



A work of no common interest and beauty is in preparation at the offices of the Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company. It bears a familiar title, "Idylls of the King," but it comes to us in a strange garb, being printed in short-hand. In conception and preparation, as in execution, it is Canadian, the text being the work of Mr. Arthur G. Doughty, the illustrations being contributed by Mr. Henry Sandham. It is not Mr. Doughty's first experiment of the kind, as he had already brought out "In Memoriam" in the same characters, and the goodwill with which his former volume was received encouraged him to undertake this second trial. We need scarcely say that it was a task of no slight difficulty and of extreme delicacy, requiring a thorough knowledge of the tachygraphic art and the utmost patience and painstaking at every stage of its progress. A difference of a hair's breadth in any of these graceful lines and curves would mar the sense, render nugatory the labour of months, and impair, if not destroy, the value of the volume.

But this volume has charms which are sure to extend its circulation beyond the pale of stenographic experts. The illustrations of Mr. Sandham are, in very truth, things of beauty. Some of our readers have, doubtless, seen the originals, which have been universally admired. The reproduction is excellent. The frontispiece is a picture of an incident in "Geraint and Enid":

"So Enid took his charger to the stall,"

the central incident in that wooing, so touching in its old-fashioned simplicity, half barbarous, half courtly. Enid wears the rustic dress of "faded silk," later to be her terror, and, still later, her pride,

"Remembering how first he came on her
Drest in that dress."

She looks what the poet has made her, the pick of maidens and wives, being not "the Fair" only but also "the Good." Face and figure, expression and attitude, as she leads along the richly caparisoned steed, are all in keeping with the sweetest character, the finest type of true womanhood, in all the "Idylls." Passing to the body of the book, we come to the scene from "The Coming of Arthur," where Guinevere is represented as standing by the castle wall, watching Arthur as he passes, a "a simple knight among his knights." The figure in this picture (which, in the order of the "Idylls," is the first of the series) admirably personates the lady who was to test sorely the spirit of her blameless lord. Tall, stately, in the full flower of winning womanhood, she stands at an embrasure of the battlement, gazing down. The attitude is natural, showing no intensity of feeling, but rather the simple curiosity of a noble and beautiful woman seeing men of noble mien bent on noble enterprise. In the next of the series Mr. Sandham shows to what purpose he has studied ancient armour. It represents the quarrel between Gareth and Kay, "the most ungentle knight in Arthur's hall."

The armour is of a comparatively late period—not earlier than the beginning of the fifteenth century. The full suit of armour was, indeed, unknown before the fourteenth century on the continent, where it was in use some time before being introduced into England. The poet and the artist are, of course, not strictly bound to dates, and Mr. Sandham, who had made special studies for these illustrations, used judgment in selecting the most picturesque styles, and his treatment of Kay's angry challenge and sudden attack is most effective.

The next in the list is a lovely illustration of a scene in the same idyll—the single-arched bridge at the bend of the river, where Gareth came in sight of the castle, with its purple dome and crimson banneret. It is one of the finest—to our taste, the finest—illustration in the book, and, if space permitted, we would like to say more about its merits. Lady Lyonors, at the window, "circled with her maids" (also from "Gareth and Lynette"), is of exceptional interest, the chief figure being, we believe, the portrait of a noble English lady of one of the oldest (Welsh) border families. Framed by the open lattice, Lyonors and her attendant damsels, *inter ignes Luna minores*, form a rare group of English beauty. Of the two illustrations which complete the series, the next is a scene from "Geraint and Enid":

"And thither came Geraint, and underneath
Beheld the long street of a little town
In a long valley, on one side whereof
White from the Mason's hand a fortress rose:
And on one side a castle in decay,
Beyond a bridge that spanned a dry ravine."

Following it in the order of the poems is the picture of Enid taking to the stall the charger of her future husband, of which, as forming the frontispiece, mention has already been made. Lastly is a scene from "Merlin and Vivien":

"She took the helm and he the sail."

This picture brings out very effectively the contrast between the wise man in his hour of folly and the handsome, bold, unscrupulous woman in her hour of sway. The Merlin is a grand old fellow, and our sympathies are with "the gentle wizard" as he goes, all unconscious, to his doom, in the toils of the saucy witch behind him. These

illustrations are really worthy of careful and loving study, and we congratulate Mr. Sandham on this new triumph. They add greatly to the value of Mr. Doughty's book which, for them and for its other merits, we have pleasure in recommending to our readers.

Mr. William Sharp is no stranger to the readers of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. We have had frequent occasion to mention his literary work and its high repute in connection with the publications of Mr. Walter Scott, of London. The admirable series, already famous in America as in England, under the name of "The Canterbury Poets," and which we have justly qualified as a marvel of cheapness, has had the advantage of his editorial supervision, while some of the most noteworthy volumes of the series have been prepared for the press by his own hand. Among these latter are "Songs, Poems and Sonnets of Shakespeare," "Sonnets of this Century," and "American Sonnets." The "Life of Shelley" and the "Life of Heine," in the "Great Writers" series of the same publisher are also from Mr. Sharp's pen. The best tribute to the memory of D. G. Rossetti is also the product of his critical insight and poetical sympathy. Every one of these works has won deserved praise from the literary authorities of both the old world and the new. Mr. Sharp has besides published several volumes of his own poetry—"The Human Inheritance and other Poems" (now out of print), "Earth's Voices: Transcripts from Nature," and "Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy." We hope ere long to have an opportunity of saying something about Mr. Sharp's poetic genius. Meanwhile, we have just had the pleasure of reading his remarkable romance, "Children of To-morrow." It is one of those happy books, the love of which (to adopt a familiar French proverb) grows as one reads. It depicts the wild unrest, the vague yearning, the spiritual torture of an age of awakening and transition. We no sooner become acquainted with hero and heroine than we feel that we are breathing an atmosphere that is quick with unseen agencies of doom. The rapture for which the artist pines can only be won by the defiance of a marshalled and vigilant Philistia that never forgives. Right or wrong, its laws are not transgressed with impunity. But Mr. Sharp avoids moralizing as the foe of art. His romance has the sequence and consistency of a Greek drama, and it could easily be adapted to the stage. The bolt falls just at the right moment for tragic effect. There are many passages that we would gladly quote—passages that reveal a power of the keys of passion to which only the lover who is also a true poet can lay claim. For the present, however, we must say *au revoir* to this fascinating book. The publishers are Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, London.

More than a year ago Prof. Schurman, of Cornell University, whom we have the honour of claiming, as a fellow-countryman, delivered an address on Founders Day in that seat of learning, which has since been published in pamphlet form, under the title of "A People's University." As we intend to lay its chief points before our readers at an early day, we will content ourselves just now with acknowledging its receipt.

From the press of the same great institution there has just been issued a thesis presented by Miss Eliza Ritchie for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. It is entitled "The Problem of Personality" and is a treatise of no common import and grasp. Like the late George Henry Lewes, Miss Ritchie begins with the recognition that philosophy has fallen into discredit, but, unlike him, she thinks that those who sit in the seat of the scorners are unjust. She has faith in philosophic method and sees no reason why philosophic may not be as fruitful as scientific research. At the same time she gives, in every page, full weight to results of recent scientific investigation. Having stated the problem and discussed the relations between mind and body, Miss Ritchie concludes that self-consciousness is a necessary element in the concept of personality, that in its simplest form, appearing at some stage of organism lower than that of man, it depends on memory, but grows in clearness till it reaches the point at which it is identified with insight into the powers of the self. In the chapter on "Personality as individual character," the essayist touches on the question of fate and free-will (in connection with heredity and environment) and shows how one is compatible with the other. In treating of the "Personality of God," in the closing chapter, she brings out the ultimate agreement between the highest judgment of science (generously understood) and faith in the divine omnipotence. This notice is necessarily inadequate. Such lofty themes are more likely to be darkened than elucidated by hasty criticism.

Brevis esse laboro
Obscurus fio.

Enough has been said, however, to show that Miss Ritchie's paper will repay careful study.

The law regarding rights in titles of books is not, says the *Literary World*, satisfactory or as clear as it might be. Although there is no copyright in titles, it is open to the author of a twopenny pamphlet of very limited circulation and of no literary value to apply for an injunction against the publication of a work that has cost its publisher hundreds of pounds to produce, on the ground of infringement of trade mark. The opportunity thus afforded of levying blackmail is not neglected, as we have reason to know. But it is hopeless to expect a remedy from Parliament.

OUR GARDEN TALK.

BLUE FLOWERS.

"Give me blue flowers
To grace my bowers,
The perfect colour, heaven's own blue."

We have every shade of colour in our gardens, but very little blue. The thought seems to be that this colour will not harmonize with others, and yet nothing could be more harmonious than a few sprays of delicate blue flowers with phacelia rose-buds, and phacelia congesta with pink verbenas is another charming combination. What is more pleasing than to find in one of our rambles the blue hepaticas pushing themselves above the brown leaves which have been their protection through the winter?

The violet brings fresh charms each time of its awakening. In this era of court mourning they are extensively used for robe, dress and dinner ornamentation. At a banquet given to the Prince of Wales at Nice, all the covers and glassware were placed upon beds or between lines of violets. A bunch of rare old English violets will keep its perfume long after they are withered. A Parisian florist says that the violet will not bear the association of any other flower. Hence the bunches are tied up loosely with their own leaves, and carts are seen well laden upon almost any street corner where flower lovers are wont to pass.

The many varieties of speedwell deserve notice, "The little fairy speedwell, with its many eyes of blue."

Then the lobelias, some of which are of an intense blue. They make a pretty show in our gardens, where they are not so well known as they deserve to be. The dwarf varieties are very serviceable for edgings or for ribbon beds.

The fringed gentian begins to unfold itself during the latter part of September, and may again be found after the November frosts have touched other things. *Salvia patens*, besides being cultivated out of doors, may be potted in the fall and be a thing of beauty in our rooms all winter. The *ageratums*, also, meet with these requirements, as does *browallia*, whose flowers are a deeper, darker blue. *Phacelia congesta* is one of those delicate flowers which one learns to love. It is an early bloomer and, continuing until the latter part of October, is very desirable for cutting as well as in the garden, as we are always sure of finding it when wanted, and it harmonizes so well with many other colours. *Vick's Monthly*.

A GOOSE KEEPS GUARD FOR A COW.

The following incident came under my observation while spending a few days in Seymour, Ind., last October. In that city, like most of the Western towns, the hogs and cattle run at large through the streets. One noon, as I was leaving the house with my friend, he called my attention to a cow and a goose near the cow. A quantity of refuse from the kitchen had been thrown into the gutter, which the cow seemed to eat with a relish, and close by the side of her stood a large gray goose, as it seemed to me, doing guard duty for the cow. While this cow was eating, three or four other cows came up from behind, but the goose would not allow them to come near her cow, but drove them away as they approached. This is not all about this goose. I was told by my friend that about two years before she went with this cow she attended another cow. Her first pet died. The goose left her former home after that and attached herself to this cow, which belonged to a family living some distance away. I saw her, on two or three different days after this incident occurred, by the side of the cow, and so fearful that some one might injure her or her mate that she would attempt to follow you with such demonstrations as only geese can make—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing. When the well is dry we know the want of water.

Industry makes a man a purse and carefulness gives him strings to it. He that has it need only draw the strings as carefulness directs, and he will always find a useful penny at the bottom of it.