 The beauty and the terror of it! Thy sprays,
 In spiral smoke-wreaths, rise in shifting forms,
 More than the incense of a thousand fanes,
 Until they mingle viewless with the clouds,
 While, as reminder of the promise made—
 Water should not again destroy the world,
 Rainbow tiaras span the dreadful fall.
 And through them flash the flung-up water-drops,
 Making a rain of rainbows. Mystery
 That the Creator should this marvel make,
 And shut it in with dreadest solitude.

De Roberval was not written for the stage. Yet it contains scenes which may be enacted with fine effect; and it is possible that, when the public taste shall demand the interpretation of historic plays, this dramatic effort of Duvar may be brought out and rendered amid the applause of gathered thousands.

But my purpose is merely to set forth, in the first number of the Prince Edward Island Magazine, a few of the beauties of Duvar's poetry, and to show that our lately deceased friend has left "something so written to after times as they should not willingly let die."

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