

his edition of the works of Sir John Mandeville, issued when he was eighteen.

It would be vain to attempt to give a list of his works, as a complete set, including the many reissues, would form a good library in themselves. His most valuable contribution to Shakespearean literature was the edition of the great dramatist's works, issued in some sixteen folio volumes. It is most exhaustive, yet he acknowledged that the work was uneven. Like many another editor, some plays exercised a strange fascination over him and led him to devote more attention to these than to others; but the collation of early editions, the original tales and novels on which the plays were founded, the wealth of illustrations to each play and the life of the poet, make it the most complete edition published. This edition was limited to 150 copies, so that the original price was very high and time has only added to its monetary value. As if to make amends for this prohibitive style of publishing, he almost gave away—for he published it at a loss to himself—his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare." This has passed through six editions since 1881, the last in two large volumes and sold at the very low price of half a guinea. These two works constitute his greatest and most enduring memorials.

Until 1872, he labored on at his work of love—for he was a poor man—in the unselfishness of his heart, editing books gratuitously for the Shakespeare and other societies. In that year his circumstances altered very materially. On the death of Sir Thomas Phillips, his wife inherited her father's estates, and as a condition Mr. Halliwell took the surname Phillips. He was now in a position to gratify his longings. He was known throughout England and the Continent as an enthusiastic collector of all things relating to the literature of Shakespeare's age. He did not do this for himself but made very liberal donations to Stratford, Birmingham and Edinburgh University. He was most indefatigable in his researches for new facts that might increase what was known of the great dramatist. He lavished his time and money on Stratford; the town records were ransacked, all collections of private papers to which he could gain access were carefully examined, so that it is hardly likely that much new light will hereafter be thrown on the poet's life.

As by-work he had collected and prepared what he had collected for a history of the English stage. This only needs some further investigation and a competent editor to put it in the hands of the publisher. After the sale of the estate he removed to Brighton, intending to build a home near that city, but he took such a fancy to a temporary dwelling that he abandoned the original plan and erected a set of wooden houses in which he stored his treasures. He called this home Hollingbury Copse, "that quaint wigwam on the Sussex Downs which has the honour of sheltering more records and artistic evidences connected with the great dramatist, than are to be found in any other of the world's libraries." Here he lived and received many a one who had travelled far to see that marvellous collection, or even to speak with one whose knowledge of the poet was so great.

By his will, his library, with the exception of a portion that is to go to Edinburgh University, is offered for purchase to Birmingham. It is to be hoped that it remains intact and in England. He was the last of the little band that many years ago founded the Shakespeare Society. By his death England loses her highest authority on all matters relating to the life of Shakespeare. He was not one of those who studied Shakespeare—as he persisted in spelling the name—from an aesthetic standpoint; what he hungered after was facts, and this found expression in his researches into the connections of the poet with the families in Stratford and Warwickshire,

his early life there and after-career in London. As a man he had a singularly fine disposition; even-tempered, unselfish even to prodigality, refined and sympathetic, he must have been a man to love and honour.

"*Sit tibi levis terra.*"

DION.

HOMER.

The Tale of Troy, blown on the lips of song,
Outlived the city which it celebrated,
Fallen into ruins, and outlived the hated
Triumph of Argos and the Trojan's wrong.
Cassandra, Achilles, Diomed the strong,
Hector and sweet, white-armed Andromache,
Helen and Paris still live on for me,
And will forever to the world belong.
The fresh Scamander and hill-sprung Simois,
The plains and late uncovered walls remain
To say that once Troy was, and only this;
But Homer peoples the deserted plain:
Heroes the better by their deeds are known;
Troy's empery and Homer in the Iliad live alone.

Univ. Med. Coll.

E. H. STAFFORD.

FROM TWO STANDPOINTS.

I.

Outside the wind howled and struggled, hurtling around the corners of the old stone building with maniacal fury—while the rain beat heavily down; within, at this moment there was silence. The largest mass of coal lying black and sullen, suddenly burst apart, and a hundred little flames rushed up the old chimney—growing in size and energy, overleaping one another, hurrying up into nothingness.

Leaning forward to seize the time-worn poker, Needy gazed at his companion, whose face was all but invisible in the wreathing smoke of his white clay pipe.

"That's good, Olaf—but I can tell you something better. Lord! it is too rich."

And with manifest emotion, he proceeded to stir the fire. There was no reply. The passivity of the mighty form opposite irritated him in his eagerness—the imperturbable and smoky countenance annoyed him beyond measure. He sat there, his graceful head thrown back—meerschaum in one hand, the heated poker in the other.

"Speak, man, speak!" and the poker began to describe hot and mystic circles about the white clay pipe, "or 'I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich and'" Clear through the clouds of smoke and the shimmer of glasses, satanic eyes looked forth. Hastily Needy dropped the poker, murmuring as he sank back in his chair, "But really, now, I can tell you something rich."

Some minutes had elapsed, when at length the great one spoke.

"You're somewhat of an ass—you are eternally chattering—why not let a man smoke in" . . . "But really Olaf, it is about—about Miss Lincoln, you know, and" . . . Here Needy giggled absently at the flames, in nowise rebuffed.

"If you have anything to relate, sir, relate it!"

And having thus delivered himself, Olaf tilted back his chair, and comfortably elevating his legs, strove to feign indifference.

"Well, two or three days ago, I was going along King about half-past five—quite dark, you know—when I suddenly became aware that the dainty little brown-clad figure in front of me was none other than that of our fair young student, the charming Lincoln. I kept on my way behind her, till she came to the corner of Bay. A car—her car—was some distance off, and, with one hand gracefully catching up her skirt, she walked half way across the road; then with a little start she recognized me, paused, hesitated. I felt hopeless; I saw I was in for it. Sure enough, she retraced her steps and met me face to face.

"Ah! Mr. Needy' (in a very surprised tone), 'Good evening.' My hat was duly doffed and, next instant, side-by-side we strolled along."