

musical culture, and keen sympathy with nature; continually appear. An unanticipated vein of humour is also seen in some of her poetical *jeux d'esprit*. She fairly revels amid the glorious scenery of the Alps, and one of her letters is dated from the Peak of the Gornor. Grat, 10,200 feet above the sea. It is astonishing the amount of work the brave spirit in the frail body accomplished. Hers was a shrewd business method, too, as is somewhat humorously shown in her printed circular of answers to all kinds of questions, bearing appropriate numbers and headings. But everywhere, at home and abroad, ill or well, she was full of Christian zeal, seeking to lead to the Saviour those who knew Him not,—Swiss servants, *pension* boarders, travelling acquaintances and the like. This is a healthful, inspiring volume.

We Two Alone in Europe. By MARY L. NINDE, with original illustrations. Pp. 348. Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

The way those American girls go touring around the world is a marvel. The present writer met in Venice two charming young ladies from California who were doing Europe entirely without escort. But the young ladies whose adventures are described in this book surpassed any that we have heard of. The writer is a daughter of Bishop Ninde, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. With a companion of her own sex she traversed the Old World from the North Cape to the Cataracts of the Nile, from Ireland to Baalbec. With true American insistence they found their way everywhere, even into the Ladies' gallery of the House of Lords, after Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, had told them it was impossible for them to do so. Of course they don't tell all the adventures of their two years abroad, but give a racy account of its most noteworthy incidents. We get through Miss Ninde's keenly observant eyes glimpses of rural England and smoky London, of an ideal English home—that of

Lady Lycett, of charming tours in Scotland and Ireland, of Christmas in Berlin and rural Germany, of Nuremburg the ancient, of sunny Italy, of sombre Norway, of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, of Paris in summer and winter, of 400 miles up the Nile, of Palestine and Syria from end to end, of Constantinople and Athens. Interesting accounts are given of interviews with Schliemann and Victor Hugo, of a Turkish wedding and home-life in the East. Everywhere they received great courtesy, not without some paternal advice—as for instance on the Baltic steamer the following: "Going to Russia alone?" "Yes, sir." "Parents living?" "Yes, sir." "Do they know you've come off here?" "No, sir." "Well, my advice is to get out of Russia as quick as you can." Nevertheless they went on to Moscow, where their worst scare was caused by the strange antics of the crazy landlord of the hotel. So interesting have we found this book that we read it through at a sitting.

Here and There in Our Own Country. Embracing sketches of travel, and descriptions of places, etc., etc. By popular writers, with 127 illustrations; 8vo, pp. 214. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.50.

It is only in an accommodated sense that we can call the scenes of these sketches "our own country"—unless we propose to annex the United States. The sketches of travel and adventure cover almost every part of the neighbouring country, from Florida to the Upper Mississippi, from the Rockies to Long Island Sound. The illustrations are superb. We do not think the engraver's art ever produced finer work than the pictures illustrating "The French Broad," "Among the Florida Lakes," the wonderful canyons of the Colorado, and others, in this volume. Our recent wanderings in the Catskills enable us to vouch for the photographic fidelity of those of that charming region. The Sketches of