

## Laurel Leaves.

Not creative imagination so much as cultivated fancy, at times essaying to soar higher than its wings will carry it, is the characteristic of Mr. Robert Wilson's *Laurel Leaves*. [Archibald Constable & Co. \$5.00.] His verse is smooth and melodious, and it is evident that he has sat at the feet of the master singers and been an eager listener; but, capable as he is of appreciating it in others, his is hardly

"The vision and the faculty divine."

Still, some of his sonnets are very good, and particularly so the one entitled "Descent from the Rigi." Some of his best work is to be found in his odes, as, for example, in the "Funeral Ode on Lord Tennyson," the concluding lines of which we will quote:

"The organ peals within the Pantheon  
Wherein great England never laid a greater son.  
The organ peals, the organ prays;  
The crown of immortality is won.  
The organ whispers, and the heavens raise  
Their awful curtains, and the gaze  
Of him who told the tale  
Of Arthur and the Holy Grail  
Is now, behold,  
'Behind the veil, behind the veil:'  
And he is with the Great of old."

*An Autumn Lane and Other Poems* is a little book of verse by Will T. Hale, with a portrait of the author. With the exception of a few pieces, like "It May Be," "A Hope," "Friends," "The Children," and "If We Had Known," there is not much to arrest the attention. What does he mean by

Out where the fallen leaves the moist earth press,  
Hint of a *fairy Sampson* grinding corn,

or

The dandelions, like circassians, lift  
Black eyes to meet you?

Since when do dandelions have "black eyes,"  
and what, pray, is a "*fairy Sampson*?" [Pub.

ishing House, M. E. Church, South. Barbee &  
Smith.]

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