

Which were a part of thine, nor let one thought
Of his past evil mar thy mighty rest ;
I would have loved thee, but remember that."

While the part of Mordred is maintained in fitting strength throughout, it should not be overlooked that the minor parts are fashioned by the hand of a master. Gwaine, the knight from the kitchen, and Dagonet, the King's fool, are so far removed from the common place padding to which we are accustomed in such parts that the conception and construction of either of them would be a lasting credit to the author. The character of Gwaine especially is treated in such a manner as to be in one sense a key to the whole work. The story told by the play is no longer the old romance ; it is the new realism. Gwaine is a fighting man, but he is not a squire of women. He worships his sword and he loves Launcelot.

"The foul fiend take this love! It is a queer sickness indeed. Anon it made him like to luke water, and now he be all fine. It bloweth now up, now down, like the wind in the chimney. Yea I love that man like a father his child—There is no sword like to his i' the whole kingdom. An' a wench that be a queen leadeth him like a goss-hawk."

All in all, as the quotation will serve to indicate, we have here a work of very uncommon merit. Not the least of its literary beauties is the steadfast adherence to the plain Saxon forms of speech, a device which preserves the flavor of Malory's exquisite version and which besides gives us a new taste of the delights of Elizabethan dramatists namely, those crystal clear expressions which in Shakespeare and his contemporaries gather the perfect thought into the perfect line.

Mr. Francis Thompson's new volume of poems, "Sister Songs," sustains the reputation made by

his first publication. That he is a poet of the highest order is obvious. It takes one some time to become reconciled to his use of out-of-the-way words, but happily this is not always his mood. There is a passage in the volume that constitutes as tender a tribute of thanksgiving as ever rewarded a generous act. It will be remembered that Mr. Thompson was picked up from an underground life a couple of years ago. This extract will furnish an idea of his condition, which, however mean, yet did not obscure, the grandeur of the emotions.

Once—in that nightmare time which still doth
haunt

My dreams, a grim, unbidden visitant—

Forlorn and faint and stark,

I had endured through watches of the dark,

The abashless inquisition of each star.

Yea, was the outcast mark

Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny ;

Stood bound and helplessly

For Time to shoot his barbed minutes at me ;

Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour

In night's slow-wheeled car ;

Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length

From under those dread wheels ; and bled of
strength,

I waited the inevitable last.

Then there came past

A child ; like thee, a Spring flower ; but a
flower

Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,

And through the city streets blown withering.

She passed—O brave, sad, lovingest tender
thing—

And of her own scant pittance did she give,

That I might eat and live ;

Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive ;

Therefore I kissed in thee

The heart of childhood, so divine for me ;

And her, through what sore ways,

And what unchildish days,

Borne from me now, as then, a trackless fug-
itive.

The Pilot Publishing Co., Boston, have issued a new edition of Miss Katherine E. Conway's "A Lady and Her Letters." This little book is a compendium of the art of letter-writing, an art in which few are, and all should be, proficient. Any woman who values good taste will find in it so