

the echo. The author mentions another poetic saga of Finland which says, "Twilight and the Dawn are betrothed lovers, always seeking each other, till in Finland in the Midsummer they meet, and their united lamps burn in splendor in the Northern sky." It never grows wholly dark in Finland during the month of July. With fine portrayals of character, of the conduct of life, of scenery and the apparelling of strange peoples, Stoddard leads on to Cronstadt, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw and Cracow, then through the Carpathians and the Hungarian caverns, and so to Buda Pesth and the blue Danube. Every page is so replete with pleasure and information that, what with the aid of many fine illustrations, we find the book to be the next best thing to personally visiting the Empire of the Tzars. Except for a few scenes that trouble the spirit of civilization within us, the work mentions nothing pertaining to Russia that one would very much wish to see changed. It brings a peaceful spirit that exorcises the terrors conjured up by numerous other writers on Russian customs and institutions.

During their progress through *Scribner's Magazine* Sir Edwin Arnold's articles on Japan attracted and delighted thousands of readers by their brightness, their high literary quality and the evident love of the author for his subject. They are now given a more enduring value by being issued in handsome book form, with enlarged illustrations. Nearly every visitor to the Island Empire feels the fascination of the land and its people, but it is given to few to so delightfully record their impressions; and fewer still are privileged to enter the home circle of which the author was made a loved and respected member. Much has been written of late about Japan, but none of the many writings leaves such a pleasant sense of entertainment and profit as *Japonica*. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.]

*Darkness and Daylight* is a large volume dealing with the lights and shadows of New York life. Four authors contribute the subject matter—Mrs. Helen Campbell, Reverend Lyman Abbott, Col. Thomas W. Knox and Inspector Byrnes—and there are over two hundred illustrations from life. The book is largely the story of mission work among the poor, and presents the experiences of Christian endeavor, with the many pathetic and amusing scenes that were packed into them. Mrs. Campbell's account of rescue work is full of touching incidents and illustrates over and over again that truth is far stranger than even the most imaginative romance. [Hartford: A. D. Worthington & Co.]

Much interest is just now manifested in the comparative study of the French literature of Corneille's epoch, and no book could be more timely than *A Study in Corneille*, by Lee Davis Lodge. It is scant praise to say that this author's retrospect is clear, his view comprehensive, his judgment unbiased by prejudice, and his sources of knowledge exceptionally deep and wide. The translations of Corneille, and especially of his "Le Cid," are almost literal, very scanty attempt having been made to retain this famous production in poetic form. Much of the great Frenchman's "Horace," "Cinna" and "Polyeucte" is included in this valuable contribution to that scholarly literature which is craved by many modern American men and women who cannot find time to make excursions to the sources and springs of knowledge, and who are peculiarly benefited by such a book. Incidentally, many of Corneille's contemporaries and semi-contemporaries are touched upon by Lodge's incisive pen, including Rousseau, Voltaire, Racine, St. Pierre and many more brilliant stars in the literary firmament of the seventeenth century. Perhaps as valuable as the knowledge which the reader gains of Corneille is the insight afforded by the book into the early religious dramas of France, which nourished and inspired the great dramatist. The author calls the previous ages of superstition "the Winter of France," after which came the Spring, of which Corneille was the first flower and produced the first perfected fruit. [Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.]

*A North Country Comedy*, by M. Betham-Edwards, is a whimsical tale, overflowing with wit, pathos, vivid descriptions of Nature, and still more realistic portrayments of persons with the most human of faults and virtues. To hint at the plot would be to spoil the reader's surprises, while to picture the various personages would be impossible to a writer less gifted than the author. It is enough to say that most of the characters in the comedy are droll and a few pathetic. The romance is made as real to the reader as his own personality. Its being from the pen of one holding so grave a position as that of *Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France* is not the least attractive element in this bit of most diverting and ingenious humour. The book is especially commended to weary thinkers. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.]

From the same publishers as the last comes *A Divided Duty*, by Ida Lemon. The title of this novel is not attractive to the habitual reader of romances, yet there are few among recent fictions that are more profoundly interesting, the book being equally effective as a droll diversion and as an appeal to one's sympathetic admiration of an unconsciously good young woman. The plot is uncommon, and its development is ingenious and surprising. There is no ante-climax and no hint of the conclusion before "Finis" is reached; nor does the tale, which is Anglo-French in

setting, leave the imaginative reader in a misery of compassion for any of its characters.

*The Romance of a Châlet* is a well told love story by Mrs. Campbell Praed. Its portrayals of persons and places are clear and fascinating, but its tragic element is so sad and is introduced with such frequency that the tale cannot but be harmful to many readers. Lunacy is neither romantic nor poetic, and it should find a place in no literature save that of the medical science. The critic who recommends such a story as this for general perusal fails of one of his most important duties to the reading public. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.]

The latest of W. Clark Russell's stories is *A Strange Elopement*, and it is one of his best. Like all the writings of this author it is redolent of the sea, but the theme is a novel one and the characters different from those he has accustomed us to. The interest turns on a pair of lovers on an outward-bound Indiaman, who, because of the opposition of a stern parent, resolve on the desperate course of elopement, with the aid of two sailors and a ship's boat. The story is short, and the reader's attention is held throughout. [New York: Macmillan & Co.]

A fascinating and instructive story for young women is told by L. B. Walford under the suggestive title, *A Pinch of Experience*. A well born, well bred and much petted only daughter is the heroine, and a horde of more or less vulgar or more or less polished self-seeking kinspeople make up the list of personages. Naturalness is one of the chief charms of the tale, and the author has described with a vigorous pen the various shades of character, good, bad and indifferent, to be met with in a group of widely different human beings. The methods by which very common people express their greed for wealth and position, and the subtle ways in which those who are polished by contact with the social world seek to better their fortunes, are all described with admirable skill and truth; and the tale displays in a most impressive manner the difference between the real gentlewoman and the most clever imitations of her, thus furnishing very useful lessons for girls who desire to be genuine and who detest ignoble ambitions. [New York: John W. Lovell Co.]

A group of tales by Thomas Nelson Page, published by Charles Scribner's Sons under the title, *Elsket, and Other Stories*, are almost as varied in character and style as though they had been penned by different authors. The initial story, which is named in the title, is a pathetic and heroic narrative of life in the most desolate part of Norway, on the hither side of Romsdal after crossing the Nord Fiord. However rude the modes of existence among the mountaineers of this inhospitable land, men's hearts are warm, and truth and loyalty are counted as necessary to life as food and raiment. The romance is sad, but is beautified by its nobility and dignity. Among the other tales are fascinating descriptions of negroes and of events connected with them. Their dialect, their inconsequent habits, their fervent loyalty to those whom they venerate, and their capacity for tender affection, as well as for cordial detestation, are well delineated, and the author's experience with the dusky race is assurance that the pictures are truthful. The last of the collection is a tale of France and bears the significant title "A Soldier of the Empire."

Everyone who has read *Laddie* must have wished many times to know who wrote it, and the same desire must attend the perusal of *Pris*, by the same author. The latter book is a tender, homely story of a brave girl. Her busy life, spent in toil, is so beautified by her character, and she is so unconscious of her own fine qualities, that she rises to heights where only our heroes and our saints are set. One is moved almost to tears that are not wholly of grief by many of the scenes in this charming tale. [Boston: Roberts Bros.]

In *Mariam*, by Horace Victor, we are given a graphic account of the civilizations of two contrasting peoples—the English and the believers in Mahomet, the contrast being brought out in a description of a voyage aboard an English steamer bound from the port of Bussarat upon the river Euphrates to Jeddah. The English hero of the tale is the surgeon of the ship, and its several Oriental characters are pilgrims on their way to Mecca. Mariam is a maid who, for some uncommon reason, is a pilgrim with her parents, maidens very seldom making this journey. Because the hero is acquainted with the healing art, he is allowed to see the women, who are tented upon the after deck; and because his skill has been effectual, gratitude lifts the tent door to him as if he were a brother, during a voyage of many days. But then he is not a brother, and Mariam is beautiful. The story contains many charming episodes and descriptions, but the most interest centers upon a comparison of various standards of manner and manners, habits of thought and valuations of ceremonial, which brings the Occidental reader to form a less egotistic estimate of his own people's ideals and to conceive a higher respect for the Mahometan's trend of thought, and especially of his veneration for the honorable, the loyal and the true in character. The atmosphere of the romance is so real that it is difficult to withdraw one's-self from it; and when