

But we should not follow the bad example of even great poets. The *Mother* is a beautiful production, culminating in :

Death turned his sword as she came, and she passed through the gateway of heaven,

Treading the pavement of pearl and haloed with shimmering gleams,  
On, till the veil hung between immortal and mortal was riven,  
And she brought from the garden of God the blue-eyed flower of her dreams.

*Pluck Flowers in Youth* is but a version of *Gather ye Rosebuds while ye May*. *My Lady's Bonnet*, *Succor the Children*, and others of Mr. Weir's verses exhibit the poet in his most pleasing light, as one whose heart has been touched by generous compassion before its echo falls from his pen. There is no rubbish in the collection, and very little verbiage, to which Canadian poets are prone. The poems also are destitute of those affected mannerisms and odd conceits which some young poets take for inspiration, when they are merely the tinsel of tricks of trade. Mr. Weir's verse is manly and thoughtful, sensible, and at times devout. It is still somewhat lacking in strength, and he is not yet what he will be in the near future in the matters of rhyme, rhythm, and the choice of measure; but he has grown in poetic feeling, in imagination, and in lofty purpose, which are the essentials. Much pleasure may be found in the perusal of the *Snowflake*.

