

left themselves to putrefaction and the morality of New York." We get no hint of the theory that this remarkable statement was intended to illustrate or embellish, no reason for its being whatever; it simply stands there alone, to be an offence to every just and decent person. Mr. Kennedy's collection is, of course, of intense interest, but manifest injustice, and more than once through its pages we see so flagrant an exhibition of the latter as to make us willing to sacrifice the former in a wish that such a thing as an anthology had never been thought of.

"TEN Dollars Enough," by Catherine Owen, published by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, of Boston, and for sale in Toronto at Williamson's, is a cook-book to all intents and purposes, but a cook-book in such delusive form that the masculine mind might go half through it without making the discovery, and of such attractive contents that young housekeepers may, without exaggeration, be expected to cry for it. It is the story of a young man, the scion of a rich and noble house of New York, who inadvertently falls in love with and marries, greatly to his parent's displeasure, the daughter of a person much beneath the rank of a stockbroker. In high dudgeon the youth's papa and mamma declare that since he has made his bed he must lie on it, in the popular phrase; in other words, he must support his gentle "Mollie," unaided, upon a meagre salary of \$1,200 a year, and work like any bank-clerk. They audaciously go to house-keeping, and the rest of the book consists of the annals of their daily meals as Mollie cooked them, and other people may, upon ten dollars a week. The little volume is very satisfactory as a sort of compendium of nice French recipes, but does not achieve a distinguished success as a work of fiction.

"A GIRL'S Room," by "Some Friends of the Girls" [Boston, D. Lothrop and Company] seems to indicate joint authorship with excellent practical results. The book is filled with directions for the manufacture of all sorts of useful trifles, its best characteristic being that nothing is suggested that has not a positive purpose beyond the pseudo-ornamental object of much foolish handiwork of many foolish virgins. Its contents are well and modestly indicated in the little prefatory note, which says that the volume "has been prepared not alone to show girls how they may make their rooms cosy and attractive, with only a small outlay of money and time and work, but also as a friendly sort of book which they will keep near on a shelf or table, to consult when they would like something new to do and to be shown the way to do it, or when they would like a fresh diversion for a guest, or a bright game for a social evening, or a pleasant employment during a summer outing, or an occupation for a rainy day, or to make a gift for a friend."

EVERYBODY belonging to the large class who found keen and intense satisfaction in the kind of wit and wisdom displayed in "How to be Happy Though Married," will doubtless discover their pleasure repeated in "Manners Makyth Man," by the same author and published by [Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, and the Standard Publishing Co., Toronto.] Its matter is not quite so strictly domestic as that of the previous volume, but its other characteristics are unchanged. Its advice is quite as time-honoured, its humour quite as vapid, and its style marked by the same painful effort at tripping, where the gait prescribed by nature is evidently an amble, as is manifest in "How to be Happy Though Married." On the other hand there is much common sense and kindly spirit in the book, and after all perhaps it is as well to have the old aphorisms gathered up and presented to us occasionally, lest in the rapid advance of this progressive age we somehow leave them irretrievably behind.

A SPLENDID addition has been made to juvenile literature for the holiday season in the shape of Mr. E. G. Brooks' "Chivalric Days." The title is a little misleading, for no especial epoch is treated of in the ten stories which form the book, although a certain chronological arrangement is observable in its contents. The boys and girls who figure in the stories are all surrounded by the picturesqueness of incident and detail that is inseparable from chivalry in history, beginning with the young Pharaoh Nebi and ending with a British youth on American soil. So that, by extracting the romance of chivalry from episodes of child-life at almost any date of the world's history, Mr. Brooks has taught the very useful lesson that all days may be chivalric. That some of the stories appeared in *St. Nicholas*, may guarantee the bright readableness of all of them; and if any other proof of their worth were required, it might be found in the fact that their author wrote "Historic Boys," a widely and deservedly popular volume. "Chivalric Days" is published in New York, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and is to be had in Toronto at Williamson's.

THERE are few things more remarkable in circles of literary activity than the rapid improvement within very recent years in work done for the

benefit of the very little ones. All that is bright and dainty in thought and expression, by pen or brush or pencil, seems to contribute to make the picture-book of to-day no less a source of extreme pleasure to the children than a valuable agency in the education of their eyes and ears to the appreciation of the really true and beautiful in both art and letters. The only original Mother Goose still survives it is true; but Mother Goose is perpetuated for very love of her antiquated petticoats, and would certainly fail to recognise herself as completely as the little old woman of her own history who suffered such direful abbreviation at the hands of the "pedlar whose name was Stout," could she awaken to the fact of her modern apparel as supplied by the fashionable publisher of New York or Boston. Could the infant of to-day but realise his unspeakable advantage over his parents, in the matter of the art and literature that formed the intellectual staples of their youth, he would felicitate himself upon his probable artistic and literary development. As it is, his parents do the felicitation, and the world waits. Two very charming holiday books that have come under our notice will brighten anticipation and cheer hope deferred in the matter of producing artists by lithograph applied in extreme youth. One, "Bye-o'-Baby Ballads," the words by Charles Stuart Pratt, the pictures by F. Childe Hassam, published by D. Lothrop and Company, Boston; the other, Clement Moore's famous "Visit from Santa Claus," illustrated by Virginia Gerson, published by White, Stokes, and Allan, New York; Hart and Co., Toronto. The excellence of Mr. Hassam's work is variable, but there is none of it that does not mark a decided advance from the stereotyped picture-making in vogue not so very long ago. And the piquancy of all Miss Gerson's work is so well known as to make comment unnecessary. In this case it adds a double zest to a zestful old story, the spirit of which Miss Gerson has inimitably caught and interpreted.

MUSIC.

AMONG all the designs that come to us on Christmas cards each year, there is never anything prettier than the one which presents, in the starlit glow of an English winter's night, the chubby upturned faces of the red-cheeked carol-singers. Manor, grange, hall, and cottage, each in turn listen to their clear-voiced chant, at one time reciting the legend of "Good King Wenceslas," at another lustily shouting the fine old tune, "God rest you merry gentlemen," thereby recalling the "Caput apri defero," of his undergraduate days to the middle-aged gentleman behind the blind, or in some haunting refrain of "Nôel" brought over from Gallic shores, touching the lonely heart, and arousing the faded enthusiasms, of the poor little French governess, in her small room upstairs. Verily around the "Christmas Carol" cluster some of the divinest emotions of the Englishman, the German, and the Frenchman. The French indeed were the great producers of carols in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while the famous "Prose de l'âne," sung in the twelfth century to the tune commonly fitted in our Anglican churches to the hymn, "Soldiers who are Christ's below," has the following quaint words in French, as well as Latin.

Hez, sire Asnes, car chantez
Belle bouche rechiquez
Vous aurez du foin assez
Et de l'avoine à plantez
Hez, sire Asnes, hez.

The Italian carols were more ambitious in construction, being mostly treated in polyphonic style. There are also German and Flemish carols extant belonging to the thirteenth and prior centuries. The first carols were accompanied by dancing, and one old English specimen has for a title the words.

"To-morrow shall be my dancing day,"

supposed to have been spoken by Christ. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries carols were both serious and humorous, and a collection printed in 1630 has the following title page, "Certaine of David's Psalmes intended for Christmas carols, fitted to the most sollempne tunes everywhere familiarlie used." During the Commonwealth carol-singing was dropped, along with other doubtful customs, while upon the Restoration it increased steadily in favour, till at the present time it is one of the distinctive marks of the Christmas season. If England's Colonies have borrowed her mince pye and her plum pudding, her roast beef whether with or without "mustard and minstrelsy," as in good Queen Bess's days, and her decorative holly and mistletoe, with other national appendages too numerous to mention, they may also with greater and increased advantages, borrow the innocent and quasi-devotional custom of carol singing, which would bring delight and happy tears to thousands of rough hearts in the sheep-walks of Australia and the wintry wilds of Canada. For the use of choirs, choral societies, etc., the best collection extant is the one edited by the Rev. H. R. Bramley and Sir John Stainer, containing seventy of these interesting compositions, out of which seventeen are traditional, and the others Old French, Old English and Modern, the latter being gems of musical writing from such masters of Church form as the lamented Dr. Dykes, Sir J. Goss, Gadsby, Monk, Bridge and Barnby. Every year of course in this imitative and easily creative age, new carols are written, published, and sung; but it may be safely conceded that nothing can ever be written in the future to equal the solemn beauty of "What Child is This!" or the simple directness of "We three Kings of Orient are," and "The Seven Joys of Mary."