

nonsense and her nimble twists and turns of language. She writes as prettily and naturally as a bird flits from limb to limb.

This English girl is a model traveller. Possessed of uncloyed tastes, keen eyes for a joke, a faculty for finding amusement in anything, she has also the power of sharing her enjoyment with all her readers.

She has caught, too, the very spirit of Paris, with its laughter and its light-hearted mirth.

In truth, the book is not tiresome even in spots.

John Lane, London.

A GARDEN DIARY. By Emily Lawless.

THIS is not a particularly interesting diary, but withal, contains some bright bits of philosophy about gardening. "Lessons," she says, "may be gathered in a garden, as in most other places. For the owner the most wholesome of these is perhaps that he never really is its owner at all. His garden possesses him—many of us know only too well what it is to be possessed by a garden—but he never in any true sense of the word possesses it. He remains like one of its appanages, like its rakes or its watering pots; a trifle more permanent, perhaps, than an annual, but with no claim assuredly to calling himself a perennial."

The book is chiefly interesting as describing the tension felt in England during the first weeks of the Boer War, and how the news of defeat and victory were received by the people.

Methuen & Co., London.

BETWEEN OURSELVES. By Max O'Rell.

NEEDLESS to say, this is a study of the "eternal feminine," and the epigrammatic, diplomatic Max knows more about women than they do themselves.

And he writes about love, too—not love divine, undying,—but the kind usually grown in Paris.

He believes very much in affinity, and not at all in ceremony. He holds not only to the ancient theory of wives in multiples, but also to the modern practice of wives in series. Naughty Max!

This Frenchman's theory is, "Rejoice; be

happy; make as many people happy as you can. Live well and long, you will never have another chance."

Once in a while he dips his marvellously witty pen into gall, especially when he would score John Bull. Here is one dip: "Every day in England you will read articles in the newspapers, and hear patriotic songs in the music halls, which tell you that liberty and independence are two great blessings for which men should shed the last drop of blood. You would imagine this was a tribute to the Boers—not a bit; it is a compliment that the English of the present day are paying themselves."

Catto & Windus, London.

KOTO. Being Japanese Curios with Sundry Cobwebs
By Lafcadio Hearn.

RARITY. A delight. A book to be remembered when lists of "the best" are making.

The author is the lecturer on English literature at the Imperial University at Tokio. To Buddhism he brings the interpreting spirit of Western science, and more than any other living writer, has added a new thrill to our intellectual experience. Oriental imaginations and instincts are to the Occident illusive mysteries, and it is these strange subtleties Mr. Hearn has so successfully caught and nailed down.

Through these studies, folk-lore, and poetry there runs an underlying spirit which gives them not only continuity but life. The spirit is that of ceaseless change, and endless coming and going, the past throwing its shadow on the future—a spirit which is the very essence of Eastern philosophy.

In the Japanese poetry we observe dexterity of imagination, a sense of restraint, and a power of after suggestion that leaves a haunting echo in the memory.

The tales for the most part deal with what we would call psychic phenomena, and are touched with mystery, speculation, religion, revery, reflection, and surmise.

The book is dedicated to Sir Edwin Arnold, and its get-up generally is very tasteful. The letter-press is most cleverly illustrated by Genjiro Yeto.

MacMillan & Co., London.