

mountains, only succeeds in lifting its tree-tops to our level.

The strait is smooth as glass. Before entering Victoria we glide into a little bay for the purpose of landing the cattle. The spot is one of the loveliest imaginable, fringed

with quiet woods, gentle slopes of green, rocks crested with grass sliding into the still water, pleasant glades where trees not too thickly placed make charming nooks, little beaches tucked away, all make a delightful picture of repose and beauty.

Henry Colbatch.

THOMAS LODGE AND HIS FRIENDS.

SOME of the minor Elizabethan writers certainly attract more attention now than they did a score of years ago, but they will amply repay even closer and more affectionate study. It has of late become very easy to talk of "the England of Shakspeare," and the influences that surrounded his first literary ventures; but it is, and ever will be, extremely hard to secure a definite conception of what that England really was. One cannot do it by reading a few epoch histories, primers of literature, and articles in reviews. Sad to say, one of the widespread fallacies of the age is that you can better find out what sort of books a man wrote by reading about those books than by going to the books themselves. It has come at last to this, that many persons calling themselves educated spend the better part of their lives in merely reading about persons and periods worth study—indeed, only by study made profitable; taking, for instance, some critic's opinion of Sidney, some historian's view of the Norman Conquest, as final and complete. The reading of Sidney's sonnets, not modernized but exactly as he wrote them; the study of the noble "Saxon Chronicle"—manliest and most truthful record any people except the ancient Hebrews ever had—would do more towards revivifying the past than the committing to memory all the books about Sidney or about the Saxons that have been written since the days of Cadmus.

These notes upon Thomas Lodge, his surroundings and his friends, must be taken as wayside gleanings from the England of Hooker, Bacon, Spencer, Marlowe, and Shakspeare. Perhaps it will be found that

writers we have thought we could easily afford to ignore explain in some degree the sources of inspirations greater than their own. We must try to recreate the Elizabethan world, using to this end the patient research of literary antiquarians, the critical essays of German and English scholars, and the faithful reprints in the costly publications of Ballad, Old English Text, New Shakspeare, and similar societies that aim to reproduce, with scrupulous attention to details, the street-songs, chap-books, controversial pamphlets, pastoral stories, sermons, miracle plays and whatever illustrates the land, the age, and the people. Among the almost forgotten worthies of the last quarter of the sixteenth century, we shall find many that possess abounding merits, keen wit, sparkling style, glowing earnestness of thought. No student can afford to neglect such works as Gascoigne's "Steele Glaske," Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie," Raleigh's "Fight in the Revenge," Watson's "Passionate Centurie," Stubbes's "Anatomie of Abuses," Lyly's "Euphues," and Lodge's "Rosalynde."

Those who have studied "Ward's English Poets," will remember that it contains five of the lyrics of Thomas Lodge; and that Mr. E. W. Gosse prefaces them with a brief sketch of the author, telling us, for instance, that Lodge "is certainly the best of the Euphuists, and no one rivaled him in the creation of a dreamy scene, 'out of space, out of time,' where the loves and jousts of an ideal chivalry could be pleasantly tempered by the tending of sheep." "But," Mr. Gosse continues, "it is by his lyrical poetry that he preserves a living place in literature. His