

walls of the churches of northern Italy. A noble tribute is paid to the genius of Carlyle and to the heroism of Gordon, though we dissent from the judgment that, on account of his untimely fate,

On England's brow
The Cain mark branded by her crime
Must beg the charity of time.

The dedication of the volume is very touching and tender:

Forth, little book, into the wide world
go,—
Forth in her name whose fond eye
watched thee grow;
Who hoped to see thee girt for voyage
so.

Would I might lay thee in her vanished
hand
For whose sweet sake thy pilgrimage
was planned!
But none has heard her step in all the
land.

No song of thine can reach the spirit
ear,
No plaining note can draw the spirit
tear,
Nor page of thee to spirit eye appear.

The soul of thee alone its way can press
Through sensuous veil to her unearth-
ness,
And know, not hear, that lips of silence
bless.

There is a beauty of thought and
conciseness of expression about the
following that are admirable:

THE MERCY OF GOD.

They have a saying in the East:—
Two angels note the deeds of men,
And one is first and one is least.
When men do right, one takes his pen
And magnifies the deed to ten.
This angel is at God's right hand,
And holds the other in command.
He says to him when men do wrong,
"The man was weak, temptation
strong,—

Write not the record down to-day;
To-morrow he may grieve and pray."
It may be myth; but this is sooth—
No ruth is lasting as God's ruth;
The strongest is the tenderest;
He who best knows us loves us best.

Observe also the same qualities in

the following couplet from a sonnet
on Jacques Cartier:

St. Malo holds his dust, the world his
fame,
But his strong, dauntless soul 'tis ours
to claim.

We have room for only one more
quotation, a part of a fine poem en-
titled "A Song of Failure."

The weary hand I sing, and heart,
That never poet sang;
The silent song, the buried art,
The unknown martyr's pang.

A thousand pæans noise the deeds
Of men who fought and won;
I sing the hero masked in weeds,
And shrinking from the sun.

He fought as good and brave a fight
As ever mortal fought;
His eye was keen, his cause was right,—
And all availed naught.

I sing the men who did the right
When wrong was on the throne,
And fearless, in a world's despite,
Stood for the truth alone.

* * * *

Tell me not he who fails will miss
The guerdon of his aim:
The life that crowns the hope of this
Will meet the soul's just claim.

A voice I hear,—They only win
Who, brave and pure and true,
Disrown the foe that reigns within,
And self and sin subdue.

We trust that Mr. Knight will receive
from the Canadian public the cordial
appreciation that his poetic merit
deserves.

Humour, Pith and Pathos. A Book
of Readings and Recitations. By
Rev. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.
Toronto: William Briggs. Price
35 cents.

This book contains the gleanings
of many years in a wide and varied
field of readings. It ranges from
"grave to gay, from lively to severe."
It rings soundly on the temperance
question, and will provoke now a
laugh and now a tear. We commend
it for use in Temperance and Sun-
day-school anniversaries, social gath-
erings, and the like.