as a General, writing in the comparative seclusion of New College whilst in communication with more than one distinguished and experienced officer, and his work forms one of several parallel narratives, notably those of Sir Harry Smith's and Lord Seaton's lives, which reveal a line of Peninsular warriors, like statues lost awhile in the sands of time with limbs broken off and scattered, now restored as an imposing whole with subsequent contests which have enlarged and confirmed the Empire.

Canon Ainger's beautiful taste-his dainty sense of all that is exquisite either in sadness or in gladness-finds a fair field in the work of Crabbe. (Macmillan, 2s. net.) A world in which Crabbe should be popular would be indeed a dismal world to contemplate, a world where the sun never shone, a world the citizens of which dressed always and infallibly in brown. Yet the world, as at present coloured, would lack something if Crabbe were not popular-and very popularamong those few hard readers who read to please themselves and not the daily paper. Scott, whose judgment was so catholic that he loved almost everything, delighted in him; Fitzgerald, whose judgment was so exclusive that he loved almost nothing, did the same. Clearly here is a shade who will not be toasted in the water of Lethe, and if we dare not agree with his biographer that he and Wordsworth "played an equally important part in the revival of the human and emotional virtues of poetry," we have no right to dispose of him with a light heart because he called a spade a spade and in his work the spades outnumber the diamonds, and because the rhymed couplet in which he wrote becomes intolerably monotonous to an ear trained on the varied metrical effects of an age that cares about style. He was a great prose writer writing in poetry, just as Ruskin was a great poet writing in prose.

His life is much as it might have been had he himself invented it—the very names are names that he would choose. He went to school at *Bungay*, his earliest editor was *Mr*.