

'On the right use of Books,'* which has just come out from the press of Messrs. Roberts, Bros., Boston. It is judiciously and properly written, and the author's views in many notable instances are well worthy of being accepted and followed. It was first prepared, Mr. Atkinson informs us, as a lecture, and it was read to a class of young business men, at the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. Additions have been made to it since then, and it now presents quite respectable proportions. The author advances several good suggestions, and counsels good digestion in reading, considering it even more important than a good head. He advises abstemiousness and recommends us to avoid as much as possible *cramming* of every kind. His remarks on books are generally in good taste, though there is an air of smartness and a desire to say cutting things in a few instances, which we wish Mr. Atkinson had avoided.

Social Heroism and Broken Bonds† are two Canadian Prize Temperance tales, the former by F. Louise Morse, and the latter by Felix Max. Both are very well written, and the incidents are described with much feeling and some dramatic power.

'England not Dead,'‡ is a trashy but patriotic piece of doggerel, which has been sent to us, doubtless as a sort of punishment for inserting Professor Goldwin Smith's article on 'Berlin and Afghanistan,' in our December number. The author, John M. Dagnall, who is, we understand, from the title page, the perpetrator of 'several Epic or other lyrical and narrative poems,' states in the ninth page of his book—

* *On the right Use of Books.* A Lecture. By WILLIAM P. ATKINSON. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Social Heroism. Broken Bonds.* Toronto: T. Moore.

‡ *England not Dead.* By JOHN M. DAGNALL. London: Published by the Author. New York: Peast & Co.

'In all her days she never was more robust,
To free a race by anarchy afflicted;
To tear from Russian sway or Turkish lust,
Their tyrant chains, by England not dead !'

and

'Assailing Russians whose battles make you jump,
Frantic with rage, and by destruction haunted;
Our pittance for the noble triumph,
Would sicken England—England not dead !'

The book also contains some things about the Turk and the Briton, and some scenes in Cumberland, which possess about as much merit as the larger mass of rubbish.

Raymonde* will delight the admirers of the prolific French novelist Andre Theuriet, who owes his popularity in America altogether to the Appletons who have printed the major part of his best work in a cheap and attractive shape. The story is a good one. It is full of character, has plenty of 'go,' and the descriptive bits are managed with great skill and art. The inventive powers of the author are admirably brought out, and the excessively novel situations with which the book abounds are quite striking. The odd meeting of Antoine and the heroine at the charcoal burning, is an experiment in fiction and *may* have some imitators. The story is amusing and it can be read in one hour or two.

A good deal of nice discrimination is exercised in the choice of works which the Messrs. Appleton, of New York, send out in their popular 'Handy Volume Series.' Some twenty-four numbers have already appeared, and the high character of the reading-matter is well maintained in every issue. The series is designed to supply a want felt for years by book-buyers, and readers who wish to keep up their acquaintance with current light literature, and 'short' books of travel and personal experience. Each volume is compact, well printed and

* *Raymonde.* By ANDRE THEURIET. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.