

## SONNETS.

*Shakespeare.*

Unseen in the great minster dome of time,  
Whose shafts are centuries, its spangled roof  
The vaulted universe, our master sits,  
And organ-voices like a far-off chime  
Roll thro' the aisles of thought. The sunlight flits  
From arch to arch, and, as he sits aloof,  
Kings, heroes, priests, in concourse vast, sublime,  
Glances of love and cries from battle-field  
His wizard power breathes on the living air.  
Warm faces gleam, and pass, child, woman, man,  
In the long multitude ; but he, concealed,  
Our bard eludes us, vainly each face we scan,  
It is not he, his features are not there,  
But, being thus hid, his greatness is revealed.

1885.

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AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

I stood in that strange show, the other day  
On Baker street, where all the famous men,  
Fair dames and murderers come to life again,  
With clockwork breast and face of mimic clay,  
To scare the young. Thrice in the long display,  
Blundering, I thought wax flesh, then, with surprise  
At being deceived, I turned with cautious eyes  
And took for wax all those that thronged my way.