

lovely an aspect as its European counterpart. It is studded with islands and surrounded by a coast line as fair and majestic as the "Middle Sea" of the Romans. It, too, has its stirring memories of battle and victory. The gallant Drake, with his men of Devon, scourged the Spanish on the main they called their own, and "singed the king of Spain's beard" even in his defenced cities of Panama, Nombre de Dios, Carthagena, and La Guayra.

But these summer seas were haunted also by some of the rarest scoundrels in history. They made the harbour of Port Royal, Jamaica, one of the vilest spots on earth. The wrath of heaven at last swallowed up in an earthquake this den of thieves. One may look down through the blue waters of the bay upon the crumbling ruins of the old-time city.

One of the most ruthless and truculent of these buccaneers was Sir Henry Morgan—a knight, forsooth, created by that not over-scrupulous monarch, Charles II. Mr. Brady has made in his "Colonial Fights and Fighters" a special study of the times, and in this tale of the sea has given a vivid picture of Morgan and his reckless exploits. He does not gild the character of this ruffian, but paints him, scars and all, as he was, and in his story brings him to a merited fate, bound to a rock while the vultures hovered near, a worse fate than that of Prometheus upon Mount Caucasus. "And so the judgment of God was visited upon Sir Henry Morgan at last as it was writ of old, 'with what measure they meted out, it had been measured back to them again.'"

"The American Prisoner." By Eden Phillpotts. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Pp. viii-422. Price, \$1.50.

The author of this book knows his Devon and the West Country as well as does the author of "Lorna Doone." The deft hand that wrote "The Children of the Mist" is evident on every page. The title at first glance is a little misleading. It has nothing to do with Indian captives in the wild West, but is a minute study of conditions on the high and bleak Dartmoor in which was situated England's great war prison, designed for the accommodation of ten thousand men. It was, as shown in the frontispiece, a vast circular enclosure, surrounded by double walls, with great barrack-like structures in which were housed thousands of American and French prisoners during the wars of 1812

and Britain's Napoleonic campaign. They were under severe military discipline and guardship. Cecil Stark, of Vermont, was here held a prisoner of war. The prison life is portrayed and the historic attempts at escape vividly described. The pictures of the wind-swept wastes of moorland, rock, and meadow are of photographic fidelity, as also, we suppose, are the renderings of the west country dialect which are here given. The book is one of sustained and fascinating interest.

"Jesus Christ and the People." By Mark Guy Pearse. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 226.

This book is the outcome of Guy Pearse's work in the West London Mission. That work brought him, like the Master whom he serves, into closest contact with the common people. He learned to love them and rendered them his noblest service. The book is full of inspiration and cheer.

"The Presiding Eldership Structural in the Methodist Episcopal Church." By T. B. Ford. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 171.

The system of presiding elders has been a ministry of potent influence in the progress of the most widespread Methodism in the world. Especially for pioneer and missionary work it seems almost essential. This has led to its adoption in principle, if not in name, by the appointment of our missionary superintendents in New Ontario and the great West.

"Brevities." By Lisle De Vaux Matthewman. Pictured by Clare Victor Dwiggins. Square 12mo. Cloth, with One Hundred Illustrations. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.

Brevities comprises the latest work of the lamented Lisle De Vaux Matthewman, whose untimely death from typhoid fever recently occurred at New York, which adds a melancholy interest to this little book. The delicacy, grace, and humour of the illustrations, as well as the keen, biting sarcasm of the text, are a combination unique in its way. If "brevity is the soul of wit," it is here; but the wit displayed is independent of its briefness, and has a character and flavour of its own. The following is