

The Pixies were the wags
Who tipt these funny tags,
And these toes.

What soles to charm an elf?
Had Crusoe, sick of self
Chanced to view
One printed near the tide,
O, how hard he would have tried
For the two!

For Gerry's debonair
And innocent and fair
As a rose;
She's an angel in a frock,
With a fascinating cock
To her nose.

The simpletons who squeeze
Their extremities to please
Mandarins,
Would positively flinch
From venturing to pinch
Geraldine's.

Cinderella's *lefts* and *rights*
To Geraldine's were *frights*;
And I trow,
The damsel, deftly shod,
Has dutifully trod
Until now.

Come, Gerry, since it suits,
Such a pretty puss (in boots)
These to don,
Set this dainty hand awhile
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll
Put them on.

But if the poet here shows us his daintiest touches, in the "Advice to a Poet," he seems to hint at a desire for worthier subjects, and in this poem we seem to be conscious of a reserve of power awaiting only the fitting moment to be called into action. We quote the last verse.

Oh, for the poet voice that swells
To lofty truths or noble curses—
I only wear the cap and bells
And yet some tears are in my verses.
I softly trill my sparrow reed,
Pleased if but one should like the twitter;
Humbly I lay it down to heed
A music or a minstrel fitter.

In the short poem entitled "The Garden Idyll," Mr. Locker rises to the highest pitch to which he attains throughout the book. The last two verses, which we subjoin, have the true ring of passion in them.

For a glad song came from the milking shed,
On a wind of that summer south,
And the green was golden above her head,
And a sunbeam kissed her mouth:
Sweet were the lips where that sunbeam dwelt—
And the wings of time were fleet
As I gazed; and neither spoke, for we felt
Life was so sweet!

And the odorous times were dim above,
As we leant on a drooping bough;
And the darkling air was a breath of love,
And a witching thrush sang "Now,"
For the sun dropt low, and the twilight grew
As we listened, and sighed, and leant—
That day was the sweetest day—and we knew
What the sweetness meant.

In our opinion there is only one other poem in the book that has a ring approaching these exquisite verses, and that is the one addressed to "Mabel," and entitled "At Her Window." Space will not allow us to quote the whole of this really lovely poem, but we give three verses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly;
Lily-clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin lily?

Let this friendly pebble plead
At her flowery grating.
If she hear me will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting.

Sing thy song, thou trained thrush,
Pipe thy best, thy clearest,—
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—
Dearest Mabel! dearest.

We could go on quoting, but we have already far exceeded our space, still we cannot forbear adding the first and last verses of a charming love-letter. The poem is entitled "A *Nice* Correspondent," and is addressed by a young lady to her absent fiance. It is so tender and charming that one conjures up the most enticing picture of the correspondent, and can hardly avoid falling in love with the creation of his own imagination.

The glow and the glory are plighted
To darkness, for evening is come;
The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
The birds and the sheep bells are dumb.
I'm alone at my casement for pappy
Is summoned to dinner to Kew;
I'm alone, dearest Fred, but I'm happy—
I'm thinking of you.

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
Your taste is for letters and art;—
This rhyme is the common-place passion
That glows in a fond woman's heart.
Lay it by in a dainty deposit
For relics—we all have a few!
Love, some day they'll print it, because it
Was written to you.

And here we must conclude our very imperfect notice of this charming volume. Our aim has been, not to attempt any criticism, but by means of examples to show how delightful a poet Mr. Locker is. He may not be able to say of his work, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*," like the Roman poet, whom, in many ways, he resembles, but his work, though not aiming at the greatest heights, reaches the point at which it is aimed. It is genuine and so will doubtless outlive much other work with many more pretensions. In conclusion we can only say that we hope these short and necessarily imperfect quotations we have been able to give, may induce others to read a work that cannot fail to afford them pleasure. Any one possessing this volume and the "Old World Idylls" of Mr. Dobson, is sure of an intellectual treat of no mean character.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MOSSES FROM A ROLLING STONE.

(Continued.)

Before coming to Paris we had spent a fortnight in London, and the contrasts between the two capitals were to us as interesting as they were striking—true reflections, in many cases, of the national characteristics of their respective countries.

Here we are surrounded by crowds of short, plump, gesticulating Frenchmen—their little round faces spark-