

goal somehow. "I will personally," wrote Sir James Willcocks, "relieve Kumasi by that date, *under any circumstances.*"

My Autobiography: a Fragment. By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)—A good autobiography is probably the most difficult of all books to write, but Mr. Max Müller possessed a temperament admirably suited to make such a success possible. He has woven into this fragment many of the threads which went to make up the charm remembered so vividly by generations of Oxford men: the *naïveté*, the sunny thankfulness, the intellectual keenness, the childlike sympathy and absence of self-consciousness. He is himself on every page: nowhere more so than on page 41.

I suppose we all remember how the sight of a wound of a fellow creature, nay even of a dog, gives us a sharp twitch in the same part of our own body. That bodily sympathy has never left me, I suffer from it even now as I did seventy years ago. And is there anybody who has not felt his eyes moisten at the sudden happiness of his friends? All this seems to me to account, to a certain extent at least, for that feeling of identity with so-called strangers, which came to me from my earliest days, and has returned again with renewed strength in my old age.

It is unnecessary to lay stress upon the romantic aspect of a career which began under many disadvantages in the miniature capital of a small German Duchy and ended in Oxford after the attainment of a world-wide reputation and a seat at the Privy Council. Happily Mr. Max Müller was free from those common British feelings which too often take half the interest out of a great life by concealing the humbleness of its origin: he does not describe his father, the poet Wilhelm Müller, as "Son and heir of W. Müller, Esq.," after the fashion of Burke, but says frankly:

My father's father, whom I never knew, seems not to have been distinguished in any way. He was, however, a useful tradesman and a respected citizen of Dessau, and, as I see, the founder of the first lending library in that small town.