

Another man who had also escaped from the fangs of this dread monster, describes it somewhat differently.

"And thus I saw a mass, from whence there came  
That fearful light, as from a heart of flame,  
But black amid its radiance was that mass,  
And black and claw-like things therefrom did pass,  
Lengthening and shortening, and gray flocks of hair  
Seemed moving on it with some inward air  
The light bore with it; but in front of me:  
An unpeered dark bulk did I see,  
That my heart told me was the monster's head,  
The seat of all the will that wrought our dread;  
And midst thereof two orbs of red flame shone  
When first I came and then again were gone,  
Then came again as lights on a dark sea  
As the thing turned. And now it seemed to me,  
Moreover, that despite the dreadful sound  
That filled my very heart and shook the ground,  
Mute was the horror's head, as the great shade,  
That sometimes in deep sleep we are laid,  
Seems ready to roll over us, and crush  
Our soul to nought amid its shadowy hush."

But it is not only in describing the horrible that Mr. Morris has great skill in word-painting. The well-known legend of the blossoming of the Pope's staff as a sign that none were too wicked to be forgiven if repentant, is embodied in the last poem and contains the following passage, with which we conclude our very inadequate description of this work:—

"He moved and stooped down for his staff; still bright

The sky was, as he cast his eyes adown,  
And his hand sought the well-worn wood and brown.  
With a great cry he sprang up; in his hand  
He held against the sky a wondrous thing,  
That might have been the bright archangel's wand,  
Who brought to Mary that fair summoning;  
For lo! in God's unfaltering timeless spring,  
Summer and autumn had that dry rod been,  
And from its barrenness the leaves sprang green.

And on its barrenness grew wondrous flowers  
That earth knew not; and on its barrenness  
Hung the ripe fruit of heaven's unmeasured hours;  
And with strange scent the soft dusk did it bless,  
And glowed with fair light as earth's light grew less,—  
Yea, and its gleam the old man's face did reach,  
Too glad for smiles, or tears, or any speech.

Who seeth such things and liveth? That high tide  
The Pope was missed from throne and chapel stall;  
And when the frightened people sought him wide,  
They found him lying by the garden wall,  
Set out on that last pilgrimage of all,  
Grasping his staff—'and surely,' all folk said,  
'None ever saw such joy on visage dead.'"

THE SNOW MAN. A novel, by George Sand. Translated from the French, by Virginia Vaughan. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1871. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The enterprising Boston publishers, Roberts Bros., are now giving to the American public an English translation of the best of Madame George Sand's novels. "*L'Homme de Neige*" is a Swedish romance. The plot is as follows:—The hero, who passes by the Italian name of Christiano Waldo, brings to Sweden an Italian marionette theatre, and exhibiting it in various places, attracts great attention by the extraordinary originality and excellence of the dramas which he caused the puppets to act. He is invited to conduct a performance at the chateau of a powerful baron, who is hated and feared by all, and who popularly receives credit for having made away with his elder brother and his family, in order to obtain the inheritance. Christiano is accidentally lodged in an old castle which belongs to the domain, with an elderly lawyer of great repute, with whom he becomes very friendly, and to whom he tells his story. He informs him that he knows absolutely nothing of his parents or his country; that he had in early childhood been hurriedly taken to Italy, and delivered up to a worthy couple who were seeking for a child to adopt by a strange man whom no subsequent effort could trace. By these he was carefully nurtured and well educated; and after their deaths he passed through a variety of adventures, and at length resolved to see the world and pursue various scientific investigations, at the same time gaining his living by exhibiting his puppets. The lawyer seems much interested, especially in various vaguely-remembered legends of his childhood; and we are surprised to find, as the plot gradually develops itself, that Christiano turns out to be the son of the baron's brother, whose birth and existence had been sedulously concealed by friends that he might be saved from his uncle's malice. The bold baron dies suddenly in the midst of the gay entertainment, and the excellent Christiano is proved to be his legal successor, though the malice of the disap-