

showing, in very musical verse, the same power of condensed description:—

'The dead trees stand around—gaunt, bleach'd, and bare—
Like skeletons of strange weird things that were—
The black ooze trailing at their tangled roots :
Far-off, a solitary owlet hoots,
And all beyond the great grey waters lie
Pale in the gleam of stars. The night's faint sigh
Floats o'er the pine-plumed islets, looking now
Like phantom ships that come with silent prow
And shadowy sails from some forgotten shore.'

On closing this review we may express the hope that Mr. Chapman will give us in good time some further opportunities of appreciating the lyrical power that he undoubtedly possesses.

L.

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