

And the white gull's sailing and circling where
Tryermaine's halls were wont to be !

We need hardly carry on our analysis of the story to the end of the poem. Enough, we think, has been shown to prove our author's right to claim a fair position among, at least, the less ambitious singers of the day. In the volume before us there are many other equally striking passages that might be selected to show his metrical facility and his gift of vivid word-painting, especially in his descriptions of natural scenery. The following weird picture of a solitary grave beside the loneliness of a great sea, is taken from his 'Drama of Two Lives,' an emotional story of modern incident :—

' A sunken cross—the sea—the shore—
A levell'd sand-heap—nothing more
To tell the lonely sleeper's tale—
A grave beside a storm-blown sea,
And on the land, nor leaf, nor tree,
And on the sea no gleam of sail
Or glint of wild bird's restless wing,
Or sight or sign of living thing—
A scene that doth the soul oppress
With its wide utter loneliness.'

Here is also a final extract from another poem in the book—a twilight picture of a Canadian lake-scene,