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COOKERY

By Mary Duke Gordon and Eleanor Sinclair Rohde
London, Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.

Since the days when Pepys wrote his Diary and told the world among other things the sort of meals old fashioned English people were in the habit of eating, the cookery book has been an established institution and many a house-wife has kept one almost next to her Bible. Various volumes of the kind have from time to time swayed the feminine mind. But these antique books did not treat of food values, vitamins and the rest of modern improvements in the terminology of the table. Here is a book which unites the old with the new. It has all the old-fashioned English dishes, and a number of modern ones. A glance at its pages makes the reader hungry if he is in a healthy condition.

THE JOURNAL OF PERSONNEL RESEARCH

Baltimore Md., Williams & Wilkins Co.

This is the first number of an important magazine having for its object the furtherance of the aims and objects of the new Federation of Personnel Research which has been established partly by funds supplied by the Carnegie Foundations and partly by the subscriptions of wealthy and public-spirited men. Looking round on the industrial and social world, these gentlemen are convinced that there is much avoidable loss and wastage not only of money but of human effort because a large number of people are holding positions for which their abilities and qualifications were never intended. They therefore propose to do what they can to prevent square men from occupying round holes.

THE CORNISH PENNY

By Coulson Cade

New York, Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This is a story of English life told with considerable skill, and in a somewhat leisurely fashion. The author apparently is of the opinion that his reader will take the preliminary trouble of mastering a number of genealogical particulars with which the tale opens, in view of the entertainment he will derive afterwards. Some books are of enthralling interest from the first page. This novel is all right, if the reader masters the first thirty or forty pages. There is in it a mystery to be unravelled, and in the course of the unravelling we are brought into contact with the comings and goings of a family in the higher circles of the Old Country.

ARIUS THE LIBYAN

By Nathan G. Kouns.

New York: Appleton & Co.

This is a new edition of a story that was first published forty years ago. It was reprinted in 1911 and 1914. It refers to the early Christian Church and to the controversies that arose after the time of Constantine. It stresses the communistic tendency of the early church and contains many well drawn if somewhat enlarged portraits. There is an introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler.

CONFLICT

By Clarence Buddington Kellard

New York: Harper & Company.

This is a clever and well written story of a girl whose pocket-money was \$5000 a year, a fact which speaks for itself. The reader is apt to think, after a few pages, that this amount is too much for a girl to have, particularly if she is rather self-willed and curious as to life. But she is not a bad sort of young lady and we cannot help following her adventures with much interest. We come pretty close to murder, and towards the end we get into quite a moving picture atmosphere. Not literature perhaps, but a good book for a railway journey.

—(X)

OLD CUSTOM REVIVED.

Those who know Combe Martin in North Devon, England, can call to mind one of the most beautiful villages in the old land. Its main street runs down to the Bristol Channel, and there, on sandy flats uncovered at low tide, the fishermen's boats make a marine picture which has attracted many an artist. But the village itself, half a mile from the beach, is enclosed by fields and gardens of surprising productivity, while giant elms add to the beauty of the landscape. In the old grey church on the hillside there are monuments of antiquity, for it was built in the fourteenth century. Yet this home of antique conservatism seems to have felt the thrill of modern movements, since, as we find by an extract from a North Devon newspaper, several denominations of Christians have joined together in reviving the celebrations of Rogation week in the Church of England—the week of preparation for the commemoration of the Ascension. The extract is as follows:—

"On Rogation Sunday a service of unique character was revived in this parish. From very ancient days it was the custom of the clergy of the Church to walk round the limits of the parish, and assemble the people in the fields to recite appropriate litanies and invoke the mercy of God for His blessing upon the crops, and to give them in due season the fruits of the earth. Adapting this service to modern conditions, a united body of worshippers, representing Church of England, Wesleyan, and Baptist Churches, assembled at the Parade, with their respective choirs, Sunday Schools and Girl Guides, and ably led by the Town Band, under the conductorship of Bandmaster H. Down, marched in procession through the streets to a field above the Church, overlooking the whole beautiful valley of Combe Martin. There, on the slopes of the hillside, under the most favourable conditions of weather, several hundred people took part in a simple and impressive intercession service conducted by the Rector, Rev. R. Seymour, assisted by the Rev. H. Babb, of the Wesleyan Church, offering the prayer, and by Mr. W. J. Delve, representing the Baptist Church, reading the lesson. The hymns, 'O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea,' 'To Thee, O God, We Fly,' and 'All People that on Earth do Dwell,' were splendidly led by the united choirs, and heartily joined in by the assembled people."

LAND O' LOVE.

There is a land, O weary heart,
Where tears are wiped away,
Where sorrows flee, and darksome night
Is turned to radiant day.

Its portals rise, O best beloved,
Just beyond tomorrow!

There hope doth blossom into sight,
There cherished dreams come true;
No one is ever lonesome there,
And friends are always true.

It lies, dear heart, not far from here,
Just beyond tomorrow!

There is a land of pure deight,
Where all are young and strong,
And all may work, nor weary be,
With lips attuned to song.

O, land of love, so near, so far,
Just beyond tomorrow!

—M. E. Colman.

British Columbia.