

PINE, ROSE, AND FLEUR DE LIS. By. S. Frances Harrison.
Toronto: Hart & Company.

THE authoress of this charming little book is already known to the Canadian public. Her present work cannot fail to add very much to her reputation. Her poems are genuine Canadian songs, not French Canadian exclusively nor English Canadian exclusively. More than all they are truly poetical. Where all is of so good a quality it is difficult to single out passages deserving special praise. Still, for lightness and brightness we would recommend "Petite Ste. Rosalie."

"Father Couture loves a fricassée,
Served with a sip of home-made wine;"

Whilst for an analytical poem descriptive of human feelings we should award the medal to "Happy,"

"Women have changed;
They love, suffer, love again, live on a glance or a smile
For a season till fancy has ebbed, glance has ranged,
Then they turn to and study."

THE SONG OF THE EXILE: a Canadian epic. Visions and Miscellaneous Poems. By Wilfrid S. Skeats. Toronto: Hart & Company. Pp. 160.

THE exile is a young man who has the misfortune to fall in love with a young lady of gentle birth and "sweetly shy" disposition, who "lays her gentle head upon his breast," and does all within her power to make him happy. But she has a father, a baronet proud of his ancient lineage who will not hear of it, and actually swore in vituperative tones at the cheek of the young man. The upshot of the old man's swearing seems to have been the exile of the lover who went abroad. He must have been terribly upset, for he began his doleful lay before the shores of England had quite done receding from his eyes and (love-sick or seasick?) he makes three grammatical errors in the first two stanzas. However, he soon recovers himself and arrives in Canada, where he wanders from Quebec to Montreal, from Montreal to Toronto, where his poor untutored soul stands awe stricken before the gates of a building that was evidently "designed for classic purposes," (not Trinity College).

Then he passes on to the mountains, and when he has gazed his fill he says to them, "I must leave ye now," and so arrives at Vancouver, feeling that there alone he can find peace. From Vancouver apparently he writes to his lady-love, and gets an answer which he considers for a very long time before opening. When he does pluck up courage he finds that one of his books (we forgot to say that he was an author "not unknown to fame") had so well pleased the populace that the Queen had made him a Knight (fancy a man being made a Knight without knowing it), that the old father had consequently relented, and that he might go home and claim his young lady whenever he liked. Allowing six days for the train journey to New York and six for the sea passage, we may presume that a fortnight afterwards he stood in the baronial halls of his future father-in-law, where I trust there will be no more vituperative swearing.

The Song of the Exile is not an absolute success. The plot is too flimsy, and it is devoid of incident. But there is plenty of *grit* in the author (he certainly hates the Jesuits with a hatred worthy, we had almost said, of a better cause), and some of his lyrics are excellent. We hope he will not stop writing; he has plenty of poetic fire; what he wants is carefulness in construction and composition.

AKAROA, FAREWELL!

AKAROA*! farewell to thy cliffs where the sea-mew
And albatross soar as so harshly they cry;
Farewell to thy gorse covered hills, where the emeu
Long since used to wander: I bid thee good-bye.

Before me the beach where the breakers are leaping,
And dashing their foam on the soft golden sand;
'Neath the shade of the palm trees brown natives are sleeping;
And northward the mountains of bright Maoriland.

The dim, purple mountains resplendent with heather,
Beneath their pure pinnacles glistening with snow,
Where Arthur and I used to wander together,
And resting, look down on the prospect below.

On the meadow and pasture land, ivy clad towers,
Where the lark and the nightingale carol their song;
On hamlets with cottages buried in flowers,
And the Avon so peacefully winding along.

And beneath to the eastward the blue ocean tossing,
Its waves in the sunshine like children at play,
While ships, faintly seen in the distance, are crossing
The dim harbour mouth, bound for lands far away.

Many times have I strolled by the dash of thy waters,
And listened with joy to their musical roar,
And climbed on the rocks with Zealandia's fair daughters,
Or dreamily sat by the surf-beaten shore.

Sweet valleys and uplands I shall not forget you,
Tho' distant, your memory never shall fade;
And the dear, happy days—how much I regret you!
Departed, may still be in fancy surveyed.

A last time farewell! 'tis with feelings of sorrow,
I part from thee, never to see thee again,
I'll be far from thy shores ere the sun set to-morrow,
A sorrowful waif on the fathomless main.

I'll think of thee often though vast seas do sever.
In sunshine and shadow, thro' weal and thro' woe,
And dreams of thy beauty will haunt me forever,
In far distant countries where e'er I may go.

* * * * *

Many months have passed by since the day I departed,
With the deepest regret, from Zealandia's shore,
And the dearest of friends whom I left, broken-hearted;
Alas! I shall see their kind faces no more.

And whenever I'm sad, in the depths of dejection,
As through long sleepless nights faint and weary I toss,
My thoughts fondly turn with a loved recollection,
To the ocean-girt land 'neath the bright Southern Cross.

And again I revisit the hills where I wander'd,
The cliffs where I sat, and the rocks by the sea;
Though I cannot forget that by leagues we are sunder'd,
Yet unfaded their memory ever shall be.

TORONTO.

—E. C. M.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF UNDERGRADUATE STUDENTS.

BY WM. A. DUNNING, PH.D.

A COMMON mistake among students is that of attempting the study of numerous text-books treating of the same subject. It is frequently imagined that each new and later book will lighten the labour of learning by its different presentation of facts. The experience of the most successful disciples of learning teaches the contrary. The partial and unsystematic study of a large number of books however laborious, is more likely to confuse than to benefit, unless they are used merely as supplemental to a single leading text. The comparatively few solid facts or principles which constitute the core of a science, and which are the subject of college work, may be most surely acquired through the

* Akaroa is a small watering place on the east coast of New Zealand.