

Mountain and echoing forest joined the cry,  
 And distant hills gave back the same reply.  
 With animating voice, and waving hand,  
 The British leader cheered his gallant band,  
 Pressed firmly forward where an endless tide  
 Of woe and carnage reigned on every side  
 Where streams of blood in crimson torrents rolled  
 Where death smote down alike the young and old ;  
 And where the thickest poured the deadly shot,  
 The gallant Wolfe with daring valor fought."

But, alas ! we soon read,

The laurel wreath entwines that brow in vain,  
 For lo the hero lies among the slain.

Truly "the path of glory leads but to the grave," and though we are told by an American poet that "to the hero when his sword is free," death is "welcome as the grasp of brother in a foreign land," yet we deplore his death which seems to our limited view, *untimely*.

"Thy country mourns her warriors true and brave  
 And yearning love weeps o'er thy lonely grave."

Besides those which we have mentioned, there are several other poems, shorter but hardly less beautiful. "The Crucified of Galilee," is a lyric of great beauty and power, a beatific vision,—

Memory's guiding star,  
 To cheer the night and point a way  
 Unto an everlasting day,  
 When I with unveiled eye shall see  
 "The Crucified of Galilee."

"Death," "Passing away," "The Mother's Lament," and several others, are pieces of chastened sadness, and answering trust in God. In them, as in all her poems, the authoress teaches faithfully the great lesson of so passing "through things temporal as to attain to things eternal."

We will venture upon the attention of the reader one more quotation from "The servant not above his master,"

Lonely pilgrim, art thou sinking  
 'Neath the weight of grief and care ?  
 Bitter dregs of sorrow drinking  
 From the cup of dark despair ?  
 Mourn not, for thy master's footsteps  
 The same gloomy paths have trod ;  
 He has drained the cup of anguish,  
 He, the mighty Son of God.

We have alluded to some unbound writings of Miss Johnson's. We remember particularly the "Address to the Prince of Wales," and an address to England,

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