

First in the book is "*Dreams that Came True*,"—that came true as they could not otherwise. The old story it may be, the oft-repeated tale of the wrong done and the remorse that followed; but Miss Ingelow, she who wrote "*Divided*," and the "*Songs of Seven*," tells it and it seems no longer the legend of our Grandmothers; but a new thing full of novelty and charm.

The "Justice" (than which no word is more frequently abused) will dream, as all such men must, we suppose, sometime, not of any kindly bounty which has gladdened cheerless homes and comforted aching hearts, but, alas! of ripe and festering injustice. A poor widow, whom he has spurned starving from his lordly mansion, pleads again, outstretching pale feeble hands.

The "Justice" fain would not listen. But remorse, grim and fearful, will torture and madden: and along with this comes confession and repentance.

Meanwhile the widow, too, dreams; but no remorse troubles her: only good angels comfort with sweet words, and bear her so far away and make her so glad with their kindness that she would fain dream away. Dream away? Ah, well she may; for Sleep came not, but the angel Death, his fair twin brother, and closed her vacant eyes. Let the fierce storm revel through her cheerless hovel, she heeds it not. Let the last fagot expire, the warmest blaze could not quicken her blood now.

The morn comes and with it the squire. Too late! Sadder words than these angel nor man ever spake.

The "Justice" exists no longer; only a sorrowful man full of good deeds who prays evermore:

"Lift up, O earth, for he shall come again,
Thy Lord; and He shall reign, and He shall reign,—
Thy kingdom come."

Then she touches another key in "*Songs on the Voices of Birds*," and a world of melody is let loose.

How they chatter and twitter, the artless, merry birds, echoing from throat to throat,

"Gossip, how wags the world with you to-day?"

How they twitter and chatter in reply, louder and sweeter still, an infinite chorus,

"Gossip, the world wags well, the world wags well."

Ah the wild, sweet songs of the birds! We have all heard and love them dearly; but only Miss Ingelow can tell how they sing, how their multitudinous voices haunt wood and glade, valley and plain. But, anon, a higher note is struck, and the Romance of Lawrence and fair Muriel charms with mellow pleasance, and saddens with rare delineation of hope long deferred. How much are we reminded of that idyl of Tennyson, than which no simpler and grander has ever been written; only the ballad of this singer is slighter and lacks that wonderful

depth, which more admire are we delight

Then come which gives to

What a we vivid the scene entire poem!

But we mu and notice bri

"Winstanle volume of the

Perseverance n an exquisite s

give. But on Sealiger says o

which sounds r

"Come o

Yon cro

The dro

Come o

"My gra

My fath

But all

How ca

"And mu

And, O

And tho

And par

We have bee originality and and is handed in

* Lashed to the & Co., Sherbrook