

do not understand them, fully represent the agitation of the "timorous beastie."

Byron thus describes the thunder of the Alps.

Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags
among,
Leaps the live thunder.

In Longfellow's *Village Blacksmith* there is but one irregular line,—

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
and it is intended to impress us with the ruggedness of life, besides giving us facts in the personal history of the blacksmith.

No remarks on the poetic representation of natural sounds would be complete without a reference to Poe's poem, "*The Bells*." I am not filled with unmixed admiration of this piece, for I think it fails in one or two instances; it is most successful in the description of the sleigh and the fire bells, the monotonous jingle with a fitful break now and then represents the sleigh bells to perfection, while the clangor in the lines about the fire bells enables us to realize all the horrors of a conflagration. Every one is familiar with Tennyson's *Bugle Song*—the last two lines in each stanza of which are a complete imitation of the notes of that martial instrument.

Many poets have represented the notes of birds.

Tennyson thus refers to the night owl,—

I would mock thy chant anew;
But I cannot mimic it;
Not a whit of thy tuwho
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit;
With a lengthened loud halloo
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

Wordsworth in his poem to the skylark most truthfully and vividly represents the notes of that bird; it thus begins—

Up with me! up with me into the cloud!
For thy song, lark, is strong;

Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With all the heavens about thee ringing.

I might go on enumerating examples, but I fear time and space will not permit; I will therefore conclude with a little poem I met with lately which gives a perfect rendering of the notes of the black bird. It is founded on one of the numerous legends connected with Glastonbury Abbey. A thorn bush was planted in the valley near the Abbey, by Joseph of Arimathæa; the church of St. Michael was built on a hill adjoining it. One wild evening in early spring, a black-bird sat upon the thorn watching a poor dejected, wayworn female traveller, toil up the hill to the church of St. Michael which she sought to enter. This traveller was none other than Mary Magdalen.

Magdalen at Michael's gate,
Fired at the pin;
On Joseph's thorn sang the black bird,
"Let her in! Let her in!"

Hast thou seen the wounds, said Michael,
Knowest thou thy sin?
"It is evening, evening," sang the black-bird,
"Let her in! Let her in!"

Yes, I have seen the wounds,
And I know my sin.
"She knows it well, well, well," sang the black bird,
"Let her in! Let her in!"

Thou bringest no offerings, said Michael,
Nought save sin.
And the black bird sang, "She is sorry,
sorry, sorry,
Let her in! Let her in!"

When he had sung himself to sleep,
And night did begin,
One came and opened Michael's gate,
And Magdalen went in.