

his superb egotism yields only to his blind infatuation for Napoleon, which infected rank and file of the Grand Army. As an unconscious illustration of this last sentiment, he reads a wife's unquestioning love when she raises her eyes to her husband "with such a look as a young recruit might give to the Emperor." And we share his astonishment at the methods of that same marvellous man, the little Corsican. We laugh and cry with him over the nerve and the endurance of his pretty Violet, who bears him untouched through fire and flood. We play him nine to four at *écarté*, and on those rare occasions when fortune favors the enemy, we refrain from relieving our feelings in just his way because a limited vocabulary denies us the privilege. But there is one point wherein the Brigadier fails to convey the intended impression. He insists upon describing himself, at the time of writing, as an old, broken soldier, dozing in his arm-chair and dreaming of the days when the Emperor's Army bivouacked in the cities of Europe and taught the world how to fight. But dreams are the only realities. He dreams he is young, and so he is and always will be,—young and *débonnaire* with nothing heavier than his epaulettes upon his shoulders, ready with a kiss or a laugh and always on the eve of another adventure.

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Studies in the Thought World. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

These papers deal with thought-education, mental science and spiritual evolution in their practical aspects. Their restorative forces are explained and applied to human life. No one can read this book without receiving a great mental and spiritual uplift. Mr. Wood is an original thinker and an idealist, and has the faculty of presenting vital topics in a marvellously graphic and interesting manner. The higher unfoldment of man is ably treated from

the scientific standpoint. The moulding power of thought, and its systematic exercise, as related to health and happiness, are also clearly set forth. As with his other works, which have had a wide circulation, the literary construction is extremely felicitous. Thinkers have a treat in this work, and when once begun one's interest increases to the end.

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The Reds of the Midi. By Félix Gras. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

As the name indicates, this is a story of the French Revolution, in which the doings of the terrible Marseilles battalion are portrayed. M. Gras has given us a charming tale, in which the much-abused body of men who marched from the south of France to Paris, striking terror in every breast as they pursued their course, are shown up in their true colors. They are painted as members of a long down-trodden peasantry who have at last risen to cast off the yoke of tyrannical oppression to which they have been subjected, and not as the murderous brigands which history has been pleased to class them. The author portrays with terrible vividness the hardships and ignominious sufferings to which the French peasantry of that day were subjected by the "*aristocrats*," and it is not difficult to see that M. Gras is a son of the soil. The tale is told autobiographically, and the story which the author tells now, was first of all related to him by the old soldier, Pascal, at the village shoemaker's, where the other boys of the place used to gather also. The lament of M. Gras that he was not permitted to become a shoemaker too, so that he could have heard more of Pascal's stories and been able now to relate other tales besides "*The Reds of the Midi*" is one which the reader will feel half inclined to echo until he recalls that M. Gras has already given him cause for delight in several other beautiful stories. The work is a translation by Catharine A. Janvier from the Provençal.