

Western China—a Journey to the Great Buddhist Centre of Mount Omei. By the Rev. VIRGIL C. HART, Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.00.

Mr. Hart is a Missionary to China of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, who has been spending part of his furlough in Toronto. In the summer of 1887, with two other missionaries, he made a visit to the interior of Western China, to re-establish missions which had been ruthlessly destroyed by the Chinese the previous year. His journey up the River Yang-Tsze was one of much variety and adventure; up many of the rapids the junk had to be dragged by seventy-five or one hundred men, and at times it was almost wrecked. A further journey for health, discovery and mission work was full of incident and interest. Through a route seldom travelled by European feet, since it was visited by Marco Polo six centuries ago, he reached the summit of the great Omei Mountain, near the borders of Chinese civilization. "This mountain," he says, advisedly, "is the centre of natural and artificial wonders, the like of which may not be found elsewhere upon the globe." Here, 11,000 feet above the sea, he dwelt for a month. This mountain is a great centre of Buddhist influence, with monasteries, shrines, priests, etc., in profusion, and here may be seen the "Glory of Buddha"—a solar spectrum or halo in the clouds, like the spectre of the Brocken, in the Harz. One remarkable feature of the Province of Sz-Chuan is the number of salt wells—about a thousand in operation, but many thousands more have been in operation in the past, some as long ago as the first century of the Christian era. Some of these wells are from 3,000 to 5,000 feet deep, and six inches in diameter. How they were bored with clumsy bamboo drills is a marvel. It has taken in some cases thirty or forty years to reach the flowing brine. There

are also gas wells, like those at Pittsburgh, the gas being used to evaporate the salt. There seems reasonable hope of permanence in the supply of gas, as some of these wells have been in existence for sixteen hundred years. The salt industry is one of immense value, over a thousand bankers being in business in the principal salt town. Mr. Hart's book is written in a very vivacious and attractive style, and gives a great deal of information about a strangely out-of-the-way part of the world, about which most readers will have to correct a good many of their ideas.

My Story of the War. By MARY A. LIVERMORE. 8vo., pp. 700. Hartford, Conn.: A. D. Worthington & Co.

The full title of Mrs. Livermore's book concisely expresses its character: A woman's narrative of four years' personal experience as nurse in the Union Army, and in relief work at home, in hospitals, camps, and at the front during the war of the Rebellion; with anecdotes, pathetic incidents and thrilling reminiscences portraying the lights and shadows of hospital life and sanitary service of the war. This is not a story of battles and sieges, but of a grander heroism than is exhibited on the field of war. It is a tale of womanly sacrifice and devotion in tenderly nursing the sick and wounded, in soothing the dying, in paying the last rites of humanity to the dead. The magnificent work of the Sanitary and Christian commissions was one of the grandest outcomes of the war, was the silver lining on the darkest cloud, and hung like the bow of promise on the storm of war. By these agencies \$30,000,000 were expended in the relief of the sick and the wounded. But who shall compute the value of the unpurchased and unpurchasable services of those noble women whose very shadows as they passed by them the wounded soldiers in the hospitals kissed?

With a touching eloquence Mrs. Livermore tells the heroic story of these refined and cultured ladies