LETTER FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone has addressed the following letter to Mr. F. S. Stevenson, M.P., President of the Anglo-Armenian Association:

Dear Mr. Stevenson,—Your arguments would be very strong if addressed to one who had a choice, but I have none. I am compelled by conclusive reasons to make it an unyielding rule to renounce all public meetings and celebrations. I heartily wish well to Tuesday’s protest meeting, and I note with pleasure the multiplying signs that the people of this country do not intend to trifle with the question. The Government will require energetic support, and will, as I trust, receive it as representative on this occasion, not of a Parliamentary majority, but of the nation. So far as I have been able to observe (though I will not yet speak of the local facts), the conduct of the Sultan and Government of Turkey has, in this question been even worse than it was in Bulgaria in 1876. Whatever limited service I can render to justice and humanity in this case will be heartily and freely given.—Believe me, very faithfully yours,

Howarden Castle, Chester.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE MAY MAGAZINES.

The new number of the Yellow Book (John Lane) is notable for a fine poem by Mr. William Watson. It is called "Hymn to the Sea," and is a very successful essay in the elegiac metre. We will permit ourselves to quote the invocation:

Grant, O regal in bounty, a subtle and delicate largess;
Grant an eternal aim, out of the wealth of thy soul;
Suffer a trying minstrel, who finds and not fashions his numbers,—
Who, from the commune of air, caged the volatile song,
Here to capture and enlock some fugitive breath of thy descent,
Thine and his own as thy roar lisped on the lips of a shell,
Now while the vernal impulsion makes lyrical all that hath language,
While, through the veins of the Earth, riots the ichor of spring,
While, with throes, with raptures, with loosings of bonds, with unsayings,
Arrests and rendereth the core of the world,—
Tremors and coy unfoldings, reluctancees, sweet agitations,—
Youth, irrevocably fair, wakes like a wondering rose.

The song which the poet has caged while tarrying on the southern shore draws a series of parallels between the genius of the sea and the spirit of man:

Man with the cosmic fortunes and starry vicissitudes tangled.
Chained to the wheel of the world, blind with the dust of its speed...
Man that is called with his confines, and burdened yet more with his vastness.
Born too great for his ends, never at peace with his goal.

The poem moves throughout at a very high level of thought, and never falter in the ebb and flow of its cadence or in its choice of the felicitous word. In the same number there is "A Fleet-street Elegy," by Mr. John Davidson, which contains some fine passages, but hardly shows its author at his strongest. Among the prose contents we may notice a pleasant paper by Mr. H. D. Traill, entitled "The Papers of Basil Fillimer," and a powerful story of modern journalism—in which, however, we may hope that the agony is piled up a little too high—by Mr. James Ashcroft Noble. Among the pictures, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley’s are conspicuous—by their absence.

Miss Balfour’s Lion Story.

In the National Review the most attractive article is the continuation of Miss Balfour’s South African diary—"Twelve Hundred Miles in a Waggon." "What has been the use of coming to Africa," she exclaims.

"I have not seen either lion, crocodile, or hippopotamus." But she heard plenty of lion stories. Here is one of the "tallest" of them. It was told by a post-rider, whose horse fell sick and died on the road, so he left it and walked on:

After some time he became aware that he was being followed by a lion, which stopped when he stopped, and went on when he went on, always keeping about the same distance behind him. Evidently it meant to wait till right to spring upon him. He knew that a few miles ahead was a deep drift in a river, and on the opposite bank higher up was a farm. He went down the drift, put a large ant-heal between himself and the lion, hastily stuck his stick in the ground, and hung his hat on it so that it should just show above the top of the ant-heal, and then (still keeping the mound between himself and the lion) rushed down into the water where the bank concealed him. Then he hurried up stream till he got to the farm. Next day the ground round the ant-heal was found torn up in all directions, and the hat had been reduced to a pulp.

Colours and the Complexion.

The Nineteenth Century (Cassell, Ltd.) contains several admirable
THE PARLIAMENTARY VACANCIES.

WEST EDINBURGH.

The Press Association says that the Liberals are without a candidate and that there is a good chance of the Conservative candidate, Mr. Robert F. Smith, who had been hopeful of filling the seat, declining. The seat is now held by Mr. J. B. Menzies, a Liberal candidate, and it is expected that he will be asked to contest the seat again.

Buchanan (L) ..... 3,800
Wallace (C) ..... 3,032
Unionist majority ..... 768

Buchanan (L) ..... 3,345
Menzies (C) ..... 3,002
Unionist majority ..... 343

WALWORTH.

The Liberal Party are convinced that the Conservative candidate, Mr. J. B. Menzies, will succeed in this seat.

The situation is thus:

Buchanan (L) ..... 3,206
Buchanan (L) ..... 3,075
Unionist majority ..... 131

The Liberal candidate, Mr. R. B. Menzies, has a good chance of victory.

CROYDON.

There is no present candidate for this seat, as the vacancy occurred some time ago. Mr. J. B. Menzies, the present candidate, has a good chance of victory.

THE ARMENIAN PROTEST MEETING.

The Armenian community has addressed the following letter to Mr. F. S. Stevenson, M.P., President of the Anglo-Armenian Association:

Howard Castle, Chester.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The new number of the "Yehuda" (The New Year) is notable for a fine poem by Mr. William Wallace. It is called "A Hymn to the Sea," and is a very successful essay in the elegiac metre. We will permit ourselves to quote the opening lines:

The valley of the stream;

The beauty of the sea;

The song which the poet expresses in vaporous phrases on the southern coast of America, a series of parallels between the sea and the spirit of man:

The <insert text here> of the poem moves throughout a very high level of thought, and never falls either into the ebb or flow of his cadence or in its choice of words. The poet is as follows:


THE MAY MAGAZINE.

The new volume of "The May Magazine" is notable for a fine poem by Mr. William Wallace. It is called "A Hymn to the Sea," and is a very successful essay in the elegiac metre. We will permit ourselves to quote the opening lines:

The valley of the stream;

The beauty of the sea;

The song which the poet expresses in vaporous phrases on the southern coast of America, a series of parallels between the sea and the spirit of man:

The <insert text here> of the poem moves throughout a very high level of thought, and never falls either into the ebb or flow of his cadence or in its choice of words. The poet is as follows: