

the honor, for they were her own children. And not only does this reciprocity of national feeling originate from the men of other times, now gathered to their fathers, it exists among the men of the present generation. Is there a work in America which develops the excellency of Christian truth, it is not a month in the hands of the people before it finds its way to the libraries of Britain. Do the Christians in America weep over the grave of a Judson or a Huntington who, in the days of their pilgrimage, were patterns of christian zeal, and patience?—their tears are scarcely dry, ere their friends in Britain mourn with them, as if for a common calamity. Does a work at this moment emanate from the British press containing aught that is excellent in literature or religion? It is no sooner wafted over the atlantic than there is a competition among the Bibliopolists, who shall first present it to their countrymen. Such is the plainest testimony a people can give of their mutual regard, seeing jealousy is in abeyance, and whatever is honorable and lovely, and of good report, whether it emanates from one or the other, is the subject of their esteem. We have been led into these remarks by the poem now before us. It is the fifteenth American edition, as we learn from the title page; it has gone through about as many editions in Britain, and is much read and admired in both countries.

There are diverse critics, however, who have greatly depreciated "The Course of Time," as a poem, in the strictures they have given to the world. The men of this school have a code of ethics and theology (at least in their poetical creed) at variance with scripture. With them it is a matter of no moment what is the moral lesson of the poem. It is enough that it has the fire and vigor of poetry. With them he is the true poet who strikes off the beaten path of truth, and gives himself up to the impulse of feeling and imagination. The productions they approve of are purely romantic. Their poetry consists of certain professional common places, which the most vulgar genius may acquire. The first thing they require of him who cultivates the muses, is that he be an enthusiastic admirer of the scenery of nature. Let truth and common sense be abandoned, but omit no opportunity of eulogising sylvan scenes. Exhaust every phrase in the way of panegyric. Use language the most hyperbolic and sacred—apostrophise rocks and rivers, wood and sky, and be not shy in supposing yourself tedious in such episodes, for it is the very cream of your song. Let not your imagination be circumscribed by the chronology of scripture.—Should you describe a cataract, make it a hoary veteran who began to foam in an eternity that is past. And in reference to man himself, speak contemptuously of his strength and origin. Be as far

from the truth on these points as possible, that the antithesis may be the more striking, and then when you speak of yourself, be sure to let all men know that from your earliest years, you had a wondrously strange love of nature—that you would wander alone dreaming a thousand sublime and strange things, which you have no words to express—that you would gaze for many hours at a running brook, or the sea, without being conscious of the lapse of time at all; and that your parents, especially your mother, had often to send the servant to awaken you from your reverie, which much annoyed you. Another understanding with us is, to beware of drawing any plain and practical reflection from goddess nature. Reflections indeed you must have but let them hang upon some small romantic feature, which no other eye but your's can discern, the flickering wing of a bird, or the tinge of an autumnal leaf, or the note of a harpsichord; and as you must needs have human beings in your song, let them not be persons accountable for their actions, but creatures of your own creation, and the farther your ideal world is from the real one, your genius will appear more bright and glowing—raise up love sick heroes and heroines, put them in the most strange dilemmas, and extricate them by means of events still more strange. In short, be always sentimental and never wise, and draw largely upon woods and rocks, cascades and streams. In this way, and in no other, you will be a favorite poet, for you shall manifest all the elements of original genius.

Now all this we aver enters into the present fashionable idea of poetry, and we need scarcely wonder that a poem such as "The Course of Time," which runs directly counter to many of its dogmas, should be held as of dubious merit, and that not a few of the critics should deny it the rank of poetry altogether. The author of this poem takes for granted the truths of revelation, and this is the amount of his offending. It is because he makes wisdom and not folly, truth and not error, sobriety and not wantonness, the burden of his song, that many seek to depreciate his genius. And though we are far from thinking "The Course of Time" a perfect production, yet comparing it with many poems much read and admired, we are disposed to assign it a very high place in the scale of poetry.

Mr. Pollock's poem has had to make its own way in the world. When published, the author's name was unknown,—it came out without any recommendation, and with not even a preface to draw public attention. Mr. Pollock was the son of a man in the humble walks of life, in a Scottish village. He had finished his university studies, and had come out a preacher of the Gospel, and any one who knows the engagements of a youth in his progress from the philosophy classes, to the