

There are some fine passages throughout the whole. The hero wanders into the blissful realms of dreamland. Soon the drowsy god's magic influence overpowers him: he fancies that he is falling:

"So numb of sense, so dead with fear was I.

"O blessed was the hand that caught my hand,
Unseen, and swung me thrice throughout all space!
Blessed, that sought me at the ocean's brink,
And gave me hope as food and love as drink.
And fanned with snowy flowers mine anguished face.
And soothed me with her kisses as she fanned."

Of this ethereal maiden the poet says:

"Lo! she was holy and most strangely fair,
Sleek-throated like a dove, and solemn-eyed;
Her lips were, as an infant's, small and sweet,
And as an infant's were her naked feet;
And, scarf-like, flowed and shimmered at each side,
Her cloven tresses of untrammelled hair."

The two then roam through the heavenly regions on the "wings of love." Ever and anon he sipped the sweet nectar from her lips and sang:

"Oh, could I sleep for ever in a dream,
Or dream such dreams for ever while I slept!"

But 'twas all a dream. We can imagine how chagrined he felt when

"That moment there was darkness, and the lists
Of heav'n gave place unto the gloom of day;
Whereat I woke to deadly fears and pain,
To misery of the thunder and the rain,
And crime, and subterfuge, and fierce affray
Of warring creeds and brawling mammonists."

In our estimation the verses on the "Pines" are the best in the book. They are eminently Canadian in their tone. How bold and real!

"Oh! heard ye the pines in their solitude sigh,
When the winds were awakened and night was nigh?
When the elms breathed out a sorrowful tale,
Which was wafted away on the wings of the gale;

When the aspen leaf whispered a legend dread,
And the willows waved darkly over the dead;
And the poplar shone with a silvery gleam,
And trembled like one in a troublesome dream;

And the cypresses murmured of grief and woe,
And the linden waved solemnly to and fro,
And the sumach seemed wrapt in a golden mist,
And the soft maple blushed where the frost had kissed.

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I heard the pines in their solitude sighing,
When the winds were awakened, and day was dying;
And fiercer the storm grew, and darker its pall;
But the voice of the pines was louder than all."