

every verse and not a limping or harsh bit of versification can be found. "Orgia"—a song of ruin—the opening poem of the book, is a fine sample of even verse. It is in that very popular measure now so universally adopted by so many of our most noted and famous poets, and which had its origin some two hundred years ago,—the two line or couplet form. John Greenleaf Whittier revived this species in his quaint and beautiful "Maud Muller," and since then it has become almost universal. A great deal can be expressed in this form and the lines strike evenly upon each other.

"With you I will drink to the solemn Past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.

I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth;
To ruined manhood and wasted youth.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe,
In the diamond morning of Long Ago.

I will drink to the thought of a better time;
To innocence, gone like a death-bell chime."

There are but twenty-eight verses in this poem and each one of them is almost an epic of itself. A whole story is told in one couplet and very charmingly and elegantly has Mr. Winter told his story of ruin. The lines are thrillingly correct and powerfully striking in detail, and exceedingly minute in description and in manner, though there is little of what might be called "mannerism" observable. It is essentially a highly Dramatic piece and worthy of any author, and is quite equal to Mr. Winter's great reputation as critic, poet and thinker.

A Song of Rest—Lethe—is of a different measure. It is a poem evidently of the age of Shakspeare and it is just such an idyl as Spenser might have indited. How true is this verse, and how sublimely felicitous it is!

"When this farce of life is o'er
Are we fretted any more?
Do they rest, I'd like to know,
Under grass or under snow,
Who have gone that quiet way
You and I must go, some day!"

"Spray" sets forth very musically various emotions. Charity, presentiment, fading hope, Death, &c., are all portrayed not ideally or of the inner life; but practically and really as we are accustomed to meet them in every day life. Here is a tiny seven line verse and it is in this *morceau* that the poet treats of "Charity":

"Should tender friendship keep the rhymers name,
May this be said of me, when I am gone;
Weak was his will,—therefore he suffered much,
In the rude warfare of this stormy world;
Yet, striving to be strong, in patient toil,
And knowing his own weakness and his sin,
Was gentle to the faults of other men."