

adornments to the volume, and there is a photograph of Mrs. Jackson's grave on Cheyenne Mountain. Recognizing the artistic excellence and fitness of a considerable part of the photogravures, we trust that this is not the definitive illustration which such a body of rare and delicate verse is to receive.

### POEMS OF HELEN JACKSON.\*

THE more familiar initials, "H. H.," are found on the title-page of this holiday edition of Mrs. Jackson's poems only in the ornamental wreath below the title. A very speaking likeness with the autograph, "Helen Jackson," fronts this page. The quantity of her finished verse is sufficient to make a volume of more than two hundred and sixty pages, printed in the admirable style of the University Press, each poem being adorned with a small initial letter. The artist is M. Émile Bayard. In the case of a writer so little picturesque and so deeply thoughtful and meditative as Mrs. Jackson, the selection of a French artist to illustrate her work seems to us not a happy choice. The full-page photogravures (in themselves works of art, excellently reproduced) have a tone and spirit which, to our mind, do not harmonize with Mrs. Jackson's. The illustration for "The Christmas Symphony," for instance, has a decidedly theatrical atmosphere, quite out of keeping with the beautiful stanzas it accompanies. That unsurpassed poem, "Spinning," depicts an angel blessing the distaff in the blind one's hands; but the figure would have been more appropriate to the close than to the beginning of the verses. M. Bayard's thoroughly French nature appears in such illustrations as "In the Pass," where he has so far disregarded the indications of the poem, in his desire for mere picturesqueness, as to represent the guide and the traveler gazing through a real stone arch in the mountain. The illustration to "Fallow" represents haying and harvesting going on, and golden fruit hanging on the trees, at one and the same time; Mrs. Jackson cannot be called faithful to the seasons in her lines, but M. Bayard goes beyond her. On the other hand, in the illustration to "Esther" M. Bayard is thoroughly at home on a congenial subject. The portraits of Emerson and Charlotte Cushman are real

\* Poems of Helen Jackson. Illustrated. Roberts Brothers. \$3.00.