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# BOOK NOTICES.

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*Nephele*. By Francis W. Bourdillon.  
New York: New Amsterdam Book  
Publishing Co.

In years gone by the author of "*Nephele*" thrilled the reading public with a tender little lyric which may be new to some of our readers:

"The night has a thousand eyes,  
The day but one,  
Yet the light of a whole day dies  
At set of sun.

"The mid has a thousand eyes,  
The heart but one,  
And the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done."

When attempting to crystalize in sentences the elusive charm of this his first romance in prose, one instinctively echoes the query of Carlyle: "Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that!" The romance is a sonata in classical English, and the reader, whose knowledge of music is but initiatory, shrinks from handling a theme at once so strong and so ethereally delicate. Crudely outlined, the story is that of a young musician, Endymion Gerrard, who meets his twin-soul in the affianced wife of his most intimate friend, and the tragedy develops through his struggle to be true to his ideals of honor. Of the heroine, *Nephele*, we are told that she was a musician of rare ability and talent, that she drew true words from other lips, even when talk was lightest, as the magnet draws iron out of dust, and that she was endowed with rare and wonderful beauty. "As every one knows, the Southern beauty of dark eyes and dark hair is usually the more mastering and impressive, while the Northern beauty of lighter hues is the more artistically lovely. But now and again, rare as the centennial aloe-bloom, is seen a face, fair as the Orient day-spring, in golden

hair and heaven-blue eyes, yet full, also, of the haunting wistfulness that usually looks out at us from the depths of dark-brown eyes. . . ." The absolute knowledge of their affinity comes to them while they are performing on violin and piano a sonata of his composing, and this love is so interwoven with the supernatural, soars so far above the usual passions of every-day lovers, as to leave the reader powerless to analyze or explain. The story is of surpassing beauty, and, though taxing the imagination and making heavy demands upon credulity, few of us, let us hope, would care to challenge its possibility.

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*Jersey Street and Jersey Lane*. Urban and Suburban Sketches. By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is seldom the reviewer finds a happier task than in scanning the pages of this delightful book. It is a gem intact; a triumph of the bookmaker's skill; a portfolio of some 200 illustrations, each a tiny masterpiece and all in unison with the text: it is a collection of sketches flooded with the sunshine of to-day and toned with the soft light and tender haze of yesterdays which look backward with a smile; it is, first and last, a book to linger over, to handle with gentle touch, to place among the few intimate belongings which have grown about one's heart. Two of the six chapters are sympathetic reproductions of the world-known "Bowery and Bohemia," of New York and the squalid "Jersey and Mulberry" slum of the same city. The author is avowedly "an ardent collector of slums," has missed art galleries and palaces and theatres and cathedrals (cathedrals particularly) in various and sundry cities, but has never missed a slum. Guided by his ripe experience, we learn the twists and turns of those tortuous ravines of tene-