

without finding as so many do that love satiates and beauty fades. It is true that he was not sure of his future fame; but would he have been more sure at eighty? Who ever is? And the thought of what he lost is less than of what he escaped.

I recommend this book to you as a startlingly human piece of writing — a making clearer of such great personalities as Gray and Cowper, Voltaire and Edward Fitzgerald. In the introduction, we find something of Mr. Bradford's creed as a writer of these studious and brilliant portraits:

Yet, in spite of such undeniably erratic and unusual manifestations, the impression of common humanity in all these great letter-writers must, I think, far outweigh any sense of eccentricity or exception. In the intense vitality of Voltaire, in the shy seclusion of Gray, in the timid obsessions of Cowper, in the frolic, all-dissolving merriment of Lamb, in the eager and passionate indolence of Fitzgerald, we must all surely find traces and touches of our own hearts. And these splendid masters of words have used them mainly to lay bare the inmost secrets not of their own souls only, but of yours and mine and everyone's.

Psychography

I SHOULD like to know what Amy Lowell will think when she reads Gamaliel Bradford's portrait of John Keats in "Bare Souls" (Harper). It seems to me a beautiful piece of writing; but Miss Lowell will undoubtedly find that it differs much from her own interpretation of the gentle poet. I like this paragraph of Mr. Bradford's:

Love and glory killed him. The loss to the world has often been harped upon. Yet perhaps it was better to have left only those odes and sonnets and "Hyperion" than to have piled volume upon volume which no one would have time to read. As for himself, who can deplore his fate? He went believing in the endless possibility of love, the endless possibility of beauty,