

spirit of poetry. It has essentially the life and essence of the pure soul. To read but the passionate invocation to the spirit of poesy with which the strain commences, is proof sufficient of this. Who but one that has thirsted for a nearer and better view of the inner power, could have written so noble an expression of poet-yearning as the following :

"There is a deadlier pang than that which bends  
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow—  
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—  
A heart to hew his name out upon time  
As on a rock, then in immortality  
To stand on time as on a pedestal ;  
When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak,  
We find our aspirations quenched in tears,  
The tears of impotence and self-contempt—  
That loathsome weed, up-springing in the heart  
Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine."

This is the true expression of poetry well and powerfully told, and it is passages such as these, that we build upon as promise for the future excellence of this writer—strong evidences of the light within, which, when time and labour have broken down the bars of vanity and false sentiment, may yet shine forth and irradiate a world. But we do not think Mr. Smith will ever be a poet in fullest sense of the word. He will not bind up the Mother's broken heart like him who tells her so beautifully :

"Oh ! not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The reaper came that day ;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away."

We see no such sweet and touching evidences of sympathy with his fellow sufferers, or trust and hope in a power above. He may like Byron lay bare some of the more desolate places in the dreary world of human suffering, but he will not like Byron speak to the world as to one great common heart, in words of pleading melancholy and heart-touching pathos, such as form the 'Dream'—passages in 'Child Harold,' 'Lara,' 'Corsair,' and 'The Prisoner of Chillon.' Like the author of 'Festus,' Mr. Smith may electrify and dazzle—he will never speak to the heart and soften down its passion, or give an utterance to its agony and love, like Hemans or Norton, Byron, Longfellow or a host of others, whose names are like household words, because they have spoken through all time the language of humanity, and aided us in our hours of grief, and sorrow, by the words in which they have poured forth our feelings. The Author of the 'Life Drama' may yet be a powerful delineator of some scene of slaughter or martyrdom, some tale of crime or passion, whose very utterance will shock or startle : he has a soul for the turbulent in nature and in existence : his imagination is a rich realm of beauty and phantasy—we trust he will not allow it to run wanton, and involve him in a labyrinth of uncertainty and confusion. There are fine materials in the poems now before us, and we think Mr. Smith would be taking a judicious course were he to devote his time to their reconstruction. By pruning off all offensive expressions and unpleasant abbreviations, his fine thoughts will appear in their proper guise,