

a rich harvest from the sale of his book, proves nothing. Mr George lays down general rules for the guidance of mankind. These rules must be generally adopted before anybody can safely act upon them. A man cannot be expected to subject himself to exceptional conditions so long as the ordinary business of the world continues to be carried on in the old way. But whether Mr. George is right or wrong in his theories, he has directed attention to subjects which must sooner or later claim a large share of the attention of mankind. He has caused many men to think for themselves who had previously been accustomed to take things for granted. Whatever stimulates honest thought on subjects of great practical interest to humanity is for the common good, and this Mr George may justly lay claim to having accomplished more fully than any other man of this generation.

Poetry.

THE SEARCH.

TRACKING each inlet
Painfully, well,
Lonely she wanders
Down in the dell:
There, while the night-winds bleak
Whiten her wasted cheek,
Something she seems to seek,
In the pale starlight
Down in the dell.

And there is one who
Knows very well
Why she walks nightly
Down in the dell—
Knows where the maid, unseen,
Weeps like a Magdalene,
And what the searchings mean,
In the pale starlight
Down in the dell.

Covered up somewhere,
He knoweth well,
Lies a rich treasure
Down in the dell;
She to and fro doth flit,
Thinking to find it yet
Where he hath hidden it,
Under the alders
Down in the dell.

Cold is the starlight,
He knoweth well,
Chill sweep the night-winds
Down in the dell—
Ten times more chill and cold
That which her arms would fold
Rests underneath the mould,
By the dank alders
Down in the dell.

Seemeth too surely
Something not well,
Where blow the night-winds
Down in the dell:
He, who in cradle deep
Laid there a babe to sleep,
Never once paused to weep,
Where the leaves whisper
Down in the dell.

Hollow-eyed dreamer,
God guard thee well
From the dread secret
Down in the dell!
Better in wildered brain
Feed a false hope in vain,
Than by its father slain
Find thy lost darling
Down in the dell!

P. S. WORSLEY.

Book Notice.

POEMS. By Phillips Stewart. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Toronto: R. W. Douglas & Co. 1887.

This little volume is issued by one of the most enterprising of English publishing houses, and comes to us with all the advantages derivable from attractive mechanical externals—to wit, good paper, plain, tasteful binding, and nearly faultless typography. The author, we understand, is a young Canadian who up to a recent date attended University College, Toronto, and is now travelling for his pleasure in Southern Europe. We have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, but we should think he must be revelling in a large share of complacent bliss. A young man into whose nature the poetic element enters so largely can hardly fail to derive exquisite enjoyment from travelling for the first time in such climes, and amid such scenes; hallowed, as they are, by countless memories of the past.

Want of time and want of space prevent us from doing full justice in the present issue to the quality of this author's work, which is of a very different quality from that of the ordinary Canadian rhymester who from time to time inflicts himself upon us in some of the periodicals. Of the twenty little poems which go to make up the volume, nearly all are remarkable for a melody of expression such as is not often found in the first efforts of a young poet. In several of them the thought and feeling reach a loftiness and a beauty which, so far as our observation has extended, have not been surpassed by any Canadian poet of the present day. The opening lines, in blank verse, "To My Mother," contain some very sweet and tender passages—passages which touch the heart of the reader in spite of his memory of Cowper's beautiful poem on the same subject. "De Profundis," "Corydon and Amaryllis," and "Evermore" have each a distinctive character, albeit they contain passages here and there which are strongly suggestive of the influence of Tennyson's earlier manner. We hope to find room for one or two of the shorter poems in an early number, when we may possibly have something more to say about the author and his methods.

Literary Notes.

JOHN BRITNELL, of 293 Yonge Street, Toronto, has recently issued a 32-page catalogue of second-hand books. This catalogue is well worth the attention of book-buyers, more especially of those interested in *Canadians*, as it quotes a large number of books and pamphlets bearing upon Canadian history and affairs. It is for free distribution, and any one who wants it can have it for the asking.

Two important books on the Irish question are about to be issued in London. One of them, by the Rt. Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, deals with the political relations of Peel and O'Connell to Ireland. The other, from the pen of Edmund Robertson, M.P. for Dundee, gives a description of the U.S. Government as bearing on the question of Irish Home Rule. The book is to have the title, "American Home Rule."

We think that man was excusable who, when he was informed of the birth of his eleventh child, cried, "Chestnuts."