

mongers, gutter snipes, and the like. The stories of old "Cough-no-More," "Tough-un," "The Rasper," "Buckle-To," "Duke Soap-Suds," and "Penny Plain," and the rest of the strange company, will provoke, by turns, smiles and tears.

A Study; with Critical and Explanatory Notes of Lord Tennyson's Poem, "The Princess." By G. E. DAWSON. Second edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is as dainty and delicate a piece of literary criticism as we have read in a long time. It is as acute in its analysis as Matthew Arnold, but far more sympathetic than that literary cynic. Mr. Dawson has studied this noble poem with loving minuteness—line by line, word by word. Indeed some of his most instructive notes are on the verbal felicities of the great artist, especially his quaint archaisms. One of the most striking features of this volume is a six-page letter from Lord Tennyson, in which he vindicates himself good-humouredly against the charge of borrowing certain expressions, for which our critic finds literary parallels, by describing the very circumstances which suggested the lines. We thus see the poet at work, as it were, in the "pleasing toil," as Cowper calls it, of fitting choicest words to noblest thoughts.

Old Lady Mary: a Story of the Seen and the Unseen. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, 75c.

This is another story of the borderland between two worlds. It compels thoughtful attention, from the fact that through some phase of the experience described we all must pass. Though published anonymously, we feel confident that it is from the graceful pen of Mrs. Oliphant. It has features strongly akin to her previous borderland stories, "The Little Pilgrim," and "The Beleaguered City." It has, too, a similar vague and unsatisfactory religious teaching. It is properly not a story, but an allegory, with its solemn lesson not to leave undone

life's duties, lest they be the cause of poignant and unavailing regret. There is a weird fascination in the fruitless efforts of the dead lady's ghost to communicate with the living and retrieve her undesigned neglect and wrong, that haunts the imagination with a strange power.

A Graveyard Flower. By WILHELMINE VON HILLERN. From the German, by CLARA BELL. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 16mo. Price 90 cents.

This is a very tender and pathetic story. It is suffused with an atmosphere of German poetry akin to that of the accomplished author's previous stories, "The Hour Will Come," and "Higher than the Church." The delineation of child-life, its joys and sorrows, is very beautiful; and the closing scenes are inexpressibly touching and sad.

LITERARY NOTE.

The Hon. Lucius S. Huntington, who was lately Postmaster-general, and has been for years a member of the Queen's Privy Council of Canada, to the agreeable surprise of his friends is now appearing in the role of a novelist.

Mr. R. Worthington, of New York, has issued his new venture, which appears under the title of "Professor Conant." The book abounds in English, American, and colonial social pictures; and while the Professor studies democracy, now in the great cities and anon at the feet of the farmers, the land leaguers, the working man and the colored people, the "young folks" of his party weave romances and the great lord woos the "gentle American girl." One week the reader visits royalty, far among the winter sports of Canada, and the next counts flocks and herds among the ranches of the Sacramento Valley. The book is written in a kindly and fraternal spirit, and should promote acquaintance and good feeling between the English, American and Canadian cousins, from among whom its characters are drawn.