

see the blood-stained guillotine and witness again the tragedies of the Revolution. From the Tour de l'Horloge we hear again ring out the tocsin of massacre.

The memories of Paris go back to the days of the Cæsars. The Emperor Julian long lived here. The very word "Louvre" recalls the time when the wolves ravined on the banks of the Seine. In the venerable Notre Dame we recall the many pageants of royal marriages and burials, and the strangest of all—the worship of the Goddess of Reason in the Revolution. Many of the buildings still bear the marks of the outrages of the Commune. These memories and many more are recalled in these pages, the historic sites are identified, and art and literature discussed in Mr. Hare's volumes. They are, moreover, enriched with numerous engravings and well indexed. The tourist who has walked the boulevards and parks and visited the shops and galleries may think he has seen Paris, but a whole world of memories remains unknown unless under such guidance as that of Mr. Hare.

"The Conquest of Rome." By Matilde Serao. Author of "The Land of Cockayne," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 317. Price, \$1.20 net.

The writer of this book is the daughter of a Greek princess and of a Neapolitan political exile. She was born in Greece in 1856, but has lived long in Italy and understands thoroughly the political and social life of that country. She is described by Edmund Gosse, the famous English critic, as "the most prominent imaginative writer of the last century in Italy." "The Conquest of Rome" describes the political and social career of a brilliant young statesman from one of the southern provinces. In the House of Deputies he takes a profound interest in the social and economic betterment of the people. He protests vigorously against spending millions on national defence and fortifications, on the army and navy, at the cost of taxing beyond endurance the peasant population. One of the most grievous of these burdens is the salt tax. No one may even carry a pail of water from the sea lest he should surreptitiously make salt therefrom. The salt they do use is of a coarse quality, fit only for cattle. For lack of this necessary element

pellagra and other dreadful diseases prevail among the people.

By dint of hard work the honourable deputy forges to the front and is suggested as a member of the Cabinet. But he comes under the spell of a misplaced and hopeless affection which saps his mental and moral powers, defeats his honourable ambitions, and wrecks his very life. He finds that he has not conquered Rome, but Rome has conquered him. The book is one of subtle mental analysis and tragic interest.

"Christ the Apocalypse." By Rev. James Cooke Seymour. Author of "The Gifts of the Royal Family; or, Systematic Christian Beneficence," etc. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 350. Price, \$1.00.

Like a voice from the other world comes this posthumous volume of our friend of many years, whose contributions have often enriched this magazine. We had the pleasure of reading this volume in manuscript and of commending it for publication. Like everything which its author wrote, it is intensely evangelistic. It has all the characteristics of his strong, clear, cogent style—the short, crisp sentences, the lucid thought, the close-linked logic, the fervent zeal. It treats first the great foundation truths of the historic and the divine Christ, the revealer of God's existence and character, of redemption from sin and sanctification through the Holy Spirit.

Of special interest are the chapters dealing with the sociological and other problems of the times—war and its evils, labour and capital, wealth and its uses, the law of giving, literature and the press, science and religion, service and social relations, moral reforms, the Church, the Sabbath, and woman. In all these the eminently sound and sane conclusions of the writer are forcibly set forth. The closing section drops a thought into the future as men drop pebbles into deep wells to see what answer they return. It treats the world's outlook, sin's last evolution, and the final triumph of goodness and grace. The many friends of the late James Cooke Seymour in this land can possess no more beautiful and helpful remembrance of this man of conspicuous literary ability and Christian fervour than this posthumous volume in which "being dead, he yet speaketh."