

The poet has translated himself. It is his own thoughts and feelings that he has set forth in such harmonious numbers.

There is not room to quote in full any of the poems, but the following passages from "De Profundis" are strongly characteristic of our author:

The day is dead. Dear silent day,
What have I done in thy winged hours that's worth
One noble thought? Along the shore the shadows creep
And die; this heart is sad with every sun
That sets. . . . I suffer now
As did dead worlds in ages long ago,
And souls that peopled many a fabled land—
All felt the heart-ache, fear and woe,
And dreary thoughts of a strange destiny;
Nor sleep, nor opiate-draughts, nor wine's sweet flow
Can soothe such grief, O melancholy sea!
Why fear calm death? But what may come before
I shudder at. What will the years bring me
Of truth and hope and sympathy?
Kind words are truest poetry
And sweetest music. Spare them not,
Life soon is o'er,
Their music cannot reach our graves.

There is a kind of verse of which, perhaps, a certain, great, living poet has written not a little, which looks quite as if the writer had said to himself, "Go to, let us be sad, and write verses!" But although most of Mr. Stewart's songs are pitched in a minor key his sorrow is entirely natural. There is not the least suggestion of cultivation or artificiality about it.

The book abounds in passages that show the poet's keen, though quiet, delight in the beauty of Nature. His taste, however, is usually his own, individual, fresh, and native. He does not at all confine his admiration to the conventional beauties of modern poetasters—roses and lilies, skylarks and nightingales. Our Canadian birds sing sweetly for him, and he says so. The comparison of the soft, rich melody of the robin's song to the note of a mellow flute is especially fitting. In the poem on the snow-bird, also, we see his originality, and the clearness of his poetic insight. Here is a graphic picture in his description of autumn:

When sumachs hang rich plumes along the hill,
And glossy groups of crows untiring fill
The woods and stubble-fields.

The love poems in the collection are not numerous, but in their sweet and serious tenderness we feel that they, too, are "de profundis,"—out of the depths. There are no passionate outbursts, but the simple affection and gentle melody of "Good Night," "Evermore," and "The Last Sleep," will find responsive chords in many hearts. And here is the closing stanza of "Love's Dream":

Love, love, I shall cease to roam;
Love, love, thou wilt be my home;
Thou wilt be the ivy, and twine
Round this restless heart of mine;
Thou wilt shield my life from the sun;
Thou wilt cling when the summer is done.

The book is not without defects—no book is. The composition is of unequal merit, and disappoints one in places. Some of the classical phrases and allusions are hackneyed, and as they neither elucidate nor elevate the context they may be mistaken for affectations.

The general uniformity of tone throughout these poems will possibly be considered a defect by some readers, but we think that such an objection cannot be properly taken. The subjective being the sphere of the young poet, and his experiences being necessarily limited, it follows naturally that his range of expression will be narrow. His highest praise for the present must be that he has had the good judgment not to attempt to go beyond his limits, and that his work has been worthily done within them.

And this praise is due to Mr. Stewart. All in good time, and as the result of the richer, more varied, and happier experiences of future years, the range of his poetic vision will extend, and he will be sure to fulfil the promise so amply given in this, his first volume.

For a full introduction to the Canadian public it remains only to add that Mr. Stewart is a native of Ontario, and a recent student at University College, with his home in Toronto, but at present travelling in Southern Europe.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MAD MARQUIS.

ONCE when in London he was returning home at night in a cab, and when he came to pay for his drive he imagined that the cabby overcharged him. Now, this has sometimes happened to mortals not born to be marquises, and they have by angry expostulation done what they could to modify such unreasonable demands. So commonplace a proceeding, however, was all too tame for the fiery spirit and humorous fancy of Lord Sandford. Remembering that he was for the moment the guest of his uncle, the Right Reverend Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, he exclaimed, "Wait a minute, you scoundrel; I'll soon settle you, I'll send out the Primate to you!" And swiftly his lordship vanished through the hall door. There upon the rack hung the Archbishop's right reverend shovel hat, and there, too, was his sable-hued and most clerical coat. In a moment the Marquis had invested himself with these solemn episcopal garments, and then he sallied forth to confront the cabby. Now, Lord Sandford was one of the most skilful boxers in England, and without any preamble he proceeded with a right good will to use his fists upon the objectionable cabman. This latter defended himself with what vigour he could, but being no match for his agile antagonist, was soon sprawling upon the pavement. Gathering himself together as well as he could, he sat on the flags looking up at Lord Sandford with that rueful admiration which a per-

son naturally feels for the man who has just knocked him flat, and said, "Well, ye are the devil's own Primate, anyhow!" The Marquis's quickly spent anger changed into mirth at the grotesque observation, and he burst into a peal of laughter. Taking a sovereign from his pocket, he bestowed it, along with his blessing, upon the amazed cab-driver, and disappeared from before his bewildered gaze into the house.—*Adela E. Orpin, in the Christian Union.*

LORD MACAULAY

AMONG other celebrities gathered together by people of rank and fashion, Agnes Strickland, at the house of the late Duke of Somerset, met for the first time Mr. Macaulay, and was by no means impressed by his manners and appearance, for he seemed to her ugly, vulgar, and pompous, the merits of the popular historian being overlooked in the unprepossessing person of the man. Probably this impression would have vanished if they had had much conversation on English history, as on certain points—such as the iniquity of the Popish Plot, contempt of Titus Oates, and sympathy with the legally murdered Lord Strafford—they entirely agreed. The Duchess of Somerset gave him to his fair rival for her cavalier at dinner, but they did not get on well together. A very handsome, quiet young man who faced them apparently afforded Mr. Macaulay a topic for conversation, for he looked pointedly at him, and commenced a tirade on the stupidity of handsome men, by which the Adonis of the party was evidently embarrassed and annoyed. Agnes thought the attack was unfair, and replied: "It was a consolation for ugly men to consider them so." He became sulky, and they had no further conversation together.—*Life of Agnes Strickland, by her sister, Jane Margaret Strickland.*

BISHOP FRASER.

He gave up the Episcopal Palace, eleven miles off, and planted himself in Manchester. At once he became a favourite on the platform. To the consternation of orthodox Churchmen, one of his earliest appearances was at the annual meeting of the Manchester City Mission. But he soon after shocked the teetotallers when at a meeting on the licensing of public-houses, he said: "Yesterday I preached in a very full church. My voice was a little out of order, and I was a little exhausted. At lunch the clergyman said: 'I think a glass of bitter beer after that sermon would do you good.' I thought so too, and I drank the bitter beer, and felt the better for it. So, you see, I am not one of those who, as the old ditty runs, would rob a poor man of his beer, provided it is good and wholesome, and he knows when he has had enough. You might as well try to sweep away all your town-halls or co-operative stores as all your public-houses." "The factory hands and working people," writes Mr. Hughes, "were taken as it were by storm, and had installed him long before the end of the year in a place in their hearts which he never lost." After one of his meetings a sturdy dissenting operative, waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs, seized him by the hand, remarking: "Ah, Bishop, thoud'st mak' a foine Methody preacher." Said another to him, after a charity sermon: "Bishop, there's a pounn for thee." Bishop: "Thanks, my friend—for the charity?" Operative: "Nay, nay, for thyself."—*London Literary World, on Mr. Thomas Hughes' Life of Bishop Fraser.*

RECENT BOOKS.

LEWIS CARROLL, or rather the Rev. Charles Luttridge Dodgson, comes to the front in a new or comparatively new light. Readers of "Alice in Wonderland" will easily recognise the same inimitable turn of mind and train of thought in his recent production, the "Game of Logic." This pretty little book, published by Macmillan and Co., and supplied with a chart and counters, is exceedingly deep, and one-half doubts the author's ostensible intention to amuse, while only half relishing such propositions as "All Dragons are uncanny," and "All Scotsmen are canny." The humour is delicious, the logic irresistible, and the treatment so frank and unusual that it is quite possible that the young may be sufficiently attracted by the whole quaintness of the work to regard with unsuspecting eye and willing mind the study of premises, propositions, and syllogisms.

The familiar terms of Barbara, Celarent, Dario, etc., etc., are of course wanting, and it really seems about as difficult to grasp the essentials of Logic as expounded by a Carroll as it once may have been to gather all that was meant in the classic pages of Whately. The absurdity of some of the propositions is self-evident. That all jokes are meant to amuse, and that no Act of Parliament is a joke; that no Emperors are dentists; that all owls are unsatisfactory; no cooked meat is sold by butchers; and that no Frenchmen like plum-pudding,—these are some of the important truths that one is asked to submit, study, and prove, in these amusing and instructive pages. Whether the volume will supersede the present text-books remains to be seen.

"ORANGES AND ALLIGATORS," is the suggestive title of a recent publication of Ward and Downey. The authoress is Lady Duffus Hardy, eminent in letters and society. The suggestive title, however, bears but little fruit. There are no alligator stories, and the book is chiefly statistical, though compiled in the most idyllic of charming moods, and revealing a true appreciation of scenery and character. A dreamy Floridian atmosphere pervades many of the chapters, and one puts down the book, if not in love with, at least lazily curious about

The land of the possum, mosquito, and jigger,
Where the rattlesnake crawls in the burning hot sand,
And the red-bug he bites both the white man and nigger.