called. And here is shown great unselfishness on the part of Charles Lamb, for had he allowed his sister to be confined in a place of safety he could have settled down in life. Under these circumstances one would not have been surprised if Lamb had become morose and morbid, shunning the society of his fellow-men. But such was not the case; on the contrary, he was very cheerful and bright on the whole, taking a lively interest in all things round him, and only once breaking down, when he exclaimed to a friend in a fit of despondency that it would be better if his sister were dead. Tenderest affection as well as tastes and sympathies in common united the brother and sister. Prominent among such tastes was the love of Shakespeare and the Dramatic Literature of the Elizabethan Period. In 1807 Charles Lamb and his sister undertook to simplify Shakespeare's Plays for the benefit of young people; Lamb writing the tragedies and his sister the comedies.

Lamb did not shine as a dramatist. A dramatist writes objectively while he remains hidden himself. He indulges in a continuous representation of figures, recurring over and over again. Lamb, on the other hand, preferred a momentary and fleeting view; that is the reason of his success as an essay writer. Lamb was an Egoist; there is a very personal note running through some of his work, but it is not the egoism of a bore. One could not possibly be "bored" when reading the "Essays of Elia" for instance, though simple subjects are treated, e.g., "The Dissertation on Roast Pig," one realizes that a master-hand has written these Essays. In speaking on such a subject as the above, Lamb is not speaking in a matter of fact way about "Roast Pig," only concerning himself with the mere facts, but with his own view of such, and consequently our ideas also, for he concludes that that which interests him must of course interest us. And one certainly does catch the wit and humour in them, and realize how keenly alive to the affairs of daily life Lamb must have been. Sun, sky, even fog, all natural objects, animals, domestic virtues, all combined in their influence over one of our most interesting writers—Charles Lamb.

M. L. H.
what sort of education all this meant; what manner of life
these girls were to live. Oh! I was told, they are to be
governesses. And Miss Mason’s idea is that they should not
be like daintily-cut crystal vases filled to the brim with a
jumble of essences, each excellent in its own fragrance, but
terrible when poured out in the uncertain mixture, on hap-
less babes. Her governesses are not to be carefully-moulded,
well-charged vessels, but girls, real girls, human girls, girls
flexible in body and in mind, with all their senses about them,
alert, ready for emergencies, so accustomed to nature-study
that they can study the human nature of their pupils, so
awake themselves that they can awaken, and with such an
interest in the world and in life, that they can make life
interesting. This is what I gathered; but I am not going to
write a dissertation on the subject. My mind and my heart
return to the birchwood. I am not sorry that I was for-
bidden to enjoy my reveries. I think, from what I saw, I
might do worse than entrust my boys and girls, if I had any,
to one of these bright, quick, joyous girls to be trained.

PETÖFI SÁNDOR (ALEXANDER PETÖFI).

In the first hour of the year 1823, the great Hungarian
lyric poet was born at Kis (Little) Körös, not far from
Buda-Pest, on that wonderful Lowland which stretches for
hundreds of miles, a shimmering sea of green or golden corn,
where the sun delights to play his fairy tricks of Fata Mor-
gana or mirage. Sándor’s father was a well-to-do butcher,
who loved his son, though he could not understand the poet-
soul that gradually unfolded before his eyes; and in such
cases it is almost equally impossibly for the greater to com-
prehend the less. Good Petöfi Stefan was hurt, too, by his
son’s refusal to follow him in his occupation:—

Von Kindheit an, geliebter Vater,
Dein treuer Mund mich ernstlich bat,
Ich soll’t, wie du, ein Metzger werden—
Dein Sohn jedoch ward Literat.

Mit deinem Werkzeug schlägst du Ochsen,
Mein Kiel schlägt auf die Menschen los—
Genau genommen ist’s dasselbe,
Verschieden ist der Name bloss.

(Translated by J. G.)

Sándor’s mother was a loving, simple-minded woman,
whom her son adored with reverent tenderness:—

Wozu machst du dir, theure Mutter,
Des Schwarzbrots wegen so viel Noth?
Es mag ja sein, dass in der Fremde
Dein Sohn sich nährt mit weissem Brot.

Gieb uns das Brot her, theure Mutter,
Mag es so schwarz wie immer sein;
Bei dir schmeckt besser mir das schwarze,
Als sonst wenn’s noch so weiss und fein.—(J. G.)