

to a bedroom to remove them, his host, surprised at his delay, proceeded to investigate, and found that the oblivious doctor had gone to bed.

*My Arctic Journal. A Year among Icefields and Eskimos*, by JOSEPHINE DIEBITSCH-PEARY, with an account of the Great White Journey across Greenland by ROBERT E. PEARY. New York: The Contemporary Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Illustrated. Price, \$2.

This is a book of fascinating interest. It recounts the adventures of the first white woman who braved the terrors of the dark Arctic night, in the vast northern wilderness of snow and ice. Mrs. Peary pluckily accompanied her husband, Lieut. Peary, on his exploring expedition to Greenland. While on shipboard her husband's leg was crushed by a large cake of ice striking the rudder and violently whirling round the iron tiller. She nursed him back to convalescence during weary months at Redcliffe, a wood-stone-and-turf house, in which they withstood the rigours of an Arctic winter.

The hundred days of darkness, with temperature of from 30° to 50° below zero, passed pleasantly. Her husband pays a striking compliment to her courage as she watched by his side all night in the little tent on the beach, while the vessel from which they had landed drifted far out among the ice; and of her helping to keep at bay a herd of infuriate walrus, endeavouring with their tusks to overturn the boat, to which they were so close that she could have touched them with her hand.

In their Arctic villa they made themselves comfortable with plenty of food, books, and by way of diversion, snowshoe walks and dog-sled rides and Christmas and New Year's dinner parties. All this Mrs. Peary describes with charming *naïvete*, and also their intimate relations with the friendly Eskimos.

With the spring the Lieutenant set out on his journey across Greenland,

a frozen plateau from seven to eight thousand feet high.

Lieut. Peary adds a chapter describing this journey to the extreme north of Greenland. Part of the way they used a strange combination of a sleigh with steering wheel, drawn by dogs and assisted by a sail. On July 4 they reached the north of Greenland, to find, near the eighty-second parallel, yellow poppies growing about them; and a herd of musk-oxen browsing on the moss. Their journey extended over 1,300 miles. They slept out of doors, with the thermometer at 40° below zero, without injury.

A chapter is also given to a second visit to Greenland in 1893, where Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary purpose again wintering and completing the explorations of their previous voyage.

The book is elegantly printed by the De Vinne Press and embellished with a number of admirable illustrations, from photos which give a truer picture of Arctic life than, we think, ever before presented. Some of these are of singular artistic beauty, as those of the crystalline glaciers and icebergs in these Arctic seas, especially of one transformed to gleaming pearl by the sunset glow.

*Two German Giants: Frederick the Great and Bismarck*. By JOHN LORD, D.D., LL.D. New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.

A few months ago we wandered through the palace of *Sans Souci*—"Without Care"—created by Frederick the Great as a pleasure house in which he might lay aside the cares of State. At the end of a terrace were buried a number of his dogs and horses with funeral tablets. "When I lie there," said the cynical monarch, "I shall indeed be 'free from care'." Dr. Lord, who has been well described as the modern Plutarch, gives here a brilliant character study of the Great Frederick, whose magnificent equestrian statue in the *Unter den Linden* fronts the palace of the late Kaiser Wilhelm I. As a pendant to this sketch he gives