

of our observations we will venture to affirm that, in the opinion of all capable of appreciating poetic beauty, it will add no small degree of honour to the lustre of our native genius. A finished simplicity pervades every part of it,—a simplicity which will readily induce the impression that the reverend author has well studied the art poetic, and has attained a degree of excellence in it, which in its very subtleness, eludes the grasp of very many of those—

“Who go to Helicon
To court the ladies there.”

Accompanying this simplicity there is a terseness of diction which is truly refreshing, and which clearly shows with what strength and rapidity the ‘winged words’ came to his hand. Spontaneously they seem to have come, breathing truthfulness and melody. A charm seems to be thrown over every subject and every theme, which have been touched by his plastic hand.

With the true instinct of poetic genius, Mr. Gray finely and gracefully attunes his lyre to the melody of human feeling, and at the same time with exquisite tenderness and delicacy moves the very sources of our deepest emotions. In the minor pieces, which form the greater part of the collection, there is discoverable a deep and touching pathos, which soon convinces the reader that he is perusing the results of chastened experience, gushing forth from a heart subdued and humbled by the various changes and chances of this mortal life, and sensibly imbued with the powerful reality of true religious sentiment. Indeed, in this peculiarity may be said to consist the indescribable charm, of which we have just spoken. True to the instinct of his professional feelings, the author reads instruction everywhere; he leads you into various scenes and shades, glowing with poetic warmth; and after your return from following him you feel that you are a better man.

But let us listen to a few melodious sounds from his well-tuned lyre, and notice how gracefully he sweeps his fingers across its varied chords. We have only time to dwell on a few of its notes, which in a manner we shall gather at random.

What parent that has ever had to mourn in silence and in sorrow the early departure of the younger and best loved one of his family group, can peruse the following exquisite lines without emotion :

“Our lovely one, our youngest born
From all our fond affections torn
And now the hour is nigh.
Yes! call the children—let them place
Their lips upon that dying face,
We give the last fond kiss:
And all that loveliness is clay,
Yet ere we turn our steps away
That spirit is in bliss.”

O Dimmy! dearest, sweetest child,
I often thought when thou hast smiled,
I felt much love for thee;
But could my arms again entwine
That lovely form and call it mine,
Much more that love would be.