

Know either vaguely or know naught,—
With Athor, Isis, one-armed Khem,
Snake, Scarab, ibis, winged ball,
Quaint Coptic anaglyph; and all
These vessels, to the brims of them,
With deadliest poisons had been fraught.'

Mr. Aldrich is not at all successful in hiding his personality. 'The Search' is too unmistakably his. It would be known among a thousand other poems. It has the true Aldrichesque *motif* and delicacy. He says:

'Give me the girl whose lips disclose,
Whene'er she speaks, rare pearls in rows,
And yet whose words more genuine are
Than pearls or any shining star.

'Give me those silvery tones that seem
An angel's singing in a dream,—
A presence beautiful to view,
A seraph's, yet a woman's too.

'Give me that one whose temperate mind
Is always toward the good inclined,
Whose deeds spring from her soul unsought—
Twin-born of grace and artless thought;

'Give me that spirit,—seek for her
To be my constant minister!'

'Dear friend,—I heed your earnest prayers,—
I'll call your lovely wife downstairs.'

We are not sure that Mr. Aldrich did not write *The Angler* too. It seems good enough to be his.

Lowell, if he contributed at all to this collection, must have written *Red Tape*. It is in his mood at all events. *Guy Vernon*—an exquisite thing by the way, and full of the rarest conceits and most delicious touches—is unquestionably the work of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge. H. H., and no other, could have written *A Woman's Death Wound*, and Nora Perry must have done *The Rebel Flower*. *Husband and Wife* cannot fail to remind the reader of Christina Rossetti, and there are some things in *A Fallen House*, such as

'Behold it lies there overthrown, that house—
In its fair halls no comer shall carouse—

Its broad rooms with strange Silences are filled;
No fire upon its crumbling hearth shall glow,
Seeing its desolation men shall know
On ruin of what was they may not build;

which point to Mr. Marston as the author. H. C. Bunner, who is pretty well known as the writer of some really excellent things of character and power, doubtless furnished the rondeau on the 154th page, entitled 'I Love to dine.' It is not as good as some of his other work, though striking and novel

in treatment. 'The Provençal Lovers' and the poem which follows it, 'My Lady's Voice,' seem cast in the Stedman mould, and are probably from his pen. Austin Dobson, who is beyond all doubt one of the most charming of the minor poets, we should judge, from the evidence before us, wrote 'The Wanderer' and a pretty thing called 'At Twilight.' 'The Wanderer' best illustrates the poet's style. It is quite short, and we quote it here:—

'Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling.
He fain would lie as he lay before;—
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling; ;
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!

Ah! who shall help us from over spelling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore!
E'en as we doubt in our heart once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.'

We cannot venture any more speculation. We thought perhaps that Celia Thaxter might have written *Appledore*, and that Longfellow and Holmes had contributed something, but of these guesses we are not quite sure. The collection forms one of the *No Name* series, and rumour ascribes the editorship of the volume to Mr. George Parsons Lathrop.

The Appletons have just sent out a handy little book which treats of social etiquette.* It will doubtless meet with a flattering reception at the hands of society people everywhere. The name of the author is not given.

The Feast of St. Anne† is the title of a volume of verse which reaches us from the author, Mr. P. Stevens Hamilton, a resident of Halifax. It breathes a tender, patriotic spirit, and some of the legends which are told of the Indians are quite as pretty as legends of this kind generally are.

* Social Etiquette of New York. New York; D Appleton & Co., Toronto; Hart & Rawlinson.

† The Feast of St. Anne and other poems, by Pierce Stevens Hamilton, Halifax; John Burgoyne.