

questions which are still unsolved—such as the real position of the Holy Sepulchre—must remain undetermined until we get underground all round, and know exactly the course of the ancient walls of Jerusalem. These are two charming volumes.

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BRIEFER NOTICES.

Beside the Narraguagus and other Poems. By Arthur John Lockhart. Price \$1.00. (Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co.)—The author of this dainty volume is not unknown to our readers, and those who have made acquaintance with his poems in their separate appearance will certainly welcome them in their collected form; and gain a clearer and fuller notion of the comprehensiveness of his genius. It would savour of flattery to say of many men what was so truly said of Goldsmith: *Nihil teligil quod non ornavit*. But Mr. Lockhart touches and adorns a good many things. We have poems of nature showing a true and deep sympathy with her manifold phases; we have poems of the affection, historical poems, and religious poems, and the level of all is high. It is a very good test of what we may, without disrespect, term minor poetry and minor poets, when we can say that we are glad to have had them and to possess them, that we should be sorry not to have had them, that, after having made their first acquaintance, we shall be sure to turn to them again. And all this we can say of Mr. Lockhart. His language, if never reaching the sublime, is poetical, sincere, elevating, his vision is clear, and his sympathy with man and poetry keen and deep. Out of many poems which we have read with pleasure, we will mention and quote from one of some length, "The Isle of Song":

I dreamed of a white isle, girt by such seas
As never foam nor freeze;
So lonely-rare the world hath never come
But poets make its solitude their home.

There they of Hellas and the Mantuan plain
Smote their sweet chords amain;
Homer had his clear song and vision bright,
Nor Milton's orbs must roll to find the light,

There he of the serene, capacious brow,
Dwelt 'neath the laurel bough;
Song's matchless one, the brightest of his peers—
Star that on Avon rose in earlier years!

But when I saw my earliest love draw near
And heard his song sincere
That charmed sweet Doon, and did its cadence suit—
To rustic Coila's step and woodland flute.

While Ryal raised his grave and reverend face
To Shelley's child-hued grace;
And he whose dust 'neath Latimus' violets lies,
Lifted to me his soul in lang'rous eyes.

It takes a poet thus to write and think of other poets. In particular we should note Mr. Lockhart's devotion to Burns, and his selection for celebration (shall we say?) of the sweetest of that great poet's utterances—e.g., "Ye banks and braes and streams around the castle o' Montgomery"—a poem infinitely superior to the one which most English readers persuade themselves that they admire: "To Mary in Heaven." Another favourite of Mr. Lockhart's and ours is the unsurpassed love-song, "Of a' the aists."

English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Vol. III.: Byron, by John Nichol; Shelley, by J. A. Symonds; Keats, by Sidney Colvin. Vol. IV.: Wordsworth, by F. W. H. Myers; Southey, by Edward Dowden; Landor, by Sidney Colvin. Vol. V.: Lamb, by Alfred Ainger; Addison, by W. J. Courthope; Swift, by Leslie Stephen. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d.)—The publication in this very convenient and most attractive form of the well-known and valuable "English Men of Letters" series, edited by John Morley, is an enterprise highly to be commended on the part of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. These short biographies are addressed to the general public, with a view both of stir-

ring and satisfying an interest in literature and its great topics in the minds of those who have to run as they read, and the large number of editions and reprints which have from time to time appeared since Mr. Leslie Stephen opened the series with his admirable sketch of Dr. Johnson, shows that there is a large class who are alive to the importance of the masters of our literature and are capable of an intelligent curiosity as to their performance. The series gives abundantly the means of satisfying this curiosity. Though condensed brevity has not been secured at the expense of interest, the essential facts are presented with a variety of appropriate details, but in a compact shape. Many of the volumes could hardly have been done better.

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Recent Fiction.*

SHORT stories are each year growing in favour with the reading public. One of the latest volumes is "A Truce and Other Tales," by Mary Tappen Wright. The book is a model of the neatness displayed by Charles Scribner's Sons in all of their '95 fiction. The half-dozen stories vary in theme from the fierce tragedy of "A Truce" to the half-humorous, highly artistic study, "A Fragment of a Play, with a Chorus." The writer has a fine command of language and a telling way of creating a situation, while the glimpses she gives us of nature, and especially of nature when lashed to frenzy by a blinding storm, are among the chief attractions of the tales. She has a deep knowledge of the human heart, and while her descriptive power is strong she allows the characters to reveal themselves by their utterances, and not by what she has to say about them. "A Truce" is decidedly the most powerful story. It is told with great intensity and a skill that holds the readers attention from the first word. "Life had made a truce with Love," and the heroine for one day of love, one day of life, sacrificed all. Her jealous fiancé goes mad, and as she confesses the love she bears his friend he strangles her. Would that the strangling scene had been omitted! In our opinion the "slow music" of it detracts greatly from an otherwise perfect tale. "From Macedonia" is a story of a different nature, and one which shows a keen appreciation of the evil side of city life. The sermon of the Bishop is one of the best and strongest utterances we have read for many days. Sermons are usually hard reading, but we could stand a volume of just such thrilling discourses as fell from the burning lips of the old Bishop. All of the stories are more or less morbid and cynical, while three out of the six are unsatisfactory, as they leave the reader wondering what did really happen. One, indeed—"A Portion of The Tempest"—is written in the vein of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" and as we close we say "Which lady?" and a second reading helps us but little.

The July volume of Longman's Colonial Library is "Matthew Furth," by Ida Lemon. The author is fortunate in her title, and as we open the book we expect to find a strong study of a strong character. We are not disappointed. The story is a picture of life in the slums of London, and has for its characters petty tradesmen, dock-labourers and beggars. There are really but two fully drawn characters in the book, Matthew Furth, "the docker," and Selina Pask, "the quartermaster," or agent for people desiring to pawn their clothes or household effects. The other characters, such as Dilkes, Brassy Jimmy, Cythna Mayern and Mary Dove are given in mere shadowy outline. Brassy Jimmy, the professional beggar, is perhaps an exception, but even he rarely impresses us as being true to life, and serves merely to bring

* "A Truce, and Other Tales" By Mary Tappen Wright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00

"Matthew Furth." By Ida Lemon. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Princeton Stories." By Jessie Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.60.

"Lord Ormont and His Aminta." By George Meredith. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.