

MR. JOHNSON'S unassuming title disarms criticism, and the delicate pathos of his pathetic verses, with the airy charm of those which border upon *vers de société*, makes us still more averse to recording the fact that he sometimes makes volume rhyme with solemn, vassal with castle, ambition with derision, slumber with remember, etc. Mrs. Browning was permitted to rhyme silence with islands, and we can easily forgive Mr. Johnson both this and the extreme carelessness of his rhythm, for the sake of two such poems as those written after the death of his children, 'Laurence' and 'Evelyn.' Moreover, the airy bubbles which make up the greater part of the little book, being intended for bubbles, have just the airiness which eludes analysis, but is daintily charming; while there is true poetic flavor in such lines as

'To dream of the day that is passing,
As other men dream of the past ;'

and in the pretty conceit,

'The maples on the avenue
Are yellowing with the year ;
They cast their knightly cloaks to earth,
As if her steps were near,
But to be trod by meaner feet,
And swept by robes less dear.'

The most prominent element is the humor, which, we may add, is really humorous. Excellent is the terse combination of nature and art in the analysis of a young girl's charms :

'Two eyes of the hue of the raven,
Two gloves of the shade of the dress ;'

and one of the funniest things in the book is the sudden stop in the unfinished quotation from 'Maud Muller,' which forms the text for one of the bubbles :

'Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies.'