

Richard Watson Gilder : Five Books of Song.
New York : The Century Co.

Mary Maple Dodge : The Land of Pluck.
New York : The Century Company.
\$1.50.

S. Weir Mitchell : When all the Woods are
Green. New York : The Century Com-
pany. \$1.50.

Palmer Cox : The Brownies Around The
World. New York : The Century Com-
pany. \$1.50.

James Seth M.A. : A Study of Ethical Prin-
ciples. London : Blackwood & Son,
37 Paternoster Row.

Thos. Gaskell Allen, Jr., and Wm. Lewis Sach-
tleben : Across Asia on a Bicycle. New
York : The Century Co. \$1.50.

George Wharton Edwards : P'tit Matin.
New York : The Century Co. \$1.25.

Albert Leffingwell : Rambles Through Japan
Without a Guide. New York : The
Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.50.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AUTUMN.

Through scarlet arches and dusk corridors
She moves, faint perfumes at her queenly feet,
And plaintive voices calling at her side.
Her grandeur blanches, passes. Autumn, she
With colours of the cloud, the rose, the bird,
Woven in her leaves, sweet-flushed as Love
herself,

She too shall fade away ; and where she was
Shall be low fluttering pulses, vanishings,
And solemn shadow, weight of frost and rain.
Already do the trees, those giant flowers,
The blossoms of the gods, from their bright
tops,

Begin to shed the splendour and look down,
In silent wonder on the wealth they wore,
Gleaming below. The maple that doth wake
His own glad sunshine, make his own fair day,
Begins to darken ; wailing haunts the wind,
Strange wailing from the lowlands ; on the hill
Slow spreads the fatal gray. Yea, Autumn, all
Of loveliness, for whom strong Beauty wrought
Till she could do no more—she too must go.

She passes ; and to listening hearts she sings,
She and her maids, their tresses backward
blown,

Shining under the wind :—

These colours, memories are they,

The past this beauty wore :

These splendours wore the charm of May,

They all were in the summer's golden store.

They dwelt, they shone, and passed away :

All, all have been before :

'Tis but the glamour of the day,

The glory of the day, that is no more.

—John Vance Cheney, in *The Dial*

TO PREVENT SICKNESS.

A correspondent writes : " If people
would wash out their mouths twice or three
times a day with an antiseptic solution
there would not be nearly so much sickness.
In the last ten years I have never had a
cold, sore throat or fever, and I ascribe this
immunity solely to the fact that I follow
this plan rigidly. There are any number
of proprietary antiseptics that are excellent
for this purpose, but many more simple
agents that are as good or better. One of
the best of the latter is carbolic acid. A
very weak solution of this gargled and held
in the mouth two or three times a day will
work wonders. Immediately after using
one will find that the mouth feels cleaner.
I believe that a great majority of the com-
mon throat and lung troubles come from
the lodgement of disease microbes within
the mucus membranes of the mouth. The
free use of antiseptics will kill these
germs."

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

" By Higher Biblical Criticism is meant
a critical inquiry into the *Divine* author-
ity of Sacred Scripture, which depends on
its inspiration ; into its *ecclesiastical* author-
ity, which depends on its Canoncity ; and
into its *human* authority, which results from
the Genuinity, Integrity, and Credibility of
the sacred books. It is the business of the
higher critic to analyze the documents with
which he has to deal, to determine their
value, relative age, and general credibility.
If such is the meaning of the word, surely
no valid objection can be made against this
science itself, but only against the *manner*
in which it is sometimes cultivated.
For thus understood, the exercise
of criticism is not only allowable, but
even desirable. The best way to
know what a thing is, is to learn how it
came about, how it came into existence.
There is no reason why a Christian should
be afraid of the most searching inquiry into
the human authorship, date of composition,
and meaning of the several books of Sacred
Scripture, provided, of course, that the
critic is not misled by false principles in
his researches."—*The Rev. Charles P.
Grannan, in The American Catholic Quar-*
terly.

A CELEBRATED FRENCHMAN.

John Simon, the celebrated French
statesman and author, though now in his
eightieth year, still maintains a remarkable
literary activity. He has recently publish-
ed, in collaboration with his son, a book on
Woman in the Twentieth Century, and is
now at work upon studies on Reybaud and
Michel Chevalier and upon his Memoirs of
Other People, chapters of which appear at
intervals ; he also contributes occasional
articles to *Le Temps*.

He has found time in the intervals of
his public and professional duties to make
many valuable additions to French litera-
ture. At the age of twenty-five he became
a professor at the Sorbonne ; at thirty-seven
he entered the Constituent Assembly ; at
forty-nine he was elected a legislator ; at
fifty-six, after the establishment of the
third republic, he was appointed minister of
education, religion and fine arts ; and a few
years later was made a life senator and a
member of the French Academy. He is
now the Director of the Medical School in
Paris, erected according to the will of M.
Thiers, who named him its director at a
salary of \$6,000, for the purpose of educa-
ting four or five young men in social and
political economy and international law.

Personally, M. Simons is one of the
simplest and kindest of men. It was he
who first directed the genius of Sardou to
the stage. When Sardou was a struggling,
half-starved writer in Paris, he offered some
MSS. to M. Simon for publication. When
M. Simon discovered that the youth had
alent, he said to him : " You can never
earn a livelihood by writing for the news-
papers. Try to write for the theater."

The life of M. Simon is very unpreten-
tious. In winter he lives in modest quar-
ters in Paris—"my garret," he calls them
—and in summer he occupies a little house
in the country, where he is surrounded by
plants and flowers and trees. It is said
that he quite dreads taking up his residence
in the magnificent building built for the
new school.

In spite of his scholarly tastes, he is
fond of outdoor life, is a famous walker,
and is the president of several clubs devoted

to rowing and other forms of physical exer-
cise. Perhaps if his interests were not so
varied as they are he might have won even
greater distinction. President Grevy once
said of him : " What a pity ! Simon might
have been the greatest statesman of his age,
but a lack of executive ability has made
him only a wonderful philosopher."—*Boston
Home Journal.*

ANECDOTES OF LORD ELDON.

In a recent issue of the *Brief* there are
some capital stories of Lord Chancellor El-
don. He was nothing, the writer says, if
not deliberate ; and by the way, it was Ro-
milly who said of him that the tardy justice
of the Chancellor was better than the swift
injustice of his Deputy, Vice-Chancellor
Leach. But it was Lord Eldon and another
Vice-Chancellor (the first of them) Sir
Thomas Plumer, who (rivals in the snail's
pace) were referred to in the following epi-
gram :

To cause delay in Lincoln's Inn,
Two different methods tend :
His Lordship's judgments ne'er begin,
His Honour's never end.

Later on Sir John Leach's swift injustice
was compared with Eldon's prolixity in the
following lines :

In Equity's high court there are
Two sad extremes 'tis clear :
Excessive slowness strikes us there,
Excessive quickness here.
Their source twixt good and evil brings
A difficulty nice,
The first from *Eldon's* virtue springs,
The latter from his *Vice*.

Those whose criticisms were expressed in
prose described Lord Eldon's court as one
of *oyer sans terminer* and Leach's as one of
terminer sans oyer. But the versifier was
not exhausted, and produced the following
a propos of Leach :

A Judge sat on a judgment seat,
A goodly judge was he ;
He said unto the Registrar,
" Now call a cause to me,"
" There is no cause," said Registrar,
And laughed aloud with glee ;
" A cunning Leach hath despatched them all ;
I can call no cause to thee."

Lord Eldon, it is well known, was at-
tacked in the House of Lords for using the
Great Seal while the King was insane.
Whether this attack was just or not, there
can be no doubt that on one occasion he
lost the seal *pro tem.*, under ludicrous cir-
cumstances. The *Clavis Regni* had always
been an anxious care with the Chancellors.
To counterfeit is high treason ; to lose it is
a serious matter. Once upon a time it was
thrown into the Thames (so that William of
Orange should not get hold of it) and net-
ted by a fisherman. Some of the keepers,
it is said, used to take it to bed with them.
Lord Eldon, at any rate, used to keep it in
his bed-room. One morning early a fire
broke out at his house at Elcombe. The
Chancellor was in violent trepidation about
the Great Seal. Seized with a happy thought
he rushed into the garden with the majestic
emblem and buried it in a flower border.
But it is said that what between his alarm
for the safety of the Seal, his anxiety con-
cerning Lady Eldon and his admiration for
the vestal (house) maids, who, hastily arou-
ed, assisted in scant attire to extinguish the
fire, he clean forgot where *Clavis Regni* was
hidden. Everybody was set to work to dig
for it, and at length the priceless treasure
was discovered.—*Private Bill in the Pro-*
vince.