



From the *Whit-Vertue Portrait, or Vertue* (1725).

John Milton.

"No other person in his day was so well acquainted with the features of Milton, so largely employed in reproducing the known portraits of him, or more scrupulously faithful in doing so. When engaged on his series of 'Twelve Heads of the Poets,' it may well be supposed to have been a reasonable ambition of Vertue to produce, from a careful comparison of the various authentic portraits, a print which, without being a servile copy of any of them, should embody his own ideal of the features of the Poet."—J. F. Marsh "On the Engraved Portraits of Milton."

into all known languages. Some of the difficulties of translation are touched upon by Mr. Canton; the well-known and still unsettled dispute regarding the Chinese word which may prove the least misleading equivalent for "God"; and the frequently expressed desire of Baptists to have "immersion" substituted for "baptism." It is also to the credit of the Society that it has given birth to a numerous offspring which enthusiastically follow the lead of the parent society in its world-wide work. The Society may be congratulated on this noble record of a noble work, and on the ample fulfilment of that prospect and work of which fifty years ago it became vividly conscious, and which are alluded to in Mr. Canton's closing sentences: "As Balboa in Darien, when he beheld the South Sea stretching in endless expanse below him, fell on his knees, and, lifting his hands to heaven, returned thanks to God, so the Society, contemplating the amplitude of its undertaking—to make the Book known among the nations, to publish it to the ends of the earth, to give it to all people in their several languages and dialects and tongues"—bowed down 'beneath a sense of gratitude and of overwhelming responsibility.'"

MARCUS DODS.

ELIZABETH IN RÜGEN.*

Elizabeth has left her garden, her babies, and her Man of Wrath for a few days. Accompanied by her maid Gertrud she has set out in her own carriage to drive round the island of Rügen: and you are sure when you have read her Adventures that no one ever did anything quite so amusing and delightful before. That is Elizabeth's secret. She talks sometimes of life's dry, dusty days, but she persuades you that the greyest day and the most crossgrained circumstances would turn golden and pleasant in her company. If she has an egg for supper she can make that egg more entertaining than some writers can make a pirate: and her descriptions of the seas and forests and flowers and brown sails of Rügen

* "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen." By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." 6s. (Macmillan.)

rejoice the reader as vividly as memories. The book is all sunshine and laughter: the little misadventures of travel and its abounding compensations. It gives some solid information, too, about roads and pathways and hotels: tells you which places are crowded and which quiet: where you may be in the shade of forests or sun-baked and sea-blown on a flowery plain. She begins her wanderings with an adventure that would have put most people out of humour. Her maid and she jump from the carriage to avoid a motor car, and her coachman August never misses them, but drives on for miles. They have to trudge through the dust, hot and tired and hungry, and finally jolt into Putbus in a cart. "Poor August had had the worst of it," says Elizabeth when her remorseful coachman finds her again. At Lauterbach she had a bad supper in "the loveliest nook in the world." Next day she hires "a fishing smack with golden sails and a fisherman with a golden beard," and sails to the islet of Vilm. "If you love out-of-door beauty, wide stretches of sea and sky, mighty beeches, dense bracken, meadows radiant with flowers, chalky levels purple with gentians, solitude, and economy, go and spend a summer at Vilm." She goes on to Göhren and finds it crowded. In the hotel restaurant "all the children of Germany" are "putting knives into their artless mouths," and "devouring their soup with a passionate enthusiasm." The only bedroom she can have here has eight beds in it, and one small iron washstand containing a basin and a water-bottle. She can only have this one night because next day eight people are coming to occupy the beds and share the washstand for six weeks. This will surprise English readers until they get further on in the book and come to the eminent Professor who travels with his night attire under his clothes and a spare pair of socks in his pocket.

When Elizabeth leaves Göhren she goes to Thiessow, and there the thing she dreads befalls her. She meets someone she knows. Her silent maid and her coachman have not disturbed her. For three days she has journeyed in the peace and solitude her soul desires. But from the bathing hut at Thiessow she slips from a wet plank into the very arms of her cousin Charlotte, the young wife of the celebrated Professor Nieberlein. Charlotte is strenuous and emancipated. She has not seen her husband for a year, she talks like her pamphlets, which are all about the wrongs of women, and she asks Elizabeth "what she has done with her life." Elizabeth mentions "a row of babies," and Charlotte observes that "a cat achieves exactly the same thing." But next day she thrusts her company on Elizabeth, and when the ladies get to Binz they meet the Harvey-Brownes. Mrs. Harvey-Browne is an English clergywoman, the wife of a bishop, and she pursues Charlotte for the sake of the celebrated Professor. The Harvey-Brownes are for ever talking about the Professor. They spent a whole winter in Bonn hunting him. But Mrs. Harvey-Browne avoids all contact with obscurer foreigners, and when an old man in a waterproof and a green felt hat takes a seat at her table she sends him off. Of course, he turns out to be the Professor, and of course he is as amusing and likable as every one else in this delightful book. He puts one arm round Elizabeth, and one arm round his wife, and makes love to both. He comes near making love to Mrs. Harvey-Browne's maid, whom he takes for her daughter. All he asks of women is that they should be "little and round and soft," and he absolutely refuses to take any woman seriously. Perhaps it is not surprising that his wife was dissatisfied. But Elizabeth seems to like the little old rosy Professor, and with her usual insight she wishes her cousin could laugh at her husband instead of taking him seriously. The rest of Elizabeth's adventures turn on her efforts to bring the husband and wife together. She does not get rid of them, or of the Harvey-Brownes, until the eleventh day, when she has to return home. She was happiest at Lauterbach and Wiek, and most wretched at Göhren. But she makes her readers happy from the beginning to the end.

CECILY SIDGWICK.

MR. HENRY HARLAND'S NEW NOVEL.*

Whatever ground there may be to complain of the "growing distaste of the many for the higher kinds of poetry," we gladly take the continuing vogue of Mr. Henry Harland as a sign that the erring multitude are, at all events, developing a nicer palate for fiction, and a capacity for appreciating the better sort of it. For Mr. Harland does not offer them any highly spiced sensations; he does not deal in shrieking murders or horribly muffled mysteries, or palpitating sex problems, or any of the score of raw delights for which the many are believed to have an insatiable craving. With no ingenuity of plot or picturesque violence of incident, with no other magic, indeed, than an airy deftness of characterisation and a delicate charm of style Mr. Harland makes his appeal to the public, and the fact that "The Cardinal's Snuff-box" is already in its hundred and fifth thousand is a circumstance that is scarcely less creditable to the much-maligned many than to the author himself.

Mr. Harland is not unlike those painters whose genius expresses itself more in a miraculous perfection of colouring than in any originality of subject or greatness of design. No colourless engraving of such a picture can adequately represent it, and it is equally impossible to do justice to the story of "My Friend Prospero" in a bald outline from which the author's charm of manner is necessarily omitted. It is slight almost to attenuation, this story, but so cunningly is it told that its slightness does not appear to you until you look back and think of it after you have finished. It tells of nothing but an idle Englishman, John Blanchemain, heir to a peerage, who is lodging with a priest at the presbytery attached to an old Italian castle, where, for a small consideration, he has "the run of the house and garden, the freedom of the hills and valleys." The castle itself is, for the time, unoccupied, but presently, to stay also within the castle garden, "in the pavilion beyond the clock-tower," come a beautiful young girl and her elderly companion, and so, with the coming of Maria Dolores, romance comes into the life of John Blanchemain. There are misunderstandings; each thinks the other is lowly born; he assumes that she is a sort of "miller's daughter," and she takes him for a kind of "cobbler's son." When it transpires that he is a prospective English peer and she an Austrian princess, sister of the castle's owner, her wealth and his poverty are, from his standpoint, a more insurmountable barrier between them than any difference of birth could have been. Then enters the fairy godmother in the shape of the delightfully, wryly humorous old Lady Blanchemain, John's long-estranged aunt, and the way is opened to that happy ending which so idyllic a story requires.

The whole thing is exquisitely done, but it is the priest's eleven-year-old niece, little Annunziata, who makes the book memorable. She and John had taken a liking to each other from the first, and it was she who, reading his palm and foretelling a splendid future for him, named him "my friend Prospero." She is a quaint, old-fashioned, affectionate, winsome little creature, wise beyond her years, and yet with the most child-like heart in the world. "People are all love and laughter," says John, "whenever they look at her"; and her serious imaginings, and his tender, playful acceptance of them are everywhere related with a finely effective naturalness and simplicity. Maria Dolores finds her lost in thought over a flower. "It is a narcissus," she answers, "but I was trying to think of its particular name. . . . It is a narcissus, just as I am a girl. But it must also have its particular name, just as I have mine. It is a soul doing its Purgatory—a very good soul. If you are very good, then, when you die, you do your Purgatory as a flower. But it is not such an easy Purgatory—oh, no. For look: the flower is beautiful, but it is blind, and cannot see; and it is fragrant, but it cannot smell; and

* "My Friend Prospero." By Henry Harland. 6s. (John Lane.)



From the White Portrait, or Simon's Folio Mezzotint.

John Milton.

This portrait, except for being reversed, corresponds in a marked degree with Richardson's etching of 1734. In both the head is encircled by a laureate wreath, identical, leaf for leaf, save for one additional leaf in Simon's mezzotint. While the latter portrait is inscribed "R. White ad vivum delineavit," Richardson himself claims to have originated the wreath, which he describes in his Introduction to "Paradise Lost" as "not in the picture; the two lines under it are my reason for putting it there—not what otherwise would be imagined: all the world has given it him long since." This discrepancy renders it difficult to settle the date and origin of Simon's mezzotint.

people admire it and praise it, but it is deaf and cannot hear. It can only wait, wait, wait, and think of God. But it is a short Purgatory. A few days, and the flower will fade, and the soul will be released. I think this flower's name is Cecilia, it is so white." This and other such talk leads Maria Dolores, by-and-by, to confide in John that Annunziata is "a sort of little person about whom one can't help feeling rather frightened. . . . Oh, it isn't exactly easy to tell why. One's fears are vague. But—well, for one thing, she thinks so much about Death. Death and what comes after—they interest her so much. It doesn't seem natural, it makes one uneasy. And then she's so delicate looking. Sometimes she's almost transparent. In every way she is too serious. . . . She ought to have more of the gaiety of childhood, she ought to have other children to romp with. She's too much like a disembodied spirit." But in reality the child is neither weakly nor morbid, nor, as John points out, deficient in the instincts of childhood. Their joint interest in her helps to draw him and Maria Dolores more into each other's company; they take it in turns to nurse her when she is down with a serious illness, and on her recovery it is Annunziata who solves for them the difficult problem of how she is so to manage that she will live for the rest of her life with both of them. It is a fascinating book, written in the daintiest spirit of romance, and with that quiet strength and seeming artlessness that is the triumph of Mr. Harland's art. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF LONDON.*

Although many writers have contributed to this volume, the honour of its production belongs to one man. Mr. Richard Mudie-Smith, a young journalist, who is also a deacon of Dr. Clifford's church at Westbourne Park, has carried through in fifteen months a complete census of Sunday

* "The Religious Life of London." Edited by Richard Mudie-Smith. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)