> There rings the choral psalm, the civic shout,
> The genial revel, and the manly strife :
> There by the bridal rose the cypress waves :
> And there the all-best sunshine softest falls on graves.

The departure from rule of the closing Alexandrine may be glossed over as a poetic licence in an otherwise splendid sonnet.

The width of sympathy displayed in the following conception of " Industry " is altogether Shakesperian :

> Virtue defamed for sordid, rough and coarse,
> Unworthy of the glimpses of the moon,
> Praise of the clown alone whose heavy shoon
> Kneads the moist clay, nor spares the pure stream's source,
> In thee, how strange is grace ! how fair is force !
> Not thine the boastful plain with carnage strewn,
> Nor chambers wassail-shamed, where late Remorse
> Sits, the last guest ! From ocean on to ocean,
> From citied shore to hills far-forested,
> The increase of earth is thine, in rest or motion ;
> The crown is thine, on every sage's head ;
> The ship, the scythe, the rainbow among flowers :
> Thine too the song of girls exulting 'mid their bowers.

Here again, it will be observed, our poet closes with an Alexandrine, and a good one it is.

If we must visit the gloomier regions of the imagination, it is as well to visit them in good company. That our poet is no unworthy guide, his thoughts on "Sorrow," will, I venture to hold, prove conclusively :

> Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
> God's messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
> With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow ;
> And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
> Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
> Then lay before him all thou hast ; allow
> No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
> Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
> Of mortal tumult to obliterate
> The soul's marmoreal calmness : Grief should be
> Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
> Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
> Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
> Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

The foregoing is, it seems to me, a sustained minor key, a complete working out of one pathetic idea in a simple melody.