

tive, too much of a dreamer to be a successful story writer. His characters fail to stand out clear, separate and distinct. Even Mary Ashburton with whose delineation the author himself says he has taken no small pains, is seen only as a sort of dualistic blur. The reader can never feel that he knows her, never in the least that he loves her, wonders rather at the infatuation of Paul Flemming and finally condemns them both as a sentimental well-met pair.

His true Mary Ashburton could paint and write a sketch or two, for so we are told, but were the words not before us we certainly would scarcely care to venture any such assertion.

However Paul Flemming loves her and, though he manages well his wooing is rejected. His idol is thrown down but it remains unbroken, for he loves her still, and arouses within him a pride and self-esteem. No longer will he be a cipher in sack-cloth if only to show her what he can do. How long such a feeling would have continued to excite him if left to itself we are not permitted to witness, for just here and very fortunately comes Berkely to cherish the fitful flame. Like a wise mortal Berkely says little but does much.

He stands out in healthy relief with his crank notions and his common sense. His influence is as a bracing breath caught in the midst of damps and dews. Paul Flemming breathes and though he positively refuses to forget, grows strong.

Finally one bright afternoon, half curious, he enters the little chapel at St. Wolfgang, and there on the shadowed wall reads:—"Look not mournfully into the Past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present, it is thine. Go forward to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart." Tears come down and blind the eyes that read. Paul Flemming comes out from the shadow of that chapel and the shadow of his life, on his lips the words, "I will be strong." His sun is again risen. He adjusts anew life's sandals and leaves us.

What think you, reader, of the physician, his panacea and his patient?

Hyperion, bears unmistakable evidence of its author's late contact with the ancient school of German poetic lore. About its pages, clings ever the breath of a bygone sentimentalism. Even the characters themselves clearly bespeak the moth-eaten shelves from which they have been hustled, and appear awkward and out of place in this inatter-of-fact day of ours. In cast the book is effeminate, though the descriptive passages are certainly fine and the imagery oftentimes striking.

Very little of the work is subjective, externals are the one claim to our attention.

The great fault is that it attempts too much. Fanciful day-dreaming is not the setting for passions that move the soul.

In a word, 'tis the work of a young man who had, as yet, hardly found his power and place.

MEMORY'S ANGELS.

When the crystal heights of silence
Are with starry splendors crowned,
And the nights stupendous shadow
Wraps the dreaming world around,
Through the purple gates of twilight,
Flushed with sunset's dying glow,
In the day's departing footsteps
Silent angels come and go!

Unforgotten deeds of kindness,
Gentle words that lighted care,
Clasping hands and cheering greetings
That have blest us unaware;
Hopes whose rainbow light of promise
From unclouded ether shed,
Arched our morning dreams with splendor,
In the spring-times that are dead.

Love that loved us with the vision
Of a nobler life than this,
Where the soul's Incarnate Ideal
Dwelt in Apotheosis;
Faiths—long canoe'd—that were plighted
To the friends of other years,
Touch the sealed springs of feeling,
And unlock the fount of tears.

In the silence palpitating
With the sense of unseen things,
We can feel their phantom touches—
Hear the measured sweep of wings—
Catch the fleeting, shadowy fragrance
Of unearthly roses, shed
By the fair, unfading garlands
Wreathed about each shining head.

In our souls some sleeping sorrow
Wakes to throbbing life again;
Smouldering griefs to keener passion
Leap beneath their touch of pain;
Lost delights—unstable pleasures—
Dreams that died and made no sign—
Shadow ghosts of joy departed,
Our repining hearts divine.

Now they feed the fruitless longing
Of unsleeping memory,
For the loved yet banished faces,
We no more on earth shall see;
Or, with tender hands they lead us
Back by pleasant paths of yore,
To the lowly, grass-grown thresholds
Weary feet shall pass no more!

SELECTED.