

anxiously looked for work may be lying. To facilitate the procuring of such books we will without charge insert for subscribers a short description of the work wanted.

UNKNOWN AS A POET.

"Has Edward Bulwer Lytton written any poems except King Arthur? If so, where can I get a copy of his complete poetical works?"—H. A. W.

About twenty-five years ago the writer picked up in E. A. Taylor's bookstore in London, Ont., a volume of Lord Lytton's poems, and was charmed with the exquisite beauty of the short pieces.

The volume now before me, a goodly sized one of about 600 pages, is the only one I have ever seen; the edition is evidently out of print as inquiries for the work in England and Canada have been unsuccessful.

The volume contains of the larger poems, King Arthur the New Timon, Constance, Milton, and Eva, with a large number of shorter ones embracing "The Pilgrim of the Desert," "The Sabbath," &c.

I suppose space could not be afforded for many of the great novelist's poems, but I fain would give

THE PILGRIM OF THE DESERT.

Wearily flaggeth my soul in the desert;
Wearily, wearily,
Sand, ever sand, not a gleam of the fountain;
Sun, ever sun, not a shade from the mountain;
Wave after wave flows the sea of the desert,
Drearily, drearily.

Life dwelt with life in my far native valleys,
Nightly and daily;
Labour had brothers to aid and beguile;
A tear for my tear and a smile for my smile;
And the sweet human voices rang out; and the valleys
Echoed them gaily.

Under the almond-tree, once in the spring-time,
Careless reclining;
The sigh of my Leila was hush'd on my breast,
As the note of the last bird had died in its nest;
Calm look'd the stars on the buds of the spring-time,
Calm—but how shining!

Below on the herbage there darkened a shadow;
Stirr'd the boughs o'er me;
Dropp'd from the almond-tree sighing the blossom;
Trembling the maiden sprang up from my bosom;
Then the step of a stranger came mute through the shadow,
Pausing before me.

He stood grey with age in the robe of a Dervise,
As a king awe-compelling;
And the cold of his eye like the diamond was bright,
As if years from the hardness had fashioned the light,
"A draught from the spring for the way-weary Dervise,
And rest in thy dwelling."

And my herds gave the milk, and my tent gave the shelter;
And the stranger spell-bound me
With his tales, all the night, of the far worlds of wonder,
Of the ocean of Oman with pearls gleaming under;
And I thought "O, how mean are the tents, simple shelter
And the valleys around me!"

I seized as I listened, in fancy, the treasures
By Afrites concealed;
Scared the serpents that watch in the ruins afar
O'er the hordes of the Persian in lost Chil-Menar;—
Alas! till that night happy youth had more treasures
Than Ormus can yield.

Morn came and I went with my guest through the gorges
In the rock hollowed;
The flocks bleated low as I passed them ungrieving,
The almond-buds strewed the bright earth I was leaving;
Slowly went Age through the gloom of the gorges,
Lightly youth followed.

We won through the Pass—the unknown lay before me,
Sun-lighted and wide;
Then I turned to my guest, but how languid his tread,
And the awe I had felt in his presence had fled,
And I cried "Can thy age in the journey before me
Still keep by my side?"

"Hope and wisdom soon part; be it so," said the Dervise,
My mission is done."
As he spoke came the gleam of the crescent and spear,
Chimed the bells of the camels more sweet and more
near:—
"Go, and march with the Caravan, youth," sighed the
Dervise

"Fare thee well"—he was gone.

What profits to speak of the wastes I have traversed
Since that early time?
One by one, the procession, replacing the guide,
Have dropp'd on the sands, or have strayed from my side;
And I hear never more in the solitudes traversed
The camel-bells chime.

How oft I have yearned for the old happy valley,
But the sands have no track;
He who scorn'd what was near must advance to the far,
Who forsaketh the land mark must march by the star,
And the steps that once part from the peace of the valley
Can never come back.

So on, ever on, spreads the path of the Desert,
Wearily, wearily;
Sand, ever sand—not a gleam of the fountain;
Sun, ever sun—not a shade from the mountain;
As a sea on a sea, flows the width of the desert
Drearily, drearily.

How narrow content, and how infinite knowledge?
Lost vale, and lost maiden!
Enclosed in the garden the mortal was blest:
A world with its wonders lay round him unquest;
That world was his own when he tasted of knowledge.
Was it worth Aden?

Book Notices.

DOCTOR SEVIER. By George W. Cable; J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

New Orleans before the war and through the tedious and harassing years of its duration gives us the time and place of Mr. Cable's latest fascinating novel.

To say that the author is "at home" in depicting Southern life, is only to repeat what has often been said before, but in Dr. Sevier we think he has given us, both as to sketches of character and description of localities, a more perfect work than anything he has yet written.

To one who lived in New Orleans about the time of the story there is such a charm in the incidental descriptions of localities, that seems to make sound in the ears the noise and bustle of Tchonpitoulas St., brings before the eyes the varied scenes on the many-miled levee, and whiffs to the nostrils the aroma of the delicious coffee of the old "French Market."

John Richling, the hero of the novel, is an out-cast from his connections because he married one of