

B.

- 1 Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance
The sea-coast opposite.
- 2 Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum beat from the wall,
No morning-gun from the black fort's embrasure
Awaken with their call.
- 3 High o'er the sea-surge and the sands,
Like a great galleon wrecked and cast
Ashore by storms, thy castle stands,
A mouldering landmark of the Past.
- 4 Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.
- 5 Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions
To those stars he soared again.
- 6 Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same,

- Year after year, through all the silent night,
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that unextinguishable light!
- 7 The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.
- 8 From each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.
- 9 Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.
- 10 Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

In the interesting department, Men and Letters, of the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, Mary Hartwell Catherwood has a charming short writing on "The Book That Is Not Written." In her case it is the book of a mother. For felicity of language and tenderness of thought it would be hard to surpass in its own line this little fragment. "The Story

of an Untold Love," which seems to bind its narrator in a net of inactivity, is continued. Amongst other literary and critical articles may be mentioned one on "Mark Twain as an Interpreter of American Character."

Again, in the April *Century* Mary Hartwell Catherwood has attained a singular success with her story of