

My love is overflowing,
Thy lovely beauty, lady mine,
Will ever, ever make me thine,
With bitter pleasure glowing.

"Oh counsel me great love I bear,
And smoothen thou my path of care,
Sweet Sovereign, hear me calling.
Advise me and assistance lend
And for my loneliness balsam send,
Oh great one, never-failing,
A chain and band art thou to me,
My heart to thee upturning;
So counsel me from day to day,
My leader and my trust away,
In thy sweet presence burning.

"Myself away I needs must tear,
Oh will thy sweet help follow there,
The weary way beguiling?
To south Apulia I ride
Be gracious, oh my spirit's bride,
And on me ever smiling,
Softened thy memory unto me;
And in thy red lips parting,
Thus be the gracious accents heard,
If framed in but a single word,
'Oh happy be thy starting.'"

SHE ANSWERS.

"Oh may thy journey happy be
And soul and body company
And honour never-failing.
I cannot change by prayer or plea
The fate which drives thee far from me,
God knows 'tis unavailing.
Because the journey fateful is
It brings two hearts agrieving;
With thine in mine and mine in thine,
Oh now we must forever pine.
And unto Christ be cleaving."

HEIDELBERG.

W. F. H.

Book Reviews.

THE VICTORIAN ERA SERIES. *The Free Trade Movement*,
by G. Armitage-Smith.

The above is the sixth volume in this series. Mr. Smith is Principal of the Birkbeck Institution, and lecturer on Economics for the London Society for the extension of University teaching. The subject here handled with learning and skill is always of interest because it deals with living questions. Has England benefitted by Free Trade? Will she continue to do so? Would the United States have done better under such a system? Or if not that would it be well for the United States to begin now to move in such a direction? The aim of the present work is to give in brief compass an historic account of the origin of Protection, and of the prolonged agitation by which it was overcome in England; to state the economic advantages of the Free-trade doctrine, and to estimate the effect of the change upon the well-being of Great Britain; and to discuss the chief grounds on which Protection is still upheld in other countries, and still finds some support even in England.

The author of course believes in the "open door" policy on many grounds but the subject is handled in the spirit of scientific inquiry.

These questions are burning ones in our own country and as this is just the sort of book that everybody needs it ought to have a very large sale. It is published in this country by the Copp, Clark Company, of Toronto, in a very cheap and attractive form.

The Translation of a Savage by Gilbert Parker. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., 1898. pp. 240, price, cloth \$1.25; paper 75 cents.

The Translation of a Savage is a little masterpiece. Its only fault is that it is too short. The plot is soon told. Nor will the telling interfere with the pleasure of those who have still to read this altogether charming story. Frank Armour, the son of General Armour, of Greyhope, Hertfordshire, and a popular man in London and in the County, leaves England for the Hudson Bay country, an engaged man. His family had desired for him a better match. Presently he hears that his fiancée is married to another. He suspects, not altogether incorrectly, that his family has not helped to avoid this catastrophe, and he plans revenge. He forthwith marries an Indian chieftainess, Lali, the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon. Mrs. Frank Armour is then despatched, in her native costume, to his English home. All this is told in the first chapter. The consternation in the English county family is inimitably described. They receive her. The title of the story describes the rest. Lali at last discovers her husband's malice. But presently fired with pride and ambition she sets herself to become a woman worthy of her position, partly for her son's sake, of whose birth her husband is kept in ignorance, partly that when he returns home he may be met with a pride and manner equal to his own. Her revenge is perfect. Her natural grace, beauty, and intelligence make her more than a success. On the night of the last ball of the season, her husband returning meets the greatest surprise of his life. Enough perhaps has been said to reveal the tragic pathos of this strange group of circumstances. We think that this pathos might have been indefinitely increased by allowing the reader to know and love Lali, while she was still only the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon and lived on her native plains. But perhaps, as it is, the feelings of the reader are sufficiently harrowed by this tale of manifold wrong. The minor characters are well done, Frank's brother, Richard, craving the tribute of a tear.

The Girl at Cobhurst, by Frank R. Stockton. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., 1898, pp. 400.

Frank Stockton's admirers—and he has many—will be delighted with this story. *The Great Stone of Sardis* was a disappointment. It is not given to everybody to be able to rival Jules Verne in making the marvellous seem natural. Certainly Stockton's gift lies rather in the direction of the delineation of ordinary everyday life. Round this his quiet but delightful humour has its freest play and the result leaves little to be desired. If we must criticize, we think it a little hard to have our sympathies enlisted on behalf of one charming girl and then have to execute a rapid flank movement in favour of another. But nothing can detract from the pleasure of meeting and knowing Miss Pauney. Nor must we omit to mention La Fleur, who through having been the wife of first an Italian and then a French chef, plays so important a part in the evolution of events. La Fleur vs. Miss Pauney is an altogether interesting encounter, to say nothing of the unconventional life of the young people at Cobhurst. This story is breezy, healthy and humorous, and cannot fail to give pleasure to its readers.

When Dalmond Came to Pontiac, by Gilbert Parker. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., 1898. pp. 312, price, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.

In execution, this story of a lost Napoleon is a work of art, and this in spite of the tremendous task which is here undertaken by this gifted author. A French-Canadian village, the sudden appearance of a stranger, a song with