more natural outlet for his injured feelings. Whatever his failings may have been, he worked unselfishly and untiringly for the welfare of Prussia, and, as he believed, for the peace of Europe. He had no faith in colonies, and, had his counsels prevailed, German authority would have been restricted to the German Empire. There are many more things to say about the man of blood and iron, which are contained in his biographer's large volumes. The work of translation has been carefully executed, so far as my brief perusal enables me to judge, and there is a not too copious, but yet a useful index.

Dr. Robert MacDougal, once of the Western Reserve University, now of Harvard, has favored me with an extract from the Psychological Review, entitled "Music Imagery: A Confession of Experience." Within the limits of 14 large octavo pages, Dr. MacDougal relates his visual experiences in connection with certain musical performances in Berlin some years ago. The music awoke in his visual consciousness scenes and figures with motions such as might be represented on a stage. These he describes at length in reference to certain portions of the pieces played, and he afterwards endeavors, though confessedly without complete success, to account for their inter-relation. He looks upon his experience as immensely more complex than that of colored hearing, which leads one to think of Locke's blind man who fancied that the idea of scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet. If we only knew enough, the musician might become at the same time a painter, or at least might find some means of throwing the soul of his performance into a scenic body on a curtain. The poet says "all are but parts of one stupendous whole," but man, the soul, has not yet succeeded in correlating all the parts of the body. The Talker, and I am sure all the readers of the Talks, wish Dr. MacDougal all prosperity and usefulness in his new and important sphere of labor.

Roman Catholic reviewers are very indignant at Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest achievement, "Helbeck of Bannisdale," Macmillan's Colonial Library, pp. 464. The unhappy hero is a Roman Catholic country gentleman, the last of his race,