

THINE EYES.

In dreamland once, I wandered all alone,
 Where all the forest trees great raindrops wept
 In sullen silence; tears that soon were swept
 Away unpitied. E'en the night wind's moan
 Was hushed by murmurs of some swollen stream,
 That rolled the fallen rainclouds through the night:
 Till in its deeper waters shone the light
 Of Heaven's stars. Then soon their silvery gleam
 Was dimmed: a flush of brighter glory shone
 Above the clouds, and o'er a stream of gold,
 The moonbeams, stealing, kissed me while they told
 Such tales of love, that I awoke. 'Twas dawn.
 Moonbeams, dream-flashes from those eyes of thine,
 Were drowned in purer light: thine eyes met mine.

REDCLIFFE.

Kingston, Dec. 27th, 1890.

SELECTIONS FROM NASSAU LITERARY
 MAGAZINE.

THE TWO ANSWERS.

I asked a maid with a fair young face
 The hue of the flower that men call love;
 She smiled and blushed with a sweet, shy grace
 And eyes like the blue above.

"White—snow-white,
 And it blooms at night,
 As well in the dark as the day—
 Hid in the shadow or out in the light—
 And best of all, it knows no blight,
 And it never fades away?"

I asked a woman out in the street,
 Clothed in misery, want and shame;
 Her face was defiant and hard—not sweet—
 Like a rose held in the flame.

"Red—blood-red,
 Is the flower," she said,
 "And its leaves are sin-color, though fair,
 It cannot live and grow in the head,
 So it springs up in the heart instead
 And kills the white flowers there."

GEORGE P. WHEELER.

THE CHANGING.

The ocean never rests;
 In the gleam of sunlight fair,
 And the silvery light of the moon,
 There is ebbing and flowing there,
 As the changing waves come in, they roar
 On the sands of a changing shore.

In a ceaseless, restless throb,
 When the evening zephyrs play,
 The dancing ripples sparkle and leap
 In the dying light of the day;
 They toss and break all thro' the night,
 And toss in the morning's light.

Man's life is like the sea:
 In its moods of restless peace,
 In its scenes of calm and storm,
 Its movements never cease.
 And it reaches out from shore to shore,
 From the Now to the Evermore.

Time and change must die;
 No more shall the black waves foam,
 Nor the hurricane move the deep,
 When the wearied soul comes home;
 For at death the dark'ning waters flee
 And peace broods on the sea.

COURTLANDT PATTERSON BUTLER.

MEMORY.

Sadly from out the belfry old,
 The death-knell of the year has tolled,
 And on the echo of those peals,
 Within my heart swift memory steals,
 And leads me back o'er travelled ways,
 Thro' vistas of the dead year's days,
 To scenes and deeds whose stamp must be
 Unchanged throughout Eternity.

Once more I feel the summer's blaze—
 The magic of its golden days;
 Once more I feel the autumn's chill
 And shrouded winter's wayward will—
 I see again the castles fair,
 Alas, too often built in air;
 The joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
 Mosaics in the fane of years.

And gently led by memory dear,
 Half wonderingly I see and hear
 The treasured look, the sweet-toned word
 That on my soul-harp softly stirred
 The sleeping music of a string—
 A note one touch alone could bring.

* * * * *
 The fire is dead; a ruddy ray
 Announces "I am New Year's Day."

CHARLES B. NEWTON.

BOOKS.

Life of Browning by William Sharp. Great Writers Series. Soudan, Walter Scott.

Students, who are interested in Browning, will find this a delightful volume. Browning's death is too recent for an exhaustive personal biography, and no such work has been attempted. But rarely has a poet lived so ideal a poetic life, rarely has he shown purer and more single-hearted devotion to the mission entrusted to him; and this makes the story of Browning's life an inspiration and help. Mr. Sharp's book admirably brings this out. The book is the study of a poet, not a man. His life is counted, not by years but by poems, and the poems are considered as parts of the one great whole which makes Browning's works "not a book but a literature."

And yet, though so thoroughly and professedly literary a picture of the poet, a vivid picture of his intense personality, of his rich and varied nature, and of his genial liberality is given. We do not see the inner life and struggles of the poet, but we have a picture of him as he was to the world around him. To those about him his life must have been an inspiration of no common order, and this circle is indefinitely increased by this book.

As a rapid and well-proportioned picture of a poet soul, the work deserves high praise. The criticism is keen