

FROM HEINE.

At morning, when I rise, I cry :
 " Comes my loved one to-day."
 At evening, sinking down, I sigh :
 " She stayed away."
 At night I lie alone with grief,
 Tossing unceasingly.
 At length sleep brings me some relief,
 Sweet dreams I see.

HENRI.

WHITHER ?

The winter snows are adrift once more
 The bright soft way that we loved of old,
 The pines and the willows from hill to shore
 Are swayed in the boisterous play of their fold,
 But where is my spirit that joyed to hold
 High revel with them as they revel now ?
 With clear notes fading from bough to bough,
 With thrushes slipping from mere to mere,
 Out of the northland where art thou
 Gone with the summer of yesteryear ?
 Cambridge, Mass.

BLISS CARMAN.

EAST AND WEST.*

With characteristic modesty the author of this powerful little story in verse has put his initials only upon the title page. But the secret has leaked out and there is no occasion, therefore, to keep the matter dark, or to deprive Professor Chapman of the public acknowledgment of that need of praise which his poem deserves. We have read it with extreme pleasure, interested in the story it tells and charmed by the manner in which it is told. The subtitle to the poem is: *A Summer's Idleness*, and it was composed, the author tells us, "entirely during a brief holiday passed at a summer hotel." The busy, active life which Professor Chapman leads is well-known and characteristic of the man, but if his leisure moments are so well employed as those of last summer appear to have been, we cannot but regret that such periods should have come to him so seldom, and can but hope that many such will come again to the author of "East and West."

The poem is divided into what we may call two cantos. The whole is prefaced by a *Prologue* which, as it gives a key-note to the action of the piece, and in view of its force and beauty, we venture to quote here :

" Art thou the old dream dreaming ?
 Poor heart, of the morrow beware—
 Death may lurk in the brown eyes' veil'd gleaming,
 In the white throat so wondrously fair.
 The tones that wild heart-throbs awaken—
 The sheen of the gold-shower'd hair—
 The touch that thy soul hath so shaken—
 May lure thee, and leave thee—ah, where ?
 Trust it not, the wild, treacherous gladness—
 The twin hounds of Passion and Pain
 Are swift to arise—in their madness
 They rend, and they rest not again !
 The day-dream is sweet in the dreaming,
 But dreamless the night's dull despair,
 When the voice, and the touch, and the gleaming
 Have lured thee, and left thee—ah, where ?

EAST AND WEST, a Poem by Professor E. J. Chapman. Toronto: Trout & Todd, Church street, 1887.

The first part opens with a vivid description of a mining camp and its surroundings in one of the far Western States, where an accident has just taken place, and Geoffrey Vernon, a young Englishman, has just been wounded and is dying. The second part describes Deercliffe Hall in the "dash of June," where the noble owner and his wife are entertaining a party of guests. The incidents of the story are, perhaps, not new, and may be briefly described. Geoffrey Vernon loves a beautiful young English girl who returns his affection. But he is penniless, and she, under constraint, consents to a *mariage de convenance*. Geoffrey then buries himself in the far wilds of America and meets with the accident which ends his life. The manner in which these two parts of the poem are connected together is, as "Laclede," in the *Montreal Gazette*, points out, "strikingly weird, and of remarkable ingenuity." We cannot do better than reproduce it in the author's own words:—

" A passing group has paus'd before
 A strange weird painting—done by whom
 None knew—its legend only bore
 The picture's name : ' A Lonely Tomb.'

A sunken cross—the sea—the shore—
 A levelled land-heap—nothing more
 To tell the lonely sleeper's tale—
 A grave beside a storm-blown sea."

One of the guests, attracted by the picture, and seeing in it a striking resemblance to the scene of Geoffrey Vernon's burial—which he had witnessed—tells them of his death, and of his lonely resting-place. He asks the Countess—little suspecting the facts of the case—if she does not remember Geoffrey, and she, suppressing

" The wild fierce throb that tore her breast,
 Turned and slowly answered—No !"

But after the guests have all departed, and in the seclusion of her own chamber her fortitude gives way in looking over some of the last letters of her dead lover, filled with "passionate words of power and pain," and though she tries to drive all remembrance of him from her heart by burning these love tokens, still—

" All the yearning past is there,
 And so remaineth evermore."

The story is intensely sad and tragic, but has a counterpart in many a romance of real life, and the author has told it, with strong, nervous diction, in a graceful but powerful way.

F. W. P.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

A face as white as a pearl
 And as rare,
 Hazel eyes that deepen and change
 With joy or care ;
 A shapely, proud, little head,
 With a crown
 Of wavy, brow-enshadowing hair,
 Dusky brown ;
 A mouth in smiling or sighs
 Strangely sweet ;
 Lissome body and small white hands ;
 Dancing feet ;
 A voice forever in tune,
 Music clear ;
 Thus, to outward view my maiden love
 Doth appear.

BOHEMIEN.