

We have been lately favoured with a perusal of Pollok's *Course of Time*, a Poem in ten Books, of which the spirit and the style, remind us partly of Milton—partly of Cowper. The author of it, is said to have died at the early age of twenty-eight years—but not without giving to the world a most precious Legacy, in this admirable Poem, from which, we beg leave to present our readers with a few extracts. The following passages are very tender ; and breathing a spirit, in which all must sympathise, may induce our readers to open a volume where they will meet with strains of moral and divine wisdom and eloquence—scarcely inferior to those of Milton himself:—

But these apart, in sacred memory lives
 The morn of life, first morn of endless days,
 Most joyful morn ! nor yet for nought the joy.
 A being of eternal date commenced,
 A young immortal then was born ! and who
 Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
 Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked
 Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw
 The glorious earth and glorious heaven, and face
 Of man sublime, and saw all new, and felt
 All new ! when thought awoke, thought never more
 To sleep ! when first it saw, heard, reasoned, willed,
 And triumphed in the warmth of conscious life !

Nor happy only, but the cause of joy,
 Which those who never tasted always mourned.
 What tongue !—no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflowed
 The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
 The offspring of her love, and lisped her name,
 As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,
 That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem,
 Than every ornament of costliest hue !
 And who hath not been ravished, as she passed
 With all her playful band of little ones,
 Like Luna, with her daughters of the sky,
 Walking in matron majesty and grace ?
 All who had hearts, here pleasure found : and oft
 Have I, when tired with heavy task, for tasks
 Were heavy in the world below, relaxed
 My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,
 And led them by their little hands a-field,
 And watched them run and crop the tempting flower,—
 Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestowed
 With smiling face, that waited for a look
 Of praise,—and answered curious questions, put
 In much simplicity, but ill to solve ;
 And heard their observations strange and new.
 And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon
 Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.
 And still I looked upon their loveliness,
 And sought through nature for similitudes
 Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss,