

for three years in London, Paris and Dublin; and was for several months, in the English metropolis, a private pupil of Sir William Jenner, physician to Her Majesty the Queen.

On leaving England for his home in New Brunswick, he married, at St. Pancras church, London, Elspeth Russell, second daughter of James Kirk, formerly a wealthy merchant of St. John, New Brunswick.

Dr. Chandler has devoted his spare moments to the cultivation of literature, and has already acquired a promising reputation as a writer of poetry. He recently published, with a literary associate—the Rev. Charles Pelham Mulvany, of Toronto,—a volume of poems, entitled “Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets,” which has been favorably criticised by the Press throughout the Dominion. The *Quebec Chronicle* thus speaks of his poems:—

“We give a few specimens of Dr. Chandler’s style in sonnet writing and lyric verse, commencing with the sonnet on the death of his father, which exhibits mature thought and highly concentrated effort:—

Hark to the strains! the deep, slow strains, so grand
Yet solemn, of the “Dead March;” while the knell
From the Cathedral’s spire sounds farewell:
His name among the honored roll shall stand
Of Brunswick’s statesmen: down, beside the strand
She gently bears him, whom she loved so well;
Whose memory ever in that heart shall dwell,
That mourns now for him up and down the land.

Beneath her flag, where he lay, hushed in “state,”
Till midnight, hundreds on those features gaze,
Of one who, faithful, served his country dear;
While at his home sad friends and kinsmen wait,
Recounting his good deeds, in generous praise,
Mid many untold—unrecorded here.

Here is one of the Doctor’s elegies,—a fair sample of his lyric style:—

Sad and low,
Sad and low,
Over the hills of snow,
Winds of the dying day moan from the sea;
Fast fall the shades of night,
While from the stars of light
Angels speed, guarding her, now, tenderly.

Softly tread,
Softly tread,
Baby is lying dead,
Fair, calm and pure, as a cherub asleep.
Neither the icy breath,
Nor the pale hand of death,
Blasts the flowers Angels watch over and keep.

Latest one
Latest one
Blossomed ’neath autumn sun,
White rose, and lily, in one essence blent;
Winds of the winter wild,
Chilling the darling child,
Only restored again what Heaven lent.

The “Songs of Immortality” abound in noble and lofty thoughts, expressed in harmonious numbers. One of them, “The Nativity,” is truly a sublime lyric, and has been copied into some of the religious papers and has been greatly admired. One writer has remarked of it,