

kind, she spent a large part of it in treating men at the public house and in other extravagances, but went no further in her degradation. The vicious son of her husband by his first wife, surprised her at the box and took the rest away. On John Bolderfield's return, she strove to get her husband's help to make restitution, and after he had refused to do so and had disowned her as his wife, she threw herself into a well and was drowned. Isaac Costrell repented when it was too late. The theme is far from attractive, but the story is simply and graphically told. Like Miss Dougall's *Zeitgeist*, it contains the moral that a religion which makes people harsh and censorious even towards great sinners is not genuine Christianity. Many a man assumes the air of outraged virtue simply to cover his own moral deficiencies and to gain a reputation for sanctity that is none of his. This was not Isaac Costrell's case. He was just and conscientious according to his light, but it was the light of Sinai and Ebal, not of Calvary. Yet, such as he are the people whose voices are most heard in the churches and on the streets. The best men and the worst are in equal danger of suffering at the hands of these.

Miss Cornelia Horsford, daughter of the late Professor Horsford of Cambridge, Mass., has published a handsome quarto brochure of 22 pages, entitled *An Inscribed Stone*. Miss Horsford found the stone in

question in Weston, near Boston, and had it photographed. She kindly sent me a copy of the photograph and of her article upon it. The unmistakable runic characters on the stone are of the same nature as those of the Scandinavian area, and at the same time, as those of Siberia, Japan, and the Mound-Builder country in America. The Norsemen and the Siberians, etc., gave totally different phonetic values to identical runes, because the original hieroglyphics from which they were derived had different word equivalents in their diverse languages. The question arises, is this stone of Norse or of Sibero-American origin? As it is unpunctuated, it can be made to yield sense both in Japanese, the literary language of the Sibero-Americans, and in Icelandic. In either case I read it as a sepulchral inscription, but unhappily no trace has yet been found of the grave to which it belonged, which, if discovered, would go far to settle the question of the Scandinavian occupation of Vinland or Massachusetts about the year 1000. Miss Horsford, contrary to the bent of her studies and her sympathies, regards the Sibero-American as the better translation, and, by a similar perversity or ingenuousness, to call it by a better name, the Talker favours the Scandinavian. What the translations are it is Miss Horsford's province to tell, and doubtless those who are favoured with her valuable privately printed works will soon learn.