of their title page as "hamely rustic jingle," and as the former volumes are composed after the model of English poets of the beginning of the century, this is a faint echo of Allan Ramsay and Fergusson,—we can scarcely say of Burns: though some of the subjects are probably suggested by his choice of themes, *e.-g.* "The Grieve; or the Lamentation of old Jawbaws," which thus begins:

I dinna ken what tempted me
To venture owre the raging sea;
To come awa' to to thir back wuds,
To live in poverty and dudds.
* * * * *

But here, e'en those wha rule the nation
Are driving on some speculation;
Aye, e'en the big parliamenter
Will *trade* and cheat, like a tramp tinker.
The biggest man thinks nocht degrading—

This it will be seen is a genuine, if not a very poetical Canadian glimpse of things as they are, and the curious reader may find more of the like kind in the same volume.

Craving as we do a native poetry, if we are to have Canadian poetry at all, The "Song of Charity" takes us by guile. The dedication of the tastefully executed volume "to kind friends in Orillia, Canada West," tells us that the poem was "composed in chief part, during a summer's holiday, on the waters and amidst the islets of little Lake Couchiching." Here accordingly is genuine native inspiration. We are gliding, with the author in his birch canoe, over the picturesque lake, and hailing the Indian as he silently paddles past us, under the lee of the wooded islands, from the prettily named Orillia—so called after a favorite native flower,—to his own scattered Indian lodges at Rama. We turn the page, and, as we expected, we are in the forest:

The forest's faëry solitude,
The violet's haunt be mine;
Where call the free in merry mood
From dawn till day's decline!
All gentle creatures gather there
From leafy nest and mossy lair;
The little snakelet, golden and green,
The pointed grass glides swift between;
And there the quaint-eyed Lizards play
Throughout the long bright summer-day—
Under the leaves in the gold sun-rain,
To and fro' they gleam and pass,
As the soft wind stirs the grass
A moment and then sleeps again.
And there, the noontides, dream the deer
Close couched, where with crests upcurled,
The fragrant ferns a forest rear
Within the outer forest-world.
And many a petalled star peeps through
The ferny brake, when breathe anew
The soft wind-pantings. And there too,
The hare and the tiny leveret
Betake them, and their fears forget—
Lazily watching with soft brown eye
The laden bees go sailing by,
With many a bright winged company
Of glittering forms that come and go,
Like twinkling waves in ceaseless flow,
Across those dreamy depths below.
And high above on the bending bough
Its gush of song unloosens now
Some forest-bird. Wild, clear, and free
Upswells the joyous melody
In proud, quick bursts; and then, anon,
In the odorous silence, one by one
The thick notes drop, but do not die;
For through the bush the soul keeps on
With a music of its own—
So runs the forest minstrelsy!
One other sound there soundeth only
Out of the distance dim and lonely;
Out of the pine-depths, murmuring ever,
Floweth the voice of the flowing river.

And we too, wend our way out of these pine-depths, following the windings of the flowing river, until we at length emerge and—what see we? Not the rocky rapids of our Canadian Severn, or the woody solitudes of Chief's Island, or the fringing "bush" that still skirts the shores of Lake Simcoe,—but an ancient home:

Beneath the shade
Of those old trees so bent and sere;
And there, with its stonework tracery,
The quaint old house, as old as they,
Still stood, and kept from year to year,
With storm and frost and slow decay,
A struggle for the mastery.

We are not then in Canada at all? Unless we have slept a sounder and longer nap than Rip Van Winkle: it would seem not. While we were imagining ourselves in the bush, and deceiving ourselves even to the fancying these hares and tiny leverets, were some native variety that haunted the Georgian Bay, we were all the time amid the glades and the associations of Old Europe. We could even fancy ourselves once more under "the huge, broad-breasted old oak tree," beneath which we first made the acquaintance of "the lovely lady Christabel;" for the rythm, and even something of the mode of thought, recall to us that most beautiful fragment of the dreamy Coleridge's muse. But it is Canadian poetry we are in search of, and we therefore leave the "Song of Charity," and betake ourselves to the additional poems which accompany it. And here, at length, is one of truly native name and characteristics: "A Canadian Summer's Night." Now, at least, we are not deceived. We glide over the rippling waters of Lake Couchiching, and list to its forest voices:

Still callest thou—thou Whip-poor-will!
When dipped the moon behind the hill,
I heard thee and I hear the still.

But mingled with thy plaintive cry
A wilder sound comes ebbing by
Out of the pine-woods, solemnly.
And hark, again! It comes anew—
Piercing the dark pine-forest through,
With its long too-hoo, too-hoo!
* * * * * * *

Shoreward again we glide—and go
Where the sumach shadows flow
Across the purple calm below.

There the far-winding creeks among,
The frogs keep up, the summer long,
The murmurs of their soft night-song.

A song most soft and musical—
Like the lulled voice of distant fall,
Or winds that through the pine-tops call.

And where the dusky swamp lies dreaming,
Shines the fire-flies' fitful gleaming—
Through the cedars—dancing, streaming!

Who is it hideth up in a tree
Where all but the bats asleep should be,
And with the whistling mocketh me?

Such quaint, quick pipings—two-and-two;
Half a whistle, half a coo—
Ah, Mister Tree-Frog! garc-à-vous!

The owls on noiseless wing gloom by,
Beware, lest one a glimpse espy
Of your grey coat and jewelled eye.

Now this is a genuine Canadian scene, such as no fire-side traveller or fancy-visioned poet of old world wanderings or library book-dust, could possibly call into being. The dark recesses of the *pine-woods and the shadows of the lake-fringing sumach, the mono*tonous call of the Whip-poor-will, the soft and musical night-song of the frogs, the fitful gleaming of the fire-fly dancing in the cedar-swamp, the prowling night owl noiselessly listening to the mocking note—half a whistle and half a coo,—of the tree-frog: each one of these shows the touch of a Canadian pencil, such as the most labored study of the home poet would in vain attempt. In this direction alone lies the path in which poetic success is worth welcoming among us; unless indeed it be fancied that we can look for some great Canadian-born Miltonic epic, not local or exclusive, but for other ages and generations than our own,—of which consummation it can only be said there appears at present no very discernible prospect.—*Canadian Journal of Science.*

D. WILSON.