

We cannot fail to be edified by this last remark. And we must always respect the views of those who think that Scripture subjects can be fitly treated only in the language of Scripture. At the same time, we cannot allow ourselves to forget that there are some in the world who have no relish for the higher Poetry of Holy writ. This may be perhaps, (and why not pass on all a favorable judgment?) because it cannot be enjoyed in its pristine beauty of style, measure and harmony. What forbids that such minds should be reached and won by the fascination of verse and rhythm that are suited to the modern ear?

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of such a Poem as "SAUL," by a short quotation. One might as soon pretend to shew the nice proportions, the solid mason-work and rich architectural decorations of a spacious and elegant edifice, by exhibiting a brick. You will not, however, be displeased if I read a few lines from which you will learn how the Poet represents the unfortunate Monarch contending with his evil genius.

SAUL TO MALZAH.

Creature begone, nor harrow me with horror!
Thine eyes are stars; oh! cover them, oh! wrap
Them up within thy cloudy brows: stand off,
Contend not with me, but say who thou art.
Methinks I know thee,—yes, thou art my demon,
Thou art the demon that tormentest me.
I charge thee, shy, mysterious visitant,
At whose behest thou comest, and for what
Offences deep of mine: nay, nay, stand off:
Confess, malicious goblin, or else leave me;
Leave me oh! goblin, till my hour is come:
I'll meet thee after death; appoint the place;
On Gilead or beside the flowing Jordan;
Or if parts gloomier suit thee, I'll repair
Down into Hinnon or up to the top
Of Horeb in the wilderness, or to the cloud—
Concealed height of Sinai ascend,
Or dwell with thee 'midst darkness in the grave.

Besides the Poem of "SAUL," Mr. Heavysege has written "COUNT FILIPPO, or THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE," a drama in five acts, "JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER," and "JEZEBEL," which last appeared in the January number, 1868, of the "Dominion Monthly." You will hardly believe that such a poet could descend, if indeed he can be said to descend, from the lofty style of the Drama, to the writing of a sonnet. Such is the fact, however. But he has taken care not to leave his style behind. Hear a specimen:

WINTER NIGHT.

The stars are setting in the frosty sky,
Numerous as pebbles on a broad sea-coast;
While o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy
Has marshalled its innumerable host.
Alive all Heaven seems: with wondrous glow,
Tenfold refulgent every star appears;
As if some wide celestial gale did blow,
And thrice illumine the ever-kindled spheres.
Orbs with glad orbs rejoicing, burning beam
Ray-crowned, with lambent lustre in their zones;
Till o'er the blue bespangled spaces seem
Angels and great archangels on their thrones;—
A host divine, whose eyes are sparkling gems,
And forms more bright than diamond diadems.

Miss JENNIE E. HAIGHT enjoys great popularity, and not undeservedly among Canadian readers of Poetry. I am not aware that this lady has written any Poem of great length. But her very numerous poetical compositions have appeared in almost all the newspapers of the country as well as other periodical publications. I cannot better impart to you an idea of Miss HAIGHT's merits as a poetess, than by quoting Mr. SANGSTER's enlightened appreciation of them.—"There is a genuine womanly sincerity, womanly feeling, and deep sympathy with all that ennobles our nature, in her thoughtful strain; there is a largeness of heart, and a burning desire to assist the fellow-traveller over the rough and intricate paths of the wearisome journey of life." Mr. DEWART, no incompetent judge, is also an admirer of Miss HAIGHT's poetry.

Mr. DEWART himself (THE REV. EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART) must not be passed over without honorable mention as a poet. The cause of the Muses would be largely indebted to this accomplished gentleman if he had done nothing more than favor the Canadian public

with his "SELECTIONS." He has been singularly judicious in his choice of pieces for quotation; and he often adds critical remarks, always in good taste, which tend to complete what his selections, necessarily few, could only in part accomplish,—the important work of leading the uninitiated to a knowledge of Canadian poetry—of imparting the information so much needed in many places, that there are even in Canada, hitherto reputed "*the back-woods*," at least a few Poets whose compositions would have conquered for them literary renown in lands where letters were in honor centuries before this 'DOMINION' of British North America had a place or name among the peoples of the earth.

I have not had an opportunity of seeing much of MR. DEWART's own Poetry. What I have seen is of a high order—elegant and classic. The volume of poems which he is preparing for publication, will no doubt, confirm this view of his literary accomplishments and poetical ability.

A lady who sometimes uses the *nom de plume* of TIBBIE WALKER, but whose real name I am not at liberty to communicate to you, has contributed to the Canadian periodical press, some very beautiful pieces of poetry. She possesses the faculty, now rare, of writing in the Scottish dialect as well as in classical modern English. She was awarded the prize a year or two ago, by her fellow-countrymen of Montreal, for her Poem in honor of Hallowe'en when there were, if I remember well, about thirty competitors, and surely not undeservedly whether we consider the versification which is flowing and harmonious, or the fine feeling and elevated sentiments in which the composition abounds. A stanza or two, I am confident, will not prove unacceptable:

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We'll no repine tho' summer's fled,
An' loud the tempests blaw;
For ither joys aye tak the place
O'them that wear awa.
A great assemblage I behold,
The like O't's seldom seen;
For Caledonia's sons are met
To haud their Hallowe'en.

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Oh Scotia dear, my native land!
Where'er thy bairns may be,
Gin joy or sorrow is their lot,
Their hearts aye warm to Thee.
Land O' wild glens and heather braes
Whar kilted clans hae been.
Land O' Romance and droll auld freaks
That mak a Hallowe'en.

Whar Lassies lilt the legends O'
Ilk castle stern and gray,
Whar warrior Knights lang laid at rest,
Wood'd Leddies fair and gay;
Whar monie a dale an' lonely muir
Has been a battle scene.
Sic are the aft told stories O'
The land O' Hallowe'en.

An' Canada, we lo'e ye—tho'
Traditions auld as these,
Ne'er tint wi' varied hues your scenes,
As Autumn tints your trees

Your plains are broad, your forests deep
An' happy hames they've gien
To mony a hardy pioneer
Wha there hauds Hallowe'en.

Nae Wizard O' the North has yet
Amang your sons been found,
To tread a while your rugged paths,
Then leave them classic ground.

Nae, Plonghman Bard has o'er your Lakes
Thrown Fancy's magic sheen.
Auld superstition shakes her head
To view our Hallowe'en.