

and setting, and a renewed freshness which make them all the more delightful. Byron's "Maid of Athens," in the pretty page which lies open on our table, wears a greater charm than it did before, and it is the same with Bryant's Greek Boy, Keats's elegant ode on a "Grecian Urn." Milton's Athens, Swinburne's two poems on the same topic, Thomson's ditto, and Lord Houghton's verses on the same, the Mar's Hill of Praed, "the Town and Harbour of Ithaca," by L. E. Landon, Byron's vigorous "Isles of Greece," Wordsworth's "Corinth," Thomas Gray's Helicon, Halleck's Marco Bozzaris, and several others descriptive of spots and streams in old Greece. Besides these we have translations by practised hands from the copious works of Pindar, Homer, Ovid, Seneca, Catullus, Æschylus, Sophocles, Virgil, the German Schiller and others. In the seventy pages devoted to Turkey in Europe and the Principalities, we have the very choicest gems from Longfellow, Byron, Edna Dean Proctor, Lady M. W. Montagu, Sam Johnson, Trench, Houghton, Tennyson, Keats, Gautier, Schiller, R. H. Stoddard, Leigh Hunt, and some other tuneful singers. At this time the volume possesses a fresh interest, the troubles in the East adding largely thereto. Some five or six more books will complete the series, one or two of which, we believe, will be devoted to North American subjects.

In these hot days when the railroads and steamboats are packed with tourists, and everybody is going to Europe or to Niagara or to California or to shoot the rapids or visit Quebec, it is a relief, perhaps, as well as a change to stay at home and read the impressions of travellers who know how to write. A good book of travel possesses a fascination for the reader, and this, perhaps, is its own best recommendation. One feels a natural repugnance towards a stupid book of travel, and a certain hesitancy about turning the leaves of such a work as the recent

volume written by Dr. Fields. A book of travel should be bright and lively, and full of colour. It should not be too minute or too superficial either. Besides, the traveller should give us something more than mere glimpses of what he sees. He should show an intimacy with the region he describes and a proper knowledge of the subject which, for the moment, occupies his attention. He should give us his own impressions, and avoid the guide-books. The traveller must have a poetic eye, a natural taste for colour and art, a certain genius for description, a spirit of humour, and a mind capable of appreciating Nature in her various moods. A book by a traveller having these requirements is sure to find appreciative readers.

One of the acutest observers of her time is Mrs. Helen Hunt—a true poet and an author of much refinement and culture. Her simple verses in a magazine, written under the pseudonym of H. H. first attracted attention a few years ago, and since then several small prose volumes bearing her name on the title page, have been issued. These books, Bits of Talk about Home Matters, Bits of Travel and Bits of Talk for young folks, have steadily won their way into the hearts of the people. This was accomplished by the sheer genius of their author. The subjects treated were homely and unlikely to awaken enthusiasm, certainly not excitement. But the author's charming style and spirit claimed first attention, and finally admiration from almost every class of reader. Her humour was delicate and neat, her diction picturesque and faultless, and her fancy was poetic and artistic. Add to this a grace of expression unlike that of any other modern writer. In 1871 her volume of "Verses" appeared, and these soon became world-wide, and admirers compared her to L. E. L. She became the Mrs. Browning of America, and this was all the more surprising for she was unknown then, and the great