

Probably himself was in his contemplations when he wrote the following beautiful

SONNET.

There was a seed which the impassive wind,
Now high, now low, now piping loud, now mute,
Or, like the last note of a trembling lute,
The loved abortion of a thing design'd,
Or half-said prayer for good of human-kind,
Wafted along for ever, ever, ever,
It sought to plant itself; but never, never,
Could that poor seed or soil or water find,
And yet it was a seed which, had it found,
By river's brink or rocky mountain cleft,
A kindly shelter and a genial ground,
Might not have perish'd, quite of good bereft;
Might have some perfume, some faint echo left,
Faint as the echo of the Sabbath sound.

The next is in a different verse, and will remind the reader of some of the most delightful of the compositions of WORDSWORTH:

WRITTEN AT BELLE-VUE, AMBLESIDE.

Still is it there, the same soft quiet scene,
Which, whether sodden with importunate rain,
Or sprinkled with the yellow sun, that pours
Columnal brightness through the fissured clouds
Of autumn eve, or, e'en as now display'd,
In the full brightness of the argent moon,
Is yet the same, the same beloved scene,
Which neither time nor change shall wipe away
From the capacious memory of the soul.
Oh blessed faculty of inward sight,
Safe from disease and mortal accident
As love itself, secure from dull caprice
Of prohibition! Blind Mæonides,
That, wandering by the myriad-sounding sea,
Saw not his footsteps on the passive beach,
Nor saw, alas! the many beauteous eyes
That gleam'd with gladness at his potent song,
Had yet a world of beauty—verdant hills,
Bright with the infinite motion of their leaves;
Close-vested towers in olive-groves embower'd,
Whence the gold-cinctured dove for ever coo'd,
Wide-laughing ocean, rich with southern gleam
Purple, Jewell'd with a hundred isles,
Or roused indignantly from its slumberous depths
To smite the long-presumptuous rampart, piled
Without a prayer;—Achilles vast, reclined,
Listening afar the tumults of the field;
Sweet Helen, sad amidst her loveliness,
Taming her once glad motions to the halt
Of Priam, leaning on her rounded arm;—
Pelides, glittering like an evil star;—
Or love-struck Hecuba, when first she wept
O'er the new-ransom'd carcass of her best,
Her fate-devoted Hector.

So, if He

Who in his judgments is for ever good,
Should make the brightest noon a night to me,
Yet will those fields, those lowly heaving hills,
That roving river, that pure inland lake,
And those neat dwellings that assure my heart
That not alone I love and linger here,
Abide the heir-looms of my inner life,
As sweet, as vivid to my happier dreams,
As when through tears I saw her snatch'd away.

Some of his religious poems are very beautiful. Here is one—

THE WORD OF GOD.

In holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men in many different ways,
But hath the present work'd no sign or token?
Is God quite silent in these latter days?
And hath our heavenly Sire departed quite,
And left His poor babes in this world alone,
And only left for blind belief—not sight—
Some quaint old riddles in a tongue unknown?
Oh! think it not, sweet maid! God comes to us
With every day, with every star that rises;
In every moment dwells the Righteous,
And starts upon the soul in sweet surprises.
The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If He that spake it were not speaking still,—
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty will.
Sweet girl, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings
To thy pure spirit, is a word of God.

From a series of Sonnets, on the months, we select two or three:

MAY.

A lovely morn, so still, so very still,
It hardly seems a growing day of Spring,
Though all the odoriferous buds are blossoming,
And the small martin birds were glad and shrill
Some hours ago; but now the woodland rill
Murmurs along, the only vocal thing,
Save when the wee wren flits with stealthy wing,
And cons by fits and bits her evening trill.
Lovers might sit on such a morn as this
An hour together, looking at the sky,
Nor dare to break the silence with a kiss,
Long listening for the signal of a sigh;
And the sweet Nun, diffused in voiceless prayer,
Feel her own soul through all the brooding air.

SEPTEMBER.

The dark green Summer, with its massive hues,
Fades into Autumn's tincture manifold.
A gorgeous garniture of fire and gold
The high slope of the ferny hill induces.
The mists of morn in slumbering lovers diffuse
O'er glimmering rock, smooth lake, and spiked array
Of hedge-row thorns, a unity of grey.
All things appear their tangible form to lose

In ghostly vastness. But anon the gloom
Melts, as the Sun puts off his muddy veil;
And now the birds their twittering songs resume,
All Summer silent in the leafy dale.
In Spring they piped of love on every tree,
But now they sing the song of memory.

DECEMBER.

The poor old year upon its deathbed lies;
Old trees lift up their branches manifold,
Spiry and stern, impatient poverty defies
Their bare and patient poverty defies
The fickle humour of inconstant skies.
All chill and distant, the great monarch Sun
Beholds the last days of his minion.
What is't to him how soon the old year dies?
Yet some things are, but lowly things and small,
That wait upon the old year to the last;
Some wee birks pipe a feeble madrigal,
Thrilling kind memories of the summer past;
Some duteous flowers put on their best array
To do meet honour to their lord's decay.

Pretty and playful is this address to

THE GENTIANELLA.

Pretty stranger in our gardens,
We should beg thee thousand pardons,
Long forgotten, far too long,
Never mention'd yet in song.
Strange it is, that never ditty
Ever told thee thou wert pretty:
Rondo none, nor ritornella,
Praises thee, my Gentianella.
Very well I know thee, why
Thou art not like the cloudless sky,
Nor like the virgin's melting eye.
Poets seek in fields and trees
Quaint conceits and similes;
But thine azure is thine own,—
Nothing like it have I known;
Seems it not of upper earth:
Surely it must have its birth
In the darkness far below,
Where the dark-eyed sapphires grow?
Lovely votary of the sun,
Never wishing to be won
By a vain and mortal lover.
Shrinking closely into cover
When thy true love hath departed,
Patient, pure, and simple-hearted,
Like an exile doom'd to roam,
Not in foreign land at home,—
I will call thy azure hue
Brightest, firmest, truest blue.

We conclude, very reluctantly, with a remarkable poem entitled,

A MEDLEY.

Shall I sing of little rills,
That trickle down the yellow hills,
To drive the Fairies' water-mills?
Rills, upon whose pebbly brink
Mountain birds may hop and drink—
Perching with a neck awry—
Darting upwards to the sky—
The artless cunning of their eye—
Then away, away, away—
Up to the clouds that look so grey—
Away, away, in the clear blue heaven,
Far o'er the thin mist that beneath is driven—
Now they sink, and now they soar,
Now poised upon the plucky ear—
Do they seek—at brightest noon
For the light invailed moon?
Climbing upwards would they know
Where the stars at morning go?
If I err not—no—no—
Soar they high, or skim they low,
Every little bird has still
His heart beside the mountain rill.

What if we have lost the creed,
Which thought the brook a God indeed?
Or a flood of passionate tears,
Inexhaustible by years?
Or imagined, in the lymph,
The semblance of a virgin nymph,
With panting terror, flying ever,
From hairy Satyrs' foul endeavour?
Hence! phantoms of a blind age,
That dream'd of nought but lust and rage,
The echo of a Sabbath bell
Is sweeter in the lonely dell.
Than the quaint fable of the wood-god's lay,
That only warbled to betray.

Al!—never, never may the thought be mine,
Though sung by poets old in song divine,
Which deem'd the pure, and undisturbed sky,
The palace of a tyrant deity—
Which in the thunder, heard a voice of anger,
And ruthless vengeance in the storm's loud clangour,
Which found in every whisper of the woods,
In every moaning of the voiceful floods,
A long record of perishable languish,
Immortal echo of a mortal anguish.
Nay—mine be still,
The happy, happy faith—
That in deep silence hymning saith—
That every little rill,
And every small bird, tri'ling joyfully—
Tells a sweet tale of hope, and love, and peace,
Bidding to cease
The heart's sharp pangs, aye throbbing woefully.

Or shall I sing of happy hours,
Number'd by opening and by closing flowers?
Of smiles, and sighs that give no pain,
And seen as they were heaved in vain—
Softly heard in leafy bowers,
Blent with the whisper of the vine,
The half-blush of the eglantine,
And the pure sweetness of the jessamine:
What is it those sighs confess?
Idle are they, as I guess,
And yet they tell, all is not well!—

There is a secret, dim, denouncing,
There is a restless spirit stirring,—
Joy itself, the heart o'erloading,
Hath a sense of sad foreboding.

Then away to the meadows, where April's swift shadows
Glide soft o'er the vernal bright patches of green,
Like waves on the ocean, the wheat blades in motion,
Look blither, and brighter, where sunbeams have been;

So little, little joys on earth,
Passing gleams of restless mirth—
Momentary fits of laughter
Still bequeath a blessing after—
Fitting by on angel wing—
And like voices perishing:
At the instant of their birth,
Never, never, count their worth,
By the time of their enduring—
They are garner in a death,
Pleasant thoughts for age securing—
Rich deposits, firm ensuring,
Bliss, if bliss below may be,
And a joy for memory.

Such themes I sang—and such I fain would sing,
Oft as the green buds shew the summer near—
But what availeth me to welcome spring,
When one dull winter is my total year.

When the pure snow-drops couch beneath the snow,
And storms long tarrying, come too soon at last,
I see the semblance of my private woe,
And tell it to the dilatory blast.

Yet will I hail the sunbeam as it flies—
And bid the universal world be glad—
With my brief joy all souls shall sympathise—
And only I, will all alone be sad.

After such extracts it is scarcely necessary to recommend these volumes to the regards of all lovers of poetry and admirers of genius.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Fairy Godmother, and other Tales. By Mrs. ALFRED GATTY. London: Bell.

AMONG the multiplicity of works which are daily making their appearance to instruct the heads of the rising generation, it is a pleasure to think that many also have the still more important object in view of improving their hearts; and it is with much satisfaction that we recommend to our young friends the attractive little volume which Mrs. GATTY has so kindly compiled for their amusement. The dedication, "To my Children," must prove a guarantee of its value, for who can so well instil good principles in a happy form as a mother. We hope that, having taken into her service our old and somewhat neglected friends the fairies, who, in this modern utilitarian age, have, we think, been too much banished from their once favoured position as visitants of our nurseries, this pleasing little volume will not be less acceptable, believing, as we do, that kind and good fairies are very amiable, useful sort of beings in their way.

Even now, in our old age, we have not forgotten the delight with which we listened to the genuine fairy tale of by-gone times, with which a kind and judicious parent entertained our happy, wondering, childish hours; therefore, we hail with satisfaction the re-appearance of our old acquaintance, especially, their errand being to inculcate sentiments and actions such as are contained in this unpretending little volume. And, though we have met with works possessing more of the fanciful and imaginative, still our fair authoress has so naturally adapted her language to the class of readers for whom these tales are intended, that criticism is disarmed, and we can most strongly recommend *The Fairy Godmothers* to the notice of all who are in search of a book that they may with perfect safety put into their children's hands. We must not close our notice of this work without drawing attention to the elegant frontispiece with which it is adorned—the design, as the writer informs us, of her highly gifted friend Miss LUCEITE BARKER.

Advice on the Management of Children in Early Infancy. By THOMAS BARRETT, M.R.C.S. Bath: Binns and Co.

CONSIDERING the ample experience the world has had and continues to accumulate on this subject, it is wonderful how little progress has been made in substantial knowledge as to the best modes of managing infancy. In truth, there are few subjects on which there is such profound and wide-spread ignorance. Thanks, then, to a medical man who condescends, like Mr. BARRETT, to address to mothers and nurses some plain sensible instructions, in intelligible language, not only to tell them what is positively wrong in the popular practice of babyism, but what should be done in order to rear an infant not safely only, but healthily. We heartily commend this little book to every nursery, and we advise fathers not only to peruse it, but to see that its hints be followed.