

We congratulate the publishers on the tastefulness of the volume. It is comfortable to hold, and its artistic dress of grey and green is pleasing and restful to the eye.
William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill.

WHERE TOWN AND COUNTRY MEET. By James Buckham.

HERE is a boon companion to be taken into the country or the autumn woods. It is one of the nature books that has come to stay.

The author has a refreshing way of turning aside from the beaten track and blazing out a new trail for himself. He has a way, too, of dropping in, here and there, bits of life and philosophy that rest and delight the reader. For instance, he halts in his description of the landscape to tell us that, "No father has ever quite known his boy until he has gone fishing with him." Of course, this is a mere truism, but some way or other none of us have thought of it before.

The author has the seeing eye, attentive ear, and inductive mind that are essentials in this study. His mental powers are both analytic and synthetic, and he has the power of sharing his eager enjoyment of out-door life with all his readers. It is a book to commend without reserve.

Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati.

VERSES. By Bertha Geneaux Wood.

MOST of the verses in this volume have appeared in *Scribner's*, *The Independent*, *The Interior*, and other American magazines, and are now given to the public in a complete edition.

We have not for a long time read any verses which are so full of quaint conceits and sweet humanities. A warm, golden atmosphere surrounds each of them.

Whether this gifted woman sings of flowers, of the graves of dear children asleep, or of the Christ-child, it is always with charm and spontaneity—with an entire simplicity of nature. She has a song to sing, and sings it. That is all.

Some of our readers will remember the following poem by the author, entitled *Interpretation*, which appeared in the *Cosmopolitan*, in 1898.

"He thought of all the heartaches he had known,
And singing in the twilight bowed his head,
'The world will hear and pass unheeding on,
And no one will ever understand,' he said.

A thousand hearts grew hushed to hear the song,
And eyes that mocked grew soft and dim,
They strained to see the singer through the dusk,
And smiling through their tears claimed kin with him."

Neale Publishing Co., Washington.

AMBITION.

There is a song I fain would sing
Tuned to a strong, yet tender string,
With cadence low and lingering,
Such is the song that I would sing.

Some few sweet notes to mem'ry cling
A moment, then too soon take wing,
As though some angel hovering
Sang that sweet song my heart would sing.

Some day, I feel my soul will ring
With all its clear, majestic swing,
And, Oh, what joy that hour will bring,
That hears the song I fain would sing.

JAS. P. HAVERSON