

rational system prevailed. As to corporal punishment, Quintilian writes: "I object to it, because it is a disgusting practice and fit only for slaves, because the boy will be simply hardened to the infliction of stripes, and such castigation is unnecessary if the teacher understands his business." The book is full of suggestions for the modern science of pedagogy

*Eleanor.* By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.  
Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 627.  
Price, \$1.50.

This is, in our judgment, distinctly the best book of its class of the year, or of many years. One reviewer describes its reading as something worth living for. It is a dissection—a vivisection—of a woman's soul. With keenest scalpel the author lays bare the inmost heart, and shows the quivering nerves, the poignancy of trial, the moral heroism of triumph. He who looks for sensational romance with hair-breadth escapes will not find it here. It is a minute study finished like one of Meissonnier's miniatures, chiefly of one person, the gentle heroine, Eleanor Burgoyne. As a beautiful foil is the character of Lucy Foster, the beautiful Methodist girl, whose religious principle makes her capable of noblest self-sacrifice and devotion. As we follow the development of character with keenest interest we breathe an ethereal air, like that of the mountain eyrie, where the crucial scenes of the story are laid.

One cannot imagine a greater contrast between the somewhat hysterical treatment of Marie Corelli's "Master Christian," and the placidity and beauty, like that of a Greek statue, of Mrs. Ward's noble study. Her two noble women are worthy to take their place with Victor Hugo's good bishop. Both stories have their scene largely at Rome, but Mrs. Ward's gives the saner, more just and true interpretation of the Papacy. She understands the Papacy well; she has lived long in Italy, and her father became himself a pervert to the Roman Catholic Church. But her intimate acquaintance with the Mystery of Iniquity only deepened her convictions of its mental and moral tyranny. Of the modern Italian priests, Manisty says: "Their hatred of Italy is a venom in their bones, and they themselves are mad for a spiritual tyranny which no modern State could tolerate for a week." Some of Mrs. Ward's phrases paint a picture with a stroke. This is the outlook from a mountain: "One might, it seemed, have walked straight into Orion."

This is her description of Lucy's prayer in time of soul trial: "It was not the specific asking of a definite boon, it was rather a passionate longing. In the old phrase, 'to be right with God,' whatever happens and through all the storms of personal impulse." In her great sacrifice of life and love, "Eleanor's being was flooded with the strangest, most ecstatic sense of deliverance. She had been her own executioner, and this was not death, but life!"

No one can read this book without being morally lifted up and strengthened.

*William Herschel and His Work.* By JAMES SIMS, M.A., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate. Pp. vi-265. Price, \$1.00.

Although astronomy is the oldest of the sciences, in the work of the greatest observers it is one of the newest. Sir William Herschel, who may be called the father of modern astronomy, is a remarkable example of genius overcoming difficulties. He was trained as a bandsman in the Hanoverian Guards, and for many years devoted himself to music as a support, and played in an orchestra at Bath. While at Bath he constructed over four hundred and fifty telescopes, and eventually became one of the greatest of observational astronomers. His great achievement was constructing his forty-foot reflecting telescope, with which he gauged the firmament, and made a profound study of the nebule and binary stars. The planet Uranus which, with his moons, he discovered, long bore his name. His devotion to the starry muse was intense. Of him it may literally be said, "in the day the drought consumed me and the frost by night; my sleep departed from mine eyes." His breath often froze upon the telescope, and his feet froze to the ground, the ink froze in his room, and once a speculum cracked and broke with the frost.

One of the romances of science is the devotion to her distinguished brother of Caroline Herschel. For over fifty years she was his *alter ego*, taking notes from his dictation in the long cold nights, and performing complicated calculations by day. On his death she returned to her native Hanover and lingered on "with thanksgiving to the Almighty" to her ninety-eighth year, still devoted to that science which had been so advanced by the aid of her illustrious brother and her nephew, Sir John Herschel, as well as