

women to tasteful work in binding, illuminating, and printing. He is calling out hitherto unsuspected talent, and is spreading refined taste far and wide." So far my friend; but what about Emerson? I confess that Emerson tires me with his indirectness, his studied quaintness, his over-philosophy, his apophthegms, his everlasting figures that no sane man would talk in; but he fascinates too by his real thinking and transparent honesty. Friendship is a great theme, recalling David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Roland and Oliver, Hallam and Tennyson, and above all Him who laid down His life for His friends. Emerson says: "There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign, that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal, that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. . . . The other element of friendship is Tenderness."

Another present is "Christmas in French Canada," by Louis Frechette, 262 pages, 8vo., with twenty-two full page illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, and published by George N. Morang and Company of Toronto. M. Frechette, the Canadian poet-laureate, writes very correct and idiomatic English, and his fourteen habitant stories are far from void of interest. They are simple and quaint, as a rule religious, some of them even to the verge of superstition and beyond it. There is pathos in some of them, as in Santa Claus' Violin, which introduces Jehin Prume; and others exhibit humor of a delicate kind. A few of them are creepy, falling into the depths of the Satanic. But they are all valuable as character studies, revealing the picture of Lower Canadian French life with all its virtues and frailties. The Phantom Head, Titange or the Chasse Galerie, and the Loup Garou are among the horrors of the volume, indicative of French Roman Catholic superstitions.