

THE EVERGREEN.*

A new movement has sprung up in Scotland. Its promoters, as is well for a renaissance, are young men and women, mostly artists and students, who are wide awake to the deep, uncontrollable tides of life, and have not yet met and been conquered by the ignorance and brutality of the world. They are willing to experiment and willing, we suppose, to fail, though they say nothing of that, if a higher standard is maintained because of them.

The Evergreen is their first organized output. It has been issued in four numbers, the spring and autumn numbers appearing in 1895, the summer and winter numbers in 1896. They are all handsomely bound in roughly embossed leather, beautifully printed, and acceptably decorated, though the art, it is safe to say, falls short of the literature.

The "Winter Book" is divided into four sections: Winter in Nature, in Life, in the

*The Evergreen. Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes & Colleagues. \$2.00.

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World, in the North. A gradual advancement, you see, from the general to the particular, from the external, spectacular winter to their own particular, personal, Celtic-renaescent winter. So far it is what one would expect. The value of this movement is in its motors, however, for each article is not only carefully considered and executed, but has more or less real literary flavor of its very own. Probably it is because there have been no editorial restrictions. Author and artist are allowed to "gang their ain gait." What unity there is—and not only the subject-matter, but the treatment, is surprisingly uniform—is accounted for only by the fact that a certain undercurrent of thought, either too intangible or too precious for direct expression, has drifted these souls together and bidden them write and draw.

The Seasonal would be unique and valuable even, without the work of Fiona Macleod. But with her verses and a story from her pen the strength and charm are much increased, and also, we should say, the saleability, for she is a remarkable writer, destined, alas! for popularity.

Very likely they are dreamers: the weird mysticism of the Celt is cherished to the very last degree: beyond doubt they are impractical; yet, with it all, they have made a noteworthy book of this, the closing number. Moreover, they give definite promise of the future, as the final sentence in the series proclaims:

The "Evergreen" sleeps for a season, and the "Interpreter" from his different outlook will have his say for a time.

All hail the "Interpreter!" May it merit the success it will achieve!

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