

susceptibilities, a heavy-weight pugilist or Japanese wrestler would look with contempt. Yet, as in the case of so many of those British heroes, we note on his face the lines of stern determination, a conquering nose, a resistless chin, and soft liquid eyes, piercing and determined. We have seen many such, wondering how such "baby faces," with rosy cheeks and mild visage, could in any way forecast the heroism which makes history.

marring came is told in the books before us.

The appearance of this brace of volumes, whether we consider their superb mechanical outfit of paper, print, binding, maps, and illustrations in ink and colour, taken by an artist on the spot, or reproduced from photographs, or the triumphs of German colour-reproduction, or whether we revel in the delights of a fascinating literary style and rich vocabulary,



From "In the Forbidden Land."

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SHOKA WOMAN WEAVING.

Yet from February, 1897, there came a change, as we see in four front and side views of the same face, in four aspects. This apparently pampered son of a luxurious civilization becomes, in October, 1897, a prematurely aged man, with a sad and wrinkled face, bearing the stamp of pain. The features refuse to conceal some awful horror of experiences, that plunged the man from youth to mid-life. How the aging and

or whether in the story itself, charming, thrilling, horrifying by turns, must be welcomed as a literary event of great significance.

To Englishmen in India, so daring seemed to be his route, and so horrifying his story, that it appeared impossible that he could have survived both fatigue and tortures. When the reports of his adventures reached London, some healthy gales of criticism began to blow in England. Hence