

for, while far removed from those hateful goody-goody collections of "poetry," which perplex and distress the unfortunate reader, her verses are tinged with a deep, religious earnestness which may find an echo in any well-balanced mind. This very earnestness, in fact, is the most noticeable point in the whole of the detached pieces which go to make up the volume. Apart from the mechanism of the verses, which might readily be made to work more smoothly, there is found a rare amount of originality in the pieces and an enthusiastic admiration for Nature and Nature's wonders which finds expression in various outbursts, more or less poetical. Whether singing of the "proud hills of Malvern" or inditing blank verse in face of the Horse Shoe Falls at Niagara, the author is equally at home, inasmuch as she is always under the influence of a keen appreciation of the sublimity and beauty of natural objects. The following "Hymn to Nature" will give an exact idea of the merits and defects of her style :—

"Dear Nature, how I love thee,
In all thy varied forms,
Through which the God of beauty
Thy loveliness adorns.
Pure fount of gushing gladness,
From springs of heavenly birth,
Whose living Waters flow for
The children of the earth.

"Crowned by soft, beauteous moonbeams
Of holy, silver light,
Types of that ancient pillar
That led the hosts by night—