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BOOK NOTES.

IN noticing "The Open Secret" last month, we omitted to state that it was published by The Willard Tract Depository, Toronto.

SELBY & Co., Toronto, will publish sermons by Rev. Dr. Wild. The first volume will be ready in May.

THE Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, issued last week:—"Life in a Parsonage," a religious novelette, by W. H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.S.C., 12mo., cloth; "Debate on Baptism," between Elder Harding and Rev. T. L. Wilkinson, 8vo., cloth; "The Final Outcome of Sin," a Homiletical Monograph, by Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., paper cover; "The Second Advent of Christ," by the Rev. Magee Pratt, paper cover.

DEGRADED.—Hamilton Spectator Printing Company. This is an anonymous novelette, written, however, we understand, by a Hamilton lady, and dedicated to "all girls whose only inheritance is Adam's legacy—Work." The principal characters are Dr. Arlington, "a proud, happy-looking man" (well he might be); Chester Marsh, a sweet, graceful woman; two majestic old ladies, Dr. Arlington's mother and his aunt; and his sister. Out of these and their environment, the authoress has woven a very charming story, which she has told plainly and gracefully. The heroine, a school teacher out of employment, takes, against the wish of her aristocratic aunt, domestic service with Dr. Arlington; and the purport of the book is to show how by choosing healthful work and doing her duty she is *not* degraded, and, moreover, receives the guerdon—but, stay, our readers, if they cannot guess, must find out what she receives from the book itself; it will repay a perusal.—*The Week*.

IN the course of an amusing article on "The True Theory of the Preface," by Brander Matthews, the following advice is tendered (confidentially) to all makers of books:—"The only safe rule is resolutely to set forth the merits of the book in the preface, and to be silent as to its faults. Do not apologise for

anything. Confess nothing. If the book has an inevitable defect, boast of it. A man has the qualities of his faults, says the French maxim. In a preface a man must defiantly set up his faults as qualities. Of course, this needs to be done with the greatest skill; and it is seen in perfection only in the prefaces of those who have both taste and tact, and who combine a masculine vigour of handling with a feminine delicacy of touch. Anybody can write a book, as I have said already; but only a man singularly gifted by nature, and richly cultivated by art, can write a preface as it ought to be written."

MR. WILLIAM SHARP will issue his "Sonnets of this Century," in Mr. Walter Scott's popular "Canterbury Poems," with an introductory essay by himself. When we add that he has received free permission to make his choice from Lord Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and others, as also from the publishers of the works of Mrs. Browning, Mr. Charles Tennyson-Turner, and Mr. Rossetti, it will be seen that he enjoys advantages beyond previous labourers in the same field, and a most valuable and charming book may be expected.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have conferred a boon on the public, by the issue of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, in an eighteen-penny series, uniform with those of Mr. Whyte-Melville. Well got up and well printed, they are just the form in which we prefer to read such old favourites, and the popularity they attain will, we trust, lead to other issues in the same style.

FOLLOWING out and improving on the suggestions of Mr. Zaehnsdorff, a collector has ordered a copy of Holbein's "Dance of Death," to be bound in human skin. That gentleman suggested that certain brilliant but immoral French *erotica* should be clothed in the gorgeous skins of Eastern venomous snakes. This was reasonable and suggestive enough, but the new departure seems in its sensuous realism, a gross offence on decency and good taste.

THE author of "Houp-la," "Bootle's Baby," and other popular military novels, published lately, surprised the English publishers of the books not long ago very much as Charles Egbert Craddock, (Miss Murfree) did Mr. Aldrich, the editor of *The Atlantic*.