--- "Gazing on the western sky, he saw A picture, all whose forms were quick with life, Where all was discord, hurrying to and fro, As when two armies strive to gain the field: For, from the outer realms of space there came Gigantic spearsmen, over whom there waved Gay, many-colored banners; and these flew Hither and thither o'er the starry plain, Pursuing and retreating: others came, And others, till it seemed all Sabaoth Had joined in conflict with the wicked one. And then there was a charge; banners and spears Faded away, as fades away the reck Above a hamlet on a frosty morn ; And none can tell when he sees last of it. And in a little while there grew an arch, Whose keystone was the zenith of the sky. Like to a rainbow, joining east and west, Beautiful, quivering, fearful, ominous, Drawing the heart of Balaam after it. And this too vanished, vapor-like, away: And Balaam, though he wanted its return, Waited in vain; for warriors and spears, And banners, and the fiery flash of hosts Embattled, and the mystic arch, were gone, And came no more."

"Christus Salvator" is a pleasant Latin acrostic, in short medieval hymn measure. "Columba Sibylla" embodies in fourteen Latin hexameters an epigrammatic play on the name of Christopher Columbus: like Noah's dove, a happy discoverer of land amid a waste of waters. The fourteen concluding pieces, translated from the Greek, Latin and French, are all acceptable in their well-turned lines, as pleasant evidence of scholarship already taking root in our young country.

The formal restraints of the Sonnet have also been successfully dealt with in "Kings of Men," "Winter Sunshine," "Winter," &c. We select one of these with which to close our illustrations of Mr. Reade's verse. It is, if not in part an unconscious echo, at least suggestive of ideas crystalised into sonnet-form by the master-hand of him who for the first time made this little poem the vehicle of "soul-animating strains;" wherein he asks:

[&]quot;Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"