

## Book Notices.

*The Tearless Land. A Collection of Poems on Heaven.* Compiled by M. C. HAZARD, PH.D. Boston: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

"For our conversation is in heaven; from whence, also, we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." In this spirit Dr. Hazard has compiled a collection of the sweetest and tenderest poems in the language on the home of the soul. It is wonderful how rich the English language is in these sacred poems. They are a precious heritage in our literature. Although the hymnody of Germany and of the Huguenots has many noble songs of Zion, yet no literature is so rich in great Christian poems as that of Great Britain and America.

In this collection the Latin hymns of the mediæval Church mingle with those of the saintliest souls of Christendom. The sweetest singer of the "homeland" is Horatius Bonar, whose hymns of faith and hope are an inspiration to all the Churches. The hymns of Faber, of Father Ryan, of Newman and Proctor, St. Teresa of Spain, and Bernard of Cluny, teach us that beyond formal differences is a deep and devout spiritual unity of faith. These hymns are not morbid nor other-worldly. Bonar finely expresses the proper attitude of the soul in the words:

"My God, it is not fretfulness  
That makes me say, "How long?"  
It is not heaviness of heart  
That hinders me in song;  
'Tis not despair of truth and right,  
Nor coward dread of wrong."

The grand old hymn of St. Bernard is given in full, with various English renderings.

The world is too much with us. It is well amid its fervid strifes to commune with our own hearts and be still and bethink us of the endless life of heaven which stretches on beyond the near bourne of the grave. This is a book for a quiet hour, and for hours of bereavement and sorrow. Dr. Hazard has earned the thanks of the Church for his beautiful collection which cannot fail to be a means of blessing and benediction. In the section on the pilgrimage to heaven occurs the following striking poem, by Christina G. Rossetti:

Does the road wind uphill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole,  
long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
A roof for when the slow, dark hours  
begin.  
May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before.  
Then must I knock, or call when just in  
sight?  
They will not keep you standing at the  
door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
Of labour you shall find the sum.  
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
Yes, beds for all who come.

A few pages of judicious literary and biographical notes add greatly to the value of the volume.

*The Edge of the Orient.* By ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.50.

The Levantine shores of the Mediterranean have always possessed a strange fascination. They were seats of the oldest civilizations and most ancient empires, and their historic memories carry us back to the dawn of time. Since Kinglake wrote his "Eothen" we know no more charming sketches of Eastern travel than those of Mr. Howard Russell. He has the delicate vein of humour, light touch, and rapid movement that make his book singularly fascinating.

His route of travel, for the most part, has led through many regions little traversed by the conventional globe-trotter. In the half-forgotten regions of Zara and Subenico, Traù and Spalato, Ragusa and Cattaro, he finds themes of novel interest and picturesque description. His knowledge of the past enables him to illustrate the present with many historic allusions. A pilgrimage chapel, for instance, illustrates the spirit of mediæval devotion by the legend that the grateful mariner, who escaped shipwreck, vowed its erection, and used his whole cargo of wine to mix the mortar used in the construction of his thank-offering.