

ences, and of the crust of rich thought, if we may so express ourselves, that mantled over the surface of his poetry. The advent of the morning at Craigcrook we find thus described :—

“ The meek and melting amethyst of dawn
Blush't o'er the blue hills in the ring o' the world ;
Up purple twilights come the shining sea
Of sunlight breaking in a silent surge,
Whence morning, like the birth of beauty, rose ;
While at a rosy touch, the clouds, that lay
In sullen purples round the hills of Fife,
Adown her pathway spread their paths of gold.

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“ Sweet lilies of the valley, tremulous fair,
Peep through their curtains, claspt with diamond dew,
By fairy jewellers working while they slept ;
The arch laburnum droops her budding gold
From emerald fingers, with such taking grace ;
The fuschia fans her fairy chandelry,
And flowering currant crimsons the green gloom ;
The pansies, pretty little puritans,
Come peering up with merry elvish eyes ;
At summer's call the lily is alight ;
Wallflowers in fragrance burn themselves away
With the sweet season on her precious pyre ;
Pure passionate aromas of the rose,
And purple perfume of the hyacinth,
Come like a colour through the golden day.”

There is much of Keats in this passage, and yet Keats was not in the mind of the writer : the similarity of result is an effect, evidently, not of imitation, but of a similarity of genius. The following passage, much in the same vein, has been greatly criticized, and yet none but a true poet could have produced it. It is a remarkable picture of a remarkable man, with points about it which might easily be laid hold of in a mocking spirit, but which impart not a little of its character and individuality to the portrait. We quote from the second edition :—