

genius was indeed limited, and he was undoubtedly too stiff and dogmatic in his views of true poetry, but the world must nevertheless acknowledge that among the poets of nature he deserves and occupies a kingly place.

HERBERT GRIMWOOD.

Woodstock College.

MY SISTER.

Sister mine, what have I done,
Tell me this, beloved one,
Why should'st thou on this one day
Take thyself from me, I pray ?
Could'st thou not contented live
With the love that I could give ?
Be a sister to thy brother,
Take his love and ask no other ?
Was it not enough for thee
Pretty one, that thou should'st be
Cherished only in my heart :—
But another's now thou art.
Mingling with my cup of sadness,
True, thy joy will bring me gladness ;
For I could not sad remain
Since true bliss thou dost obtain.
Go my sweet one, to thy bliss,
Take thy brother's farewell kiss :
With this myrtle-tie to thee,
Heaven's richest blessing be !
If perchance some future day
Thou recall'st this eve of May,
Think my love is still as new
As when I bade thee this Adieu !

L. A. THERRIEN.