

order; but then we should understand and appreciate the beauty of that order. We had toiled and laboured under the conductor of the orchestra; and we should find ourselves become surprised and delighted hearers. We had seen nothing but our own little path in the midst; and suddenly a marvellous panorama and boundless distances would open before our dazzled eyes. Why not?—*Amiel's Journal*.

INDIA REVISITED.*

AFTER an absence of twenty years, the man to whom we owe the poetry of India, has gone back to it, and, returning to his native land, has given us a sort of prose-poem chronicle of his Indian impressions as nearly a quarter of a century has affected them. The known literary world might be searched in vain to find another who could do so acceptably what Mr. Arnold has done. Long ago he sketched the Orient for us, later his noble art lit the canvas with tropical amber and rose, and now we gladly owe the details of the picture to his brush.

Mr. Arnold is a rare traveller. We look over his shoulder intent to lose no word of the journal he begins at the very mouth of the Thames, and all the while the good ship *Parramatta* is ploughing past the gray downs of the English coast, a period during which the average chronicler finds little but gruesome details. Truly only those who have eyes to perceive as well as to see should be permitted to write books of travel. What a saving of paper and ink and energy and publishing expenses the enforcement of that rule would effect! Everything has a suggestion for Mr. Arnold, delicate, clear and beautiful; and while his thoughts never skim very far from the ship, but follow it all the way like the light-winged sea-gulls, one finds in watching their grace and fleetness a perpetual delight. One lingers over the choice of a quotation from his transcript of the voyage, but this scrap of the mystical journey, "From Perim to Bombay," has an especial charm for me.

"What, indeed, may not seem possible amid such an universe of waters? If we sailed far enough, we might perhaps see the great Roc flying over the evening waves to some unnamed islet where her prodigious egg lies a-hatching on shingle composed of dead men's bones mixed with sapphires and rubies. We might come upon that green and opulent valley of diamonds, where you fling raw legs of mutton into the ravine, and find them afterwards carried up into the eagles' nests, stuck full of brilliants, Baghdad and Bassora are not very far away to our north-west, northwards lie Ormuz and the pearl grounds of the Persian Gulf; southwards, beyond sight, but not at any great distance, gleam the Laccadives, "Lakh-dwipa," the "One Hundred Thousand Islands" of the Indian Ocean; and underneath our keel, so some geologists believe, lurks the buried continent of "Lemuria." Nothing ought to appear too wonderful to happen in such waters, not even if we heard in the middle watch that mystic aerial voice of which Shelley sings:

Never such a sound before
To the southern skies we bore:
A pilot, asleep on the Indian Sea,
Leaped up from the deck in agony,
And cried aloud, "Oh, woe is me!"
And died as mad as the wild waves be."

That the grave English scholar could so isolate himself from the practical present, and dreamily lose his imagination there on the magical sea of the tropics, among the alluring Oriental fantasies of his boyhood, seems to me a very remarkable and a very fascinating thing.

Once in Bombay, however, Mr. Arnold drops his reveries, and devotes himself to the industrious noting of progress in India that makes his book such useful as well as agreeable reading. Socially, politically, commercially, his observant eye and his faithful pen are everywhere busy with the record of a score of years as they have affected the English and the upper native classes of Bombay. In India herself, however, the India of out-of-doors, with her teeming dusky peoples, their religion, their habits, their dress, he finds little alteration.

"Everywhere, behind and amid the vast commercial bustle of modern Bombay, abides ancient, placid, conservative India, with her immutable customs and deeply rooted popular habits, derived unbroken from immemorial days. And overhead, in every open space, or vista of quaint roof-tops and avenues of red, blue, or saffron-coloured houses, the feathered crowns of the date trees wave, the sacred fig swings its aerial roots and shelters the squirrel and the parrot, while the air is peopled with hordes of ubiquitous, clamorous, gray-necked crows, and full of the "kites of Govinda," wheeling and screaming under the cloudless canopy of sunlight. The abundance of animal life, even in the suburbs of this great capital, appears once more wonderful, albeit so well known and remembered of old. You cannot drop a morsel of bread or of fruit but forty keen-beaked, sleek, desperately audacious crows crowd to snatch at the spoil; and in the tamarind tree which overhangs our veranda may at this moment be counted more than a hundred red-throated parakeets, chattering and darting like live fruit among the dark-green branches. India does not change!

As might be expected, however, it is when Mr. Arnold leaves the thoroughfare, and betakes himself to the hidden beauties of the gardens and the inner sanctities of the temples, that we feel the full impulse of that mysterious tide of being that sets eastward in him. By some inexplicable affinity he has penetrated deep into the very secret of the mystery and beauty of the Orient; he knows the alchemy of her pearls and the tints wherewith she dyes her sunsets.

The author has not been able to resist lighting his volume with the translation of occasional Indian poems that glimmer softly through its pages like jewels in a royal robe. They are too long to quote though, and I will conclude rather inconsistently with Mr. Arnold's exquisite preface, the sentiment of which has done so much to qualify him to be India's arch-interpreter to England.

"India, farewell! I shall not see again
Thy shining shores, thy people of the sun,
Gentle, soft-mannered, by a kind word won
To such quick kindness! O'er the Arab main
Our flying flag streams back; and backward stream
My thoughts to those fair open fields I love,
City and village, maidan, jungle, grove,
The temples and the rivers! Must it seem
Too great for one man's heart to say it holds
So many Indian sisters dear,
So many unknown brothers? That it folds
Lakhs of true friends in parting? Nay! but there
Lingers my heart, leave-taking; and it roves
From hut to hut whispering "he knows, and loves!"
Good-bye! Good night! Sweet may your slumbers be;
Gunga! and Kasi! and Saraswati!"

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received the following publications:

- CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. Toronto: William Briggs.
ST. NICHOLAS. September. New York: The Century Company.
WIDE AWAKE. September. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. September. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.
THE FORUM. September. New York: 97 Fifth Avenue.
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. August 28. Boston: Littell and Company.
MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. September. New York: 30 Lafayette Place.
CATALOGUE OF BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RELATING TO AMERICA. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Company.
CATALOGUE OF COLLECTIONS OF AUTOGRAPHS. PART I. New York: Bangs and Company.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"A LEISURELY JOURNEY," by William Leonard Gage, is the delightful record of a trip to England and the Continent, told in an easy, graceful style, which has a peculiar charm like the repose of perfect manners. The volume is very daintily got up. D. Lothrop and Company, publishers.

"TEMPLE BAR" for July contained Prof. Johnson's article on Wordsworth from "Three Americans and Three Englishmen," recently issued by Mr. Thomas Whittaker. The Bentleys have agreed to use three of Prof. Johnson's lectures, paying for the same an honorarium equal to the price paid for original articles. They are honest, without international copyright.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Mr. Gladstone's authorized American publishers, expect to issue in a few days, simultaneously with its appearance in London, his great pamphlet entitled "The Irish Question." The bare announcement of this extraordinary publication has created the greatest sensation in London, where its political effect will be momentous, and its interest and importance will be hardly less marked in this country. The book is divided into two parts. Part I. is entitled "The History of an Idea," and traces the development of the Home Rule idea in Mr. Gladstone's own mind, defends his past course, and defines his present position. Part II. is entitled "Lessons of the Election." In it Mr. Gladstone analyzes the election returns, and concludes that Ireland has only to wait with patience and hope. Messrs. Scribner will issue the work in their Yellow Paper Series. The price will be ten cents.

THE numbers of the *Living Age* for August 7th and 14th contain "Louis Agassiz," *London Quarterly*; "History in Punch," "The Novelists and their Patrons," and "Pasteur," *Fortnightly*; "Edmund Burke," *Contemporary*; "The Primrose League," *Nineteenth Century*; "The Meditations of a Parish Priest," *Blackwood*; "The Templars," by J. A. Froude, *Good Words*; "A Christening in Karpathos," *Macmillan*; "The Beasts and Birds of the Law," "The Spites of Rulers," and "The Contrast between Buddhist and Christian Teaching," *Spectator*; "The First Water-Meadow," *St. James's Gazette*; "In Heligoland," *All the Year Round*; "On the Variations of Climate in the Course of Time," *Nature*; "Old Letters," *Globe*; with instalments of "Don Angelo's Stray Sheep," "This Man's Wife," "A Garden of Memories," and "Sainte Marie," and Poetry. The numbers for August 21st and 28th contain "Native India," *Asiatic Quarterly*; "On the Study of Science," by Sir John Lubbock, *Contemporary*; "Letters and Letter-Writers," *Nineteenth Century*; "Christopher North," *Macmillan*; "Parrots I have Met," *Cornhill*; "Elizabeth Fry," *Blackwood*; "The Monks of Islam," *Gentleman's*; "The Templars," *Good Words*; "A Tropical Calm and Sunset," and "The Chateaux of Touraine," *Spectator*; "Jacobean Houses in the North," *Saturday Review*; "Beaconsfield," and "The Men of the Turkish Army," *St. James's*; "In Heligoland," *All the Year Round*; with instalments of "Treasure Trove," "A Garden of Memories," and "Don Angelo's Stray Sheep," and poetry.

*India Revisited. By Edwin Arnold. Boston: Roberts Brothers.