

sal of this volume, we are equally sure that they will be much helped by studying these glorious buildings in their chronological connection.

For example, a careful examination of the western fronts of Notre Dame of Paris, of the Cathedral of Amiens, and of that of Reims in succession would be almost an education in pointed architecture, illustrating its growth in flexibility and richness, as well as helping us to see how it got on the path of decay. In the book before us we have many isolated remarks which are true and interesting; but not very much in the way of historical criticism. For example, we have some excellent remarks on the Abbaye aux hommes at Caen; but we get hardly a hint of its place and importance in the development of ecclesiastical architecture in France.

Perhaps we are asking of the writer here what he had no intention of giving—what, he would say, we might find quite sufficiently in our guide book or history. That is quite true; but in books like the present, while we do not ask for technical details, we like to have the kind of remarks which would be made orally by an intelligent traveller who knew a good deal of the history of the art.

We hope we shall not leave the reader with the feeling that we are dissatisfied with this pretty volume. It is pleasantly written, well printed, prettily bound, and the illustrations are about as good as the size of the page will allow. As they seem all to be taken from photographs, there can be no question of their accuracy.

Russian Rumbles.*

BOOKS about Russia can never lack interest to western readers. Politically the civilized and really European nations in the neighbourhood of that colossal mass of slumbering orientalism, under its partially modernized crust, must feel like the dwellers in the valleys surrounding Mount Etna, always wondering when and in what direction its hidden barbaric fires may break forth in destructive torrents. Students of social ideas may almost feel grateful for the existence in the midst of Europe of this huge specimen of arrested development, which has enabled Sir Henry Maine to throw so much light on the ancient communistic land systems with which the more advanced portion of the human race has never wholly lost its sympathy. Miss Hapgood is not a politician or a social philosopher; but she brings a pair of bright American eyes, and a choicely cultivated literary mind, to bear upon the outward and picturesque aspects of this peculiarly interesting country and people.

There is much humour in her relation of experiences with Russian officialism, and she has a power of conveying, in photographic flashes, a host of illuminating pictures of local character and scenery. Like most Americans, she has had every advantage of *entree*, and, as is also not unusual with American writers, she is not unwilling to extend the resulting advantage to her readers. We are, I fear, too much interested in the revelations of the *vic intime* of a man like Count Tolstoi, to inquire very severely whether we are not participating in the benefit of something like a breach of confidence.

The story of Countess Sophia Tolstoi's patient efforts to preserve something of her estate and the patrimony of her children from the ruin constantly threatened by her famous husband's experimental vagaries, throws light on a good many things. Among others, perhaps, are the causes why geniuses (or their wives) are often unhappy in marriage. Now that discussions on the art of writing by writers are so much in vogue, the following bit which Miss Hapgood has preserved of Tolstoi's table talk will have an interest:

"There are three requisites which go to make a perfect writer," he remarked. "First, he must have something worth saying. Second, he must have a proper way of saying it. Third, he must have sincerity. Dickens had all three of these qualities. Thackeray had not much to say; he had a great deal of art in saying it; but he had not much sincerity."

The author brings from Tolstoi's land a hint which may be new to our labour organizers:

"By day the teamsters stand upon the quay, with rough

aprons over their ballet-skirted sheepskin coats, waiting for a job. If we hire one of them we shall find that they all belong to the ancient Russian Artel, or Labour Union, which prevents competition beyond a certain point. When the price has been fixed, after due and inevitable chattering, one *lomovoi* grasps his shapeless cap by its worn edge of fur, bites a copeck, and drops it in. Each of the other men contributes a marked copper likewise, and we are invited to draw lots in full view, to determine which of them shall have the job."

There is a specimen of the author's picturesque power, Whistler-like in its suggestiveness, with something of the spirit of Wilkie, in its sympathy with the simplicity of humble life, living out of doors close to the grander simplicity of nature:

"The boatmen, who have trundled all day long their quaint little barrows over the narrow iron rails into the spacious inner courtyards of the houses on the quay, and have piled up their wood for winter fuel or loaded it into the carts for less accessible buildings, now sit on the stern of their barks, over their coarse food, sour black bread, boiled buckwheat groats, and salted cucumbers—dotting their hats and crossing themselves reverently before and after their simple meal, and chatting until the red glow of sunset in the north flickers up to the zenith in waves of sea-green, lilac, and amber, and descends again in the north at the pearl pink of dawn. Sleep is a lost art with those men, as with all classes of people during those nerve-destroying "white nights."

Space does not permit further quotations.

We can assure the reader that in Miss Hapgood's company he will roam very pleasantly through a wide and motley region extending from the borders of Finland to the summer land of forest and prairie along the lower Golga, with the additional pleasure that is gotten by an intelligent traveller, gathering knowledge, as he goes, by careful observation of salient features of life and character in a strange and interesting land.

O. A. H.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

Etchings from a Parsonage Veranvukh. By Mrs. E. Jeffers Graham. Illustrated by J. W. Bengough. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1895.)—In this book "Catharine Wiseacre" pictures a number of scenes in her life as helper to her husband, Solomon, whom we assume to be a Methodist minister in Canada. The darker experiences are avoided, and the bright and, at times, amusing side of parsonage life are dwelt on. Many of the characters are met with everywhere. All ministers are familiar with the elder who thinks the congregation is going down under the present régime, and wants special subjects preached on, with catchy names for sermons, or to have Mrs. Wiseacre take a hand in speaking as well. We have heard, too, of the young man rescued as he was being dragged down by drink, and converted into a temperance lecturer. The specimen lecture, by the way, is hardly up to the mark. Then we know the woman who makes trouble with regard to any parish sale or entertainment. More interesting are the chapters dealing with the people who preached for her husband. The illustrations by Bengough add to the value of the book, but they were scarcely done in his happiest vein.

Lion, the Mastiff. By Mrs. A. G. Savigny. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1895.)—This book, which is a sketch from life by a member of the Toronto Humane Society, is an attempt to interest readers, especially children, in the troubles and joys of dumb animals, and to inculcate the duty, as it should be the delight, of treating them with kindness and consideration. We are entirely at one with the author in her object. The book is thrown into the form of a mastiff's autobiography and the scene is laid in and around Toronto. The days of Lion's puppyhood are the best told. We meet with some of the usual stories of the rescue or protection of people by dogs, and some adventures with dog-stealers, possibly quite authentic, are narrated. A mistake is made, in our opinion, in giving a long account of a convention of animals, in which their woes are retailed at length. This makes the book too obviously didactic, and thereby a reader becomes repelled in many cases instead of having his sympathy enlisted. Still, the book deserves many readers, and we trust it may add its mite in bringing about the better treatment of domestic animals.

* "Russian Ramblers." By Isobel Hapgood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.