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Chase, in the spirit of the early art. Whether or not we can raise the fine divinity of the first days, the patient labor devoted to the beauty of the soul, and quite unlike the self-consciousness we can, if we please Mr. Morris could, wrote for beauty and spare no effort to attain it. Historiated capitals and illuminated borders are words nothing unless the designs are made with skill and the color added with an educated appreciation of the effect, upon the page. We find little of this in the illustrations to the text of "Upland Pastures" by Mr. Theodorl W. H. Tugnott. Remembering the lovely ornamentation with which Mr. Morris illustrated the Oscar Kihlman, from which specimen pages have just been reproduced in Horner's Magazine, it is easy to realize how unadorned such designs as the borders of flowers at the beginning and end of "Upland Pastures," and the little shield on the index page of the "Rubesian and Turner." And if we compare these with such beautifull design as may be seen in the old illuminated manuscripts— a Book of Hours of the thirteenth century French, for example, with its twirled borders, in which each branch is lovingly and exquisitely portrayed, or in similar in which the materials contrive figures and names enough, but not constant with the observer — then we feel that Mr. Hubbard is too content with inferiority. If noimone does in fact put obligations upon us, a boyázard who can appreciate good craftsmanship should institute only good art.

But Mr. Hubbard's standard of taste on ornament is perhaps explained by his standard of literary discrimination. It is not put into the mouth of the man who wrote "The Stones of Venice" such phrases as "considerable merit," but it does not hesitate to the light of literary customs by telling his readers that "only Americans give a fig for art," whereas the English let the kneller fall but once, and by complaining that in American houses we have "shelves that are merely boxes at stated times by gentlemen of color, just as they are supposed to do in their native Cen- tral America," and that American houses are "haunts of those that are feebly born," at the hours we choose, forgetting to add, "at least 'tis so in East Aurora." And in his more or less intemperate attacks on the famous lives of Turner and Turner he selects for detailed comment the most disgraceful and inhuman incidents, such as the deplorable treatment of Russian and the important story of Turner's relation with his "harem"—as Mr. Hubbard elects to call her. This book is illustrated by photographs of Turner's masterpieces, which add much to its beauty and inform.