

night, he lit a fire, "stripped himself naked except his breech-clout, and with his back to the coals, and his front protected by his gauzy blanket, he slept until the cold roused him, when he put on more wood and slept again. I offered him four pairs of warm horse blankets to sleep in, but that was not the thing."

* * *

A Child's Garden of Verses.*

THIS volume comprises all the poems contained in "The Child's Garden of Verses," "Ballads," and "Underwoods," and, in addition, over forty pieces of verse written since the publication of those volumes. The edition before us leaves little to be desired. The paper is excellent, the letterpress faultless, and the dark-blue binding with tasteful decoration in gold is in perfect keeping with the contents. The illustrations of the artist, Mr. Charles Robinson, are found on every page, and just as the author in his verses voices the child's ideas, so Mr. Robinson, catching their spirit, has seen with the child's eye.

Those who have read the essay "Child's Play" in "Virginibus Puerisque" will recognize that its thoughts are here worked out and put into verse, the writer adopting the child's point of view. Hosts of people can write for "grown-ups," but this power of catering to the little ones is an enviable one indeed and possessed by the select few. Many of the flowers of this "Garden" deserve to become, with "I saw a ship a-sailing, etc.," and the like, common treasures of the child world. The loyal dedication "To Alison Cunningham, from her boy" is to his nurse, and we cannot refrain from quoting a bit of it:

For all the story-books you read :
For all the pains you comforted :
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore :—
My second mother, my first wife,
The angel of my infant life—
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take nurse, the little book you hold !

* * *

BRIEFER NOTICES

Vailmo Letters: Being correspondence addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin. In two volumes. (Chicago: Stone & Kimball, 1895.)—These two very pretty volumes will be welcome to all Stevenson's admirers, that is to nearly all readers of contemporaneous fiction, and they have a special interest as being his spontaneous utterances to an intimate friend which were not intended for the public eye. Mr. Sidney Colvin was the "closest friend" of Stevenson from the time that the latter was twenty-two years of age, Mr. Colvin being five years older; and he tells us that he was of use to him, "partly by helping to soften parental opposition to his inborn vocation for letters, partly by recommending him to editors, and a little even by such technical hints as a classical training and five years seniority enabled me to give." In passing, we remark that Mr. Colvin should not have allowed *Sponte meo* to stand in one of Stevenson's letters, even if he wrote it so. These "journal-letters" are charming, and the present volumes contain those written from Samoa, extending from November, 1890, to October, 1894. "Begun," Mr. Colvin says, "without a thought of publicity, and simply to maintain our intimacy undiminished, so far as might be, by separation, they assumed in the course of two or three years a bulk so considerable . . . that it by and by occurred to him . . . that 'some kind of a book' might be extracted out of them after his death." Mr. Colvin may, therefore, and does claim for this publication, the author's sanction. Mr. Colvin's task was not quite easy—it can never be an easy task—to decide what to suppress and what to publish; and he says he has tried his best "to suffer no feelings to be hurt that could be spared, and only to lift the veil of family life so far as under the conditions was unavoidable." All this has been very well done, and Mr. Colvin has conferred a real service upon the public by the publication of the letters. "They tell, with the zest and often in the language of a man who remain-

ed to the last a boy in spirit, of the pleasures and troubles of a planter founding his home in the virgin soil of a tropical island; the pleasures of an invalid beginning, after many years, to assume habits of outdoor life and exercise; the toils and satisfactions, failures and successes, of a creative artist whose invention was as fertile as his standards were high and his industry unflinching;" and much more. We wish we could give some extracts as specimens of this charming correspondence; but we have, at least, said enough, we trust, to send our readers to the volumes.

Goethe and Schiller's Xenions. Selected and translated by Paul Carus. Price \$1.00. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 1896.)—We have so long known these famous verses as the *Xenia*, that we are not quite reconciled to Dr. Carns' condescension to our English prejudices by giving us an *s* for the plural, instead of adopting the spelling of the authors. However, that is a small matter. Every one has heard of these famous and brilliant verses—chiefly attacks on the Philistinism of the age, and particularly on the most respectable Nicolai and his friends. Every body may not know—what Mr. Carus here reminds them of—that *Xenion* originally meant a present which a host gives to a stranger who enjoys his hospitality. *Xenia* was the name which the Roman Poet Martial gave to his book of satirical Epigrams, and Goethe and Schiller used the same title for a similar purpose. Dr. Carus has accomplished his task with ability and success. He has not only given us accurate renderings of the German verses; but he has, in a large measure, preserved the spirit of the original. The little volume will be welcome not only to those who need assistance in translating the original, but also to those who read German, as giving a very good selection and thus saving the reader a good deal of labour.

A Woman's Love Letters. By Sophie M. Almon-Hensley. (New York: J. S. Tait & Sons.)—These letters, not all of them love letters in the ordinary sense, are indeed very charming; and they are real poetry, the outcome of personal thought and emotion, not the mere echo of what other people have sung. We can actually recommend our readers to get this volume and read it, which is not a thing to be done lightly. The whole volume sustains a very high level, and we will offer a specimen which is of rather a trying character, since a really good song is a very difficult thing to write.

SONG.

If I had known
That when the morrow dawned, the roses would be dead
I would have filled my hands with blossoms white and red,
If I had known.

If I had known
That I should be to-day deaf to all happy birds
I would have lain for hours to listen to your words,
If I had known.

If I had known
That with the morning light you would be gone for aye
I would have been more kind;—sweet love had won his way
If I had known.

The Whittier Year Book. Price \$1. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.)—This book contains a series of passages from the verse and prose of John Greenleaf Whittier, chosen from the daily food of the lover of thought and beauty." This is the description on the title page, and we have no fault to find with it. It is an excellent practice to have some motto or scrap of poetry or prose for daily perusal. By such means, at least, the reader has, day by day, something else than his own vain thoughts to occupy his mind. Nor would it be easy to find a writer who could supply better material for the purpose than Whittier. Of his merits in general nothing need here be said; but we can thoroughly commend the taste and ability shown by the compiler of this volume. It is, indeed, surprising to pass from day to day and from name to name—for each day has its illustrious births noted—and discover how much wealth of thought and illustration the poetry of Whittier affords.

* "A Child's Garden of Verses." By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: John Love. 1895.