

Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound ;
 He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound.
 Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
 He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
 The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
 Made beautiful with song ; and as I read
 I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
 Of lark and linnet, and from every page
 Rise odours of ploughed field and flowery
 mead.

After Longfellow, the next place is naturally allotted to Oliver Wendell Holmes. 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' has written only a few sonnets, and, if truth must be told, none of them are of the best kind. A similar remark may be made of Lowell, whose muse is more specially lyric. It is, therefore, unnecessary to give specimens.

Among the minor American poets, Stedman stands most deservedly high, and he is among those whose sonnets are of unusual excellence. Here is one on 'A Mother's Picture,' which is replete with the most tender and delicate feeling :

She seemed an angel to our infant eyes !
 Once, when the glorifying moon revealed
 Her who at evening by our pillow kneeled, —
 Soft-voiced and golden-haired, from holy
 skies,
 Flown to her loves on wings of Paradise. —
 We looked to see the pinions half concealed :
 The Tuscan vines and olives will not yield
 Her back to me, who loved her in this wise,
 And since have little known her, but have
 grown
 To see another mother, tenderly
 Watch over sleeping children of my own.
 Perchance the years have changed her : yet
 alone
 This picture lingers ; still she seems to me
 The fair young angel of my infancy.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich is essentially a colourist, and his sentiment of nature is of the warmest. He is not a prolific writer, but his work, whether in verse or prose, is thoroughly conscientious, and therefore satisfactory to his readers. The following on 'Barberies,' is one of the first sonnets in the language :

In scarlet clusters o'er the grey stone wall
 The barberries lean in thin autumnal air
 Just when the field and garden plots are
 bare,
 And ere the green-leaf takes the tint of fall ;
 They come, to make the eye a festival !

Along the road, for miles, their torches flare,
 Ah, if your deep-sea coral were but rare
 (The damask-rose might envy it withal).
 What bards had sung your praises long ago.
 Called you fine names in honey-worded
 books, —
 The rosy trumps of turnpike and of lane,
 September blushes, Ceres' lips aglow,
 Little Red Ridinghoods, — for your sweet
 looks!
 But your plebeian beauty is in vain.

I have not mentioned Whittier, because his sonnets are few and none of them noteworthy. This is the more singular, inasmuch as the Quaker poet is a master of versification, and his mind is cast in a serenely reflective mould. I wonder that he, who has followed Longfellow in so many phases of his literary career, should not, in his old age, like the latter, have adopted the sonnet to depict scenes or express sentiments which he cared not otherwise to put forth in larger compositions. Whittier is not as old as Longfellow, yet his declining years are neither as prolific, nor as sustained in power, as those of his great rival. The maturity of Longfellow's genius is a marvel and a blessing. His very latest productions, the 'Arm-chair,' for instance, lately addressed to the children of Cambridge, are as alert in thought, as fruity in feeling, and as exquisite in felicity of expression, as any of his master-pieces of five-and-twenty years ago. Longfellow is the most popular poet of the age, not only with the medium but with the highest orders of intelligence, and he has done more to give his country a name abroad than any single American of this century. He has produced much, but it is safe to say that, with the exception of his 'New England Tragedies,' there is not one of his poems which is not destined to a long life.

I have said that Edgar Poe has written but one sonnet, and that a very poor one ; but it must be remembered that he was cut off in his prime, and always lived in psychological conditions that were injurious to the normal development of his genius. As a purely poetical organization,