

sioned her untimely death—in spite of the necessary defects of culture and deprivation of those influences which have sometimes brought more *eminence* to less *talent*, so much that is charming and elevating, as is to be found in her published works

“ Along the cool sequestered vale of life
She kept the noiseless tenor of her way.”

and, while acquiring an enviable reputation in literature, has cherished the heart of many a “pilgrim faint and weary.” The effect of natural scenery in producing romance and sublimity in the mind, has often been pointed out; and who does not remember the genial “Wizard of the North” apostrophizing his native land as

“ Caledonia, stern and wild,
Fit nurse for a poetic child?”

Who shall say how much of the beauty and sublimity of this unrivalled Canadian Poetess is traceable to the grand and beautiful scenery of her home by that matchless mirror of water which is at once the Constance and the Como of Canada, or, as we should more correctly say, of the Province of Quebec. How much of her exquisite, Claude-like power of describing natural scenery, as shown in her “Surrender of Quebec,” in “Twilight Musings,” and in several of her minor poems, may have been the effect produced on her tender impressible nature by a daily contemplation of the fair bosom of that “silvery lake” with its placid surface and its enchanting borders of the loveliness of the green land gradually melting away, and imperceptibly blending with the blue water?

How many a frequent view of the noble and lofty Mount Orford and its sister peaks have stirred within the ardent lover of nature some of those really sublime thoughts so well expressed in the lines introductory to the “Promises,” or in “The Incomprehensibility of God,” or “Behold, He Cometh?”

Be these speculations as to the source of her inspiration received for what they are worth, Miss Johnson has proved herself to be possessed largely of the genuine traits of the poet, and in her published works has left behind her much to gratify the lover of poetic grandeur and elevation; and to the lover of meek, unostentatious piety, an unfailling flavour of truth and love to God, permeating all her works: to the patriotic admirers of our country, she gives the delight of a firm and constant attachment to the land of her birth. The first and longest poem to be found in her volume, published in 1855, which we hope soon to see supplemented by the publication of other pieces, which have seen the light as yet only in the ephemeral issues of the press, is “The Promises.” This, as its name implies, is a tableau of all the promises of the Almighty to the fallen race of man. It is a vigorously written history of the covenant of grace with its changing signs and seals, and its progressive development from the promise of the “Seed of the woman” given to man down to the setting up of the Christian dispensation,

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