

wretched end by his own hand in the garden of Phaon without the walls.

On that hard Roman world disgust
And secret loathing fell,
For weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

Myths and Myth-Makers. Old Tales and Superstitions Interpreted by Comparative Mythology. By JOHN FISKE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.00.

Dr. Fiske is one of the most philosophical writers of America. His "Myths and Myth-Makers" is one of his most popular works, having reached its twenty-first edition. Much light is thrown upon primitive beliefs by the folk-lore and myths of antiquity. Some of our simple rhymes and jingles are echoes of old-world superstitions. That of Jack and Jill, for instance, has its origin in an old moon myth of Iceland. Indeed, the spots on the moon have given rise to a whole cycle of these myths.

Some of the so-called historical traditions which are commemorated in song and story, in paintings and monuments, are shown by Dr. Fiske to be pure myths. The story of William Tell, for instance, intensely believed by the Swiss, he traces back to old Danish, Persian, and Indian legends a thousand years old. So also the touching story of Llewellyn and his brave dog Gellert, has its counterpart in ancient Egyptian mythology and Sanscrit and Chinese fables. Even the legend of Romulus and Remus, the wolf-reared cubs of Rome, is interpreted as a myth by modern historians. The not uncommon use of a forked hazel branch to find water or precious metals underground can be traced back into oldest Elf-land. Our common sassafras derives its name from the *saxi-fraga*, or, rock-breaking plant, from its alleged power to crumble hardest stones. Solomon is said to have used this spell for the building of the Temple without sound of saw or hammer.

The myths of Werewolves and Swan-maidens are described and interpreted, also those of the primeval ghost world. The word and idea "bugbear," in nursery lore, may be traced back to the Sanscrit Vedas. The classical mythology, as Bacon long since showed, is but an embodiment of nature worship. The trolls, elves and fairies of Teutonic mythology, and the djinns and efreetis of the Arabian Nights are all of ancient Aryan origin.

Modern Palestine; or, The Need of a New Crusade. REV. JOHN LAMOND, B.D., with sixteen illustrations. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

Surely no land has ever been the inspiration of so many books as the land made sacred evermore by the life and labours of our Lord. Mr. Lamond is a shrewd observer, and writes in a graphic manner. He has some rather unusual experiences from the fact that he stopped at the khans, or inns of the country, most of which he found very unsatisfactory. As a consequence of his mode of travel he found himself under arrest at Jenin, with the alternative of returning to Jerusalem or serious detention—a mere pretext to obtain backsheesh.

Mr. Lamond is indignant at the misgovernment of the country by the Turks. "Wherever the Turk settles, the grass forgets to grow," says an Eastern proverb. The new crusade he advocates is one which shall put the country under a European protectorate and relieve the peasants of the grinding oppression of the Government, and of periodical pillage and plunder by the Bedouin. He urges, too, more missionary effort in the Lord's land; but the conditions are very unfavourable. The Moslems are the most fanatical and bigoted of misbelievers. The Jews are a somewhat more hopeful class, and for them something is being done. This is an interesting addition to books of travel in Palestine.

Authors and Friends. By ANNIE FIELDS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 355. Price, \$1.50.

As the wife of the distinguished Boston publisher, Mrs. Fields had the privilege of knowing many of the leading authors of the United States and Great Britain. The favourite one of these, we think, was Longfellow. Except Shakespeare, no English-writing poet is so widely read, not even Tennyson. Twenty-four publishing houses in Great Britain have issued the whole or part of his works. His poems have been printed in many languages, including Russian, Hebrew, and even Chinese. His life was not without its share of sorrow. In Rotterdam, Holland, his young and dearly-beloved wife, to whom he inscribed the touching poem, "The Footsteps of the Angels," died. "Henceforth," he wrote, "let me bear upon my shield the holy cross."

The poet had, in one respect, a unique