

ns leads to the most serious evils n of the people the dawn of the ck has combined ie descriptive in eith er infringes result is a charm-e, an instructive

egaray. Translated n: Roberts Broth-

Echegaray to be eaders by *A Son* adaptation of translator has h so little delay specimen of the work. *Mariana* es. Well inter- inly an effective olds the imagi- thies, and the g human beings ities. Mariana, usually interest- us, teasing, un- a capacity for n; but she de- herself, think- illusioned and od and youth appy. At last Daniel triumphs ss, but only be- is father, now : retirement, is assumed name, f her mother's ildhood. Her liance with the till, she takes i in a marriage elderly soldier, ll, jealous and ion, whose na- : opposes him. ; her after her ituation intol- is presence to him to do the vitation. Ma- d the two men combat of life t will only be Daniel says, life that was und that lies

there. What matters for such lives as ours?" The situation is strong. It is not melodrama, but genuine human suffering we feel in the last scene, and the treatment of the story is dignified throughout. Don Castulo, an archæological bore, who victimises all who come near his museum, supplies the relieving comedy now and again, though some readers, like his immediate victims, will be a little apt to yawn over him and his treasures. Yet he is shrewd with all his pedantry, as when he says, "Put in a bottle a fool of our own days: preserve him for six thousand years, and see if, when he is unbottled at the proper time in the coming ages, the wisest man of the seventy-ninth century can compare with him." Of the literary value of Echegaray's play it is impossible to judge from the present translation, which is rigid, awkward, and timid.

THE YELLOW BOOK. Vol. V., April, 1895. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.50 net.

Certain occurrences in London of recent date, which it is not necessary to mention more specifically, have had a very marked influence upon the tone of the present number of the *Yellow Book*. It is not only free from any suspicion of moral slime, but, in its literary features at least, appears to have abandoned its former eccentricity. It opens with the magnificent "Hymn to the Sea," by Mr. Watson, upon which we made some comments in the June BOOKMAN, and its principal stories are far more wholesome than most of those that Mr. Harland has heretofore admitted to his paper. In fact, they have a curious resemblance to one another in that they emphasise the nobility of self-denial. Miss Ella D'Arcy depicts a more or less improbable Englishman resisting the wiles of an equally improbable American maid. Mr. Harland himself celebrates the heroic virtue of a young Neapolitan; and Mr. Crackanthorpe enlarges on the same theme. The most powerful story is that of James Ashcroft Noble—a story wholly literary, and instinct with genuine pathos. The illustrations are not at all noticeable. Mr. Beardsley's name does not appear among those of the artists, and the other regular contributors appear to be more or less depressed in mind. There are several portraits, among them one of George Egerton; a sulky girl looking into a mirror; a young lady putting on

her shoes and stockings; a music-hall singer in a fog; and on the cover a girl lying on a very uncomfortable divan, suspended apparently over the bottomless pit in which float a French *caniche* whose tail has been neatly bisected, and a tray with liqueurs.

MADONNA'S CHILD. By Alfred Austin. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.

This charming poem has been taken out of its setting in *The Human Tragedy*, where it first appeared more than twenty years ago, and is now published separately. It is complete in itself, and as to many it always seemed the most attractive of the episodes in the longer poem, it will now have a better chance of readers. This "Romance of the Riviera" is in soft, mild tones; now and again one is tempted to call it sugary rather than sweet, but only in a few feeble passages; real gentleness, not weakness, is its character, and in simple fashion Mr. Austin draws pictures of the fair land and sea and the guileless ministrant in the temple, that are not read merely to be forgotten. It is a soothing music he makes in such verse as this:

"He saw her with the streaming sunlight come
Over the hills, over the mountains grey;
He heard her in the rising dawn-wind's hum,
He felt her in the warmth of glowing day.
She sang to him when all the groves were dumb,
Walked the long sands, leaving no print the
while,
And in the rippling wave infused her smile."

THE WONDERFUL WAPENTAKE. By "A Son of the Soil" (J. S. Fletcher). Illustrated by J. Ayton Symington. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.00.

The sketches and stories of English rural life and manners in the "wonderful and beloved Wapentake of Osgoldcross," which are comprised in this volume, have truly been written by "A Son of the Soil." Here we have Nature in that state of rejuvenation and primitive wonder which it is ever the privilege of the seer to unfold. The man who has nothing in common with Nature, who does not understand her subtle moods and deep spirit, may not come to the very heart of these sketches, but there is much quaint humour and quiet pathos in these pages which will give endless delight to an appreciative reader. It is a book to be set side by side with Wordsworth, Thoreau's *Walden*, White's *Selborne*, and Richard Jeffries—a book in