

AMONG THE BOOKS

We will mail to your address any book mentioned in the Teachers Monthly, on receipt of price plus 10c. postage. If postage is found to be less than 10c. balance will be returned to sender. Address Presbyterian Publications, Toronto.

Those who enjoy reading H. Rider Haggard's weird romances will welcome his latest book, *The Ancient Allan*, (Cassell and Company, Ltd., London and New York; McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 310 pages, with 8 illustrations, \$2.25). It ranks worthily with all his other adventurous romances, and is full of thrills. Lady Ragnall and Allan Quatermain, who were the leading characters in *The Ivory Child*, again occupy the stage. Lady Ragnall brought back from Kralah Land a mysterious herb called *Taduki*—dried leaves which looked like tobacco. The property of this herb is to cause the person who inhales its fumes to become clairvoyant or to dream dreams. Lady Ragnall, during her tenure of office as priestess or oracle of the Ivory Child was frequently subjected to the spell of the *Taduki* vapour, and said strange things. Quatermain also once experienced its effects and saw a curious vision whereof many of the particulars were afterwards translated into facts. One night after dinner, Lady Ragnall persuades Quatermain to take *Taduki* with her. "Presently she bent down, took a little of the *Taduki* weed and with the words of incantation, dropped it upon the embers . . . A clear flame sprang up and burned for thirty seconds or so. . . Then it died down and smoke began to come, white, rich and billowy, with a very pleasant odor resembling that of hot-house flowers. It spread out between us like a fan, and through its veil I heard her say, 'The Gates are wide, Enter!' I thrust my head forward into the smoke. I drew it down my throat with a deep inhalation,—once, twice, thrice, then as my brain began to swim, threw myself back as I had been instructed to. A deep and happy drowsiness stole over me. What did I see? Let me try to recall and record." What follows are the adventures of Lady Ragnall and Allan Quatermain in a former existence. Allan figures as Count Shabaka, a noble Egyptian, and Lady Ragnall as the Royal Lady Amada, a priestess of Isis, niece of the reigning Pharaoh. It is a wonderful record of a human tragedy of 2,000 years ago.

A new novel by Alice Brown, *The Wind Between the Two Worlds* (The Macmillan Company, New York, The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, 258 pages, \$2.25)

deals with the question,—one which is being discussed now with perhaps more interest than ever before—of life after death and communication with the dead. In this story various attitudes toward this engrossing subject are set forth with rare skill and delicacy of discrimination. Whether he agrees with, or differs from, the conclusions of the book, no one with a liking for the analysis of human thought and feeling will fail to find a genuine satisfaction in its keen and well balanced putting of its case.

Readers of the popular magazines who are familiar with Wilbur S. Boyer as a most entertaining writer, will be interested in the appearance of his first book, *Johnnie Kelly* (Thomas Allen, Toronto; Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York, 301 pages, \$2.25). It is the story of a red-headed Irish lad, the son of a New York policeman, who makes a most unpromising entrance on his public-school career, and by sheer force of personality rises to be leader not only of the "gang" but of the whole school. Human interest and wholesome humor characterize the book from cover to cover. The young hero is brought under the influence of a school-master whom he idolizes and who fully understands the depths of the boy's character. An all-wise principal, a new lady teacher, a prim "old-maid," and an eccentric member of the Parents' Association alike fall victims to Johnnie's irrepressible good humor. His delightful way of taking them into his confidence when they least expect it is sadly upsetting to their pedagogical dignity, but they are all human enough to appreciate the genuineness of the lad, with his head of copper, cheek of brass and heart of gold. Perhaps the best tribute to the young hero is paid by the President of the Parents' Association who champions his cause in spite of a recent adventure which involved the ruin of his silk hat. He writes to his niece, the new lady teacher—"I have strong faith in red-headed judgment. Perhaps I have went daft on Johnnie Kelly. He's got me, and I can't explain it. I love him for his heart and his faults, which some of them are like what I have." Johnnie Kelly will "get you," too, if you give him a chance.

Peregrine in Love is the significant title