

" We gathered all within the house, and there
 Shook off the purple silence of the night.
 Cried one,—Come, let us a symposium hold,
 And each one to the banquet bring their best
 In song or story : all shall play a part.
 So, for a leader simple and grand, we chose
 Our miracle-worker in midwifery,—he
 Who wrestled with the fiend of corporal pain,
 And stands above the writhing agony,
 Like Michael with the dragon 'neath his heel ;
 Who is in soul Love riding on a Lion ;
 In body, a Bacchus crowned with the head of Jove :
 The keen life looks out in his lighted face
 So fulgent, that the gazer brightens too :
 He bravely towers above our fume and fret,
 Like the old hills, whose feet are in the surge,
 And on their lifted brows the eternal calm ;
 For he is one of those prophetic spirits
 That, ere the world's night, dreams of things to come."

There may be faults here, as the reviewers suggest,—nay, it may be all fault ; but it certainly does remind us of those aberrations of genius specially described by the poet as " glorious faults, that critics dare not mend." In illustration of the lyrical spirit and deep tenderness of Mr Massey, we give the following extracts from a series of simple triplets on the death of a beloved child :—

" Within a mile of Edinburgh town
 We laid our little darling down,—
 Our first seed in " God's acre" sown.

" The city looketh solemn and sweet ;
 It bares a gentle brow, to greet
 The mourners mourning at its feet.

" The sea of human life breaks round
 This shore o' the dead with softened sound ;
 Wild flowers climb each mossy mound,
 To place in resting hands their palm,
 And breathe their beauty, bloom, and balm,
 Folding the dead in fragrant calm.

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