

filled up some columns of The Week. Perhaps this is the best recommendation we could give; for it declares that there are many quotable pages in this volume, and we may add, without fear of contradiction, that there is not one dull page in it.

Passing over the Archers and coming to the Artists, if we had only the delightful pages on John Leech, we should get the worth of our money. Everyone has made the acquaintance of that wonderful artist through his sketches and caricatures in Punch, but only his own friends could know him as he is here revealed to us by Dean Hole. The description of this great artist is simply perfect, but it is impossible to reproduce it here. Incidentally we learn that a good many of the themes of the caricatures in Punch are derived from actual, historical incidents. For example, the Farmer who, after tasting some choice liqueur, said to the waiter, "Yoong maan, I'll trooble yer fer soom o' thaat in a moog," was an actual personage who made that particular demand.

Among Authors we find Lyte, author of the immortal hymn, "Abide with Me, fast falls the Eventide," which, by the way, refers to death, but is nevertheless quite properly sung as an evening hymn. We also find Thackeray, the Great; Charles Dickens; and Dr. John Brown, for whom Dean Hole, like all other good and human men, has an unbounded affection and admiration.

Cricketers have only one chapter, as is proper from a Dean, but ecclesiastics, as is also proper, have seven. We have recollections of Archbishop Harcourt Vernon of York; of Bishop Kaye, the learned, of Lincoln; of Bishop Jackson, the beloved, first of Lincoln and then of London; of Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, whose brother Charles, Bishop of St. Andrews, has just departed this life; of Bishop King, of Lincoln, lately acquitted of malpractice by the Archbishop (!), who so handled a deputation of complainants with geniality and luncheon, that they forgot what they had come for, and went away without complaining. Dean Hole thinks there is some loss in the suppression of the old-fashioned parish choir, and we rather agree with him. But "the old order changeth," and we cannot keep it still.

The chapter on Gamblers is awful and instructive. God guide to its perusal the young who may be in danger! It is a terrible subject, not to be lightly dealt with here. Hunters and shooters are excellent; and the chapters on Oxford super-excellent. It is a splendid passage when he tells of one of the Oxford Eight breaking down, and the Cambridge captain refusing another to be put in his place, and then the seven beating the eight by half-a-boat length! How few such moments of bliss are there in the life of man! "I shall never forget," says the Dean, "the roar of Bravo, Oxford! which reached us as the boats came in view, nor the amazement, which could not believe what it saw—the boats close together, and our own gradually drawing ahead, until the race was over, and by half a boat's length Oxford beat Cambridge with seven oars! Had they been the seven before Thebes, or the seven champions of Christendom, or the seven Bishops who stepped out of their boats at the Tower, they could not have been cheered more heartily." But enough! All sensible persons will soon have the book in hand.

PERIODICALS.

Nellie Blessing Eyster opens The Californian Illustrated Magazine with a short story entitled "Barbara Frietchie," which is followed by "Mission Santa Cruz," a really beautiful sonnet from the pen of S. E. Anderson.

How swiftly here oblivion set her seal!

What has the vanished century left of each?

The Spanish roof-tree and the Spanish speech,
The music and the roses of Castile.

"Woman's Christian Temperance Union" is discussed by Dorcas J. Spencer. G. L. Brown contributes a "Song," not without some beauty of expression. "A Sacrifice to Science" is the title of a contribution from Gustav Adolf Danziger. "The Nationalization of Railroads" is the name of a paper from the pen of

Rabbi Solomon Schindler. "The New Religion" by Edwin Dwight Walker, and "Astrology in London," by Edgar Lee, are continued in this number.

Mildred Aldrich discusses "Alexander Salvini" in the January issue of The Arena. "Does Bi-Chloride of Gold Cure Inebriety?" is the title of a contribution from the pen of Henry Wood. Helen Campbell writes upon "Women Wage-Earners of America and Europe." The so-called "Tribunal of Literary Criticism" is continued in this number by Professor W. J. Rolfe, who writes in the defence of Shakespeare! The Rev. J. T. Sunderland contributes a paper entitled "From Human Sacrifice to the Golden Rule." Arthur K. Woodbury contributes an interesting paper upon Tennyson. "A Home in the South Seas" is the name of a most readable contribution by Emily S. Loud. Charles Frederick Holder writes upon "The California Academy of Sciences," and his valuable paper is followed by "Regulation of Railway Charges" by Richard H. McDonald, jr.

"Diana Tempest" is the name of a serial from the pen of Mary Cholmondeley, the opening chapters of which appear in the January number of Temple Bar. "The Mistletoe," by H. C., is a bright little poem. "Letters of a Man of Leisure" is the title of a most interesting paper upon the correspondence of "Edward Fitzgerald, the friend of Tennyson, and who stood first of all his friends in Thackeray's affections." "Gower Street and its Reminiscences" is a pleasant rambling paper, which is followed by "Squire Jack," a story in three parts. G. S. H. writes some clever lines entitled "The Coming Laureate." Alfred T. Story contributes an article on "Samuel Palmer," the landscape painter. "Bigham's Idea" is the name of a humorous tale by E. L. Phillimore. "Sport in the Snow, or Bear Hunting in Russia," is the subject of a capital contribution to this number.

The Rev. William W. McLane opens the December issue of the Andover Review with a paper entitled "The Ethical Basis of Taxation." "The moral principle of taxation," says the writer, "which would base taxes upon benefits conferred, or services rendered, cannot be so applied as to secure exact justice; but it can be so applied as to secure approximate justice." The Rev. John W. Buckham writes upon "The New Natural Theology." Kenyon West is the author of a really excellent paper entitled "Percy Bysshe Shelley,—A Study of his General Characteristics." Mr. West shows very clearly that Shelley was something more than "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." He points out how "His enthusiastic belief in human progress, in the possibility, nay, the certainty, of the race ultimately attaining the highest virtue, makes Shelley's poetry of great value." Professor Taylor is the author of a carefully written article on "The Place of the English Bible in Modern Theological Education."

C. F. Adams commences the January number of the Harvard Graduates' Magazine with a carefully written paper on "Education in the Preparatory Schools." Under this heading the writer discusses "The Classics and Written English" and facsimiles of the latter are contained in the paper. W. W. Goodwin follows with an able article entitled "The Root of the Evil." He acquiesces to the proposal "that a knowledge of English be made an absolute (and no longer a nominal) requisite for a degree," and gives it as his opinion that this regulation "would bring into the field the most powerful and effective engine which the college possesses—an engine which is rarely used without avail." H. Munsterberg is the author of an interesting paper on "The New Psychology." He calls Experimental Psychology "the unifying central science." "Harvard Men in the Public Service" is the title of a paper by C. P. Ware.

Ella Higginson commences the January number of The Overland Monthly with a pretty little poem entitled "Christmas Eve." Nora A. Smith tells the story of "A Kindergarten Christmas." "An Unromantic Affair,"

by Quien, if a little dull, is at any rate natural. William A. Beatty writes upon "San Francisco Election Machinery." Phil Weaver, Jr., contributes an interesting paper entitled "Christ-masses and Christmases." William H. McDougall writes "A Peninsular Centenary, II." "Four for a Cent" is the name of a very disagreeable but humorous, and possibly a truthful description of the "liners, whose name is Legion." The "Spinning Song" of M. C. Gillington makes one think of Swinburne, in spite of the dictates of common sense.

Croon to the strand, with laughter and lisp of spray,
and

Like a line of life without an end or beginning,
to quote two lines from this poem, have in them, both as to alliteration and cadence, something of the true Swinburnian rhythm, and yet the "Spinning Song" is undoubtedly original. "Brander's Wife," by Flora Haines Loughead, is a good story.

"Amelia B. Edwards: Her Childhood and Early Life" is discussed in a sympathetic paper contributed by her cousin, Miss M. Betham-Edwards, to the January number of the New England Magazine. This is followed by "The Story of a Clock," which was written and published by Amelia B. Edwards at the age of twelve. Hellen Campbell commences a serial entitled "John Ballantyne, American." "The Oldest Episcopal Church in New England," by Alice Morse Earle, is interesting from the antiquarian's point of view. Lucia True Ames contributes a sensible and ably written article on "The Home in the Tenement House." "Lost at Sea" is the name of some pretty lines by James A. Tucker. Barr Ferree writes upon "Modern Architecture," in which critical paper he makes the following statement: "Modern architecture is a mixture of good science and bad art, a most unfortunate combination, for which there is not the smallest occasion." "The Orchard Path," by Alice Williams Brotherton, has at least the merit of being vigorous and sincere. "James Parton," the biographer, is the subject of an article from the pen of Julius H. Ward. "Dame Periwinkle Speaks," by Elizabeth B. Walling, is a quaint story of the sixteenth century.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The careful revision of the "Apocrypha," undertaken some years ago by the revisers of the Old and New Testaments, is still in progress. The result of their work will be published by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

A paper of unusual importance will appear in an early number of the Century. It is "A Defence of Russia," written by the Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington, and presenting the Russian point of view as to certain matters of internal administration which have excited the criticism of the outside world—notably the expulsion of the Jews.

"Matelot" is the title of the new novel on which Pierre Loti is now at work. He is also thinking of another novel to be called "Une Exilée" and to be the story of a certain unhappy and sentimental Queen. M. Loti won't read a daily paper, scarcely ever writes a letter, refuses to see interviewers, and does his work in a room at the top of a tower which is to be reached only by a single ladder. He is said to read all the best fiction he can lay hands upon.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that the "Bower MS."—the oldest Indian MS. yet discovered—is described in the last proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. It is written on birch bark, and was dug out of the foot of what is generally regarded as a Buddhist stupa, just outside a subterranean city near Kuchar. The characters are Sanscrit of a very archaic type. Dr. Hoernle, of Calcutta, has succeeded in deciphering them, and finds the MS. consists of two medical works, some proverbial sayings and the story of a charm against snake bite.

The Weekly Bulletin of Newspaper and Periodical Literature, published at 5 Somerset Street, Boston, is to have some important new