

F A M E.

Spurring madly to the fight
 Mark the bold intrepid Knight:
 See his battered helm and shield
 Prone upon the battle-field;
 Stoop and scan the heroic name
 Dauntless devotee of fame!

Bending o'er the classic page
 Lo! the solitary sage;
 See his animated eye
 Beaming with philosophy;
 Him, shall inner voice proclaim
 Ardent votary of fame.

Tossed upon the troubled main
 Mark the voyager again;
 See his tattered flag unroll
 Proudly from the starry pole.
 Truth shall designate his aim—
 Blind idolatry of fame!

Soaring to the azure sky;
 Now the æronaut survey;
 See his liberated car
 Range the thunder-cloud afar,
 Son of Dædalus,—the same
 Syren fascinates thee,—*fame!*

DANON.

SOME LOVE IDYLS.*

Geo. Macdonald, in one of his best written volumes, speaks of those old poets who wrote love poems without having any love in them; and the close student of George Wither, Spenser and Geoffrey Chaucer will bear out the most popular poet-novelist of the age, in this assertion. William Winter, for many years attached to the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*, has within a month or two issued through the press of Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, an elegant, chaste and charming volume of love idyls and other poems, of much sweetness and gentleness. In this very beautiful book of about a hundred and twenty pages, there are some of the finest conceptions in poetry of the English language. There is a quiet simplicity and a graceful turn observable in every line of Mr. Winter's poems. Homely affection, love of *Æsthetics* and pure heart tints abound everywhere. The work is dedicated to the poet's wife and he chastely gives his life-partner the credit of whatever is gentle and cheerful in the spirit of the book. It is seldom a volume of verse possesses so much uniform excellence and good taste. There is an unexceptional beauty and elegance in

* MY WITNESS—a book of verses by Wm. Winter. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.