

the two teeming volumes of Mr. Dole's Variorum Edition of Omar. All we know, and all we need to know of the Persian poet, is to be found somewhere in one of the two books. Nothing is omitted, from the ripe fruits of German scholarship down to the green apples of "occasional verse." If Mr. Dole's diligence and ingenuity had been employed as judiciously in arranging this mass of material as in collecting it, nothing but enthusiasm could greet his performance. As it is, he has rendered lovers of the tent-maker a great service in bringing together all that has been said of him and done with him. It is merely with the matter of arrangement that fault might not unreasonably be found. For a single example, Fitzgerald's notes on the Rubáiyát of his translation do not appear in any one easily accessible place. They all seem to be there, but one must use one's own ingenuity in finding them. The books are handsomely made, without and within, and, for their wealth of contents, should certainly meet with a generous welcome. — The Lesser Bourgeoisie (*Les Petits Bourgeois*), belonging to Scenes from Parisian Life, and the last published of its author's novels, has appeared in Messrs. Roberts' edition of Balzac, translated by Miss Wormeley. This book was not given to the public till 1854, three years after Balzac's death, though it would seem it was nearly ready for the press ten years earlier. It has been surmised that M. Rabou gave the finishing touches to the work. — Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie has added to the list of his published works a volume of Essays on Nature and Culture. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The essays are of firm intellectual fibre and wholesome tone; if they have a fault, it is that of a rather unrelieved didacticism and an occasional tendency to emphatic truisms. — Mr. William Cranston Lawton has done a service to all teachers and students of the classics by issuing in book form his lectures on Art and Humanity in Homer. (Macmillan.) Intelligently used, this little book will go far toward making the school study of Homer humane and profitable. — The Works of Max Beerbohm. (Scribners.) Seven brief essays from the *Omnia Opera* of Mr. Beerbohm; and, alas, the final words of his book are these: "I shall write no more. Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to

the Beardsley period. Younger men, with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasm, have pressed forward since then. *Cedo junioribus*. Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well. I have acceded to the hierarchy of good scribes, and rather like my niche." To express delight in such a passage, by one who tells us that in 1890 he was a freshman at Oxford, would be to confess one's self incapable of enjoying it. With discretion, too, must one read the essay of historical research upon the year 1880, and be thankful for such training as one has already received in the spirit of decadence. — Matthew Arnold's review of Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature* and his *Essay on Gray*, and John Morley's address to the University Extension students on the Study of Literature, form a group of papers in a small volume designed apparently to quicken zeal in the study of literature. (Macmillan.) — The *Interpretation of Literature*, by W. H. Crawshaw, A. M. (Macmillan.) The merits and faults of this little treatise, which is a "discussion of literary principles and their application," are such as usually attach to work which has taken form in the classroom: on the one hand, perfect clearness and sanity; on the other, over-elaboration of plan, and a formalism of tone which is inharmonious with the essay idea.

PERIODICALS.

A periodical is generally founded for one of two purposes, — the making of money or the expression of ideas. After it is well on its feet, it may accomplish both of these ends. We have before us recent volumes of *The Yellow Book*, *The Evergreen*, and *The Chap-Book*. The purpose of *The Yellow Book* (Lane, London; Copeland & Day, Boston) has sometimes been considered a puzzle. Its continuance upon the lines on which it was first framed appears to have been abandoned. Its yellow is as bright without, but far paler within. The cult of which it was originally the prophet is expressing itself far more quietly, at least here, and *The Yellow Book* is correspondingly less exciting, both to Philistine enemies and to initiated admirers. *The Evergreen*, a Northern Seasonal (Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, Edinburgh;