

The book is written in a serious mood, but is never dull, and here and there Miss Ryder shows a humorous perception that is very entertaining. Her work can hardly fail to bring a tonic benefit to every girl of ordinary intelligence to whom it is given. Such a healthful and invigorating contribution to a class of literature so generally namby-pamby in its character deserves a signal success.

ASPIRATIONS. By Helen Hays. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

This story opens by the sea shore, where the old Abners live, and to whom a little curly-headed boy "chattering Italian" had been brought by their sailor son on his last home voyage; from the next he had never returned, and to them it remained an unsolved mystery, "who the child was," and "whence he came."

The boy "Tillo" shows early a wonderful talent for drawing, and though reprov'd for his "scrawling" by the old woman, he manages to indulge his fancy, and reproduces various sketches on all things available.

Mr. Barclay, a childless widower, and a man of fortune, appears at "The Neck," discovers the genius of the boy and the attractiveness of his disposition, and tries all in his power to make him consent to be his adopted child.

Just at this point the old man dies, and Tillo gives up all his ambitions, freely deciding to remain with his other adopted parent, and, as she wishes, learns *house painting*.

Here other persons are introduced to the reader; and Mr. Barclay is left the care of "Ruth," the child of an old friend. When Mr. Barclay returns once more to "The Neck" he finds the brown house shut up, and learns that old Mrs. Abner had died, and Tillo gone, no one knows whither. Ten years later they meet in Florence, where Tillo is working at his art.

The characters possess strong individuality. Grace, who expands under misfortune; May, whose sunny nature remains unscathed; Ruth, who goes through many misunderstandings and trials, and Miss Alden, who finds it a "great responsibility" to have the care of two marriageable nieces!

The book holds evidence of depth of thought and fancy:

"There is this similitude of force in all living, growing things,—it will have its way; from that of the tiny seed pushing up through the black mould, and spreading out its small green fibres, to the power in a human being's brain, expanding, pushing out into the ideas that demand sun and air."

"Day dreams, hopes, aspirations, which the boy could not have uttered, had he wished to, so impalpable and unformed were they; and yet so entirely did they sway his thoughts, that the air suddenly seemed intoxicating, and this somewhat gray-haired man an angelic presence."

How Lillo makes his way, and who he proves to be, is shown as the book goes on. The story is drawn out a little too lengthily, interest flagging towards the end, but it rouses up for the finale. The book closes with "chimes" for a double wedding. Who the happy couples are, the readers will learn.

HOW THEY LEARNED HOUSEWORK. By Christina Goodwin. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.

This is an excellent presentation of the time-honoured theory that every maiden should receive a kitchen diploma as well as such a document from a fashionable boarding-school. The endless iteration of this principle in small salutary volumes like Miss Goodwin's, which well meaning persons insist upon printing year after year, can find justification only in a very wide-spread neglect of domestic education. We are willing to believe that such neglect exists, that this little volume with its innumerable sisterhood is not without a mission or the ability to perform it, but among the blissful accessories of the domestic millenium we shall be disposed to consider the absence of this especial form of literary philanthropy.

A NEW DEPARTURE FOR GIRLS. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.

Margaret Sidney is so well known as a bright writer for the youth of her own sex that to say that her last book quite sustains the vigorous tone, practical teaching, and piquant individuality of her earlier efforts, is to endorse it as heartily as possible. The "New Departure" is the occupation of universal mending—a very sensible hint to the hundreds of young women who periodically appear in the daily newspapers as courting starvation at shirt-making and other unremunerative employments. It is neatly bound in paper, and its form places it within the reach of the most impecunious shirt maker. Mrs. Sidney's suggestion is not precisely in the line of higher education, but if it accomplishes that whereunto it is sent here will be a great thanksgiving among the housekeepers.

THE LAND OF BURNS and other Pen and Ink Portraits. By J. Campbell. Seaforth: *Sun* office.

To lovers of the poet, Dr. Campbell's "The Land of Burns" will be especially interesting. The "defence of the poet" is well and forcibly written, bringing to light the best attributes of his character. The book also tells of journeyings through Scotland.

We quote a stirring passage, where the author and his companions stand in Calton Hill burying-ground.

"And as we looked abroad and saw the High School where our own George Brown had received his early training, we thought that if he could answer the roll call from over the sea and the others rise from their graves for a few minutes, what impressive advice they would give? It would be worth a thousand sermons. It would be like the trumpet tongues of the angels! We would never forget it! What would the advice be? It would be work! work!! work!!! while it is called to-day, for the night of death cometh when no man can work."

The book contains many historical reminiscences, and some pretty descriptions of Scotch scenery.

BEATON'S BARGAIN. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. New York: Holt and Co.

Admirers of the especial kind of fiction which Mrs. Alexander produces so voluminously will be glad to hear that she has added the thirteenth to the list of unobjectionable little novels which appear in Holt and Co.'s Leisure Hour Series. "Beaton's Bargain," like the rest, is a pleasantly mediocre story, admirably adapted, as innocuous literary diet, to the needs of the average young ladies' seminary. There is the usual number of selfish worldlings, carefully balanced by a corrective proportion of the elect of Mrs. Alexander's imagination. "Beaton" is one of the selfish worldlings, makes a mercenary "bargain," and is very properly disappointed. The moral is excellent and obvious, the plot quite unexciting, and there is just enough naturalness about the very ordinary people and their rather dull dialogue, to save the book from the dead level of the commonplace.

MR. ISAACS. A Tale of Modern India. By F. Marion Crawford.

DR. CLAUDIUS. By F. Marion Crawford.

(Macmillan's Summer Reading Series.) New York: Macmillan and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

Messrs. Macmillan and Company are issuing in a convenient form for summer reading, a new and cheap edition of several of the choicest books on their list, of which "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius" are the two first numbers. These will be followed weekly by others of the like character, a list of which is published, the whole forming a very entertaining course of light reading, with which the pleasures of the summer may be much enhanced.

"QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE." Words by John Imrie; music by J. F. Johnston. Toronto: Imrie and Graham.

A patriotic song and chorus, five stanzas, in honour of the forty-ninth anniversary of the Queen's accession; the solo for tenor or soprano. In the chorus, the word "Liberty" is made to rhyme with "Free" and "Jubilee," the last syllable being sung to a long note, the result may be imagined. The expression "Victoria the Free" seems inappropriate, as our queen has not more freedom than other sovereigns. The unaccented syllable of "emblem" is sung to a long accented note.

We have received also the following publications:—

MUSICAL HERALD. June. Boston: Musical Herald Company, Franklin Square.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. June 12. Boston: Littell and Company.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. July. New York.

FINDING LIST OF BOOKS IN THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY (CENTRAL). Toronto: James Murray and Company.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. June. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

THE elder Pitt was for many years member for Bath and oftentimes resorted thither to seek relief in its waters from attacks of his constitutional malady. He lived at No. 7 Circus, and there it was that, on the day preceding his embarkation for America, General Wolfe was invited to dinner. Lord Temple was the only other guest. As evening drew on, Wolfe, unduly elated by the circumstances of his surroundings, drew his sword, flourished it round the room, and boasted the doughty deeds which he was about to accomplish. When at last the General had taken leave, and his carriage was heard to roll away from the door, Lord Chatham gave way to despair. Lifting up his eyes and arms, he loudly expressed to Temple his regret that he should have confided the fate of the Administration and of the country to the hands of so vain-glorious a boaster.