

I dare bold to say that, with the exception of Longfellow, Mr. Reade is the best sonnetteur in America, and I am proud to say that my judgment has been ratified in high quarters. I should be embarrassed to choose from his sonnets; and must content myself with one example of his softer and more mythical mood, in ballad metre:—

- “ In my heart are many chambers, through which I wander free ;
Some are furnished, some are empty, some are sombre, some are light ;
Some are open to all comers, and of some I keep the key,
And I enter in the stillness of the night.
- “ But there's one I never enter,—it is closed to even me !
Only once its door was opened, and it shut for evermore ;
And though sounds of many voices gather round it, like the sea,
It is silent, ever silent, as the shore.
- “ In that chamber, long ago, my love's casket was concealed,
And the jewel that it sheltered I knew only one could win ;
And my soul foreboded sorrow, should that jewel be revealed,
And I almost hoped that none might enter in.
- “ Yet day and night I lingered by that fatal chamber door,
Till—she came at last, my darling one, of all the earth my own ;
And she entered—and she vanished with my jewel, which she wore ;
And the door was closed—and I was left alone.
- “ She gave me back no jewel, but the spirit of her eyes
Shone with tenderness a moment, as she closed that chamber door,
And the memory of that moment is all I have to prize,—
But *that, at least*, is mine for evermore.
- “ Was she conscious, when she took it, that the jewel was my love ?
Did she think it but a bauble, she might wear or toss aside ?
I know not, I accuse not, but I hope that it may prove
A blessing, though she spurn it in her pride.”

About four or five years ago, when I was editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, I received a small copy-book containing a number of short poems, written out in a school-boy's hand. A modest letter accompanied it: Would I kindly look at the pieces, and, if I found any that were suitable, would I kindly give them a corner in my paper. I at once plucked out this flower of a sonnet and published it:—