

'Twas green i' the sea, and white i' the sky.
 Why from Profundus he did cry.
 Suffice that he wailed with a chirruping note;
 And quaintly cut was his motley coat."

The other is spoken by Zaph to Zepho, about the time that Malzah is set free, and is a capital piece of woodland description :

" Zepho, the sun's descended beam
 Hath laid his rod on the ocean stream;
 And this o'erhanging wood-top nods
 Like golden helms of drowsy gods.
 Methinks that now I'll stretch for rest;
 With eyelids sloping toward the west;
 That through their half transparencies,
 The rosy radiance passed and strained,
 Of mote and vapour duly drained,
 I may believe, in hollow bliss,
 My rest in the empyrean is."

Mr. Heavysege's leading characteristics are great originality, versatility and force; a boundless wealth of homely but true and natural simile, imagery and comparison; a quiet command of humour, powerful imagination and rare invention; skill in the delineation of character; with a copiousness of language which is frequently too much for him. His style is rare and unique, and it is necessary to become familiarized with it to appreciate it to the full. Not only in "Saul" are all these traits strikingly manifest, but in "Jephthah's Daughter" and in "Count Filippo" as well; and, as has been shown, also in the "sonnets." Whether he flings off a poem or a drama, in all appear the marked character and impress of his mind; the peculiar idiosyncrasy of his genius. His poetry is at all times rich in thought, and even overburdened at others with a wealth of beauty and sublimity. He is clear, concise and logical, and exceedingly happy in emitting great white-hot truths and phrases, many of which will yet rise to the dignity of household words. For instance :

" Like waving ears
 Of lusty corn, upright we are to-day;
 To-morrow are laid low by the fell sickle
 Of something unforeseen."

" 'Tis cowardly
 Thus to desert me slowly by degrees,
 Like breath from off a mirror."

" Why should slow age
 Chain the swift wheels of manhood?"

" What art thou,
 That I should fear to blister thee with words?"

" There is no restriction on the Almighty,
 To work by many or to work by few."

" But who can see the end
 Of many a fine beginning?"