

our poets have not disdained to tune their lyre to that "diviner breath of being" we call love, but they never outraged decency and sense by pelting at the boy Cupid great bunches of poisonous weeds, and designating the favor literary bouquets from the gods.

Like her gifted and true friend, James Jeffrey Roche, now editor-in-chief of the Boston Pilot, Miss Guiney has essayed, not without success, ballad writing. Two of these in which she has been very felicitous in her efforts, are entitled, "A Ballad of Kenelm" and "Peter Rugg the Bostonian." The composition of a ballad calls for naturalness, simplicity and directness, and all of these our young author possesses. It is always difficult to give quotations from a poet's work that will adequately set forth his or her gifts as a writer. One, two or three poems may serve to emphasize some particular dominant quality in the verse, but it cannot illustrate fully his or her work as an organic whole. Every note, minor or major, should go to swell the general symphony, and this you cannot get by any system of critical phonography. Here is a lyric from Miss Guiney's last volume, "A Roadside Harp," which does not badly indicate the character of her inspiration and workmanship.

#### TO A DOG'S MEMORY.

The gusty morns are here,  
When all the reeds ride low with level spear;  
And on such nights as lured us far of yore,  
Down rocky alleys yet, and thro' the pine,  
The Hound-star and the pagan Hunter shine;  
But I and thou, ah, field-fellow of mine,  
Together roam no more.

Soft showers go laden now  
With odors of the happy orchard bough,  
And brooks begin to brawl along the march;  
The late frost steams from hollow sedges high;  
The finch is come, the flame-blue dragon fly,  
The cowslip's common gold that children spy,  
The plume upon the larch.

There is a music fills  
The oaks of Belmont and the Wayland hills  
Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream,  
The heavenly weather's call! Oh, who alive  
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive,  
Having free feet that never felt a gyve  
Weigh, even in a dream?

But thou, instead, hast found  
The sunless April uplands underground,  
And still wherever thou art, I must be.  
My beautiful! arise in might and mirth,  
For we were tameless travellers from our birth:  
Arise against they narrow door of earth,  
And keep the watch for me.

Miss Guiney went to Europe accompanied by her mother in the spring of 1889 and remained there two years, residing chiefly in London, but making a brief visit to France in the interest of her work Monsieur Henri. The influence of her sojourn abroad is evident in her later work. Strong and artistic as is all the work of Miss Guiney in verse, the poem into which she has breathed the full tide and inspiration of her Celtic nature will be for many a reader—especially those holding kinship with Erin—her sweetest and truest effort. I have rarely read any Irish poem so full of heart-hunger and pathos as the following lines. Neither Keats nor Shelley nor Lovelace nor Herrick could have any share in such a genuine Irish gem. It welled up from a heart nurtured by the tears and smiles of centuries. Here is the exquisite lyric which William Black, the novelist, quotes in his "Highland Cousins."

#### AN IRISH PEASANT SONG.

I try to knead and spin, but my life is low the while;  
Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile;  
Yet when I walk alone, and think of naught at all,  
Why from me that's young should the wild tears fall?  
The shower stricken earth, the earth-colored streams,  
They breathe on me awake, and moan to me in dreams;  
And yonder ivy fondling the broken castle wall,  
It pulls my foolish heart, till the wild tears fall.