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"The Canadian Lyre,' a small volume of poems, by J. R. Ramsay, a young Provincial Bard of great powers and promise. This neat volume contains many pieces of great merit and beauty, and furnishes ample evidence that the young author possesses powers of song which, under proper culture, will procure for him a high place among the early poets of our rising country, and earn for him a name not soon to die. In style, simple and chaste; in versification, smooth and musical; in imagen, intern and national; in sentiment, pure and elevating—these poems cannot fail at once to please and profit.

..... We gratefully accept them as an carnest of something still nobler, to follow, and cordially commend them to all true lovers of poetry and patriotic patrons of Canadian literature."—Rev. W. Ormiston, D. D.

"His contributions have invariably been rythmical and smooth in composition—pure and possic in sentiment. For instance, here is a beautiful little lift:

I SHALL NOT TELL

'I shall not tell thee why the land With so much glory glows; There is but one in all the world My sacred secret knows.'

'O, she is fairer than the flowers Of rosy June or May— When every bird is singing near And every blossom gay.'

'I asked her eyes to let their beams Make life supremely grand; Their answer, like a flood of light, Flushed all the flowery land.'

The sunbeams glanced among the grass,
Warm-waving in the breeze;
A new life gladdened every bloom—
More vivid grew the trees.'

'I shall not tell thee why the land With so much glory glows; There is but one in all the world My sacred secret knows.'"—

HAMILTON "SPECTATOR."

"I think it is a happy thing for Canada that we have young men among us who devote this highest of mental gifts—poetry—to the service of their country; for it is serving our country, by teaching us