

read, "Instead of a white muslin maiden, the cygnets may have seen a black silk young man, who looked at his watch and then walked away too." These little eccentricities of style are not, however, sufficiently numerous to be annoying, and simply add vigor and variety to the narrative. Many of the descriptive passages are highly poetical, and all are marked by an accurate observation of nature which we seldom find in writers of fiction. In one place she says:

"What is it in some attitudes that is so still and yet that thrills with a coming movement of life and action? It is like the harmony of a bar progressing to its keynote; it is life not inanimately resting, but suspended from motion as we see it in old Greek art. That flying change from the now to the future is a wonder sometimes

written in stone. It belongs to the greatest creations of genius as well as to the living statues and pictures among which we live."

The following is a poetic fancy:

"Who says angels must be all young and splendid? Will there not be some comforting ones, shabby and tender, whose radiance does not dazzle nor bewilder, whose faces are worn, perhaps, while their stars shine with a gentle tremulous light, more soothing to our aching earth-bound hearts than the glorious radiance of brighter spirits."

Although we regret the introduction of some of the characters, the book, as a whole, is a worthy one—a work of art high above the coarse fictions to which some of the highest ranked novelists of the present day do not hesitate to affix their names.

Notice.

JOHN STUART MILL,

one of the great thinkers of the age, died recently at Avignon, France, at the age of sixty-seven. For twenty-five years he has been a recognized leader of opinion in the departments of political science and philosophy. His best known works are his "Logic," published in 1843, his "Political Economy," his treatise on "Liberty" and his essay on the "Subjection of Woman." Buckle said of him that he was the only man in Europe worthy of being the modern successor of Aristotle. A writer in an American paper, thus records the impression conveyed by a personal interview. "Before meeting him, I had expected to find a clear, acute, logical, but somewhat dry, philosopher—one who would measure everything, even in social intercourse, by the

standard of the intellect and by the strictest logical rule. To my surprise, I found a gentleman, in manner like an old French count, full of courtesy, kindness, and small attentions, graceful and almost affectionate in his ways, his face beaming with sentiment, and his eyes lighting up where any heroic or chivalric feeling was called forth. From conversing with him, one would say his prominent characteristic was feeling, and sympathy with all the nobler side of human nature. I saw him first just after the close of the War of the Rebellion. He asked, with a peculiar interest, about John Brown, and I remember his eyes filled with tears as he spoke of the wonderful heroism of his effort, and said, "If he is looking down now from the other world, how it must gladden him to see such a result of his death!"