

and the joys of heaven. It were well, if more and more the thought were present to our minds that we are pilgrims here who seek a city out of sight, and if more and more our conversation were in heaven—our thoughts, our aspirations, and our hopes—whence also we look for the coming of the Lord Jesus.

The "Little Pilgrim" was a philanthropic little lady who had spent her life in care for the suffering and the sorrowing, uncaring for herself. She died in her sleep and woke up in heaven. The strange surroundings and meetings and greetings of the spirit-world are described with deep religious feeling and reverence; but not always in harmony with "orthodox" interpretation of Scripture. The doctrine of "Eternal Hope," and something more—of the certainty of the final restoration of all souls to the favour of God and joys of heaven—is strongly taught. Art, architecture, literature, and music, are prominent features in the imagined "City of the Great King." The spirit of love, of sympathy, of helpfulness, is very beautiful, and the most sacred feelings of the soul are touched with reverent thought. But each soul will have his own ideal of heaven. Of that here pictured we may say in the words of Mrs. Browning—

"Thus? oh, not thus. No type of earth
can image that awaking,
In which he scarcely heard the chant
of seraphs round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of
soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew—
'My Saviour' not deserted!"

The Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss, Author of "Stepping Heavenward." 8vo., pp. 573. N. York: Anson D. F. Randolph. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 2.50.

We all like to know something of the living personality of those whose books have delighted us and done us good. Few recent writers, not of the first literary rank, have had so many readers as the author of "Stepping Heavenward." Of that book above 67,000 were sold in the United

States alone; in England six or eight houses produced rival editions, and it was translated into French and German, and reached in the aggregate an enormous sale. She was also the author of over a score of other books, many of which had a very large sale. No one could read her books without learning to love the writer. They were the transcript of her deeply religious and sympathetic nature. Her life was a comparatively uneventful one—as the lives of authors are apt to be. From her father, the Rev. Ed. Payson, of Portland, Me., she inherited her intellectual character, and doubtless in large degree her religious sensibilities. She was herself the subject of profound spiritual experience. As the wife of a devoted and successful minister she lived a busy life of personal usefulness. Yet, though an almost life-long invalid, and burdened with the charge of a family and with many cares, she found time to write her four and twenty books which have made her name a loved household word in many lands. Compelled to live abroad two years, she saw little of Europe on account of ill-health. These pages are mostly taken up with her letters to familiar friends, in which her very heart is unveiled, and with pleasant literary gossip. A fine steel portrait reveals a delicate dark-eyed lady, and several engravings depict her Swiss home, and the surroundings of her summer residence among the mountains of Vermont. While she cannot take literary rank with the illustrious lady treated in another page, hers was the more beautiful life; and her books will woo the soul to piety and holiness, while the writings of George Eliot but charm the intellect without warming the heart.

Poems. By EDWIN ARNOLD. Pp. 246. Boston: Roberts' Brothers. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Price \$1.00.

We have previously reviewed in these pages Arnold's "Light of Asia," and "Names of Allah." The principal poem in this volume completes the Trilogy of religious poems of