

PRIMAVERA

Deep-shaded will I lie, and deeper yet
 In night, where not a leaf its neighbour knows;
 Forget the shining of the stars, forget
 The vernal visitation of the rose;
 And, far from all delights, prepare my heart's repose.

'O crave not silence thou! too soon, too sure,
 Shall Autumn come, and through these branches weep:
 Some birds shall cease, and flowers no more endure;
 And thou beneath the mould unwilling creep,
 And silent soon shalt be in that eternal sleep.

'Green still it is, where that fair goddess strays;
 Then follow, till around thee all be sere.
 Lose not a vision of her passing face;
 Nor miss the sound of her soft robes, that here
 Sweep over the wet leaves of the fast-falling year.'

The second line is very beautiful, and the whole shows culture and taste and feeling. Mr. Ghose ought some day to make a name in our literature.

Mr. Stephen Phillips has a more solemn classical Muse. His best work is his *Orestes*:

Me in far lands did Justice call, cold queen
 Among the dead, who, after heat and haste
 At length have leisure for her steadfast voice,
 That gathers peace from the great deeps of hell.
 She call'd me, saying: I heard a cry by night!
 Go thou, and question not; within thy halls
 My will awaits fulfilment.

And she lies there,

My mother! ay, my mother now; O hair
 That once I play'd with in these halls! O eyes
 That for a moment knew me as I came,
 And lighten'd up, and trembled into love;
 The next were darkened by my hand! Ah me!
 Ye will not look upon me in that world.
 Yet thou, perchance, art happier, if thou go'st
 Into some land of wind and drifting leaves,
 To sleep without a star; but as for me,
 Hell hungers, and the restless Furies wait.