

given, as Turner would have given them, by the low shaft of storm—shaken sunlight dashed from the west right across to the east." The description ends with the painting of the cloud that drags slowly along,

"And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire."

The other poems, too, afford many instances of the poet's fine skill. The scene portrayed harmonizes with the tone of the poet—it might be called a "subjective" use of nature-painting. The land of the Lotus Eaters is most beautifully described; it is "a land of streams," and

"Far off, three
Mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow
Stood sunset-flushed; and dew'd with
Showery drops,
Up clomb the shadowy pine above the
Woven copse."

It is a land slumbrous, languorous, that breathes a "dreamful ease," enchanted, making the weary mariners impatiently cry, "Let us alone, let us alone." We should note also the picture of the night falling over Ithaca in the gem "Ulysses," and the beautiful word-painting in "The Miller's Daughter." In each case the background is most appropriate, and is sketched with consummate skill.

Naturally in poems where abound such exquisite pictures, only too few of which can be quoted, there may be chosen countless lines and shorter sketches:

"The moanings of the homeless sea."
"The landscape winking through the heat."
"And east and west without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day."

"A crimson cloud
That landlike slept along the deep."

"And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song."

Surely these last lines are as fine as any in Shelley's "To the Skylark." Any number of beautiful pictures can be chosen from words and lines in "The Idylls of the King."

Arthur and Guinevere:

"Rode under groves that look'd a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
That seemed the heavens upbreking thro' the earth."

The Queen beheld from afar

"The moving vapour rolling round the King."

Excalibur from Sir Bedivere's hands:

"Shot like a streamer of the northern moon
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with voices of the northern sea."

Each example only the more clearly testifies to what has been observed above, the wonderful faculty which the poet has of choosing single words and phrases that call up visions beautiful and varied, to that sympathy which he had with Nature's every mood. The pictures are set in the richest frames that choicest diction can afford, and the very movement of the verse accords with the spirit of the scene. The poet never failed in his love for Nature. His death came in a scene of nature's beauty; across his bed streamed the quiet moonlight, and his soul sped "across the bar," where, let us all hope, there was "no moaning of the sea."

E. J. KYLIE.

A SUMMER'S HOLIDAY.

"You will be ready Monday morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"7.55 a.m., sharp?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, good-night, John."

"Good-night, sir."

Mr. Ralston, of the firm of Ralston & Co., bankers and brokers, in closing the door left behind him a fair share of annoyance which he had experienced during the week. It was Saturday night, the clerks and the senior partner had gone, leaving only the manager, Mr. Deering, still at the desk, running over the stock lists preparatory to going home. With a sigh of relief on finishing his work, he pushed the chair back, got up, stretched himself, and rolled the desk lid down. He quickly took off his light jacket and put on his hat and coat, gave a look through the office to see that all was in order, and set out for home with a more buoyant step than he had been accustomed to for some time past.

As he walked down the avenue, the coming vacation loomed up brightly before him. For the first time since he had entered the office he was to have a month's holiday, and that too with his employer's family. The years which he had spent with this firm were checked off by him as the terms Mr. Deering, Deering and John were used by his employer. "Well, I deserve it anyway," was his reflection, "but I would never have asked for such a long holiday."

Time hung heavily on his hands until Monday morning; he was ready at 7 o'clock, but as he ran up the steps to the depot, two at a time, he was surprised to see his employer pacing the platform at the far end. He was smoking a cigar with a very complacent air. Deering, suspecting a joke, hastened up and saluted him with a cheery "Good-morning Mr. Ralston."

"Ah! here you are," he replied, "I was just beginning to wonder what had happened you. Thought I would steal a march on you and get around a little earlier," he went on with a chuckle; and John said, with a smile,

"I am afraid you have, sir," which only increased the elder man's good humour.

After a while the train pulled under the arch and they soon were comfortably ensconced in reclining chairs, having no grips or time-table to bother them.

"Well, John, I suppose you would like to know the programme. Mrs. R. and her niece went down Saturday morning to the island to get the cottage shipshape and they will be expecting us for luncheon. With regard to the work. I think an hour a day will do it and we can have the rest for pleasure."

In due time they reached their destination and found the two ladies awaiting them.

"Mrs. Ralston," said Mr. Ralston, "this is John Deering, who has come to help us spend our holiday."

"Mr. Deering—my niece, Miss Huntingdon."

The warm welcome with which Mrs. Ralston greeted Deering made him feel entirely at home and took away any traces of embarrassment which he might have had under his employer's roof. As for Miss Huntingdon he could see a smiling, vivacious face upturned towards him, with such a pert mouth and winsome manner that to his dismay John Deering felt a blush suffuse his face and a distressingly warm sensation come over him. After a pleasant conversation during luncheon Miss Huntingdon proposed gathering a bouquet. Not a bad idea, thought Deering, who was also a lover of flowers.

"So you are to be with us for your holidays, Mr. Deering. Candidly now, what do you think of the place?"