

Landor's "Rosina" is somewhat akin.

Another class of poetry, which only the adult should possess, is that which describes particular children. Many poets—Wordsworth pre-eminently—have attempted this kind, but, for the most part, so rapt has been their admiring—almost worshipping—gaze, that in the finished poem the child has been only faintly visible through a golden mist. In other cases the poet has made the child a mere peg upon which to hang a thought of his own. But simple, unaffected descriptions do exist. In "Lays for the Nursery" (bound up with "Whistle Binkie," that charming collection of Scotch poems by minor writers) will be found the history of "Wee Joukydaidles," by James Smith, a very human poem which, probably unconsciously, Mr. William Canton, the author of "The Invisible Playmate," who has for children a love that sometimes becomes adoration, reduces to a couplet when of a certain notable "Little Woman" he says:—

She is my pride, my plague, my rest, my
rack, my bliss, my bane,
She brings me sunshine of the heart and soft-
ening of the brain.

From Mr. Canton's last volume, "W. V., Her Book, and Various Verses," I should take the poems entitled "Wings and Hands" and "Making Pansies." But enough of the Grown-up's Anthology.

It is time now to explain whence the contents of the Child's Anthology should be drawn. The names that come most naturally to mind are those of "Lewis Carroll" and Edward Lear; and I would add Dr. Hoffman, but that it is a mistake to separate his verses and pictures. These twain would yield many pages; I need not stop to particularize since every one knows them so well. The "Percy Reliques" would be a rich

source; and I should include such modern ballads as "John Gilpin," one or two of the Ingoldsby Legends, and a few to be found in the works of less-known experimentalists. Among these is "A," the lady from whom a quotation has already been made. In "Poems Written for a Child," in "Child World" and in "Child Nature," are several capital pieces of humorous narrative. There is, for instance, Fred's story in "Child Nature," entitled "John's Sin." It tells of a giant who, since conscience makes cowards of us all, became a cowherd for conscience' sake, but is balked at the outset by an inability to milk:—

He could not milk her; he was skilled
In abstruse science; was renown'd
In mathematics; he had Mill'd,
Bain'd, Maurice'd, Hamilton'd, and
Brown'd.

Herodotus and Mr. Bright

He knew—but could not a milk a cow!

(The deleted lines, it may be mentioned in passing, are remarkable for containing a new rhyme to cow. The ingenious "A" presses the author of "The Bothie of Tober na Vuolich" into that service.) While the giant was bemoaning this incapacity, a dwarf came by, milked the cow, boxed the giant's ears, and led him as prisoner to a farm, where his size became a serious embarrassment. Shortly afterwards he died. The author remarks sententiously:—

A giant in a little room
Alive, is an uncommon bore;
A giant dead, besides the gloom,
Is such a trouble on the floor.

In the same class are several of the pieces in "Lilliput Levee," by "Matthew Browne," notably the introductory verses, which tell of the revolution, the "Ballad of Froge-dobbulum's Fancy," "Shockheaded