

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A NEW MEXICO DAVID. By C. F. Lummis. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clark Company.

One of the most capable and interesting books of the year. The author is evidently perfectly at home in the picturesque regions he describes so well, and numerous fine photographs add to the charm of the graphic pages. These eighteen sketches—they can hardly be called stories—are very readable and full of local colour.

CHARLES ANCHESTER. By Elizabeth Sheppard. With Introduction and Notes by George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

This wonderful romance, which first saw the light in England in 1853, comes to us, as far as we know, for the first time in a dress worthy of its charm and intrinsic importance as a memorial of Felix Mendelssohn. There was a time when "Charles Ancher" was supposed to appeal only to what was rhapsodical and perhaps effeminate in the art of music. Latterly, however, a reaction has declared itself, and critics are lavish in their praises of this fascinating and beautiful story, written by a young girl of sixteen. Mr. George P. Upton, so well known as a gifted musical critic, has appended to the new and handsome edition a slight sketch of the author, who only lived to be twenty-five, but who had managed to produce a number of striking romances before her untimely death. We are glad to see that Mr. Upton by no means insists upon the parallel between Laura Lemark, Clara Benette and Aronach and Jennie Lind, Taglioni and Zelter which others have tried to convey. The central figure of Seraphad is, of course, true to life—that life which Mendelssohn reveals to the student of his letters. Nothing very new can be said about the work, but all praise is due the enterprising Chicago firm who have taken such pains to issue a really fine edition. The work is in two volumes, handsomely bound in cloth with a neat slip cover.

BRETANO'S *Book Chat* for February brings to us its short extracts from some books of the month, and clear and concise summaries of the contents of others. We very much regret the loss that these old and enterprising publishers have recently sustained from fire.

ONE of our old favourites, the *Boston Home Journal*, one of the brightest, newsiest and cleverest journals of its kind, appears with new and artistic head pieces. Why not also a table of contents? It well deserves it, and we are sure it would add to its popularity and acceptableness. Such a table saves time in a busy age.

FEBRUARY *Outing* has lain all too long unnoticed on our Library Table. Lovers and owners of St. Bernards should purchase it for Edwin H. Morris's article on the St. Bernard Kennels of America. "Cowboy Life" reaches Part iii. "Curling" is a timely article; so is "Lessons of the Horse Show" recently held at New York.

THE *Queries Magazine* for February has several short but interesting articles, an account of Professor Henry A. Ward, the Naturalist, an article on "Prehistoric Indian Canals," and one on "Photography in Illustration." An interesting sketch is the one on "Ancient Bookbinding in England." The Questions and Answers Departments contain a great store of incidental information, often of a kind more curious than anything else. Still a pile of the magazine would contain many points of interest and utility.

Poet Lore for February has its usual complement of interesting matter. Dr. D. G. Brinton seeks to establish certain propositions with regard to the epilogues of Browning; Arthur L. Salmon treats Emily Brontë as a "Modern Stoic"; Bjornstjerne Bjornson's *Prose Play "A Glove"* as translated by Thyge Sögard is continued; "Character in 'As You Like It'" is a pleasing inductive study by C. A. Wurtzburg, and "Longfellow's 'Golden Legend'" is compared with some striking analogues by P. A. C.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* has a very good February number. The frontispiece is a portrait of Mr. Arthur Balfour, accompanied by a rather brief and dry account of that statesman. "Nona Vincent," by Henry James, is begun; the "London and North-Western Locomotive Works at Crewe" form the subject of a plentifully illustrated account; "How Pianos are Made" is another of the same kind. Mrs. Oliphant contributes a short story, "A Girl of the Period," which is in her usual vein. "The Mosques of Flemcn" furnish material for numerous illustrations of Moorish life.

THE *Quiver* for March, 1892, opens with "The Beauty of God's Handiwork," by the Rev. B. G. Johns, which is a very interesting article. "The Heiress of Aberstone," by Mary Hampden, is continued. "Wolsey's Palace," by the Rev. J. Telford, is well worth reading. "Spiritual Failures," by the Rev. William Murdoch Johnston, is continued in this number; Judas being the fourth example of such failures. "Those Smiths" is really brightly written and well worth reading. The number contains much more of interest; special mention, however, should be made of "A Modern Italian Reformer" and "Nursery Tales in East End Dress." "Through Devious Ways," by Fay Axtens, loses none of its interest in this issue.

"DON ORSINO," F. Marion Crawford's bright and clever new novel, is continued in serial form in *Macmillan's* for

February. Mark Reid has a fanciful and philosophical assault on the "University Extension Movement" under the caption "The Beautiful and the True." "Our Military Unreadiness" is another of the numerous attempts to call public attention to the defective military organization of England. Arthur Gaye deplores "The Flight from the Fields" of old England, of the cultivator and tiller of their soil. He says "The attractions of the towns and colonies will soon prove too strong a magnet for the few remaining labourers." That ever welcome contributor, Sir Frederick Pollock, has a charming "Fantasy on an Altar-Piece of Perugino" (Nat. Gall. No. 288), entitled Sir Michael.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT's death is an event of consequence in literature, and *Literary Opinion* has accordingly accorded him a full-page portrait, and a critical estimate in which his morals are disapproved of and his art praised. Another great writer has gone, M. Emile de Laveleye, the Belgian political economist; and an article is devoted to him in the same periodical, with a warm tribute to his personality, industry and ability. It also contains a poem by Christina Rossetti, entitled "A Death of a First-born." Among the numerous reviews, that upon "David Grieve," by Elizabeth Lee, is the most important.

THE *Westminster Review* for February begins with an article of "Bibliolatry," by Rev. Walter Lloyd, a vigorous attack on the protest in the *Times* of Dec. 18, 1891, by a number of orthodox gentlemen, against the higher critical methods of approaching the Bible. "Girolamo Savonarola in History and Fiction," by Rev. J. Jessop Teague, comes next, and then comes "China: a Far Eastern Question," by Wm. Robertson, a study of European influence on the Flowery Kingdom, some parts of which we commend to the study of those who are interested in Chinese missions. Mr. Robertson looks forward to a time when European nations will have to establish a protectorate over China, and thinks Britain should have the greatest part in that protectorate. A eulogistic study of Mr. Thomas Hardy, by J. A. Newton-Robinson; "A Teaching University for London," by J. Spencer Hill, and "Is Compulsory Education a Failure?" by Joseph J. Davies, are the more important of the remaining articles. The reviews of contemporary literature and the drama are as full and valuable as usual.

IN *Blackwood's* for February Lord Brabourne hurls Lord Rosebery's "Life of Pitt" as a literary missile at the "Grand Old Man." He says "Lord Rosebery has done the Unionist party and the country good service in his exposure of the unfairness, the exaggerations, and the baseless accusations to which Mr. Gladstone has unhappily lent himself," etc., etc. "Diana: The History of a Great Mistake" is the title of a new serial. We question whether any memoirs of the time of Bonaparte have become so speedily and deservedly popular as those of General Marbot. Lieutenant-General Sir George Chesney, K. C. B., reviews them in this number. "The Camp of Wallenstein" is a poetic translation by Sir Theodore Martin of the first part of "Schiller's trilogy on the story of Wallenstein." Sir Theodore also contributes a poetic lament on the death of the Duke of Clarence. Francis Scudamore pays a generous tribute to "The late Khedive." Alfred Sharpe, Vice Consul, Nyasaland, writes a short but well informed article on "Central African Trade, and the Nyasaland Water Way." There are also a number of excellent reviews in this fine old magazine.

ON our library table lies the neatly-printed and chastely coloured "Presbyterian Year Book" for 1892, edited by Rev. George Simpson (Toronto: Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Company), a little work which ought to be regarded as indispensable to all members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada and Newfoundland. From the cover we learn that this is the seventeenth year of its publication, and if its predecessors contain as much information as the present number, there must indeed be an invaluable store of historic facts systematically laid away ready for the future ecclesiastical historian of the New World. Full lists are given of the officers of the General Assembly (the frontispiece is a portrait of the Moderator, Dr. Thomas Wardrope), of boards and standing committees, of the ministers of the various presbyteries, and indeed of the ministers generally; and to these are added interesting articles on missions, histories of churches, and on other matters nearly connected with the internal economy of a great Church. Great care should be taken in seeing that a perfect set of these year books is preserved. Copies should be sent to the chief libraries of the continent, for accurate lists of names of this description become priceless in after years.

THE latest number of the *Edinburgh Review* is one of the best we have seen, all the half-score articles of which it is composed bearing upon books or topics of wide-spread interest at the present moment; for example: Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian diplomatist's correspondence; athletics, and especially horsemanship, in England—a review of the "Badminton Library," most interestingly written with many historical and foreign comparisons; Dollinger's life and writings; Sidgwick's "Elements of Politics"; Marbot's "Memoirs"; Rodney; Froude's "Catherine of Aragon"; the fate of the Sudan, an article in which the writer makes no attempt to mince matters in his severe indictment of forty pages. The closing article is on "The Coming Crisis," which the writer thinks "must necessarily turn on the question of Home Rule," and it is needless to say he is strongly conservative in his

views. "With those who resist Home Rule," he says, "lies the power to carry forward the nation along the path of progress. On every side there is work to be done, for which the country cannot afford to wait till years of struggle have been spent over the interminable question of Ireland. The times are critical; but if Unionists remain true to themselves the country may well look forward to a long renewal of the prosperity at home and abroad which has distinguished the career of the Parliament now drawing to a close."

LORD TENNYSON opens the February number of the *Nineteenth Century* with a fine philosophic poem in blank verse on "The Death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale"; "Cross Examination" is tersely and effectively defended in a short article by the well-known jurist, Lord Bramwell; the Rev. B. G. Johns amusingly attacks that wretched business, "The Traffic in Sermons"; "Two Moods of a Man" is a sad but cleverly painted picture of the chequered course of love and domestic infelicity by Mrs. Singleton (Violet Fane); Edward Dicey, C.B., writes cordially and interestingly of the late Tewfik Pasha; "Castle Acre" is a very readable antiquarian contribution by the Rev. Dr. Jessop; Reginald G. Wilberforce, a life-long friend of the late Cardinal, writes an appreciative and touching article on "Cardinal Manning in the Church of England." The writer gives an interesting account of the influences which made of the Anglican Archdeacon a Roman Cardinal. He says that "the bent of Manning's mind was towards tradition, and towards that rock, on which he afterward split, the unity of the church"; he says, further on, "scarcely a year ago he said to a friend who told him that he was going to stay near Lavington (where he had been rector and Archdeacon of Chichester): 'Dear Lavington, the place where the happiest years of my life were spent.'" Rear-Admiral E. H. Seymour contributes a capital account of "The Present State of the Panama Canal," that vast financial Octopus, accompanied by a very helpful diagram. John Morley's criticism of "The New Calendar of Great Men," edited by Frederic Harrison, is both trenchant and scholarly.

THE *Fortnightly* for February opens with "Proem" by James Thomson:—

Our souls are stript of their illusions sweet:
Our hopes are best in some far future years
For others, not ourselves; whose bleeding feet
Wander this rocky waste where broken spears
And bleaching bones lie scattered on the sand;
Who know we shall not reach the Promised Land,—
Perhaps a mirage glistening through our tears.

Surely this is the *ne plus ultra* of pessimism which has lost its bitterness. "A few Words on the Government of London" by the Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., is a concisely written paper presenting many facts and figures. Professor William Crookes contributes a most interesting paper to this number entitled "Some Possibilities of Electricity," in which he boldly makes the following remark: "Another point at which the practical electrician should aim is nothing less than the control of the weather." "Australian Men of Mark," by Francis Adams, is a careful study of a type very little known on this continent. Miss Betham Edwards writes a charming paper entitled "Madame Bodichon: a Reminiscence." The founder or rather the co-foundress of Girton is introduced to us. William Archer contributes a good paper on "The Stage and Literature." "The ultimate criterion of merit in a play," says he, "as in any other piece of literature—forgive me if, at the eleventh hour, I venture to beg the question—lies in the amount and quality of sheer brain-power informing the whole organism." Edward Delile writes a very appreciative article on Pierre Loti, the successful rival of Zola—for the academy if not for the palm of realism; "A great writer M. Loti is not; an admirable writer he certainly is," says the author after some very keen and dispassionate criticism. Wordsworth Denisthorpe writes a paper entitled "The Future of Marriage." The Countess of Malmesbury replies.

Two great poets occupy large space in the latest number of the *Quarterly*—Horace and Hafiz. Of what perennial interest are great men! Amidst articles on "The Water Supply of London," "A Teaching University for London," and "Parliamentary and Election Prospects," the editor thinks, and thinks wisely, that he will cater to the tastes of his readers by treating them to not a few pages on the occidental poet of the Augustan Age and the oriental poet of the fourteenth century. The writer on Horace has many interesting things to tell us. He speaks of his "gentlemanliness," his "good form." He thinks the social satirist who has come nearest him in English is Thackeray, and avers that the latter's "Age of Wisdom" is unrivalledly Horatian in tone. He thinks he was a large imitator of Lucilius, though he "reset and polished the uncut diamonds of his rude predecessor." The writer of the article on Hafiz devotes much space to the translations which have appeared of one of the princes of Persian song, and says that "in proportion to the difficulty of the enterprise has been the ardour of attack," but thinks that no translation will "re-echo the Persian syllables, or give back their word-play and manifold coquetties of reverberation and entanglement." The writer's closing sentence is a significant one. After showing the foolishness and also the futility of comparing Hafiz "with any one of our noble and pure-minded Christian poets," he says: "If we must take a moral from his pages, let it be one of which the nineteenth century seems now and then to stand in need: that our best verse would never have been written had the Christian faith not bestowed on it strength