

and sayin' sugary little things to the matron same as females like, I shouldn't wonder if I made that work'us 'um."

We hope Mr. Nevinson will follow this book up with another on the same lines.

Mrs. Alexander's latest book, "A Ward in Chancery," is very slight and not particularly interesting. It tells the story of a very ordinary girl who has been left a fortune. Indeed, all the characters are commonplace, except, perhaps, the kindly but imperious old aristocrat, Lady Sarah Temple. The hero is an estimable widower with a child, and one cannot, therefore, get up any great interest in his love affairs. These run smoothly enough, except for one slight misunderstanding. The heroine thinks he is in love with her bosom friend instead of herself, though anyone with the slightest perception should have seen that he wasn't. She eventually loses her money, but gains her widower, and "they settle down in a modest, but infinitely happy home, where the busy days of work and play knew no weary hours."

We took up "Under the Rose," by Mr. Anstey, reprinted from *Punch*, with the assurance that we were going to have an enjoyable hour, and were not disappointed. We had several hearty laughs before we finished it. The story is told in dialogue and divided into scenes. It deals with the dreadful results of the mixing up of a respectable evangelical family, the Tooveys of Clapham, with the affairs of a London music hall. It is full of absurd situations, the result of Mrs. Toovey's jealousy and suspicion. Mr. Toovey has accidentally come into possession of shares in the Eldorado Music Hall, and although they pay a handsome dividend has conscientious scruples about retaining them. He determines to go and see the performances himself, to see if they are as bad as he imagines them. He starts, giving his wife a false excuse for his absence, but at the last moment his heart fails him and he does not go. Mrs. Toovey does. Being a conscientious wife she goes through her husband's pockets every night whilst he is sleeping and has found evidence of his intentions. She resolves to follow and confront him. The scene in her box at the music hall is one of the funniest things that we ever come across. She is shocked and horrified, and gets into most absurd situations, but, of course, fails to unmask her husband as she had expected. On her return home she tries to conceal what she has been doing and soon gets entangled in a network of deceit. The situation is further complicated by the fact that the favoured suitor for her daughter's hand turns out to be the chief performer at the music hall. At a moment when exposure seems to be inevitable, he saves her, and then everything is settled comfortably.

From the Province Publishing Co. we have received what is, we believe, the first work of fiction published in British Columbia. It is entitled "Three Letters of Credit," by "Kim Bilir." The stories are reprinted from *The Province* newspaper, and are well printed, with a neat paper cover. The writer, who conceals his name under the *nom de plume* "Kim Bilir," has a distinct gift of humour, and we found the book pleasant and amusing reading. It is a bank clerk's story, and tells of an ingenious and successful attempt to rob the bank in an oriental city, in which he is engaged. Some of the situations which arise from the self-sufficiency of the young man are exceedingly comical, and the book is certainly worth the modest "quarter" at which it is priced. There are one or two other stories which are with one exception oriental. That entitled "Hows That," calls attention to an unmannerly expression which we have often noticed out here and should be glad to see abandoned.

* * * In Sheltered Ways.*

THIS book is a little volume of verse containing some twenty-six poems of which the first gives its name to the collection. They are all short, the longest one, which we are inclined to consider the best also, occupies but 13 pages, and is entitled the "Rescue of the Princess." It is a fairy tale turned into an allegory with the magic and enchantment which we generally associate with such stories ruthlessly ex-

cised. A cruel King has captured the princess of Light and Beauty, has shut her up in the castle of gloom and holds her there as a hostage to exact the tribute of her subjects who are passionately attached to her. At length one of these subjects, oppressed with the grief of the people, rouses them to revolt, and when they attack the castle the obstacles vanish before them as soon as they are faced. The King is slain, the Princess rescued, and freedom once more enjoyed. The most telling passage, perhaps, is the attempt of the King to stay the onset of the people by fair words and specious promises—a people mad with rage and already tearing down his walls. The rest of the poems are chiefly sonnets, and, of their quality, the following verse from "Hopes and Fears" is a fair specimen:

"The glory that comes with the light of the morning
Repay for the shadows that lived in the night;
The bright sparkling drops the green meadows adorning
Were born of the mists that enshrouded the light—
How sweetly the mists have been turned into light!"

The book is well printed, tastefully bound, and reflects great credit on the publisher.

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Poems of Henry Abbey.*

WE are glad to welcome another edition, enlarged, of Mr. Abbey's volume of poetry. This book has already been favourably reviewed in our columns and many of our readers must be more or less acquainted with his work. Some of us find it a great relief to turn from the sentimental or psychological poetry, so-called, which is much in vogue at the present, to narrative poems, verses with a meaning so clear that he who runs may read, and into which we have not to dig deep to find out the author's conception, all the while very doubtful if the meaning be worth the digging. The poems, however, are of unequal value, some of them are rather jarring, but many of them contain very pretty passages with very true and well-put lessons. Among these are such as "The Statue," which points out by a concrete example from the work of Phidias that great actions need distance to bring out their true grandeur, or "The Bedouin's Rebuke" which reminds us of what Tolstoi considers the essence of the ethics of the Gospel, or "In Hanging Gardens" in which Mr. Abbey uses the picture of a lovely and wealthy lady, showered with presents, valueless to her, by a low-born lover, as a material image of the soul wooed unsuccessfully by the world. "Karagwe" is the name of one of the longer poems in the book. It is a slave story, of the time of the Civil War, akin in many of its ideas to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It contains a number of fine passages, while the simple plot and rapid movement easily carry one along. We take the liberty of making a quotation from it though not specially connected with the plot:

"And whoso dreams may never learn to act,
The dreamer and the thinker are not akin.
Sweet reverie is like a little boat
That idly drifts along a listless stream—
A painted boat, afloat without an oar."

The melodious poem entitled "Liberty" is a prettily told tale of the hopeless love of a Dakotah princess for a European, and her early death bringing about peace between her tribe and the invading settlers. Among many others which we have enjoyed is one entitled "Science and the Soul" from which we quote in conclusion a couple of stanzas, the first of which is Science's description of the Soul, and the second the Soul's view of itself:

"Alone in her grey-celled abode, she dwells,
Of fateful circumstance the fettered thrall,
The psychic sum of forces of her cells,
Molecular and manifold in all;
But æons passed ere Nature could express
This carbon-roofed flower of consciousness."

"I shall have triumph over time and space,
For I am infinite and more than they.
In vain has Science searched my dwelling-place;
For, delve in Nature's secret's as she may
For deeper knowledge, she can never know
Of what I am, nor whither I shall go."

* "In Sheltered Ways." By D. J. Donahoe. Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo. First vol. of Lotus Series. Limited edition of 600 copies.

* "The Poems of Henry Abbey." Third edition, enlarged Kingston, New York. Author's edition.