her moral, development. The little preface is a touching tribute to the dead woman's personality; and it is her personality that inspires her poems. The above statement found in the present number of the Athenæum is the first verse:—

"Row, it's singing, and becomes us all
To think how fast our time of being fades;
Pleasant thoughts, sweet, sweet, light, bright, and gay,
And weeps, deep, in the red and yellow glades,
And know, at every hour of life, that the
For the last time, alas!

If Mr. Dalman chooses to work, he may have a future: but his art, like all the arts, demands devotion, labour, patience. Poets are not only born, they are made.

The reason that the "Jester" contains two excellent things: a capital humorous poem, and a admirable title-page by "Phil May." The comic draughtsmen show to great advantage in his sentimental presentment of the wittered jester, and the sentiment is not to equal advantage in his "My Cousin from Pall Mall" (a Lay of Melbourne). Mr. Patchett Martin's colonial experience is used to the full in the lay, which begins with the exact assertion:—

"There's nothing that exasperates a true Australian youth, Whatever be his rank in life, be he cultured or uncouth.

The cousin from Pall Mall says all the things he would say, and the exasperation of the Victorian increases until—after the glorious scene—"It's a sad vision of the aerial mass, in the sky, and the earth. As the cousin from Pall Mall will say, "This may be well," by the cousin who prefers Pall Mall—there is what the newspapers call "a tragedy"!—

But suddenly he said his death. He gave one dreadful

And no, most dear to him, that night returned with him.

We are not certain that it was worth while to reprint an extensive poem of 1830, and judging by a remark that he has drop in the introduction, we would like to know if he has doubts about it, too. Mr. Stoddart's genius is caressed upon ill-assimilated verses of Shelley and Keats, munders somewhat through dreary cantoons, or, as he well calls, chimes.

Here and there is a phrase which shows promise, this description of rare stars, for instance:—

Unmarried and unaged, one by one
Lay down their heads in the bottomless
But as Mr. Stoddart died in 1830, and the promise was fulfilled, it had been better to leave the whole thing to oblivion. In any case, the moral of his poems is not properly expressed, in spite of the absolute justice and finality of its criticism. It begins—

"O warmy Thomas Stoddart, who inherited
Great ideas, and won by his philosophy, words, and rare!
Tell me, my friend, why is that the reason you cowards
In all you say and do, is that you are afraid of
Too much, for niggards, such as have affluence
What you do, and the great and noble thing
That has in your heart a love that is as

The half-dozen minor poems which fill out the volume contain four good lines:—

"Daedalus

Acturus on his chariot, Pale
Leading his sons—a very slight

Over the world!

We fear that Mr. Stoddart's poetry was but one of many worthless by-products of the Romantic movement.

EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE.

Is the Educational Ideal (Jabotin & Co.) Mr. J. P. Munro or McNee, for he spells his name one way on the title-page and another on the cover? He clearly sets himself the interesting but difficult task of sketching an outline of the growth in the educational and intellectual ideas of the modern mind. And does this, not by framing a continuous detailed account of the slow and gradual changes and advances that have been made year by year, but, rather, by pointing out the larger and more general manner of education, by giving a series of biographical sketches of the great thinkers and writers who in educational affairs have moulded the whole course of thought? The chapters are arranged in as many subsequences. He begins with the revolt against mediocrity, which is a characteristic feature of the sixteenth century. He brings before his readers a succession of picturesque personages. The further he goes, the more notable are the statesmen and the heads of education. Among the most interesting is the Duke of Gloucester, containing Babelshe, Francis Bacon, Montaigne, Comenius, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and his disciple Froebel; and then a group of women, some charming, all excellent, who remain a power in the educational world of to-day. Mr. Munro's chapters are eminently readable, and will interest many outside the rather arid world of professional pedagogues. His portraits of the educational reformers are well drawn, and their views are expressed with clearness and a laudable attempt to be impartial; but he has a difficulty in being quite fair to the German reformers, and it is a pity he does not mention the free education by, and to, the chartered schools. He seems to think that no good thing could possibly spring from the Jesuits, who, as he tells us, at one time directed the theological and philosophical teaching in more than eighty universities. While inadequate commendation is awarded to the educational system of the Society, one of the best chapters in the book is devoted to it and its opponents, the monks and nuns of Port Royal, and to Fénelon. There is a wonderful wealth of available precept in the half-forgotten, seldom opened books of the writers and thinkers whom he mentions. The chapters on Comenius, Fénelon, even Locke and Rousseau, are, we fear, but names; and yet their pregnant figures are especially rich in Comenius—"the only human figure I have ever seen," says Mr. Munro, and might be considered advanced in a modern textbook. As the educational writers approach our own time they become more excited, not to say hysterical in speech. Rousseau and Pestalozzi, in particular, are mentioned with great emphasis. Milton and Montaigne, however, Mr. Munro himself succumbs frequently to this tendency, and constructs sentences of much sound, but so far as we are concerned, a little too big a meaning; for instance, he has a wonderful statement about the "retention of the sphere of knowledge," and in his chapter on Pestalozzi after pointing out the position of the Hoëbe in the Pestalozian system, he says, "Upon this we are building, with many pauses, with many false notes, with many useless repetitions, the symphony of the world. We can only say that, in the world of music, may become harmonious with the music of the spheres." These and similar turgid passages disfigure an otherwise commendable volume.

The late Miss Biss, it is hardly necessary to say, was a woman of great energy and distinguished powers of organization, who did signal service in promoting the education of the children of London. Never to be found in Miss Ridley's volume, Frances Mary Bosse and her Work for Education (Longmans), is not more clearly arranged. The book will interest those who have already knowledge of Miss Biss's remarkable career, but it will prove bewildering to the general public. This is all the more to be regretted that Miss Ridley's tone and temper are so admirable, and she appears to possess every qualification for her task except literary skill.

LIBRARIES OF FICTION.

In Sleeping Fires (Fishier Unwin) Mr. George Gissing has added to the "Autonomy Library" a story which, without his name on the title-page, would have been overlooked by many of his readers upon the author's "Eve's Random," It is a brave venture in a new style, and seems to show that Mr. Gissing might, if he were to devote his thoughts to more popular subjects, perhaps to gain more readers than he has ever had. It is an intimate story of life, and in its delicate method and more attractive characters than his earlier stories have accustomed us to look for from his pen. This impression is due, perhaps, partly to "plotting," partly to "Sleeping Fires" that to the whole execution of the design, which is of a somewhat variable strength. The drawing of the women is not quite equal to that of the men, though the attempt is made with brilliancy and precision, which is no small thing. The characters are drawn with a touch of suffering and a lightness which is more attractive. The contrast between the two is that of a Greek sky and a lightly touched background of Greek reminiscence, that Mr. Gissing has secured his best effects, and justifies the impression already recorded. If we add that the author struggles with a problem in morals, and solves it by the methods of the present generation rather than by those of the generations that lived before us, it is not with any tragedy of life, or with the common fashion with which we have grown hardened to the commonplace, and to spare of latter-day moralities. Mr. Gissing is sane and delicate: he may have sacrificed some of the intensities that a keen spirit woman will have them, but he has chosen, he has worked out his story on a straight and sensible line. He does not, however, commend his scholar to our good opinion. Our final judgment is that the board-library at Cornish with an article. "Non habemus angelorum arboris in loco, excepto magis" is not the proper form for such a book.

The Paying Guest (Cassel & Co.), a contribution to the "Pocket Library," carries one back into the town-fringe atmosphere, with its colour, its sound and its atmosphere, wherein Mr. Gissing has made many of his earlier studies. Mr. Gissing is English and Englishmen and women of a particular type and within a limited range. This almost plotless tale of the Munrods and the Higginsons, of the well-behaved heroine and the wrongways, is sufficiently jocose. It is also a little commonplace in its surroundings, with an absence of delicate delineation—a reflection not upon the adequacy of the book, but upon the character of his selected model.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Roadside: the Story of Three Parrots, by E. M. Harris (Redway), is of the company of books that are often said to be the border of sensational writing, to have "nothing in them."
Admirers of delicate imaginations and pleasant vagaries about nothing in particular have always been delighted with "Rebecca" to their taste. It is only a whimsical sketch of a little girl's quaint fancies and odd dreams. The style of writing is vague and cloudy, too ingeniously, and yet the book is perfect. The notion of a child falling asleep and dreaming strange things has been the matter of many a story, known or unknown. The author of "Rebecca" is not, however, a profound poet. The three parrots which repeat their various experiences and in the ear of the sleeping child are curious and often entertaining language. The book is rather dull, and in some parts far beyond all the probable thoughts and aspirations of an eleven-year-old child, however thoughtful and imaginative nature and an uncommon upbringing may have made her. In spite of a rather weak decision and overmuch digestion, there is grace and charm in the personality of the child herself, and in most of the people and places introduced. Rosalind's own household is too lengthy described, perhaps, yet it forms a pleasant and not unskilful prose. For the tales of the old Hampton Court parrots, especially the story of the madwoman in the garden, it is all delightfully quaint and unaccountably moving. The birds are endowed with a far deeper understanding of their keepers than they are usually credited with, and the moment a child bât and their little listener must not be forgotten. The book is delicately tinged with the humor and sadness of child-life and human existence generally, and is in every way an uncommon volume.

The book-collectors are evidently going to be inundated with Burns literature provoked by the centenary of his death, and at any moment specimens of his works may be bought for a song. We refer to it, however, because there are two very pretty books by the name of "The Waverley Novels." We have received a copy of the graceful eulogy published by the Duc d'Anne on the occasion of the death of Charles Dickens. It is interesting to note that the first edition came a penny-paper is especially remarkable. The fashions are extremely interesting, as reminding us of what a newspaper was in the days when railways and railroads were mere visions of the electric telegraph was but beginning. It was the time when Mr. Hudson was in his glory, and numberless railways were projected. The South-Western Railway was proposing to advance from its front to "Author Bridge," and at a meeting reported in the fashions the chair-

The same (Smithers) declines to be considered an offshoot of the Yellow Book, and although many of the contributors are the same, it is free from some of the offences of the older period. Indeed, the cover is rather more of the cover is lighter, but the quarto page is handsome, and the volume is light. The chief feature is the first instalment of a story by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, which is illustrated with a very fine woodcut. Mr. Yeats's lines are characteristic of that notable writer. Mr. Symons contribute a clever article on Duppee and a fine poem on "The Window." Mr. Shaw's article, which opens the number, suoi from want of taste, and Mr. Wedmore's tale is much ado about nothing. Mr. Pennell's sketch on the Thames is happy, and his article on "Woodcut" deals with what may be new to him, but is familiar to those interested in woodcuts.

We reviewed some time ago an interesting and evidently truthful account given by the Marquis de Brézé, the attempted restoration of the Comte de Chambord to the throne of France in 1873. His history of the Royalist party—1872 to 1883—will be remembered, published under the title of "Le Roi," by the Librairie Académique Ferrin, of Paris. M. de Brézé-Brézé, whose work has gone through several editions, has now published through the same firm his second volume, which is the more difficult for us to understand, and of which the importance, and, generally speaking, may be said to prove the truth of his previous assertions. The little book is sold for a few sous—less evidently than its cost—and the author's example may be commended to all who are dealing with points of modern history. It often happens that a book on modern history will produce a controversy, and a controversy is more difficult for us to understand than for us to find the items in the correspondence, and the important newspaper articles in which new points are elucidated. If the example here pursued was generalized, it would be a gain to history. The controversy turns partly on the offer to the Prince de Joinville of the Lieutenancy-Generalship by General Changarier, in the name of a group of royalists. The Prince de Joinville also has published "Souvenirs" since that time, and there is something amusing in the present recollection of the bearing of his book in the present collection of this book. The rest of the book turns on the name of the Comte de Chambord for making public his real view about the white flag, and for thus blowing to pieces the arrangements of his friends. The reason has been pretty clear all along. It is that the Comte de Chambord was essentially an honest man, and that he did not think the procedure of the Royalist deputies entirely, as well as that of the 1868 election, was in his favor in the elections of 1868.