

and the stimulating effect of such imaginings? "The War of the Worlds" is continued. There seems to be very little chance of a hopeful conclusion, but Mr. Wells should really think of it lest some of the defenceless earth-dwellers get too frightened and escape not courageously but effectively. "The House of Life," by Mary Stewart Cutting, is an entertaining short story. One of the most interesting articles in the issue is the "Secret History of the Garfield-Conkling Tragedy," by T. B. Connery. It is as pathetic as only life can be; the story recorded looks at this distance so futile, the ends sought for so aside from the proper intent of government.

In the June *St. Nicholas* is a charming account of a birthday shared by Tennyson in the Isle of Wight; it is called "A Great Poet and a Little Girl." John Bennett's "Master Skylark" is surely a success among little people, the old time has been made so vivid that one reading feels almost as if he had been at a fair and had seen everything. Miss Nina Barrow continues her perilous career.

*Macmillan's Magazine* for May contains the opening chapters of two serial stories, "The House by the Howff," by W. L. Watson, and "A Chapter of Accidents," by Mrs. Fraser. Both stories bid fair to be extremely interesting, with most diverse local color and entanglement of fortune. In the same number also appears an amusing short story, "Nell," but Nell was a dog. There are several historical papers and an article on "Sunday Observance."

Edgar Allan Poe, unfortunate when he was here, and extremely unfortunate since his departure, is the fourth in the series of "American Bookmen," at present appearing in the

*Bookman*. He seems to have been very unsatisfactory, but a great many of us are that still. William C. Wilkinson contributes rather an upsetting analysis of a little thing that Keats wrote on a Grecian Urn, in which he proceeds to do in the clear light of day what Browning's painter hesitated to do even in the twilight—he rubs out the lines and puts them in again as he sees correctly. Andrea's judgment may have been better too, and he added something sadly about his soul, a phase of the question which the present critic omits. But then, after all, he does say that it has given him pleasure.

A Canadian poet, who is not so often celebrated as some others of her country, and for no apparent reason, has a poem in the last issue of *Littell's Living Age*. The verses are called "At St. Bartholemi," and the poet is Mrs. Harrison.

Sir Philip Magnus and his brother Commissioners, in their report on the progress of technical education in Germany, point out the following differences between Germany and England. In Germany both the Government and the teacher seem to have a keener appreciation of the value of scientific training as a basis of commercial success. Secondary education is more easily accessible in Germany than in England. "The instruction is more disciplinary, and exercises a deep influence in the formation of habits and in the training of character. The teaching of modern languages is insisted upon to a far greater extent than in any of our own schools, with results of the greatest possible benefit to the German Clerk and Commercial Agent; the absence of frequent and conflicting external examinations gives more time for careful study. The fees are much lower than in schools of corresponding grade in this country."