

tion, and she has that exquisite gift of the true artist potent in giving each gem of thought a true setting.

Her first volume of poems—a modest little book—was published in 1867, and her last, entitled “Songs of a Lifetime,” a few years ago. There are two dominant elements in Miss Starr’s poetry which reveal the artist and the woman—two elements which give grace and sympathy and tenderness to every line she has ever penned. No person could doubt but that she loves nature, but it is nature supernaturalized—translated into the higher life through the eternal image and affections of the soul. Here is a poem which embodies fairly well the likeness of Miss Starr’s poetic gifts:

THE FIRST SNOWFLAKE.

I well remember how, a girl,
I watched the first fair snowflake whirl
From cold November’s evening sky,
With pensive mind and thoughtful eye,
And almost hour by hour would peer
Through the gray, snowy atmosphere,
For Leyden hills of distant blue,
For Hoosac hills and pastures too,
And the pale gleam of tombstones chill
Upon the lonely burying hill;
For many a homestead’s chimney dear
In village far, or village near,
And catch the first far candle’s light
That glimmered through the coming night.

And now, though I no longer dwell
Among those scenes I loved so well,
The first snowflake I never see
Fall, softly, through the air to me,
But once, once more I nestle down
A child among the homestead’s brown,
And by the same broad windows lean
To watch the twilight’s pensive scene.
How many a mossy roof I fain
Would stand beneath but once again!
How many a fireside’s mirth would share,
Its last affliction or its care;
Its changes sad, or changes gay,
Its marriage feast and holiday;
Its children I have never seen,
But whom I still should know, I ween;
And in a kindly gossip spend
A pleasant evening with a friend.

And often do I close my eyes
Upon the world’s old vanities;

The sigh for wealth, the pride of place,
Not fear of sin but sin’s disgrace;
And, leaving living foe or friends,
Above those grass-grown hillocks bend,
Where slumbers on the darling dust
In which affection put its trust;
The fair, fresh face of joyous youth,
The heart which kept its guileless truth;
The placid face of patient age,
The matron mild, the hoary sage;
And wet again with faithful tears
The graves I had not seen for years.

It is needless to say that Miss Starr’s volume of poems “Songs of a Lifetime,” is packed full of poetic thought, rich in imagery, refined in sentiment, spiritual in its throb and clothed in grace of form and language worthy of the artistic tastes of the gifted author. Surely the writer of the following beautiful stanzas sees with the eye of a real artist and feels with the heart of a true poet. The poem has in it that spiritual touch and reverence ever found as marks of true poetic gifts, and which form the very undertone of all Miss Starr’s poetry:

IN THE TIMBER.

The woods so strangely solemn and majestic,
The awful noontide twilight ‘neath grand trees,
The hush like that of holy haunts monastic,
While mighty branches, lifting with the breeze
Give glimpses of high heaven’s cerulean sheen,
The autumn-tinted leaves and boughs
between—

Thus stands the picture. From the homestead door,

Close in the timber’s edge, I strayed one day
To yonder knoll, where—as to some calm shore
A well-worn bark might drift in its decay—
A great man lies in pulseless, dreamless sleep,
O’er which two oaks untiring sentry keep.

A few fresh flowers with reverent hand, I placed

Upon the grave—he loved fair nature’s lore—
And with a quickened memory retraced
Our dear old village history once more;
Made up of all the close familiar ties
Of common country life and families.

Then from the knoll, a greensward path I took
Between the sunny corn fields and the wood,
With Southern aspect and a fair-off look;
Till suddenly, with pulses hushed, I stood
Beneath a fretted vault, where branches high
Move their bright tufts of crimson with blue sky.