

"Fleeing from his mad endorsers
Smith drove o'er the snow,
Till his overheated coursers
Stopped at Saint Laurent."

How would it suit the fastidious public? There is some good thoughts and lines in Nelson's Appeal for Maisonneuve, but the concluding lines:

"Raise a statue to the founder of this great, historic town,
Chomedey de Maisonneuve, or pity me and take me down"

irresistibly call to mind the Bon Gautlier Ballads of Aytan and Martin. There is good thought in Hope and Despair, in Equality, and in Life in Nature, though the latter savours a little of Pantheism, which, doubtless, the poet is innocent of. "Jules' Letter" is a prettily written ballad in imitation of the style of the Countess Dufferin, and "A Greater than He," is a well versified Indian legend. As a sample of the poet's best style, the first verse of the maiden bears quotation:—

"The melody of birds is in her voice.
The lake is not more crystal than her eyes,
In whose brown depths her soul still sleeping lies.
With her soft curls the passionate zephyr toys,
And whispers in her ear of coming joys.
Upon her breast red rosebuds fall and rise,
Kissing her snowy throat and lover-wise,
Breathing forth sweetness till the fragrance cloy."

Mr. Weir has the afflatus, and if he be not drawn away by more serious studies from the pursuit of poetry, may yet contend for the laureateship of Canada.

A smaller volume of poems, also, very prettily got up by Hart and Company, of Toronto, is a Song of Trust and Other Thoughts in Verse, by W. P. McKenzie, B.A.² It consists of twenty-one short poems, mostly religious, with just a taint of morbidness, as if the work of one who had seen much of the dark side of life, yet who certainly has not lost faith in God. The poems are those of a traveller, dated from Lake St. Joseph, the Bay of Fundy, Baie des Chaleurs, Crow's Nest Pass, Canaseraga Valley, North Saskatchewan, and Clifton, N.B. The Song of Trust is a companion to Newman's Lead Kindly Light, breathing a spirit of confidence in the Great Leader. In the poem entitled "Earth Near Again," the following passage occurs:—

"In western skies, suffused with ruby mist,
How sweetly blush the clouds the sun has kissed
With ardent good-night greeting! Half in shame,
They turn their faces, glowing with love's flame,
That we may see the beauties of the sky.
Must we to them forever say Good-bye,
When dark and chill of death creeps to our heart?
Or must day's beauty of the cloud depart!
White face in summer mirrored in the pool;
White hand in winter giving snow like wool;
The white, long-trailing garments of the Day

² A Song of Trust, by W. P. McKenzie, B.A. . Hart and Company, Toronto.