

Many years ago the title page of a volume of *London Punch* had a vignette designated "Fun at St. Stephen's." In a pulpit box was a figure of Mr. Gladstone, earnest, vehement, unsparing; while beneath, on the floor, sat the rogue D'Israeli, wielding a long feather labelled "Satire," wherewith he tickled the nose and manifestly irritated the orator. Now you may be sure the friends of Dizzy-ben-Dizzy were back there in the crowd, congratulating themselves upon having the best of it, and feeling so pleased with themselves and their companion as not even to resent the abuse levelled at their precious heads. Some such feeling as that must have come over those Irish Catholics, not many perhaps, who having read the handwriting upon the wall which told them they had been weighed and found wanting in all the qualifications requisite to a reader of the *Atlantic*, observed that immediately succeeding this condemnation came a poem written, oh, the humor of it, by an Irish American, and a Catholic at that. It was no affair of Miss Guiney's, of course; there can come no advantage to her in having her religion continually held up for exhibition beside her work in literature; but it is good fun for the rest of us, nevertheless. Between ourselves, Mr. O'Hagan did not quite satisfy everyone in that admirable study of his published recently, principally for the most absurd reason that he did not quote every poem of hers that his readers had previously seen. Now, if Joan of Arc could have used the pen to as good purpose as the sword, and written some such valorous verse as Miss Guiney's, they would never have dared to burn her. Those lines addressed to one beset by the "terrible kings," "fighting, fighting, fighting, die driven against the wall!" can never be read without being remembered, nor ever remembered without a lump in the throat and a brave new resolution. Last Christmas time the poet published a book of short stories. There are four of them, one a tale of some lovers with whom the world's ways were evil ways and beside whose joy there walked a horror; one a tale of the war time, of a woman loving and not timorous, and a man brave but putting his love before ambition, and coming home with a bullet in his heart, so that almost the warmth of betrothal kisses passed from his lips when the spirit fled from its temple; one telling a father's sacrifice of reparation; and one the sad, sweet, loving story of the boy who went to sleep in the river so there would be money for his mother wherewithal the cough might be cured. Brave, good, wholesome stories all of them, that leave a clean, sweet taste, as of remembered honey. The author states that this is her apprentice work in fiction, and the only work of the kind she has done. It is issued "on approbation" so to speak. If there is truth in a recent statement that good wholesome reading is taking its proper place in the world, the experiment should convince Miss Guiney that she has made an underestimate of her power with the short story.

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Many of our readers will be interested in the fac-simile reproduced on page 24 of a document bearing the signatures of three of the Popes: Adrian IV., Lucius III. and Alexander III. The extract following is taken from a recent English catalogue:—"Breakspear (Nicholas), his signature as Pope Adrian IV., to a Papal Bull written on a large sheet of vellum, dated March 21, 1154, old style (i.e., 1155 new style), signed