

course of true love never did run smooth." The writer is not skilled in the literary art, and his style is rather redundant and florid. The book has won the following striking commendation by the accomplished critic of the *New York Independent*:

"One thing is all but perfect in Mr. Gillman's book—the effect we call 'atmospheric.' It is like the aerial illusions in painting, and while we read we are far away. We are taken up in a dream, and

'Pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee.'

A biblical, patriarchal, pastoral spirit pervades it. Indeed, the whole book is saturated with the author's reverence for the Holy Land, its legends, traditions, glory, misery—its romance, in a word, and its one supreme glory, the impress of the Chosen of God and of the Master who walked among them."

Dawn. By H. RIDER HAGGARD, author of "King Solomon's Mines," etc. New edition. Longman's Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Pp., 371. With sixteen full-page engravings.

This is a reprint of Haggard's first story. It has all the characteristics of its many successors, the vivid description, the breathless interest, the involved plot, the happy *denouement*. It has been many times reprinted, and is one of the most popular of his tales. The high-priced, three volume edition is here compressed into a convenient sized book for summer reading. It may beguile a holiday in the hammock.

How the Dutch came to Manhattan. Penned and Pictured by BLANCHE McMANUS. New York: E. R. Herriek & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a companion book to the "Voyage of the *Mayflower*," not long since reviewed in these pages. At the mouth of the Hudson is situated the second largest city in the world. The story of the beginnings of this great city, and the voyage of Hendric Hudson in the

Half Moon up the noble river that bears his name, is a very noteworthy one. Washington Irving's history of Diedrich Knickerbocker is too much the creation of romance for busy people wishing to learn the facts of history. This little volume is "a noble tale well told of valiant deeds well done." Odd pictures of the old Dutch town of Manhattan and its people, with their queer costumes, its shipping, its windmills and its odd houses, lend interest to the volume.

The King's Jackal. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, with illustrations by C. D. GIBSON. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Mr. Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune" was one of the most successful books of last year. It described one of those South American revolutions which so frequently occur—clearing the political atmosphere as the cyclone clears the sultry air. His last book, "The King's Jackal," describes the attempt made by one of the petty kinglets of southern Europe to recover his forfeited throne. The king is a scoundrel, and his jackal is not very much better, but in comparison with the king seems quite reputable. Miss Carson, an American heiress from California, a zealous Romanist, is induced by Father Paul, an insinuating priest, to help the movement with her millions for the sake of the church and the salvation of the king's sixty thousand subjects. But Mr. Gordon, a shrewd American newspaper man, frustrates the king's little game, and justice is administered all round. The story is very cleverly told, and Gibson's illustrations make you feel that you know the actors in it.

The Bibliotheca Sacra, now in its sixty-eighth year, announces that Rev. N. D. Hillis, D.D., and Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D., of Chicago, become associate editors with the July number. This is one of the oldest, as well as one of the strongest of the religious quarterlies. The book reviews by Dr. Holbrook are of special value.

Falling asleep awhile, I dreamed of fragrance,
Then waking, at my pillow found a bunch
Of roses sweet, brought by a loving friend,
Half flushed with glowing pink and half were drest
All in pure white.

Oft through the night of earth
We dream of heaven, and many a token find
That our Best Friend Himself has been beside us.

—Parkinson.