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Version

D. A. S.

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libraries in manuscript. Crete alone would fill more than one volume. It is strange that young scholars do not turn their attention to this field.

The story is complex, as I said, but full of humanity. The adventures of many a one of these medieval chieftains would make a story as good as Alexander Gardner's. We are often reminded of the English and French adventurers in India, before India came under government. Mr. Miller has not space to give these stories in full: amidst his mass of chronicles he can only hint at them. Perhaps some novelists will take the hint. We should be glad of a few works that turned on something else than kisses and gush. Although Mr. Miller has all these facts to deal with, he does his task with spirit and imagination; many a scene lingers in the memory, not a few names call up the picture of a man.

Vividly in these pages do we see the might of the old seafaring states, Genoa and Venice, which have left their traces in great castles all over the

Levant. The fighting religious orders, and great Latin families, whose names are not yet extinct, play a great part in the drama. All through the wars and troubles of these centuries there was some kind of government and ordered society, the roots of life which might have grown to greatness: but with the Turkish conquest all is changed. The Turks, with their cynical contempt for all but their own aggrandisement, left behind only the ignorant and the humble. It is their destruction of the ruling class that has made the modern revival of Greece so difficult, and has caused its weakness.

Mr. Miller is not quite a pioneer in this history, but he works from original authorities (a good bibliography is appended), and he has earned our gratitude. It is not to be expected that future research will not improve upon his work, or correct it; but the reader may trust it as an honest and careful account of a time of which little is known.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

VERSION

'WHITHER AWAY?'—A REPLY.

MISTRESS, I go the beaten way,
The way that many a one has trod;
On, on, and on until the day
That lays me 'neath the sod.

No faery gleam, no magic light,
An arid track, a sky of gray—
Patience and courage infinite
My only hope and stay.

ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

(In *The Spectator*,
September 7th, 1901, p. 317.)

'QUO VADIS?'

QUO vadam, rogitas; eo, Lycori,
Quo multi prius ire perstiterunt.
Pergendum 'st sine fine, donec adsit
Quae me caespite lux suprema condat.
Non stellis via, non nitore dio
Collucet polus. Aret usquequaque
Sublustri Iove callis: ire tantum
Constanter manet, ire, nec minorem
Aerumnis inopemve me fateri.

D. A. S.