



BUD, all ye vernal bowers,
For Spring trips down the way
Where, wrapt in sleety showers,
Old Winter fled today!

And sing, O silverthroat,
Thy most enrapturing note,
That up the sky
The melody
May flute-like rise and float!



Leap, O thou drooping heart;
For seest thou not once more
The sunny crowfoot start
Beside the shingly shore?

And join, O silent tongue,
The ecstasy upflung;
The opening leaf
Shall banish grief;
The year and love are young!
Clinton Scollard.



IN THE PUBLIC EYE



George du Maurier.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

A YEAR ago, when "Trilby" was first appearing in monthly parts, it was spoken of as "a novel written by the well known cartoonist, George du Maurier." Today, when we see a drawing of du Maurier's, we speak of it as the work of "the famous novelist who wrote Trilby"—so completely has his literary success overshadowed his artistic reputation. He need no longer strain his failing sight over his drawings of *Sir Gorgius Midas* and *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns*; he can give the world greater

delight by sitting in his arm chair in his Hampstead villa, and dictating the thoughts and memories that pass before his closed eyes.

The wonderful vogue of "Trilby" is an effective answer to the cynics who declare that the popular taste is too degraded to appreciate anything that is good. With some crudity of style, and an occasional imperfection of dramatic unity, "Trilby" is so original, so clever, so full of life and action, so tender, so pathetic—in a word, so