

III

Nay, ere ye pass your people pass,
As snow on summer hills,
As dew upon the grass,
As one that love fulfills,
If he in folly wills
Love a lass.

Yet on this night of smiles and tears
A maiden is the theme.
The universe appears
An idle summer dream
Lost in the grey supreme
Mist of years.

For she is all the self I own,
And all I want of will.
She speaks not, and is known.
Her window shining chill
Whispers "He lingers still.
I am alone."

Honolulu, May 1901.

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IV

But to-night the lamp must be wasted,
And the delicate heart must ache,
And the sweet lips moan untasted,
My lady lie lonely awake.
The night is taken from love, and love's guerdon
Is life and its burden.

To-night if I turn to my lover
I must ask: If she be? who am I?
To-night if her heart I uncover
No heart in the night I espy
I am grips with the question of eld, and the
sphinx holds fast
My eyes to the past.

Who am I, when I say I languish?
Who is she, if I call her mine?
And the fool's and the wise man's anguish
Are burnt in the bitter shrine.
The god is far as the stars, and the wine and fire
Salt with desire.

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Recent Books

One of the most interesting re-issues of the present season is Marion Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis* (Macmillan, 8/6). Formerly issued in two bulky volumes, its price was prohibitive to the general book-buyer. In its present convenient form, with all the original illustrations, many who have made, or are about to make the pilgrimage to Rome, will be glad to possess this brilliant and systematic survey of the monuments of the Eternal City.

From the same publishers there have lately appeared Oliphant's *Rome and Reform* (2 vols., 21/-), and Professor Gau's *Pompeii, its Life and Art* (10/6). The former covers the ground traversed by Ranke's History of the Popes, to which the author pays due tribute. New documents have since come to light, which make the present work welcome. It is written from the protestant standpoint, but in the main it is studiously fair.

The latter volume is a veritable museum of ancient Pompeii, and the illustrations are on the most lavish scale.

Hutton's "*Italy and the Italians*" (Blackwood 6/-), is an extremely able study of the nation, the progress of which is watched with satisfaction by every Englishman. Mr. Hutton is a very young author, but this work and its predecessor, "*Studies in the Lives of the Saints*", show him to be possessed of both knowledge and style. His enthusiasm for Italy may cause his views of its future to be somewhat too roseate, for, in spite of the hopes entertained by the achievement of the union under the House of Savoy, there are many problems before her politicians that demand the most anxious thought. To all students we commend this scholarly volume, as giving the best account of Italy as it is.

Yet another book on Italy merits attention. Mr. Balton King's "*Italy of to-day*" placed him in the forefront of modern historians. He has followed this up by a careful and discriminating study of *Mezzini* (Dent 4/6). In the delightful format inseparable from the works issued from Aldine House, the reader will discover all that is to be known of one of the most complex characters of the nineteenth century. If Mezzini achieved less in the sphere of practical politics than Garibaldi and Cavour, it was his enthusiasm and ideas which led abler statesmen to reap the harvest; which his peculiar temper made impossible for himself.

In *The Pearl-Maiden* (Longmans 6/-), Mr. Rider Haggard has returned to the style which in "*She*" and "*Cleopatra*" found him so many admirers. The scene of the story opens at caesarea, where Herod Agrippa in the height of his power, is giving a great show in honour of the Emperor Claudius. The slaughter of Christians by the lions in the arena is followed by a glowing description of Jerusalem. The fall of the city, and the unutterable horrors of the siege, are depicted with a practised hand. The book inevitably challenges both "*Quo Vadis*" and "*The last Days of Pompeii*". It is not so great a book as either, but we promise the most jaded reader many a thrill before he reaches the last page.

Mr. George Gissing's *The Private Papers of Henry Rycroft* (Constable, 6/-) is rather an autobiography than a novel. In it he records the struggles and opinions of a literary man with a distinction of style, which few modern writers possess. Mr. Gissing's work has never been appreciated by the general reader as it deserves to be, yet there is no writer living who surpasses him in depicting the life of the English middle classes.