

art had opened before his astonished eyes. Poetry had taken flesh and blood; life and color had been transfused into abstract thought." But there were still more advantages in store for him. Shortly after this he became the intimate friend of a gentleman named Honeywood, a person of means and education. In their many talks on literature and poetry, several good things are said. For instance when Kevin asks Honeywood if he intends to be severe on the poets of the present day, he answers, "On many of them, especially the wordy weak and deliberately obscure, and those who put the sense in place of the sound." And again he says, "Do not fall in love with your own voice and sing for the pleasure of hearing it. Continue your studies and become a severe critic of your own work." Thus Kevin imbibed high ideas from his master and it is not surprising that when the "simple happy past" gathered around him with its olden sweetness, and became present once more" he, wrote a book of poems which the critics praised, and which finding its way to Fan in after years, bore to her the first news that Kevin was still in the land of the living.

Let us now pass over six years and also from England to Germany and Italy, whither Kevin had gone with Honeywood in search of Fan, for her letter written from London and addressed, "Killeevy Mountain" had never reached its destination, and the English lord whose patronage Fan had been fortunate enough to receive, had resolved that she should not return to her friends until she had received a thorough education. And here is the author's Christian advice as to what woman's education should be:—"I would beg you to keep her noble and simple as she is. Let no petty conceit creep into her feminine brain; amuse her with no trashy novels and romances; let her know nothing but of the higher, purer literature; cultivate her heart to thrill only to the real, the most genuine and unaffected sorrows of life, to the purest and holiest affections." But let us follow Kevin and Honeywood, for with them we may learn many of the valuable lessons which the author so skilfully interweaves with the story. For instance, here is her description and appreciation of a woman without religion. The words are

put into the mouth of Honeywood speaking of his cousin:—"Her father was a German dreamer, and made this, his only, motherless child, his companion and pupil. . . . I need not tell you that religion had no part in her education. To your Catholic mind the idea of a woman without religion is repulsive, and yet my cousin is just such a one as, in other circumstances would gladly have sheltered her gentle head under the mantle of your bountiful Church. . . . She has an extraordinary tenderness for dumb animals, and will hate you forever if you tell her you believe they will have no share in immortal life. Her sympathies with human nature even in its lowest forms, are intense, and yet she is too dreamy to be very helpful. A poor peasant woman with a pair of ready hands and not two ideas in her head, would do more good to her fellow-creatures than my cousin Ida with all her vague speculations and her convictions that she is born to sacrifice herself for the general use of creation."

It may not be generally known that this pleasing novelist writes poetry, but such is the case, and whatever may be its merit, she evidently feels the power of good poetry, for speaking of this, she writes:—"When we lift our eyes from the book, the landscape is more lovely for the subtleties of meaning that the poet has discovered in it, the tender conceits with which he has colored it; and the charming face is more lovely to us when we have heard of the goodnesses that lurk behind it. What nature gives to us we are grateful for and delight in, but what nature gives to the poet he returns to her and to us a hundred-fold." And here again in a few words she makes Fan to sum up the scope of Irish poetry. It was "knit up with music, exile, pain, despair, hope, peace, order, and harmony, and to it belonged her future and her past."

It is in descriptions, however, that our author chiefly excels. Of course all lady-writers are much given to description, but there is frequently a sameness about their efforts, which at once shows the weakness of the author and puts the patience of the reader to the severest test. But there is none of this sameness about the description in the "Wild Birds of Killeevy." The author has evidently seen what she describes and