

The preface tells us that this book was printed to satisfy a few friends, who desired to possess the author's writings in a collected form.

We have many faults to find with the leading poem, "Flowers of the Year." The rhythm is very uneven, and the sense is often obscured, so much so as to frequently render it nonsensical. We quote :

" There are flowers that bloom on the mountain's top,
And by the river's glassy slope;
And far in the woodland's sunny glade
The modest violet droops its head."

We protest against making "top" rhyme with "slope," and "glade" with "head." Some of the other verses are even worse: "hope" gingles with "drop," "fill" with "coronal," "love" with "grove," "breeze" with "leaves," "blows" with "hues," and so on throughout the whole. This may be a mark of genius, but it is contrary to all rules of poesy. Here is another verse :

" The Humming-bird plays on the ivy leaf,
And hides in the tiny woodbine cell;
The butterfly sports his hours, so brief,
On the leaf of the rose he loves so well."

In the whole poem there is not one original or striking idea ;—nothing more than a mere imperfect and often laboured gingle.

The song addressed to the Skaters of the St. John Rink is decidedly flat.

" What a picture of beauty before my sight
Like a vision of fancy, so fair and bright;
Beautiful faces, and costumes rare,
Gliding like meteors through the air.
Merrily round the Rink they fly,
Happiness beaming in every eye."

Now skaters do not "glide like meteors through the air," notwithstanding the assertion of the poetess.

But let us drop for a moment the trash and look for something in the volume worth reading. This however is very hard to find, for there are not more than three or four pieces of any merit whatever, and even they are not devoid of error, either in versification or sense. The "Homes of England," after Mrs. Heman's fine poem of the same name, should not have been attempted: still, it is pretty fair. We give a few samples :

" The pleasant homes of England!
Oh! how we love to praise
The dear old country of our birth,
The scenes of early days.

The daisied fields and heath-brown hills,
O'er which we used to roam,
Ere yet ambition stirred our hearts
To seek our distant home.

The lines written while walking in the old Burying-ground are above the average.

" And can this be a hallowed spot?
No trace of love is here :
Have those you left behind forgot
To shed the sacred tear?

Neglected graves and withered leaves in silent sorrow speak,
In deep and touching eloquence that bids my spirit weep."