

becoming popular, and widely read among the masses. He has only published two volumes of verse, the first one in 1847, and the other "May-day," some twenty years later. A year or two ago he edited an excellent collection of poems which he called "Parnassus." The book owes its origin to a habit which the poet cultivated of copying into a common-place book such poems or parts of poems as pleased him, in the course of his reading. He had in this way a good collection of his favorites within a small compass. This was an advantage, for he could turn at will and read the poems he loved the best, without having to hunt through his own and his friends' libraries for them. After a time his book grew so large that he had to get a new one, and at last he thought such poems as he possessed might please others beside himself were they printed in convenient form. Accordingly he gathered them up, threw them into divisions, and his "Parnassus," really representing the cream of fugitive and other poetry, became a fact. Many like to read the poetry which a poet selects. As one might expect, the greater part of the volume is composed of poetry which the cultivated classes only care to read.

Emerson has written but one striking poem—a poem which seems to me to overshadow everything else that we find in his poetry. It is his exquisite description of a snow-storm. I wish that I could read it to you as I once heard it read a few years ago, in the early autumn when the leaves were just beginning to turn :—

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whiteed air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north wind's masonry,