

new type, perfect press-work and an artistic gold-and-gray cover make it an ideal pocket edition.

To illustrate De Quincey's use of English, which he himself described as "a mode of impassioned force ranging under no precedent that he was aware of, in any language," is one object of the handy little volume of *Lyrics in Prose*, selected from his works by R. Brinsley Johnson. "His art," says this compiler, "is more nearly allied to music than to painting. He aimed deliberately at the construction of language that should charm the ear without consideration of its meaning." While it is doubtless true that the emotional significance of De Quincey's fervent and whirling words often escapes and rises above analysis, Mr. Johnson is taking much for granted in asserting that to charm the ear with musical cadences rather than to deliver messages instinct with the profoundest emotional perceptions of his deeply spiritual nature was the prose-poet's intent. However this may be, his extracts are well chosen, being brief but complete passages from *Suspira de Profundis*, *The English Mail Coach*, *The Autobiography*, *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, *Joan of Arc*, *The Spanish Military Nun*, *The Revolt of the Tartars* and *The Household Wreck*. [New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.]

From The Macmillan Company, New York:

*In the Permanent Way*, by Flora Annie Steel.

*Corleone*, by F. Marion Crawford.

*Bird Craft*, by Mabel Osgood Wright.

*Nature Study*, by Mrs. L. L. Wilson.

*Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors*, by James Barnes.

*Miss Mouse and the Boys*, by Mrs. Molesworth.

*Sketches From Old Virginia*, by A. G. Bradley.

*A Forest Orchid*, by Ella Higginson.

*Life Histories of American Insects*, by Clarence Moores Weed.

*Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics of the English Language*.

by Francis T. Palgrave.

Readers of Mrs. Steele's East Indian story, *On The Face of The Waters*, with its elaborate detail, though not too elaborate for the strange truths she had to tell, will be fascinated and instructed in reading the many brief tales of Indian life, character and legends which she has well named *In the Permanent Way*. Most things are permanent: beliefs, customs, loyalties and hatreds. In the souls of Hindoos they are sacred legacies to posterity. From these characteristic conditions are Mrs. Steele's stories wrought, stories of pathos, beauty, love and death. It is doubtful if any other single volume up to this time contains such subtle analysis of Indian character. The book portrays every phase of Indian and Anglo-Indian life. Its pictures are mostly silhouettes, with dark lines or shadows. But even the shadows are made luminous by an abiding faith in the life just over the edge of to-day, in Hindoo land. Death is there, a tender friend and usually welcome at any hour. Life is never without its inviting path that leads to peace. "The Sorrowful Hour" is a poetic romance made sweet and fair by the abiding customs of a race older by many a cycle than ours—ours that shrinks from those customs which in India are sacred as the memory of ancestors, sacred as the Infinite. Any one who wonders why India is what it is, and why it does not change in its social and religious elements, has only to study these nineteen pictures of Indian beliefs and usages to know that it never will vary—that it cannot.

Crawford does his finest work in Italy, and naturally. His last novel, *Corleone*, is another *Saracinesca*, although its tragedy—the invariable requirement of Italian temperament and tradition—its bewilderingly strange tragedy, occurs in Sicily, where the system of brigandage is as satisfactory to men of rank as it is to those of plebeian birth. Crawford's readers must keep in mind the ineradicable traits of the Sicilian nature in order to make this tale of wrong-doing, of robbery, treachery and murder seem other than an utter impossibility. In it are depicted the passionate emotions and influences of strangely lovely women—women with wise heads and loyal, tender hearts—women who suffer without becoming hysterical—as well as women who are cruel and selfish and fiendish in their revenges, though faithful in their loves. This is a romance of a race and its religion—or, perhaps, its irreligion. Critical readers will regret here and there to find reiterations in the story, but all who enjoy the novel will be pleased with the development of this powerful character study.

*Birdcraft* is, as its sub-title announces, *A Field Book of Two Hundred Song, Game and Water Birds*, with eighty full-page illustrations. The sizes, the differences in color between male and female birds of the same species, their songs, when they sing and what their songs are like—as nearly as English words are able to reproduce the sounds—, their migratory flights and

matings, the forms and materials of nests, and the laying and hatching of the eggs and the colors and sizes of the same, etc., are all described in detail. Students of ornithology, as well as others, will find much use for this carefully prepared volume.

*Nature Study* will prove a valuable manual for teachers in elementary schools. Its author, Mrs. Lucy Langdon Wilson, a woman distinguished in educational work, has few equals in her sphere. Quoting from Agassiz, she says: "Facts are stupid things until brought into connection with some general law." A general statement of the scope and application of Nature study introduces a series of pleasing and reliable suggestions for young students for original research and self-development along the lines of Nature and Art. This volume includes studies covering the first four years of school life, beginning with natural conditions as found by the student in September, at the opening of the school year; the animal and vegetable kingdoms and all the wonderful information they contain for the observant, the seasons, the sun and moon, the clouds and rain, a multiplicity of details that the student will be trained to note and enjoy. The book covers the remainder of the year in a similar manner.

James Barnes' illustrated tales of 1812, in *Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors*, will stir the pulses of those who, when lads, had stories of this character told them by men who commanded Yankee ships or who had been Yankee sailors. The stories are like many legends that will soon be looked at with suspicion though dignified by being included in the name of history. There is in these fourteen stories of the early days of this country a great deal related of cruelties practiced, murders committed and captivities undergone. As side-lights on history they have a certain value that all readers will recognize.

Mrs. Molesworth tells innocent stories of sweet children with sensitive consciences, and just enough about naughty ones to make a proper background for the goodness of little folks. *Miss Mouse and the Boys* is her last story. It is daintily illustrated and sufficiently stirring to suit all little boys or girls. Nobody fears to give Mrs. Molesworth's stories to children, a gratifying feature of all her work.

*Sketches From Old Virginia*, contains ten short stories casting a special and vivid light upon various portions of the history of the Old Dominion. There is also an introduction, rehearsing with precision and no perceptible partisanship, those curious and pitiable conditions out of which originated the Civil War. Whoever has scant leisure for studying the history of slavery will find in this introduction nearly all that he needs to know about it, including its high and low conditions and what led to the bloody emancipation of the African. It shows that the bondman was as happy with a good master who was also his protector as he was miserable with a cruel owner. These are tales of laughter and tales of tears and more illuminating to many minds than would be political records.

*A Forest Orchid* is the generic title given a group of delightful Puget Sound stories, each one an idyl. They are tender, sad, beautiful, true. Toil, endless struggles to subjugate too sumptuous growths of forest and too rich alluvial lands, fail to soften the hard hearts of men and women, but when they carry with them to this coast sensitive, imaginative souls, these rough conflicts with necessity and with aching tangles in their own natures result in tragedies. These stories have a beautiful setting. And why not, with flowers bloom from Springtime to Springtime and rosy, snow-covered mountains piercing skies so radiant that no words may describe them? The brave pioneer women of this land have made life tolerable and prosperity easy to their husbands and to their children, but they lie under the perpetually-blossoming sods.

In *Life Histories of American Insects* will be found an interesting discussion of the insect immigrations that from time to time visit our country's vegetation with a fresh scourge. These new comers are early counted among our own and of us and really make themselves at home in much less time than do alien-born men. What insects do in their own domestic seclusion, as well as in their public and professional capacities, the author of this volume informs us by descriptions and illustrations that will gratify such as want to know something of our curious little neighbors and lack leisure for studying entomology in a systematic manner.

The second series of Francis T. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics of the English Language* is devoted to selections from modern poetry. It gives the reader the benefit of the author's six and thirty years of critical reading and is a thoroughly satisfactory compilation so far as it goes. Mr. Palgrave asks the reader's indulgence for omitting many poems beloved by the world.