

"See on the jaws of his fierce assailant,
The scarlet life, in savage cunning rent
From his torn limbs, that know no soothing balm,
Save the soft currents of his life-blood warm."

That this extremely felicitous simile may not "o'erleap its selle," the author explains,

"Lo, Cuba thus confronts Hispania still."

The rare beauty of figure, diction, rhyme and rhythm in the foregoing only require to be read to be appreciated. For the rest, the fortunes of the hero will be better, perhaps, imagined from the above sample than further described.

Of the "other poems" the poet's manner shows the same noble disregard of the mechanism of verse making which characterizes "Pasco," while the matter is not, unfortunately, sufficiently fresh from Apollo's Lyre to compensate for the deficiency. As to Mr. Manner's depreciation of criticism for his verses on the plea that they have been "written during the leisure time of evening," while they are collateral witnesses to poor Charles Kingsley's theory that nothing he wrote at night was worth reading, their appearance in the volume before us is proof that there is the considerable difference between the two authors, that one did and the other did not possess a waste paper basket.

For a long time it has been apparent that the present is the "children's hour." For them the wisest philosophers, the raciest humourists, the cleverest draughtsmen expend their energies, kings go down on their hands and knees, and romp, till, as Lamb's nonsense has it, "the gunpowder runs out at the heels of their boots," and so much the better too, while, as for ordinary fathers and mothers, uncles and big brothers, from the first moment of the arrival of king "Fire" or queen "May," from babydom to breeches and frocks, many are the children's "most devoted lovers and servants." How enthralling the bondage and how sweet the chains, may be judged by the rush for those two charming little books, "Helen's Babies," and its recent sequel, "Other People's Children."* The charming simplicity of the two trots. Budge and Toddie, all their quaint sayings and irrational doings; the progress of their deterioration from their primal cherubic sphere, and the comical perplexities of their natural and unnatural guardians, striving to instil the decencies and Mrs. Grundyisms of this formal globe into minds and hearts as innocent as a painful of water, and about as capable of permanent impression—are they not all written in the Chronicles of the Kings of the Nursery, to be used and laughed over, and possibly, for there is a fine tough moral at the end, digested by their admiring subjects?

* *Other People's Children*. By the author of "Helen's Babies." Toronto: Belford Brothers.