

well as singers. Mr. Winter has long been the poet of friendships—of warm-hearted, almost of womanly attachment to persons. There is never a forced note in his verse of reminiscence, of generous fellowship, of eulogy. It is invidious to speak of one poem as better than another, when all express so well the heart of the man; but one that, like a good painting hung in the every-day room, calls from us every morning a glad note of recognition, is the beautiful tribute to George Arnold, which is called "A Reverie." It is possible to find in his best pieces, as there were in the exquisitely fresh and beautiful measures of Wordsworth, prosaic words—words so homely of feature that one questions why they were invited to a company when they could not dance. There are also phrases once fresh and welcome, when they first had a card for the dance, but have been so beaten about that they belong to the winds. They live best in the company with which they grew up. They are, like an old beau in the ballroom, of finer manners perhaps than the company they have fallen in with. It would be unkind to the reader to point them out. Let him find them if he can. Many will welcome such old friends. We all, like the traditional old lady, have our dreamy "Mesopotamian" words, worth all the rest of the sermon.

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The Poems of William Winter. Author's Edition, with a Portrait. New York: Moffatt, Yard & Co. \$2 net.

A vein of sadness runs thru this latest collection of a life's poems by William Winter. Like a November day the evening of hope and promise, natural to youth, seems to have come on early, with a little gathering of mist which, later, was to be driven away perhaps by the lamplight and glow of friendship. That his friends were many is amply indicated by the many graceful partings, when absence was to be temporary; wistful *au revoirs*, when the meetings elsewhere were only to be hoped for. His measures are always of the long-accepted order, never the bold inventions of the riming *nouveaux riches*, who nowadays help themselves to the manifold product of the shops and sometimes get a collection of rhythmic "longs and shorts" worth patenting, but oftener do not. As a poet, Mr. Winter could hardly have had very warm sympathetic relations with such. The old melodies that send a thrill of delight among the contented every-day folk—measures so deftly managed by Longfellow, hallowed by Whittier, made rich and warm by the wit of Holmes—measures varied enough for the uses of those who wished to put thought, beauty and human passion into verse—thinkers as