

from the author's experience when a wanderer in many lands. The writer says of them in his dedication—

“ A human spirit here records
The annals of its human strife ;
A human hand hath touched these chords,
These songs may all be idle words,
And yet—they once were life.”

Some of the songs have the warmth that seems to come from the very life of the bard, but many of them are more like the record of another's experience, and we take them to be lyrics written in imitation of the prevailing style of the people amongst whom the author is for the time at home. It is particularly noticeable that the poems under the head of Italy are filled with the pensive, warm and dreamy sensuousness of the Italian, whilst the poems of the second book under the head of France pass over from the sensuous towards the sensual, so far at least as the theme or the association is concerned. It would be very unjust to our author to charge him with any approach to impurity of aim, for the whole drift of his writing is strongly in favour of pure thinking and noble living. A few short passages will tell of the changing moods of the “ Wanderer ” as he passes from land to land. In Italy he writes thus :—

“ How beautiful, at night, to muse on the mountain height,
Moated in purple air, and all alone !
How beautiful at night to look into the light
Of loving eyes, when loving lips lean down into our own !
But there is no hand in mine, no hand in mine,
Nor any tender cheek against me prest ;
O stars that o'er me shine, I pine, I pine, I pine,
With hopeless fancies hidden in an ever-hungering breast ! ”

In France he writes like a flippant Frenchman :—

“ But I must to the palace go ;
The abassador's to-morrow :
Here's little time for thought, I know,
And little more for sorrow.
Already in the *porte-cochere*
The carriage sounds . . . my hat and gloves !
I hear my friend's foot on the stair, - -
How coyously it moves !