

**BAREROCK; OR, THE ISLAND OF PEARLS.** By Henry Nash. London: Edward Arnold.

The name sounds like Rider Haggard at his wildest. The adventures of Allen Quatermain, however, pale before those of the marvellous boys, Jack Gordon and his friend. It is, indeed, a book of adventures; wrecks, fights, sharks, savages all flit through one's brain as one reads it. Mr. Ballantyne is a discourser upon probabilities compared to Mr. Henry Nash. Another phase of the story is the enormous amount of what Mr. Spencer calls "intellectual muscle" that is stowed away in the hero's brain; in regard to physical science, at least, he is a walking encyclopædia. The fair Koorata brings in the element of love, while the magnificent Nahganzi is lionized in English society just like the Hon. Mr. Cody, a Chinese ambassador or any other person of ordinary or extraordinary merit. In short, it is a book for boys to dream on by day as well as by night.

**WATCH HO! WATCH! ON LIFE'S DEEP SEA.** By Elizabeth A. Little. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is a charming volume, containing many beautiful illustrations, recalling sea scenes, incidents and objects of sea life.

A weary weed, tossed to and fro,  
Dreadfully drenched in the ocean brine,  
Soaring high and sinking low,  
Lashed along without will of mine.

It is the sea that Miss Little sings of, the deep sea which the Greek loved: now—wine-dark purple, now—hoary, white, now—barren and desolate, again "with innumerable laughter." It has appealed to poets of all times and of all nations, and yet its tales are ever fresh and beautiful; the sea that knows neither age nor youth. It is one of the most appropriately as well as beautifully illustrated works of its kind that we have seen, and its happy combination of the talent, skill and taste of artist and poetess makes it a very pleasing volume indeed, one that would not fail to be warmly welcomed and heartily appreciated by a fortunate recipient at this festive season.

**A PAIR OF ORIGINALS.** A Story. By E. Ward. Price \$1.25. New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson. 1891.

This is a very pretty story of two little boys of seven and five years old respectively. It reminds us, in some measure, of Little Lord Fauntleroy; although rather to the advantage of the latter. The little boys had lost their mother, and were rather unhappy with a number of half-sisters, daughters of their father's first wife; so, at the instigation of a half-brother, they set off for the house of their grandmother, an eccentric and delightful old lady. This part of the story is extremely well managed, cleverly and naturally; and there is a love episode, which the reader anticipates, but which is handled with such skill that it does not mar the impression of a child's book. Many of the incidents are effective and the narrative generally is good. We have only two qualifying remarks to offer. We think that these two infant prodigies indulge in a great deal more slang than children of their tender years and of their surroundings are likely to have picked up; and we also think that they are made, in some respects, improbably and incredibly precocious. But it is a very pretty story.

**ROMANS DISSECTED.** A new critical Analysis of the Epistle to the Romans. By E. D. McReisham. Price 75 cents. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Company. 1891.

This is a very clever pamphlet and a very seasonable one. The author conceals his name under a designation which corresponds well with the purport of his volume. It is a burlesque upon the modern critical methods of dissecting ancient writings, more especially those of the Old and New Testaments. By a series of subjective tests these advocates of the higher criticism profess to be able to assign different portions of the same book to different authors and sometimes to different periods. The author of the essay before us applies these principles to the Epistle to the Romans, demonstrating, as he avers, quite as satisfactorily the composite character of that great Letter. We entirely agree with the writer of the prefatory note that the author has produced a powerful argument against the Higher Criticism as applied to the Pentateuch. It reminds us a good deal of Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts respecting Napoleon Bonaparte," or Mr. Henry Roger's "Myth of the two Newmans," representatives of the Romanizing and Rationalizing tendencies of the day. The arguments employed are the doctrinal, the linguistic and the historical.

**THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN AND THE SEXUAL RELATIONS.** An address to an unknown lady reader, by Karl Heinzen (translated by Mrs. Emma Heller Schumm). Boston: B. R. Tucker. 1891.

Of this little book one can only say *chaqu'un à son goût*. There may be some who will admire it and agree to its propositions and conclusions. But certainly there are others, and we think and hope many others, who certainly will not. However, we will leave our readers to take sides themselves by judging from a few quotations.

"We must not restrict the liberty of marriage by tedious formalities and impeding conditions."

"The liberty which prevails in the contracting of marriage must also prevail in the dissolution of marriage."

"To sanctify a marriage, or to attempt to fetter it by means of a contract, is to thoroughly misconceive its nature."

"What has been said above of marriage and divorce will be a plain hint to thinking women as to the importance of liberation from the bonds of religious belief."

"No sensible woman ought any longer to consent to the self-degradation of permitting the desecrating hand of a priest to 'bless' her love. Shame! These pestilent propagators of ignorance and disgust!"

Perhaps these are enough to reveal the scope and purport of the book. We need make no comment.

**WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.** By Grant Allen. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.

Whether Mr. Grant Allen sets high store on it or not the fact cannot reasonably be disputed that he is one of the Canadians who has achieved distinction in the English world of literature. It is not only in one department that he has made his mark. His scientific acquirements are well known, and his versatility is fully recognized. As a novel writer, through the struggling crowd he has elbowed his way to the front rank. This, his latest work in fiction, has already commanded an extended circulation; its merits are sufficient to secure for it the interested attention of average readers, but it has the additional advantage of having obtained the approval of the competent experts who awarded it the prize for which its author competed. A London publication offered a prize of \$5,000 for the best novel, and "What's Bred in the Bone" carried it off. There is much stir and movement throughout, and the interest is easily maintained; a dull chapter will not be found in the book. It is essentially an English story and deals with average English human nature. The hero and heroine meet in a railway train, and go through a variety of vicissitudes, affording ample opportunities for the author to delineate character, and indulge his gift of mild sarcasm. The end sees a harmonious blending. The courting days terminate happily, and the two admirable personages disappear from view as they are about to enter on the married state, thus ending as orthodox novels usually do. The style is clear, condensed and terse, and no properly constituted reader of fiction will regret the time devoted to the perusal of Grant Allen's latest novel.

**ESSAYS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.** By Edmond Scherer. Translated by George Saintsbury. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs. 1891. Price \$1.50.

Edmond Scherer has long been known to English readers by name, chiefly, perhaps, through the influence of Matthew Arnold—perhaps also by means of the fact that he was the introducer to the public of the *Journal Intime* of Amiel. Since this is the first time any of his essays have been Englished, and since the translator is no less a personage than Mr. Saintsbury—with little doubt the best read Englishman living in the realms of French literature—the book deserves exceptional notice. It is needless to say, too, that it deserves exceptional praise. Edmond Scherer ranks, of course, amongst the world's greatest critics, and his translator's praises need no singing. Criticism of such a critic is difficult if not superfluous, and indeed Mr. Saintsbury has supplied all that is necessary in an admirable introduction. Carlyle-olaters no doubt will find many grounds for attack, for Mr. Scherer certainly was very severe upon, not to say that he wholly misjudged, one with whom perhaps he could never really sympathize. Worshipers of George Eliot, on the other hand, will be more than satisfied. The other great names touched upon in these essays are Shakespeare, Taine, Milton, John Stuart Mill, Lawrence Sterne, and Wordsworth. To give any account of Mr. Scherer's handling of these in a single paragraph is out of the question. All we can say is, no serious reader or critic of English literature could afford to leave them unread, while the reading of them is one of the most stimulating exercises such reader or critic could undertake. The book is embellished with an admirable portrait.

**ZADIG AND OTHER TALES.** By Voltaire. A new translation, by R. B. Boswell. Price 3s. 6d. London: Geo. Bell and Sons; Toronto: all booksellers. 1891.

Whether it is still worth while to read Voltaire, except as a phenomenon in history and in literature, is a question for discussion. But however we may decide the question, it is desirable that he should be read in the language in which he spoke and wrote. Still there will always be a good many persons who will wish to know something of Voltaire's writings without having the trouble of reading them in French. Voltaire, if not exactly a great man, and perhaps we might say that he was a great Frenchman, was certainly a prodigiously clever man, and helped to make his age, a fact which renders him a subject of historical study. If, then, any persons wish for a translation of Voltaire's stories, they will find a collection of the best of them in the present volume, and they are very well translated. There are a good many quite short stories here; but there are three of some length: "Zadig," which is put on the title page, "Candide," which is the most characteristic, the longest and the best known, and "The Child of Nature." We confess that we greatly prefer "Zadig," as being the pleasantest of all. It is an eastern tale, and the author has

caught a good deal of the Oriental spirit of the supposed writer. We suppose that "Candide" would be chosen by most as more distinctly representative of its author. Mr. Morley, for example, has printed it in his Universal Library in the same volume with Johnson's "Rasselas." We must confess that to ourselves it is an offensive and disgusting story. It is true enough that Leibnitz was rather provoking with his "best of all possible worlds," but that does not excuse a story which is not only pessimistic, but which seems to flout the moral order of the world.

**MEN OF THE BIBLE: Gideon and the Judges.** By Rev. J. M. Lang, D.D. **EZRA AND NEHEMIAH.** By Canon Geo. Rawlinson, F.R.G.S. Price \$1 each. New York: Randolph and Company; Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society. 1891.

These are two admirable volumes of a very excellent and useful series to which we have drawn attention on previous occasions. It is to be feared that a good many religious books are used as substitutes for the Bible. We feel sure that these volumes will rather lead people to the Bible. And books of this kind are necessary. The ordinary Bible reader is lost in the perusal of the Old Testament from his want of knowledge of geography, natural history, the contemporaneous history of nations living on the borders of the territories of Israel, and such like matters. Here he will find almost all that he can ask for. Dr. Lang is a well-known writer of ability, and places before us in a very living manner the stirring period of which he writes, the period of the Judges. Recognizing the difficulty of his task, he has sought for assistance from all quarters open to him, using the latest results of the Palestine Exploration Fund, on the one hand, and the latest critical investigations on the other. Conservative, on the whole, Dr. Lang does not cling to established opinions blindly, and he has given us here, on the whole, very safe guidance. Canon Rawlinson, as is well known, is a veteran student and writer on the subject and period of his present volume. No man alive, probably, knows more of the oriental monarchies than he does. We may sometimes disagree with him, or not wholly approve of his manner of putting things; but it will never be quite safe to ignore the results of so conscientious a labourer in this great field. Of the manifold interest of the life and times and work of Ezra and Nehemiah it is superfluous to speak. We may, however, remind our readers that recent publications have added to that interest.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS GRAY.** English and Latin. Edited by John Bradshaw, M.A., LL.D. Aldine Edition. London and New York: George Bell and Sons.

As long as English literature lasts the name of Thomas Gray will be honoured and cherished. Although Gray wrote with the exactness and finish of an accomplished scholar, and his poetry bears ample evidence of the workmanship of a master of the metrical art, yet his exquisite rhythm conveys to the mind, as the voice of a rich-toned bell to the ear, sublime and pathetic impressions, which are as deep and lasting as life itself. Canadians need not wonder that their hero, Wolfe, on that fateful day when for the last time he was rowed on the St. Lawrence towards the Heights of Abraham, could repeat the immortal "Elegy," and say that he would rather be the author of it than take Quebec. How true those words of him.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,  
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Shall the time ever come when, in some far-off land, away from home and friends, after a long and lonely walk, seeking rest from the troubled world by communion with nature, some pensive Englishman shall as he returns see the distant city spires dimly through the fading twilight, and as the evening breeze cools his fevered brow, forget to repeat these imperishable stanzas from the "Ode" to "Eton College"?

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade;  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,  
Ah fields beloved in vain,  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from ye blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

It is the delicate fancy, the profound knowledge of the yearnings of the human heart, of the pride and pathos of life, and the exquisite melody with which he has voiced it, that renders Gray's work imperishable, and imparts to it the spell of a song, or strain of music, that, heard again in later life, revives the sweet recollections of childhood.

We know of no more compact, complete and satisfactory edition of Gray within the same compass. The beautiful profile portrait, the scholarly introduction, life, notes and bibliography by Dr. Bradshaw, and the excellence of the publishers' work make this volume indispensable to every lover of good literature.