

Second Thoughts, by RHODA BROUGHTON. Appleton's New Handy Volume Series, Nos. 55 and 56. New York: D. Appleton & Co; Toronto: Hart and Rawlinson.

This tale is conceived in a more subdued manner than is usually the case with Miss Broughton's works, but it does not suffer any diminution of interest in consequence. The relationship of the hero and heroine towards each other is certainly not novel, but is well worked out. Miss Gillian Latimer commences with hating Dr. Burnet in much the same way as Lucy Snowe hated M. Emanuel in *Villette*, passes through all the proper stages of quarrelsome dislike, occasional reconciliations and fresh outbursts of antagonism, to finally arrive at the point of admiration and love. Their first meeting and her enforced journey in his company up to London is very well told. It is winter time and the Doctor (they are at daggers drawn already) ventures to pull up her window to keep out the cold blast. She would have shut it herself if left alone, but "since he is doing her this little service without asking leave, a spirit of foolish and irrational contradiction prompts her to say, stiffly: "Excuse me, I prefer it down." "Down?" he repeats, with unconcealed incredulity. "Are you serious?" "Certainly, I am," she replies shortly, nettled at the suggestion of its being possible that she should indulge in pleasantry with him and doubly exasperated by the consciousness that she is making a fool of herself, "I like

air." Of course she gets nearly frozen, and has finally to invoke her enemy's aid to get the provoking window shut. We will not single out any of the pretty numerous instances of bad English in the book for special condemnation, but we should like novelists to tell us what they mean, by giving their heroines, when angry, a 'wreathed neck'!

The Undiscovered Country. By W. D. HOWELLS, Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1880.

This Canadian reprint of the latest story by the Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the author of some of the most charming books of travel which modern artistry in letters has given us, will doubtless find a large circle of readers on this side of the line 45°. Like Mr. Payn's recent book, 'Under One Roof,' with which readers of this magazine are familiar, 'The Undiscovered Country' deals with the novel subject of Spiritualism; but unlike Mr. Payn's creation there is no Fiend in Mr. Howell's story whose plottings form the incidents of thrills and excitements so dearly loved by English readers of fiction. Mr. Howell's tale, however, if characteristically American, is none the less strong or lacking in interest. The student of psychology will be particularly engrossed in the story, and the general reader will find much to attract in the fine characterizations in the book and in those graces of style which is the especial charm of this writer.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

ROBERT BURNS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I see amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul or fair,
Sings at his task,
So clear we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain:
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye;
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brightest seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force,
The treacherous undertow and stress,
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;
The brush-wood hung