Isopel Berners. By George Borrow. Edited by Thomas Seccombe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

The lovers of Borrow are born, not made, and if one wishes to test his congenital qualifications for joining their circle he can do no better than to read the adventures of Lavengro in the dingle as presented in this volume. If he does not relish the fight with the Flaming Tinman, the debates with the Papish Spy and Isopel's lessons in Armenian, he need follow Borrow no further, no matter how humiliated he may be that he is not able to show the enthusiasm of his friends for the vagrant philologist. The introduction gives a very good account of the life of the author and his attempts at truthful autobiography.

Collected Verses. By Alfred Cochrane. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This is an exceptionally good collection of light and occasional verse.

"Herein are neither 'dancing stars,'
Nor epic hymns of Life and Time:
No Love, no Death, no 'giant wars,'
No measures lofty or sublime.

"[But] country life, serene and sweet,
A respite from the dust of town,
The straggling, red-roofed village street,
The wind that pipes across the down.

"Rose gardens, wet with morning dews, And April blackbirds in the lane, Gray churches, hid amid the yews, With saints and shields upon the pane.

"Then the old customs, lingering still,
Amid the world's untrodden nooks,
Old faiths, old fashions, if you will,
Old prints, old bindings, and old books."

A thorough simplicity of thought and versification, a pensive, reminiscent mood, a vein of quaintness, a touch of old-

fashioned sentiment, a mild philosophic detachment from the immediate present, and a tendency to look at life through the spectacles of the past—such are the chief characteristics of these agreeable Their humor, for the sum of verses. all these qualities makes up a kind of humor in itself, is perhaps less American than English. It consists neither in the extravagance of the idea or of the statement, nor in the sudden disclosure of some violent absurdity, but rather in a sort of ambiguous balance between jest and earnest, together with a good natured conviction that there is at bottom very little to choose between human folly and a great deal that passes for human wisdom.

The Iberian. Anglo-Greek Play. By Osborn R. Lamb. With music by H. Claiborne Dixon. New York: Ames & Rollinson Press. \$2.00.

Old attempts to write Greek plays in English were never conspicuous for success. Nor is this one. Its plan (plot is a term it hardly deserves) is of the slenderest. The antique form has been followed in the unities of time, place and theme; and chorus and semi-chorus are employed for interludes of song. conceit, as our forefathers would have called it, is rather daintily pretty in outline, and in the hands of a poet something beautiful might have been made of But the idea is somewhat crudely handled and the author's verse, while sufficiently varied in meter, is for the most part decidedly commonplace. Claiborne Dixon, a young English composer, has furnished incidental music, including a prelude and three choral hymns, which appears from the pianoforte arrangement printed with the play to be of about the same order of merit as Mr. Lamb's verse. It does not call for extended comment.

Dictionary of Contemporary Quotations (English). By Helena Shaw. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

Those who wish to renew their stock of quotations will find this book valuable for that purpose, and any reader will enjoy looking it through. There are some 5,000 quotations from British and American poets included, arranged topically, and well indexed. The word

to include any poetry written since 1850, and even before. Every reader will wonder why some verses are in-

"contemporary" is liberally construed

cluded and why some are not, but the same objection could be raised against any quotation book, even one of the reader's own compilation when he reads it over after many years.

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