

And now, that thou art gone again
Beyond the verge, I haste amain
(Lost echo of a loftier strain)

To greet thee there.

Leaving aside the philosophy contained above (for poetry is not always reconcilable with philosophy,) there yet remains much that is worthy of admiration. The metre is musical, the language strikingly simple, while no words skilfully or more forcibly express the beautiful idea here asserted of lasting friendship and uninterrupted communion of souls. The same person is made the subject of two other poems which equally well express the close intimacy that existed between Sidney Lanier and our author. These affectionate utterances remind one of that companionable relationship that was common to Tennyson and his young friend Hallam, and which is tenderly commemorated in the pathetic and harmonious strains of "In Memoriam."

Following the above, are a number of lines entitled "The Ring." They express a comparison of considerable force and originality in showing the immense influence love has upon our lives. It does not require a person of keen observation to notice the fact herein stated, but no one devoid of poetic instincts could have conceived the following ingenious analogy:

Hold the trinket near thine eye,
And it circles earth and sky;
Place it further, and behold!
But a finger's breadth of gold.

Thus our lives, beloved, lie
Ringed with love's fair boundary;
Place it further, and its sphere
Measures but a falling tear.

Other pieces indicating similar beauties of style and thought are

diffusely scattered throughout the book. Of such a character is the short poem "The Peak," which also shows close resemblance to a remarkable simile that appears in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

As on some solitary height

Abides, in summer's fierce despite,
Snow-blossom that no sun can blight,

No frost can kill;

So, in my soul,—all else below

To change succumbing,—stands aglow

One wreath of immemorial snow,
Unscattered still.

It is probably because our author treats such common and familiar subjects, that his work though always possessing marked originality, is nevertheless frequently suggestive of notable passages from other writers. To give another instance does not the following stanza on "Joy" recall to memory a famous description in "Tam o'Shanter," expressive of the same thought?

New-born, how long to stay?

The while a dew-drop may,

Or rainbow-gleam:

One kiss of sun or shade,

And, lo, the breath that made,

Unmakes the dream!

Those resemblances are pointed out not to infer plagiarism, for such an influence would be as distant from the truth as it is from the desires of the writer. Our action is simply intended for the instruction there is afforded by examining and comparing the treatment of similar subjects by different masters, and for the enjoyment of those mental pleasures, attendant upon a consideration of their similarities and differences of thought and expression. Moreover, in this connection it will be found that in many instances