

the poetical soul that is truly in fellowship with nature ; it is only those few favoured souls having " the vision and the faculty divine," who learn a song from the robin, a sermon from the fading leaf, who rage with the storm, glow with the sunshine, and darken with the shadow, and feel themselves to be part of the boundless universe around. How beautifully is this communion between nature and nature's child here expressed.

A SPRING SONG.

" A joyous rhyme of a gladsome time
That again is coming to greet the earth,
When Winter shall spring on his cold white wing,
And Light and Beauty renew their birth !

When the swelling buds break forth, and the wood's
With song brim over, and streams run clear ;
When the sweet-toned rills are heard from the hills,
And the cheery singing of bird is here !"

Our Author has also handled the sonnet successfully. Those on Wordsworth, Keats and Shelly are excellent examples, though we must emphatically deny that Shelley was a " listless poet." In the little lyric placed as proem to the songs of Memory and Home, we think that Mr. Lockhart has exquisitely expressed the ideal life of earth.

PROEM.

" Builder, rear me a home ;
Strength let the timbers be ;
The walls be Constancy ;
And Love the roof tree and dome,
Benignant as the sky ;
Let Truth and Honor lie
Deep for foundation stones,
Richer than jasper and emerald ;
Let thoughts holy and bright,
Tenant the chambers with forms of light
And Music's sweetest tones
Float echoing round the place :
Build a nuptial throne ; be the Queen installed
Of the fond heart, and beautiful face :—
Build me a home like this,
In which I may live forever ;
A palace of the heart's bliss,
That shall fall asunder never."

A few words and our paper come to a close. Comparing our Author's poetry with that of Joseph Howe, we think that it lacks the force of the latter's but is more imaginative, and owes less to the rhetoric, and more to the poetic insight. Comparing it to MacPherson's work we think it is less perfect in finish, and perhaps it is less musical ; but it has a much wider range, and displays more invention and greater imagination. Of course we must remember though, that MacPherson died while still very young. But taking all into consideration, we, according to our present knowledge, must pronounce Arthur J. Lockhart the first of Acadia-born poets.