

depth, which is more and more revealed as we read and re-read, and still the more admire. Everywhere is there evidence of high artistic skill; everywhere are we delighted and carried out from ourselves by such happy verses as these:

—— “he thinks best to let old fancies sleep;
Why need to rouse them? You are happy, sure?
But if one asks, ‘art happy?’ Why, it sets
The thoughts a-working. No, say I, let love,
Let peace and happy folk alone.”

Then comes the poem,—or shall we not rather say fragment of a poem?—which gives to the volume its name.

What a wealth of imagination, what a power of delineation is displayed! How vivid the scenes that pass in rapid succession, how unflagging the interest of the entire poem!

But we must leave unsaid much that we would fain say of this noble “*Story*” and notice briefly in conclusion one or two other pieces in the book.

“*Winstanley*” is a ballad and entirely unique. Its story is culled from the volume of the past, and teaches a lesson of its own,—the wonders which Will and Perseverance may accomplish. But better than the poem itself, is the introduction, an exquisite snatch of verse, which, however, our space does not permit us to give. But one more would we notice, and that a very gem; *Merum Nectar*, as Scaliger says of that famous Horatian ode to Phyrria. It has a music of its own, which sounds not unlike the chimes of distant bells in the summer twilight.

APPRENTICED.

“Come out and hear the waters shoot, the owlet hoot, the owlet hoot;
Yon crescent moon, a golden boat, hangs dim below the tree, O!
The dropping thorn makes white the grass, O sweetest lass; and sweetest lass,
Come out and smell the ricks of hay adown the croft with me, O!”

“My granny nods before her wheel, and drops her reel, and drops her reel;
My father with his crony talks as gay as gay can be, O!
But all the milk is yet to skim, ere light wax dim, ere light wax dim;
How can I step adown the croft, my ‘prentice lad, with thee, O!”

“And must ye bide, yet waiting’s long, and love is strong, and love is strong;
And, O! had I but served the time it takes so long to flee, O!
And thou, my lass, by morning’s light, wast all in white, wast all in white;
And parson stood within the rails a-marrying me and thee, O!”

We have been favoured by the author with a short poem * of considerable originality and ability. The subject is taken from the experience of the writer, and is handed in a lively and graphic manner.

* Lashed to the Mizen, or a night off the Cape; by Frank Johnson. For sale by Foss & Co., Sherbrooke.