

friends will be no longer all men, but will embrace women as well. Of these he can but love one, using the word in its usual sense; but none the less will the others be dear to him. It is no answer to this to say that the tie of marriage is a higher and holier one than that of mere affection, however high and purely inspired. There is room in man's heart for both, just as much as the deep skies can burn with the glory of Arcturus or Sirius, and yet find place for stars of lesser degrees of glory, differing one from another in their magnitude, and none the less shining although they are not so bright. He would be a sorry gardener who, loving the rose "not wisely, but too well," should shut out the violet from his shady borders. Between love and mere acquaintanceship, how wide is the gamut! and as in a perfect instrument there is no note but can be struck into harmony, so here in the chords of life "there is no such thing as a useless affection." The note may be jarred, the brotherly love of man for maid may be used as the means of basely appropriating an unsuspecting heart, but for all that, the note's natural bent is harmony, and the brotherly unselfish affection is harmonious too. It is very often the fault of those who prophecy evil from such an affection that their forebodings come true. So sang old Dr. Donne, whose poetry shone too strongly to be obscured by the curious trappings and conceits which the bad taste of his age condemned him to wrap it up in.

"If, as I have, you also doe  
 Virtue attired in woman see,  
 And dare love that, and say so too,  
 And forget the He and She;  
 And if this love, though placed so,  
 From prophane men you hide,  
 Which will no faith on this bestow  
 Or, if they doe, deride;  
 Then you have done a braver thing  
 Than all the Worthies did."

Renée and Franz have done this worthy act, and the mode of its coming about and its results form the subject of a charming little tale. Renée is a young girl in a higher rank of life than Franz, who is only a rich young farmer of Alsace with dreamy, passionate German blood in his veins. From first to last; the affection which these two have for each other is unspotted by any different feelings, although, as usual, their neighbours and friends cannot believe the strange phenomenon. It is, however, placed beyond a doubt by the fact that both the young girl and Franz love two other persons, one of whom marries Renée. The other, a cousin of Renée's, is a blonde, young, lovely, with hair which is lighted up here and there by silvery gleams, and with large steel-blue eyes. With this enchanting mademoiselle Augusta, poor

Franz falls passionately in love; but yet, in his moments of deepest infatuation, and even when he discovers that she returns his love, he feels a presentiment that she prefers the world of fashion and the admiration of society to that quiet home and country life which he has marked out for his future. While helping Renée and her lover to overcome the difficulties in the way of their marriage, and in order to aid them, he willingly throws a great temptation in Augusta's way, in the shape of a rich and noble Russian *boyard*, who wishes to marry her.

The character of Augusta is perhaps the most powerfully drawn in the book, though by no means the most pleasing, and her struggles between love for Franz and her distaste for farm-life are very well told. Here is a picture of her, when she tried for a few weeks the life of a mistress of the farm: "For the first time I believed in the possibility of Augusta's becoming my wife. She looked like a veritable peasant woman, her rich complexion only rendering the alteration more complete. I was amazed and bewildered. She had arranged all her hair in one heavy braid after the manner of our country-women. This simplicity showed the luxuriance and beauty of her blond tresses, even more than their usually elaborate arrangement. A calico dress, with soft, flat folds, displayed the graceful outlines of her form, and fell straight to her ankles, the white, flowing sleeves leaving the round white arms two-thirds bare. . . . Her voice had a decided tone which I had never heard in it before—a tone which gave assurance that she would be obeyed. A sheaf of straw had fallen down; she seized it in her own hands and flung it back."

Some of Franz's friends consider this only a piece of serio comic acting on Augusta's part, but we will not divulge the secret whether Augusta's better nature prevails or M. Katchkoff succeeds in drawing her away with the superior attractions of Parisian society. For this, and for the fate of Renée and her husband, the reader must consult the book itself, which is well translated, and keeps up the high standard for which we have already had occasion to congratulate the publishers of this interesting series.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

MY INTIMATE FRIEND. A Novel. By Florence J. Duncan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

RENEE AND FRANZ (*Le Bleuets*). From the French of Gustave Haller. (Collection of Foreign Authors, No. VII.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.

PRIMER OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING. By Franklin Taylor. With numerous examples. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.

ERRATA:—Page 351, line 14 from the bottom, for "To gaiety," read "The gaiety."

Page 354, first column, second line from the bottom, for "universities" read "minorities."