

*That, too, was but a dream. What startled me?
 The winds are making havoc 'mong the leaves
 Of summer-time, and each once happy tree
 For its lost darlings, rocks itself and grieves.
 The night is dark, the sky is thick with clouds—
 Kind frost-nymphs make the little leaves their shrouds!"*

Mr. Reade's translations are his best productions. They take a very high rank and a wide range. The author is equally felicitous in his renderings of the Latin and Greek bards' immortal creations into English verse as he is with the French. Horace, Homer, Voltaire and many others could they rise from their earthen pillows, would acknowledge Mr. Reade's supremacy in this department of poesy. He does these things with a certain grace and ease that at once gives us a true conception of the dead poet's meaning, and many rough passages, hitherto baffling the most astute, in intricacy and hidden meaning, are laid bare to the public eye by this translator. Beyond doubt then, the author of "*Merlin's Prophecy*" stands at the very head of this class of his *confreres*. Matthew Arnold, the ripe scholar and terse essayist of this century awarded the palm to Mr. Reade upon seeing the lament of Andromache for Hector, and Priam and Helen. Bellerophon, which we published about a year ago, too won high encomiums abroad, and it was well deserving of them. Larmartine's "*Lake*" is prettily translated, and though the charm of the original is apparently lost, as it invariably is when it loses its French tone, there is yet much to admire in it.

In the handsomely gotten up Canadian book before us, (and here we would bestow some praise upon the Messrs. Dawson of Montreal, the printers and binders, though the form of it might be altered just a little so as to take away that very "Sunday-school-library" look which it possesses) there are here and there scattered like the plums in a boarding-school pudding, some sonnets. Unless a sonnet is something somewhat extraordinary, we care very little for that form of poetic composition. The sonnets in this volume are nothing out of the beaten track, and to make a long story short, we don't like them.

"Vashti," founded on a verse in the Book of Esther, is very effectively done. A kindly feeling that goes directly to the heart, is aroused, our sympathies are touched and its influence strikes upon our better nature with much commendable vim. It is not strained in the least, neither is "Balaam." These religious poems, for they class under this head glow with true Christianity, and the perusal of them is fraught with benefit to the reader. They should be read, their tone is high; they are beautiful.

If Mr. Reade has lacked anything in this compilation of his works, it is that there is an almost entire absence of anything that would lead us to suppose the book was the production of a Canadian poet. Not the slightest tittle of anything Canadian is touched upon. No references, save the rather obscure one we mentioned in the forepart of this review are given. Here it is where the poet is to be censured. It is the sin of omission, goodness knows he has enough to answer for among