

pains of every thoughtful reader. If you wish for a new sensation, seek it otherwise (always consistent with moral duty) than in your reading. Read such things only as appeal to your nobler sentiments, and tend to awaken the better feelings of your nature. No gloating over improbabilities and exaggerations. Leave all such things to weak and shallow minds. With such only can you be classed if you derive no pleasure from such feeling and musical compositions as those of Miss Vining. "Shallow and thoughtless hearts," says Mr. Dewart, "blinded by the glare of frothy pleasures and sordid pursuits, may see no special beauty in such poetry; but readers of more delicate sensibility, whose by-gone years are shaded by the memory of deep sorrow, will feel the influence of its uncommon beauty, tenderness and truth." But Miss Vining's compositions are by no means, all of a melancholy cast. When she chooses to assume the heroic style, she can rise to the dignity and grandeur of our greatest poets. There are few now-a-days who will consent to be shackled by the laws of verse. Miss Vining respects these laws, and at the same time wings her flight with a freedom which cannot fail to astonish those who despise them. The following Poem which when you have heard it, you will pardon me for quoting (I plead no excuse before-hand) reminds one of the correct, elegant and flowing lines of Pope.

CANADA.

Fair land of peace! to Britain's rule and throne
Adherent still, yet happier than alone,
And free as happy, and as brave as free.
Proud are thy children,—justly proud of thee:—
Thou hast no streams renowned in classic lore,
No vales where fabled heroes moved of yore,
No hills where Poetry enraptured stood,
No mythic fountains, no enchanted wood;
But unadorned, rough, cold and often stern,
The careless eye to other lands might turn
And seek, where nature's bloom is more intense,
Softer delights to charm the eye of sense.

But we who know thee proudly point the hand
Where thy broad rivers roll serenely grand—
Where in still beauty 'neath our northern sky,
Thy lordly lakes in solemn grandeur lie—
Where old Niagara's awful voice has given
The flood's deep anthem to the ear of Heaven,—
Through the long ages of the vanished past,
Through Summer's bloom and Winter's angry blast,—
Nature's proud utterance of unwearied song,
Now as at first, majestic, solemn, strong,
And ne'er to fail till the Archangel's cry
Shall still the million tones of earth and sky,
And send the shout to Ocean's farthest shore:—
'Be hushed ye voices! time shall be no more!'

Few are the years that have sufficed to change
This whole broad land by transformation strange,
Once far and wide the unbroken forests spread
Their lonely wastes, mysterious and dread—
Forests, whose echoes never had been stirred
By the sweet music of an English word,
There only rang the red-browed hunter's yell,
And the wolf's howl through the dark sunless dell.
Now fruitful fields and waving orchard trees
Spread their rich treasures to the summer breeze;
Yonder in queenly pride a City stands,
Whence stately vessels speed to distant lands;
Here smiles a hamlet through embowering green,
And there the statelier village spires are seen;
Here by the brook-side clacks the noisy mill,
There the white homestead nestles to the hill;
The modest school-house here flings wide its door
To smiling crowds that seek its simple store;
There learning's statelier fame of massive walls
Wooes the young aspirant to classic halls;
And bids him, in her hoarded treasures, find
The gathered wealth of all earth's gifted minds.

Here too we see in primal freshness still,
The cool, calm, forests nodding on the hill,
And o'er the quiet valley clustering green,
The tall trees linked in brotherhood serene,
Feeding from year to year the soil below,
Which shall in time with golden harvests glow,
And yield more wealth to Labor's sturdy hands
Than fabled Eldorado's yellow sands.

There once with thund'ring din, in years by gone,
The heavy waggon labored slowly on,
Through dreary swamps by rudest causeway spanned,
With shaggy cedars dark on either hand—
Where wolves oft howled in nightly chorus drear,
And boding owls mocked the lone traveller's fear—

Now, o'er the stable rail, the Iron-horse
Sweeps proudly on, in his exultant course,
Bearing in his impetuous flight along,
The freighted car with all its living throng,
At speed which rivals in its onward flight
The bird's free wing through azure fields of light.

Wealth of the forest, treasures of the hills—
Majestic rivers, fertilizing rills;—
Expansive Lakes, rich vales and sunny plains,
Vast fields where yet primeval nature reigns,
Exhaustless treasures of the teeming soil—
These loudly call to enterprising toil.

Nor vainly call. From lands beyond the sea,
Strong men have turned O Canada! to thee,—
Turned from their fathers' graves, their native shore,
Smiling to scorn the floods' tempestuous roar,
Gladly to find where broader, ampler room
Allured their steps,—a happy western home.

The toil-worn peasant looked with eager eyes
O'er the blue waters to those distant skies;
Where no one groaned 'neath unrequited toil:
Where the strong laborer might own the soil
On which he stood; and in his manhood's strength,
Smile to behold his growing fields at length;—
Where his brave sons might easily obtain
The lore for which their father sighed in vain,
And in a few short seasons take their stand
Among the learned and gifted of the land.

Could ocean barriers avail to keep
That yearning heart in lands beyond the deep?
No!—the sweet vision of a home—his own,
Haunted his days of toil, his midnight lone;
Till gathering up his little earthly store;
In a few years to realize far more
Than in his wildest dreams he hoped before.

We cannot boast those skies of milder ray,
'Neath which the orange mellows day by day;
Where the magnolia spreads her snowy flowers,
And nature revels in perennial bowers;—
Here, Winter holds his long and solemn reign,
And madly sweeps the desolated plain;—
But health and vigor hail the wintry strife,
With all the buoyant glow of happy life;
And by the blazing chimney's cheerful hearth,
Smile at the blast 'mid songs and household mirth.

Here Freedom looks o'er all these broad domains,
And hears no heavy clank of servile chains;
Here man, no matter what his skin may be,
Can stand erect, and proudly say, 'I'M FREE!'
No crouching slaves cower in our busy marts,
With straining eyes and anguish-riven hearts.

The beam that gilds alike the palace walls
And lowly hut, with genial radiance falls
On peer and peasant,—but the humblest here
Walks in the sun-shine, free as is the Peer.
Proudly he stands with muscle strong and free,
The serf—the slave of no man doomed to be.
His own the arm the heavy axe that wields;
His own, the hands that till the summer fields;
His own, the babes that prattle in the door;
His own, the wife that treads the cottage floor;
All the sweet ties of life to him are sure;
All the proud rights of manhood are secure.

Fair land of peace!—O may'st thou ever be
Even as now the land of LIBERTY!
Treading serenely thy bright upward road,
Honored of nations and approved of God!
On thy fair front emblazoned clear and bright—
FREEDOM, FRATERNITY and EQUAL RIGHT!

Yet another Poem if you please, it is a very beautiful one, before taking leave of this charming Poetess.