

" At Pozzuoli, on the Italian coast,
 A ruined temple stands. The thin waves flow
 Upon its marble pavements ; and in row
 Three columns, last of a majestic host
 Which once had heard the haughty Roman's boast,
 Rise in the mellow air. Long years ago
 The unstable floor sank down, and from below
 The shining flood of sapphire—like the ghost
 Of youth's bright aspirations and high hopes,
 More real than castles in the air, and laid
 On some foundation, though of sand that slopes
 Seaward to lift again—it comes arrayed
 In olive sea-weeds ; but a raven mopes
 Upon its topmost stone, and casts a shade."

I felt sure that we should soon hear from this New Brunswick boy again. And so we did. In 1880, there was published in Philadelphia a dainty little volume, entitled "Orion and Other Poems," by Charles G. D. Roberts. You all remember with what pleasure and applause that publication was received. The poem from which the book takes its name is simply a gem of purest ray serene. While CEnopion, the King of Chios, immolates unto Apollo a tawny wolf, his hunter, Orion, makes his appearance upon the scene with

" The grandeur of the mountain for a robe,
 The torrent's strength for girdle, and for crown,
 The sea's calm, for dread fury capable,—”

and stands

" Without the laurel's sacred shade
 Which his large presence deepened.”

In reward for his services, the hunter craves the hand of the snow-breasted nymph, Merope, but the king, while he feigns to consent, fills a wine-cup with a Colchian drug and presents it to the unsuspecting servitor, who falls asleep upon the beach. Two slaves are then despatched to pour poison upon his eyelids, by which these are deprived of light. A troop of maids beloved of Doris then rises out of the sea, and grouping around the prostrate giant they sing a chorus which, with strophe and antistrophe, is cast in the best Greek model, and not unworthy