

You feel when you stand
 On the parapet yonder, as though in a land
 Of dim yesterdays fled; and you walk the quaint street
 As if certain some knight mediæval to meet;
 And you listen to mass in the Jesuit piles
 Of the priests, as if monks moved about in the aisles
 From the far middle-ages. Poor priest-ridden people!
 If only there lifted some truth-telling steeple
 To point the true way they must go! But the spire
 Of the Jesuit never points heavenward much higher
 Than the head of the prelate or priest; and the soul
 Of the dead or the dying must pay proper toll,
 Or go seeking its paradise long.

The description of the River Saguenay is very fine :—

If the silence of God ever falls
 In its tenderness down on the world from the walls
 Of the City of Gold, they have known it who sailed
 Through the Saguenay's stillness.
 Cape Eternity grandly uprearing
 Its dome to the azure, invited their nearing,
 And thrilled them with awe of its might so tremendous.
 Cape Trinity opposite, lifted stupendous
 And mighty its masses of granite to greet
 The sublimity facing it. Sailing beside
 Their huge granite upheavals, the pomp and the pride
 Of humanity fade to forgetting, in awe
 Of the Infinite Presence that never man saw
 But on mountains majestic and lonely. The lift
 Of their faces is Godward; and sudden and swift
 Is the leap of our thought from each adamant crown
 To the Spirit Eternal that loving bends down
 With a glad benediction forever.

It will be seen that the somewhat difficult rhythm is managed with rare felicity. We confess we think it less suited for the manifold needs of a long poem like this than the noble blank verse of Mrs. Browning's "*Aurora Leigh*," which can breathe low like a lute or peal like a clarion. This rippling verse, while admirably suited for simple narrative or gay *persiflage*, seems unequal to the expression of deep and earnest feeling. Yet the author has overcome this difficulty with remarkable success, and in Geraldine Hope has portrayed one of the noblest and sweetest characters in literature—one of whom he says :—

There are heroines kneeling alone
 In their holy of holies, or sitting unkn.