

" Mystic and far, I hear the bells
Of Is between the sea's loud swells ;
And winds through yarrow on the dunes
Startled with weirder tunes.

" Half-syllabled I heard strange names ;
I trembled, for they were not Fame's,
And questioned, distraught with the time,
If naught but death's sublime."

Here is a notable sonnet :

"A SONNET OF SUMMER.

" Beauty and joy live through the summer day ;
The morning rustles by my bed of dreams,
In garments made of woven auroral beams ;
And toying zephyrs in the garden stray,
Shaking the dew from each rose-weighted spray
Upon the crimson poppies' burning lips.
A white-winged butterfly delighted sips
Of cooling golden wine, his thirst to allay,
The while he poises on the yellow brim
Of buttercups. And when the day is dim,
And shadows flutter in the rising gale,
And oak leaves tremble in the wood afar,
Like falling flakes of gold,—o'er night's dark rail
Pale seraphs lean, each with a censer-star."

The "Vale of Estabelle" is a fine poem, but too long for our space to quote in full, and we are reluctant to take only parts of it. We feel compelled to say the same regarding "An Ode Written in Autumn," some stanzas of which are exquisite. But, even at the risk of being called partial, we must take