

and frequent flatness of Wordsworth, but is as close a personal friend of the mountains, lakes, and woods.

"I have laid my cheek to Nature's, put my puny hands in hers."

Glowingly he takes us, in "St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," down the grandeurs of that unrivalled tour—the great River, its rapids, cities, mountains, and "Isles of the Blest."

Sangster's nervous system was broken down by the grind of newspaper toil and civil service tread-milling, and he has not written or published for twenty years; yet, though poetry has till lately been given a particularly small share of attention in Canada, his "Brock," his lines on Quebec, and many striking passages from his poems, are treasured in the popular memory.

But the most striking volume next to those of Roberts—indeed more boldly new than his—is that of the late brilliant Isabella Valancey Crawford. This wonderful girl, living in the "Empire" Province of Ontario, early saw the possibilities of the new field around her, and had she lived longer might have made a really matchless name. It was only in 1884 that her modest blue card-covered volume of two hundred and twenty-four pages came out. The sad story of unrecognised genius and death was re-enacted. "Old Spookses' Pass; Malcolm's Katie, and other Poems," as it was doubly entitled (the names at least were against it!), almost dropped from the press. Scarcely anybody noticed it in Canada. It made no stir, and in little more than two years the authoress died. She was a high-spirited, passionate girl, and there is very little doubt that the neglect her book received was the cause of her death. Afterwards, as usual, a good many people began to find they had overlooked work of merit. Miss Crawford's verse was, in fact, seen to be phenomenal. Setting aside her dialect