

And again listen to the close of "Athassel Abbey."

"But I am wind that passes
In ignorant wild tears,
Uplifted from the grasses,
Blown to the void of years,

"Blown to the void, yet sighing
In thee to merge and cease,
Last breath of beauty's dying,
Of sanctity, of peace !

"Tho' use nor place forever
Unto my soul befall,
By no beloved river
Set in a saintly wall,

"Do thou by builders given
Speech of the dumb to be,
Beneath thine open heaven,
Athassel, pray for me !"

It is given to few poets to write so. And if such lines are not unmistakable proof of genius of the very finest lyric quality, one must be sadly deluded as to what is good and bad in English poetry. While this writer is thus so worthy a follower of the masters of song, she is in her serene unvexed temper at one with that eternal paganism which lies like the deep sea calms far below all passing storms of faction and fashion and the virulence of creed.

There are, it seems to me, two characteristics in Miss Guiney's work, either one of which would render her most worthy of distinction as a poet. The first is this pagan quality of joy, which she must inherit from our New England saint, Emerson; the second is a rich and anything but modern quality of style entirely her own, yet one whose seeds