"Thus questioned they who watched the Ægean Sea
Stretch up white arms to drag the diver down,
And they who waked to find Thermopylæ
Scarlet and white with glory overblown.

"Tears dropped, even then, in that far early world,—
Dropped on the soft face of the fresh-turned earth;
And curses gathered by despair were hurled
By mortal sorrow in her primal birth.

"But the young runner grasped his wreath, and died;
Antinoüs loved, and plunged him in the deep;
The goal attained,— world's glory and world's pride,—
Life held no more, they said, and sank to sleep."

The refined feeling and good taste displayed in these verses are qualities that they share in common with most of the contents of the volume in which they occur.

Professor W. C. Lawton has collected the verses that a vagrant and impulsive Muse have from time to time constrained him to write, and published them in a volume of marked mechanical individuality. A series of illustrative cuts, happily fitted to the various texts, add to the attractiveness of the little book. Occasional pieces, classical reminiscences, and *impressions de voyage* are the chief contents of a collection distinguished for culture, ideality, and a certain *naïveté* that does not detract from the general charm. As well as anything, perhaps, we like the graceful tribute to the memory of Professor Merriam, from which this extract is made:

"Far and far away
The sun is bright on Hellas' hills to-day;
And he who best of all our eager race
The deep-cut word, the artist's line, could trace,
Has reached the city of the violet crown,
Only in dreamless sleep to lay him down.
Too soon completed is his absent year.
He knows not time nor distance, far or near:
Perchance in loving thought he is among us here."

Professor Merriam, it will be remembered, died a little over a year ago, at Athens, whither he had gone to spend his "sabbatical year" of vacation from Columbia College. It is true of Professor Lawton's verse that

"Every chord has rung a thousand times
To the firm touch of masters new and old,"

but this is no reason why they should remain unplucked by the hands of the younger generation, and it is safe to add that they are not likely to suffer such neglect.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has practised many forms of the literary craft, bringing to them all capacity and serious purpose. But none of his other ventures (as far as known to us) have been a source of quite the satisfaction with which we have read his recently-collected volume of verse. It includes four sections — songs, sonnets, *vers de société*, and pieces "in more serious mood,"— and it would be a pleasure to illustrate them all. Space failing, we will be content with a sonnet and this pair of quatrains upon a familiar text from Dante — "In la sua voluntade è nostra pace."

"Peace? Can we find it in this world of trial,
Where battles fierce and every form of ill
And pain and sorrow and hard self-denial
Our checkered lives from birth to death must fill?

"Peace? peace? How sweet the word and tender!
Its very sound should wrangling discords still!
And I might find it if I would surrender
Myself and my will to His perfect will."

It is a pity that one of these lines should be scant, but the defect is easily remedied. The sonnet we wish to quote is the second of two on "Beethoven."

"I love the ocean's glorious symphonies
In nature's everlasting solitudes;
The deep adagio of its peaceful moods;
Its light allegro when the white-caps rise;
Its minor when the sunset zephyr dies;
Its mighty major when the storm-cloud broods
And sweeps the straining harp-string of the woods,
And far on high the foaming water flies!

"So when Beethoven's magic music swells,
Like voices of the angels heard in sleep,
My spirit to its utmost depths is stirred
As though a more majestic sea I heard,
As though some sunken city's silver bells
Swung palpitating in the purple deep."

Mr. Dole's verse has melody rather than harmony, fancy rather than imagination, wit rather than humor; but its command of these lighter qualities is easy, and its utterance nearly always pleasing.

Miss Litchfield's volume is well named "Mimosa Leaves," for its every page gives evidence of a sensitive nature, and the tremulous quality of the verse is one of its noticeable characteristics. The poems — mostly short semi-impulsive pieces — reveal an outlook upon life somewhat saddened, yet tempered by a faith that the dark mysteries of sorrow are somehow part of a divine plan, and that the heart of things is not pain. This attitude finds its fullest expression in two poems, "In the Hospital" and "Beyond the Hospital," too lengthy to be used for illustration. We select instead the characteristic stanzas entitled "Courage."

"Hast thou made shipwreck of thy happiness?
Yet, if God please,
Thou 'lt find thee some small haven none the less,
In nearer seas,
Where thou may 'st sleep for utter weariness,
If not for ease.

"The port thou dreamedst of thou shalt never reach,
Though gold its gates,
And wide and fair the silver of its beach,
For sorrow waits
To pilot all whose aims too far outreach,
Towards darker straits.

"Yet so no soul divine thou art astray
On this cliff's crown
Plant thou a victor flag ere breaks the day
Across night's brown,
And none shall guess it doth but point the way
Where a bark went down."

Miss Litchfield's versification is often faulty, and she has not been well-advised in making the anapæstic measure her favorite form. It is the most difficult of all our fundamental rhythms, and the failure to handle it is conspicuous in the present instance.

That the poetic tradition of California, so well established by Mr. Harte, Mr. Stoddard, and Mr. Miller, has not been permitted to lapse with the