

least, in heart and thought; and young men need all the help they can get in their contest with unlawful passions. M. Masson's history is gratuitous. He tells it well enough, and probably as decently as such a history can be told. But *cui bono*? It only represents a so-called hero on his most degrading side, as a cold-blooded libertine, the purchaser of female virtue, the kind of man whom the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews (xiii. 4) says 'God will judge.' We all know there is filth in the world without having it bottled up and placed on our tables. Heinemann is right in binding these books in bright scarlet. It is the color of their kind in the Apocalypse. It has been an ugly task to go honestly through these books, but, if my exposé has the effect of deterring any one from soiling his fingers with them, I shall be rewarded.

A great contrast to the Empire Library is another of Messrs. Drysdale's books, called *Some Women's Ways*, by Mary Angela Dickens. It is published by Jarrold, of London, and R. F. Fenno & Co., of New York. It has 325 octavo pages, and contains eight women's stories, some of which I have read before in magazine or newspaper literature. They are entertaining, display considerable knowledge of society and social character, are admirably told, abound in pathetic situation, and are at the same time of a fine moral tone. It is a pleasure to read these tales, told by a pure-minded and religious woman, not at all ignorant of the evil ways and people of the world, after wading through the imported and translated abominations of Heinemann. One feels stronger after converse with the good characters of Miss Dickens, in discrimination between right and wrong, and in resolve to aid, where possible, the erring to reform.

The five books that still call for review are all sent by Messrs. Drysdale & Co. The first of these is a fitting companion to *Some Women's Ways*. It is *London Idylls*, by W. J. Dawson. Like *Tim Linkinwater's*, it is Mr. Dawson's belief that there is no place equal to London, and that its tales