

The most imaginative piece in the collection is a highly artistic and truly powerful poem called "A Dream of Heaven." This we consider the most finished and lofty production of Mr. Lockhart's which has yet appeared. We think, however, that it has one fault, and that is, that the last stanza weakens the poem because it is unnecessary. The moral is perfectly expressed in the allegory, and the last stanza adds nothing.

Of the patriotic poems the finest is "Acadie." We believe that Nova Scotian, ay, Canadian patriotism, has received no more beautiful, poetical embodiment than in this much admired lyric. We once heard Dr. Bourinot quote with great effect some stanzas from it in a public address. Although somewhat long, still we must, to give our reader satisfaction, quote nearly all of it.

ACADIE.

While British bards the lyre awake,
And strike the harp to glory strung,
Do none my country's praises speak?—
Must my fair land remain unsung?
Awake! to noblest minstrelsy,
Loved Muse! the patriot bosom stir!
And strike to passion fiery-free,
My wild, unhonored harp, for her!

Yet not unknown to song is she,
E'er since the Western Master came
To twine the flowers of poesy
Around her sweet unstoried name:—
Yet the enchanting story tell,
And paint affection's heavenly mien—
The mournful fate of Gabriel,
The sorrow of Evangeline!

But, O my birth-land! wilt thou not
Bring forth thy glowing minstrel choir—
Bright masters of enchanted thought
And skilled to strike thy native lyre?
Its slumbering chords too long lie dumb,
Since rural music's earlier year;
Come! ye enraptured songsters, come!
Sing! and the listening land shall hear!

Though hers be not the storied lore
To which earth's prouder lands aspire,
Yet there are legends on her shore
That court the bard's historic lyre:
Look forth, O stranger!—not in art,
In nature, is Acadia fair!—
And thou may'st find the purest heart,
The simplest mould of beauty there!

How often, from a stranger shore,
The exile-spirit turns to view
In memory's magic glass once more
The peaceful scenes that once she knew!—
For thou, Acadie, art my home—
Sacred to Boyhood's joyous mirth—
Where'er I rest, where'er I roam,
The most beloved land on earth!