

Indeed, in poetry which requires thought Mr. Fawcett is eminently successful. His mind runs on the higher things which engage sometimes the attention of mankind, and his book is filled with the fruits of his study of the unfathomable.

The Cradle-Song is very musical. It is tender and sweet, and the refrain which comes in at the close of each verse is pretty and tuneful. There are other bits, here and there, in the second part of this book, which on even a first reading will commend themselves to the general reader, such as *Wine*, *The Atonement*, *One Night in Seville*, and some three or four others. These will likely interest the reader at once on account of their musicality and freshness and brightness. Of a far deeper texture are *D'Outre Mort*, which is very grand, *From Shadowland*, which reveals one of Mr. Fawcett's best phases, *Pest*, which is odd and bold, and *To-Morrow* which is full of the poet's characteristic manner and thought. In the third part we have some noble sonnets, some of them nearly equal to Keats'. This one on Whittier is peculiarly appropriate,

'Fresh as on breezy seas the ascendant day,
And bright as on thick dew its radiant trace;
Pure as the smile on some babe's dreaming face:
Hopeful as meadows at the breath of May,
One loftiest aim his melodies obey,
Like downward larks in roseate deeps of space--
While that large reverent love for all his race
Makes him a man in manhood's lordlier ray!

His words like pearls are luminous yet strong
His duteous thought ennobles while it calms;
We seem to have felt the falling, in his song,
Of benedictions and of sacred balms;
To have seen the aureoled angels group and throng
In heavenly valley lands, by shining palms!'

This is all very charming and very graceful. There are other personal sonnets which do credit to the poet. These are Keats, Doré, Dumas, père, Dickens, Thackeray, Andersen, and the lordly lines to

'A spacious-brained arch-enemy of lies.'

A sonnet to Baudelaire is a perfectly finished production, and rich in all that wild fancy and boldness of thought which distinguish at times

Mr. Fawcett's better work. His more enduring work we might add.

Here is something worthy of Swinburne

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(For a Picture.)

'A face in whose voluptuous bloom therelies
Olympian faultlessness of mold and hue;
Lips that a god were worthy alone to woo;
Round chin, and nostrils curved in the old
Greek wise.
But there is no clear pallor of arctic's skies,
Fathom on crystal fathom of livid blue,
So bleakly cold that one might liken it to
The pitiless icy splendours of her eyes!'

Her bound hair, coloured lovelier than the sweet
Rich halcyon yellow of tall harvest wheat,
Over chaste brows a glimmering tumult sheds;
But through the abundance of its warm soft gold,
Coils of lean horror peer from many a fold,
With sharp tongues flickering in flat clammy
heads!'

Indeed, Mr. Fawcett is quite successful in his management of the sonnet. His book contains many beautiful things—the best specimens of his genius, perhaps, that he has thus far given to the public. Occasionally a feeling of morbidness creeps into his lines, and this tendency, which so far is but slight, he should check.

In the volume of brief biographies of *Modern Frenchmen*,* which Mr. Philip Gilbert Hammerton has just published, the reader will gain a correct and clear insight into the careers of five famous men, who in different directions shed lustre on their country, and by their works increased the world's store of knowledge. Each in his way was a devoted student, a lover of his especial calling, and a large contributor to the general information possessed by mankind. Mr. Hammerton is a sympathetic biographer, and a true artist. Believing that a biography should be like a painted picture and that the canvas should never be disfigured by coarseness or roughness, he brings to bear on his subject all that is tender and delightful. He is an adoring biographer, but conscientious withal, and he

* *Modern Frenchmen*. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMMERTON. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.