

homes, his future wife and though he fancies many a beauty, it is when

“ * * * remote from pleasure’s whirl,
 He sees, at home’s sequestered shrine,
 The ardent, cheerful, guileless girl,
 Of mortal mould, but soul divine,—
 Too good, too beautiful, to know
 How fair her worth and beauty show ;
 Then all his roving fancies pause,
 Entranced by this o’erwhelming grace ;
 It rules him by celestial laws,
 It lights a splendour in his face ;
 ’Tis the best good that Heaven can give :
 He wins it—and begins to live.”

“ Love’s Question ” is sweetly pretty too, very gentle and full of delicious similes and allusions. It is a companion to “ Love’s Triumph,” though a much better poem in conception, in style and in matter. “ Love’s Queen ” is a stately epic, classic in its construction and replete with good and carefully considered points.

“ Three Pictures,” Beside the Sea are delicate bits of graceful verse. The last one is by far the better of the three though all are good.

“ In peace beside the winter sea,
 A white grave glimmers in the moon ;
 And waves are fresh, and clouds are free,
 And shrill winds pipe a careless tune.
 One sleeps beneath the dark blue wave,
 And one upon the lonely shore ;
 But, joined in love beyond the grave,
 They part no more ! they part no more ! ”

“ Two poets ” because it is a “ set ” poem, written on and for an especial occasion is not melodious or as good as some others of the writer’s efforts. It was composed for the Brougham Festival, which took place on the 4th of April, 1869, at the Astor House, New York. When Brougham the talented actor, clever dramatist, successful manager, genial gentleman and brilliant author, and speechmaker was the centre of attraction, and of him the poet says :

“ He walks the world through brilliant years,
 In trouble as in triumph, gay ;
 He wakes our laughter, wins our tears,
 And lightly charms our cares away.

* * * * *

Our manly love is not the least
 Of all the laurel that he wears ;
 To-night he sits with us, at feast :
 JOHN BROUGHAM is the name he bears.”

The first half of this poem is devoted to noble, generous-hearted Oliver Goldsmith, and the rest takes up the hero of the evening. From the specimen above the reader will perceive that force, power and beauty are wanting sadly, though the sentiment is good. There