

the great events which marked the time. The book closes with the restoration of Elizabeth.

"The Man from Oshkosh," by John Hicks, LL.D., is described by the author as "a story." If it is to be looked at from that point of view, it cannot be pronounced a success. There is no regular sequence of plot, but rather a description of a series of events which befel the hero in different parts of the world. The only thing which holds the book together is his identity. But the book is interesting for all that. It falls into two parts. First we have the history of Horatio Juniper's early life in Oshkosh, a village in Wisconsin, which occupies about a third of the book, and then that of his life and struggle for fortune in Peru. In this last lies the chief value of the volume. Mr. Hicks has had great opportunities for studying life in Peru, having been Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to that state, and he has managed to weave into his narrative an interesting account of its people and their manner of life. Those who buy the book for this purpose will not be disappointed. Juniper goes through several surprising adventures, amongst them being buried, and discovering a valuable treasure.

"Sport Royal and Other Stories," by Anthony Hope, is an amusing little volume. "Sport Royal" takes about half the book, is a story somewhat on the lines of "The Prisoner of Zenda," though more humorous than tragic. The other stories are mostly very short—one sketch covering only three pages—but they are, without exception, full of that humour which is characteristic of the author. The story of the Astral body which gets out of hand and takes to projecting its owner is delightful.

"The Ways of Yale," by Henry A. Beers, is a collection of sketches and reminiscences illustrative of the life of that University some thirty years ago. Its most eager readers will be found amongst those who have attended Yale, and who will be glad to be reminded of their happy college days, and there are allusions in the book which will be only understood by such. At the same time the general reader will enjoy the book almost as much. Some of the sketches are in prose, others in verse. The chapters on "Chums" and "Eating Houses" we specially enjoyed.

We are glad that Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are publishing a series of the novels which delighted past generations. We have received in this series "Japhet in Search of a Father," by Captain Marryat. The edition is an excellent one. It is beautifully printed and well bound and capably illustrated by Mr. Henry M. Brock. An introduction is prefixed, with a sketch of Captain Marryat's life, by Mr. David Haunay. "We may sometimes hear it said," he says, "that the boys of this generation do not enjoy Marryat. If the report is to be believed the only comment to be made upon it is, so much the worse for the boys of this generation, and so much the worse for them, too, when they grow to be men." With these sentiments we entirely agree. It was a great pleasure to read the book again. We are very grateful to the publishers, and wish them every success in their enterprise.

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BRIEFER NOTICES.

Essays on Scandinavian Literature. By H. H. Boyesen. (New York: Scribners. Price \$1.50. 1895.)—We have read previous collections of essays by Professor Boyesen, but none with so much pleasure as the present. In discoursing on German literature the author was slightly bumptious, in writing on Ibsen he seemed to us to expend rather more time and space than the subject deserved; but here he speaks with unusual knowledge and authority, and he speaks remarkably well. One third of the volume is taken up with a very interesting memoir of the Norwegian poet, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, with a careful account of his works. Speaking of him and Ibsen, he remarks: "The sense of social obligation which Ibsen lacks, Bjørnson possesses in a high degree. He fights, not as a daring guerilla, but as the spokesman and leader of thousands. . . . The wrath that possesses him is born of love." We are sorry to be told that the English translations of the works of Bjørnson are far from satisfactory, and few of us can read Norwegian. Will not Mr. Boyesen give us something better? The other writers treated are the novelists, Alexander Kielland and Jonas Lie, both Norwegians, the latter the more important; then the Danish Hans Christian Anderson, the best known to outsiders of all here com-

memorated. To this succeeds an essay on contemporary Danish literature. Next comes a very interesting paper on another comparatively well known Danish name, that of George Brandes. Last of all we have a very careful sketch of Bishop Esaias Tegnér, the Swedish poet, indeed, as he calls him, the national poet of Sweden. The account of his death in 1846, in his sixty-fourth year is touching and beautiful. Here is a volume that will be read with interest and instruction.

Japan: The Land of the Morning. By Rev. John W. Saunby, B.A. (Toronto: William Briggs. 1895).—During the past year Japan has engaged a large share of the world's attention. The welcome, therefore, of every new book which throws additional light upon the history and customs of that interesting kingdom is assured. The present work is a comprehensive sketch of the subject and by no means pretends to be exhaustive. The author was for some years a missionary of the Canadian Methodist Church in Japan and naturally emphasizes the religious side of his subject. His opening chapter upon the physical geography of the country betrays marked descriptive ability. Japanese mythology reads very much like that of the ancient Greeks and explains much that is mysterious about Shintoism, the native religion. It is interesting to learn that Nihon, the Japanese name for the country, means "sunrise" or rather "sun-source," because the people were supposed to have sprung from Amaterasu, the Sun-goddess. Japan's history appears to have been, in many points, analogous to that of European States. It has had its renaissance, its reformation, its feudal system, its Napoleons. Three great waves of influence are responsible for its present advanced state of civilization. The first came with Buddhism from Corea; the second with Roman Catholicism from Europe, and the third with Protestant Christianity from America. Buddhism, like the monasteries in England, fell through its own corruptness. Political intrigue proved the ruin of the successors of St. Francois Xavier. At present the greatest abstacle to the spread of Christianity is the prevalent immorality. It is pleasant to note that Mr. Saunby liberally bestows credit wherever it is due, giving even the Buddhists their share of praise. The last few pages are taken up with a more particular account of the work of the Canadian Methodist Church.

Chapters from Some Memoirs. By Anne Thackeray Ritchie. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)—The fact that Macmillan & Co. have published "The Memoirs" in their Colonial Library series and in an inexpensive paper form ought to ensure the book being widely read. Mrs. Ritchie gives us in this little volume a number of recollections of her early days, dealing for the most part with her father and his companions, and presenting him in his home life. Naturally many of those whose names are now household words flit constantly across the scene—Chopin, Jane Eyre, Carlyle, Dickens, Leech, John Bright, Mrs. Kemble, and many others. There are touches of humour throughout such as the following catechism which a young French lady put her through when a child: "Do you ever go to church at all? Do you ever say any prayers? Did not heretics fast every Sunday instead of making it a fête day? Have you ever heard of the Virgin Mary (surprise expressed) and the Saints (more surprise)?" Some of the best parts of the book are those dealing with a visit to Weimar, where Thackeray met some friends of his youth, and the author's intercourse with Mrs. Kemble, which is told in a most affectionate manner. As an instance of the latter's dramatic power we quote the following:

I myself fortunately once happened to ask her some question concerning "As You Like It." Suddenly, as if by a miracle, the little room seemed transformed; there were the actors, no, not even actors; there stood Rosalind and Celia themselves, there stood the Duke, there was Orlando, in the life and spirit. One spoke and then another, Rosalind pleading, the stern Duke unrelenting; then somehow we were carried to the forest with its depths and its delightful company. It all lasted but a few moments, and there was Mrs. Kemble again sitting in her chair in her usual corner; and yet I cannot to this day realize that the whole beautiful image did not sweep through the little room, with colour and light and emotion, and the rustling of trees, and the glittering of embroidered draperies.

All admirers of Thackeray will, we are sure, read the book with interest, and people who do not care for that great satirist may feel more inclined to look on his works with favour after reading these memoirs.