

If all, indeed, be well
 In the realms beyond the dark ;
 What secret the pallid lips could tell
 Of that body so quiet and stark.

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For the end is the peace of grass,
 And God's peace, ever to be :
 The one for us to feel as we pass,
 The other enshrining thee.

Clouds sail, and waters flow,
 And our souls must journey on ;
 And it cannot be ill to go
 The way that thou hast gone."

A drama of life in the great city opens with the fifth act and a very effective and affecting act it is. An aged grey-haired mendicant is pictured wending his old sad way about the cold, uncharitable streets. No warm-hearted passer-by greets him. He has no home, no fire, no wife nor child to cheer the few remaining days of his far-spent life. His heart is cold, it bleeds and aches and he toils on. He thinks of his darling "dear little Nelly"—she alas! has long since ceased to be of this world. Dead is Nelly, dead is his old partner, dead are his hopes, dead is his mind, dead is his heart. No comforts are awaiting his coming. He slips and slides on the hard wet pavement and he prays for a fire and he thinks of the cold grave.

"Frozen, ragged and hungry,
 With not a morsel to eat."

The storm sweeps on. There is no shelter for the old man, friendless and alone in his misery, and the cruel wind tears his light garments to shreds and his thin white hair plays with the cold pitiless blast.

"Is it cold in the grave, I wonder?
 Ah, the cruel and pitiless storm!
 No matter; 'tis all that's left me;
 Thank God if it's only warm."

This is a glowing tribute of the heart to the heart and it abounds in fine periods and beautiful traits.

Of a vastly more agreeable type and character, but equally home-like and original, are the love pictures which are scattered throughout the book. "Love's Ideal" is a pretty idyl—a veritable love poem—a poesy of the heart in its more exalted attribute. It is the song of an idolizing lover to the maiden nearest his heart. It is the lover's serenade:

"True and pure her soul within,—
 Breathing a celestial air!
 Evil and the shame of sin
 Could not dwell one moment there."

"Love's Choice" is another gem, another tuneful lay from the Poet's lyre. He sings in clear-ringing numbers of the stroller who seeks in palace halls and ball rooms, and in shady retreats and quiet woodland