

All the poems are remarkable for an airiness and delicacy which are very fascinating, and in a few, there is a tenderness of feeling that makes them sound like gentle weeping.

We select the appended poem, entitled *The Encore*, as a very dainty bit of verse:

"No garlands in the winter-time,  
No trumpets in the night!  
The song ye praise was done lang syne,  
And was its own delight.  
O, God's name take the wreath away,  
Since now the music's sped;  
Ye never cry, "Long live the King!"  
Until the King is dead.

When I came piping through the land,  
One morning in the spring,  
With cockle burs upon my coat,  
'Twas then I was a king;  
A mullein sceptre in my hand,  
My order daisies three,  
With song's first freshness on my lips---  
And then ye pitied me!"

*Richard G. Badger, Boston.*

FLAMINA. By Alfred De Vervins.

THE hero, *Don Caesar de Bazan*, is a typical character of a past epoch in Spain, just as M. Prud'homme, Jonathan, and John Bull represent the Frenchmen, Americans, and Englishmen of to-day.

The theme of this short story is romance, romance, and all the time romance. The story, which bites itself into your memory, is full of life, action, and thrilling human interest. It begins in a prison cell in Madrid, takes us to the court of Spain, and ends in the summer-land of Mexico.

Of course, the heroine is beautiful and virtuous, and the hero a paragon of bravery, but as these traits are not insisted upon *ad nauseum*, we are genuinely glad to see them attain the goal of every man's desire, and get safely "married and a'." Just the book for a hammock or cosy corner!

*The Editor Publishing Co., Franklin, O.*

TRUTH AND A WOMAN. By Anna Robeson Brown.

HERE we have a very fine piece of psychological fiction. The author of this book does not hold with Mantegazza

that "the woman thinks as she loves, and the man loves as he thinks." Her propositions are built on diametrically opposite principles.

The story is that of a charming society woman who becomes engaged to a college professor. By spirit, training, temperament, and environment, the woman stood for the traditional and conservative, while the man in different social class, stood as strongly for the radical and scientific. She was a Christian, he an atheist. He made no concession in principle, while she sometimes did, as a matter of good form and affection. The man and woman were deeply in love, yet, without a doubt, they were unequally yoked.

We are sorry the lovers do not work out their salvation to a more satisfactory conclusion, but, perhaps, after all, it is satisfactory. Even in a novel, one feels uncomfortable when the hero and heroine are joined in a matrimonial bond that cannot but end disastrously. In such a case, the spoons are immediately transformed into knives and forks, who cut and stab each other all the rest of their days.

The book is vivid and engrossing, and is gotten up in a tasteful dress of green and gold.

*Herbert S. Stone, Chicago.*

EVENINGS IN LITTLE RUSSIA. By Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol. (Translated by E. W. Underwood and William Hamilton Cline.)

IN 1808 or 1809, in the village of Pul-tava, in the heart of the Cossack country, Nikolai V. Gogol, the author of these stories, was born. He was in turn an actor, lecturer in the University at St. Petersburg, government clerk, and author. He died in Moscow in 1853. To-day, Gogol's writings are counted among the gems of literature, and are studied in Russia as a model of excellence. We wonder that we hitherto have not heard of these classics.

"Evenings in Little Russia" consists of three stories, overflowing with color, fancy, and melodious phrase. They are individual and original in a high degree—racy, sprightly, humorous, and whimsical. They are capital stories to read aloud *en famille*.