

to the advantage of the pupil. But while failing to reach the clear and beautiful conceptions and classic purity of expression of Tennyson, still he has painted a few exquisitely beautiful pictures. The reader feels an interest in all, is pleased, and even delighted, with the sweet faces, and graceful forms to be seen in these pages.

The general conception of the poem "To E. N. L." is bold, and on the whole well wrought out in detail. It is a pity to see such a gem disfigured by the lines:

"And with wan fingers on thy trembling lips
Teach thee their mighty lay."

Teachers do not put their fingers on the lips of their pupils while instructing them. With the exception of these lines, the piece is creditable alike to the poet's head and heart.—is a work of art.

Most students will regard the poem entitled "A Gift," a real gift to the world of letters. It is simple, chaste, touching, and full of sunlight. How tenderly the workings of love unrequited are wrought out in the following words:

"I loved thee yet, and all of mine
Was thine, yet I so poor
Could give thee but a broken heart,
For I had nothing more."

Exception may be taken to some of the phrases in "An Evening in Muskoka"—such as "Slowly break the last faint dying flashes,"—still the work is true to nature, and has high merit.

In the "Cradle Song," the reader detects the tones of Tennyson and the effect is most pleasing. Here the poet soars on bold wing, and as he rises pours out his full heart in words warm, tender, and most touching. The call of the angels, the dying moon, the love of the mother that will not give up her child to the waiting angels, the light of Christ that makes all so clear and supersedes the need of star or moon, the voices of the angels dying as that of the mother rises up to Christ to spare her babe, are told in a few bold strokes of true poetic power.

In "My Lady" we have a charming picture of a lovely girl. With eyes blue, pure, true, thought-expressive, and devout; with hair floating gracefully on her white shoulders; with her voice sweet as music, the little queen reigns over the mind and heart of her lover.

The student of art and of morals will be pleased with the poem on "The Beautiful." Here the author enters on higher ground, and on the whole walks steadily. Doubtless the piece would have been better had the poet been less didactic. It is only genius of the highest order, such as that of Dante or of Browning, that can directly teach, and at the same time write artistically as the poet should.

Did space permit we would like to say a word or two in praise of "He Knows," "The Death of the Poet," "In Italy," "A Song of Peace," "Keats," "A Corner of the Field," "To the Early Robin," "A Sketch," "A Serenade" not to mention others; but we must content ourselves by commending these to the student of literature. Taking the volume as a whole, Mr. Livingston is to be congratulated as having produced a work of real merit. There is not a base thought in the work, not a pessimistic note in any of the songs, but much that is inspiring, and full of promise. By years of hard study, and careful work, this most gifted writer may fairly look forward to an honored place in the literature of his country. His art aspiration and poetic genius, it is to be hoped, are of too high an order to permit him to rest satisfied with his present success. Indeed it would be a calamity if indiscriminate praise should lead him to conclude that he has nothing to learn and that he has reached the limits of his growth. Instead of folding his hands, let him make present success the stepping-stones to the higher within his grasp. By so doing, latent possibilities, so clearly revealed in this delightful volume, may be developed into the actual, and Mr. Livingston may in the near future see his name linked with the immortals.

REV. S. LYLE, B.D.

RUSTY RASPS.

ONE morning while the sun was clothing the world in glory, Homer Watson, the celebrated landscape painter, and a friend were indulging in a constitutional, in the delightful neighborhood of Mr. Watson's home at Doon, on the Grand River, in Western Ontario, when they observed a farmer ploughing in an adjoining field. Mr. Watson remarked to