

building, would greatly enhance the pleasure of life. It would ennoble the taste, and often, too, prevent enormous waste in the purchase of faulty pictures and the erection of viciously constructed buildings. Many of the public buildings of Great Britain, the United States and Canada are a crime against good taste.

This book is not designed to be of service only to the professional, or even amateur, but to the general reader. While the French excel in artistic technique, they often fail in the moral significance of art. Our author endeavours to point out this moral element in art, without which it fails of its noblest purpose. He treats also of the many methods of popularizing art by its reproduction by means of engraving on wood, copper, steel, and stone, etching, mezzotint, aqua-tint, etc. The subject under treatment is illustrated by over forty engravings, some of them of the *chef d'œuvres* of art by the great masters. In discussing these and other great paintings, the merits and demerits of the composition and arrangement are pointed out, and thus one is taught himself to judge and criticise as well as to enjoy art.

The Vision of Sir Launfal. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Illustrated by E. H. Garrett. New York and Boston: Houghton and Mifflin. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

In our judgment, "Sir Launfal" is Lowell's most charming and characteristic poem. It is a beautiful interpretation of the legend of the Holy Grail, first published long before Tennyson wrote his noble Arthurian cycle. Sir Launfal, the maiden knight, rides forth from his castle "to seek in all climes for the Holy Grail."

"He was 'ware of a leper that crouched by the gate,

And a loathing over Sir Launfal came,
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

"After painful travel and doughty
gests

The war-worn knight returned from
the weary quest,

An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy
Grail."

Again the leper asked for alms.

"Sir Launfal sees nought save the
gruesome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd
bone,

That cowers beside him, a thing as
lone

And white as the ice-isles of northern
seas

In the desolate horror of his disease.'

Then Sir Launfal

"Gave to the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown
bread;

'Twas water out of a wooden bowl;
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the
leper fed,

And 'twas red wine he drank with his
thirsty soul,

And the voice that was calmer than
silence said:

'Lo, it is I; be not afraid.

In many climes, without avail,

Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy
Grail.

Behold, it is here! This cup, which
thou

Didst fill at the streamlet for me but
now,

This crust is my body, broken for thee;
This water, His blood, that died on the
tree.'

The holy supper is kept, indeed,

In whatso we share with another's
need."

A portrait of the poet in his youth, a number of exquisite etchings and photogravures from water-colour sketches, and a dainty crimson and white binding, make up a charming little volume.

The Miracles of Our Saviour Expounded and Illustrated. By W. L. TAYLOR, B.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. vi.-449. New York: A. C. Armstrong. Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal, Toronto and Halifax. Price \$1.75.

The pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle is one of the brightest lights in the American pulpit. At least, three previous volumes of sermons have been received with great favour. The present volume forms an admir-