

thus : "The bay that at sunset had seemed a sea of melted gold now held the young moon trembling in its liquid embrace."

The printer had substituted "man" for "moon."

This unreasonable planet seems determined to turn the light of its countenance away from you, for in the Christmas number of the periodical to which you most delight to contribute, there is a quotation which reads,

"The sun, which bares its bosom to the moon."

This line was written by Wordsworth, in his beautiful—is it not his most beautiful?—sonnet,

"The sea, which bares its bosom to the moon."

And it seemed to give a greater value to the next quotation—from Walt Whitman,

"The white arms in the breakers tirelessly tossing."

But of the fact that penmanship is, as a rule, far more imperfect than printing and proof-reading, this writer has no need to be reminded.

A. E. W.

### REVENGE OF THE FLOWERS.

(Under a Picture.)

Slowly the soft strokes of the echoing bell  
Fall, like faint voices, each one sent to tell  
An hour is gone, time passes, all is well.

The sun, slow marching through the western skies,  
Seems on his way to linger ; nature lies  
In languor 'neath his gaze, and faintly sighs.

In chamber fair, half shaded from the sun,  
What happy dreams pass smiling, one by one,  
Though evening's hours of rest have not begun.

Soft lights, with shadows blent, steal softly through,  
Half-radiant sunbeams for admission sue,  
And gentle breezes uncoiled tresses woo.

All through the morning hours, upon the hill,  
Hither and thither, straying at her will,  
Seeking with fairest flowers her lap to fill.

With treasure more than ample vase can hold,  
The rover's pleasure and success are told.  
Now see how art hath nature fair controlled !

Each flower its beauty shows in careless grace,  
Distinct from all, yet all gives each its place,  
And harmony all difference doth embrace.

The weariness of triumph o'er her came,  
Who conquers nature, nature yet can tame.  
In soft repose now lies that lovely frame.

With curving lines of beauty, half concealed  
By drapery soft flowing, half revealed,  
She lies in grace unconscious, eyelids sealed.

Her face, half turned aside, in shadow lies ;  
Her breathing, gentle as the south wind's sighs,  
Comes slowly forth, and e'en in coming dies.

A fragrance, rising, fills the little room ;  
The flowers seem to faint in their perfume ;  
The light is slowly fading into gloom.

The odours strengthen, while the senses, dulled  
By heavy sweetness, heavily are lulled.  
Alas ! what flowers hath that fair hand culled ?

Their vengeance hidden coiled within their breast  
Who owns them, but of evil fate possess.  
Alas ! that it is she who lies at rest.

Now, from amid the flowers, with evil stare,  
A lurking adder lifts his head in air.  
What help is nigh ? Asleep she lieth there !

Uncoiled, it crawleth o'er that form divine,  
Invades the bosom that had all been mine,  
With sharp assault drives life from that fair shrine.

The flowers have faded ; sadly, wearily,  
The day dies into night, and silently  
The tired world slumbers, while in death lies she.

The sorrows of my heart can ne'er be known,  
My body walks this earth, my soul hath flown.  
I wait till by her side they'll lay me down  
Asleep.

HENRY A. DWYER.

"SHE." \*

The author of *King Solomon's Mines*, in his latest book carries us still farther out of the region of probability, and takes us this time to the east coast of Africa and the land of the marvelously supernatural. The immense sales of the book, and the favour with which the works of such writers as R. L. Stevenson and H. Rider Haggard have lately been received, go to prove that a change has come over the public taste, and that stories of the supernatural are, to a considerable extent, usurping the place of the intensely realistic novel. The reaction is a natural one, in view of the dead level of sameness and mediocrity which has of late years enveloped novels of the latter class, and it will be somewhat interesting to watch the development of the new movement. A great imagination is a rare happening in the realm of letters, and it is perhaps safe to predict that if novels of the imagination are to be the rule, they must be fewer in number if they are to rank in the first class. And not only will there be fewer novelists in the front rank, but they will write fewer books. It is hardly possible that a writer, who depends entirely upon his inventive faculty, should produce books with the facility of a Howells or a Black ; though, indeed, if one result of the new movement should be more careful elaboration of plot and detail, the result to literature of this kind will be a distinct gain.

Thus we come to Mr. Rider Haggard's new book. The story is fascinating. To commence it is to read it through at a sitting. That is immensely in its favour. The main character is boldly conceived and successfully drawn throughout. It is the work of a powerful imagination. The shrivelling of "She," who would twice bathe in the life-giving ether, is a triumph of inventive skill. In fact the whole history of the journey of Ayesha and her companions to the Cave of the Spirit of Life, is the best piece of work Mr. Rider Haggard has done.

Of the other characters there is not much to be said. Leo Vincey is a handsome young Englishman, possessing many of the traits of character of his race. There is nothing very special about him except his good looks. The only remaining character worthy of particular mention is Horatio Holly, the guardian of the hero, for the servant Joe is a very ordinary mortal. Mr. Holly is remarkable—remarkable for his ugliness. He is a good scholar too ; a necessary qualification, as he is obliged to talk, through many pages, in classical Greek. But beyond these two things, and the Baboon's Greek is given to us in the freest English translations, there is nothing in the character of Horatio Holly, which would suggest any great labor on the part of the author. Not that this is absolutely necessary, as "She" is a history of adventure. The character of She, is really the only original creation in the book ; there is a distinct resemblance between the others and similar characters in *King Solomon's Mines*. And She herself may well have been suggested by the wonderfully learned witch in *King Solomon's Mines*, who had lived beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The account of the manners and customs of the savage people among whom the travellers fell is carefully elaborated and full of interest. It is probably here that Mr. Rider Haggard has put most labour. One great charm of a book of this kind is the unconscious blending of the natural with the supernatural. That is one of the strong points about Stevenson's "*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*." The great art with which the improbable is

\* She: A History of Adventure. By H. Rider Haggard.