

interest. Reading the lines on an "Old Song Book," beginning:

"Pages closed this many a year,  
(Lying in this ancient room)  
Lines so faint and leaves so sere,  
Letters on a mouldering tomb.

Rose within its pages pressed  
(Powders in my vandal hand)  
Once was lovely, was caressed,  
Treasured, in a vain strange land,"

one sees the love and sadness of a tender pity underlying and prompting the lightness of the song. In another and stronger key are the lines "To a Fair Minstrel."

"Enchantress, sweep the golden chords,  
And cheer my heart with noble words;  
A tilting tourney lay,  
Of mailed knights and prancing steeds;  
Recount my country's gallant deeds.

Enchantress, touch the silvern strings,  
Which rustle like an angel's wings,  
And bear my soul away  
To hills and vales where reigns delight;  
Sing me a joyous song to-night

Enchantress, lean thee to thy lyre,  
Evolve from out the resonant wire,  
Soft themes for rest and dream,  
That thy rich fancies I may keep  
To soothe me in the realms of sleep."

Three stanzas, entitled "Slumber Song," are pretty and well adapted to be set to music. The author is, however, at his best in the sonnets; one of the best of these, under the title of "According to Thy Strength," has already been published in a recent issue of *THE WEEK*, and need not be again quoted. It is a fine crystallization of a great thought and an earnest of future power in the author's pen.

Of the seven dedicated or relating to Mount Royal, Montreal's beautiful mountain park, the following is the most descriptive and pleasing to our understanding:

"Now, in the flutter of night's raven wings,  
The dead leaves palpitate, and all around  
The air is pregnant with that mystic sound—  
The deepening and darkening of things;  
The inquiet sense to ev'ry footstep clings  
As of pursuit; the moon lies on the ground  
Awake—a fay in tangled meshes bound—  
Then, imp like, on some pendulous branch it swings.

The white lights of the city!—it is well  
Here cluster pleasant memories for dole  
Through all dark days; so Beauty's sweet control  
Pursues the blessed into meanest cell;  
Like to a vestal lily she doth dwell  
Within the tender garden of the soul."

Many will read the "Pastels and Sketches in Prose" which take up the last pages of the volume, and wonder why they are. In these practical days there is little room for such. The style belongs to the past and the times are not yet ready for a revival. The soul is not yet rich or rank, the days not leisurely enough either for their perfect production or perfect understanding. There is sadness enough in real life; we are too apt to be pessimistic without being tempted to foster or fan it into a morbid existence. We are young yet, and when wrong or sin or sorrow falls upon us, it is ever accompanied by a vigorous desire to raise our voice, our influence, our will to battle with and mend it, to rise from it better men, through it to grow stronger for the right and dwell in the sunshine rather than the shadows. And the author of "Poems and Pastels" must forgive us if we say that while we like his poems and think highly of them, we do not care for the subjects of his prose. M. A. F. G.

### The Tower: With Legends and Lyrics.\*

**A** DELICATE, mystical spirit pervades this volume, and combines with a certain artistic feeling for form and colour and the flavour of words to impart a truly poetical quality to verse that might easily otherwise have failed to interest on account of its nondescript character, and the remoteness of its subject matter from ordinary intellectual

\* "The Tower: With Legends and Lyrics." By Emma Hunting-ton Nason. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

interest. The main body of the verse is not held together by any necessary thread of mental development, which is tantamount to saying that a volume of minor verse does not aspire to offer a philosophy of life. And this in itself is a matter for congratulation, because those who see not far beneath the obscure face of things see even confusedly if they strive to explore the depths, and may yet find upon the surface many pretty things for the mere gathering. In this respect, then, we are not disappointed in the volume, for while the more ambitious flights are modest in their scope, the lighter waifs of inspiration are delightful in no small degree. We might instance the "Slumber Song," or, better still, the poem which immediately follows, entitled "Winds of the North," of which this verse will illustrate the spirit:

Blow, glorious winds! for ye bring to me  
A chant of the Northland strong and free,  
With sweep of the skies, and surge of the sea,  
Through its measure flowing;  
And clear in its rhythmical undertone,  
I catch the airs to my childhood known,  
The glad, wild songs that were mine alone,  
With the North winds blowing.

There is little else in the volume to censure or commend, as whatever faults there are arise less from faulty execution than from lack of power in the original conception.

### The Withered Jester, and Other Verses.\*

**T**HIS medley of verse is essentially light in character with a range perhaps from grave to gay, though scarcely from pathetic to sublime. Some of the poems are thoroughly inadequate and others quite unnecessary. The "Reflections of a Revolutionary Poet" throws a strangely new light upon one whose later work was sustained by no undiminished ardour of hope and instinct with an ever-widening power. The lines refer to Shelley.

"My life is ebbing fast; my task is done;  
And I but wait upon this silent shore  
Like one who feels the solemn mystery  
Of fleeting days, and looks with earnest eyes  
While the great world moves on, bearing its freight  
Of dead and living souls, none knoweth where."

In his lighter verse the poet is more successful, although the extravagance at times lapses into absurdity. "My Cousin from Pall Mall" is not free from a certain wit:—

On the morrow through the city we sauntered arm in arm;  
I did the cicérone, my style was grand and calm.  
I showed him all the lions—but I noted with despair  
His smile, his drawl, his eye-glass, and his supercilious air.

As we strolled along the crowded street, where Fashion holds proud sway,  
He deigned to glance at everything, but not one word did say;  
I really thought he was impressed by its well-deserved renown,  
Till he drawled, "Not bad—not bad at all for a provincial town."

And so on in a similar strain, till his companion, the poet, bursts into sobs, and finally ends by slaying the obnoxious cousin. "The Pagan in Piccadilly" is a series of cynical-humorous verse, and is perhaps the most attractive reading in the volume.

### Publications Received.

- Dickens (Charles), Christmas Stories, 1852-1867..... (Macmillan & Co., The Copp, Clark Co.)
- Dictionary of National Biography, vol. xvii, Puckle-Reidford..... (Macmillan & Co., Smith, Elder & Co., Copp, Clark Co.)
- Dorr (Julia C. R.), A Cathedral Pilgrimage..... (The Macmillan Co., The Copp, Clark Co.)
- Dyde (S. W.), Hegel's Philosophy of Right; Translation..... (George Bell & Sons, The Copp, Clark Co.)
- Hutton (W. H.), Philip Augustus..... (Macmillan & Co., The Copp, Clark Co.)
- James (Henry), Embarrassments (Macmillan Co., The Copp, Clark Co.)
- Jones (F. R.), History of Taxation in Connecticut, 1636-1776, paper..... (The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, Ind.)
- Kirkwood (A.), The Forests of Russia, by W. N. Weir, transla-tion..... (Warwick Bros. & Rutter)
- Lubbock (Right Hon Sir John), The Scenery of Switzerland and the Causes to Which it is Due (Macmillan Co., Copp, Clark Co.)
- Peacock (Thos. Love), Melincourt, or Sir Oran Haut-Ton..... (Macmillan & Co., The Copp, Clark Co.)

\* "The Withered Jester, and Other Verses." By Arthur Patch-ett Martin. London: J. M. Dent & Co.