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Mr. Barrie's Works.

Mr. Barrie's legacy, as he departs to his home on the other side of the sea, is the new and handsomely edition of his writings so far as we have already referred, and of which six volumes have now appeared, in ample time to institute a serious claim on the attention of the holiday buyers of the best books. The four volumes now in hand, respectively the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth of this Thistle Edition, as it is called, contain in succession: A Window in Thrums and Some Edinburgh Exems, both in one volume, the incomparable Little Minister, its two parts making the next two volumes, and the first part of Sentimental Tommy, making the fourth in this consideration and the sixth in the full set. These books are of generous dimensions, first-class materials, and fine workmanship, and illustrations in print-growners enhance their intrinsic charm. Full of quaint personal interest too are the sketches of preface to each volume.

Thus, of the Windows in Thrums:

I think there are soft-hearted readers here and there who will be glad to know that that there was never any Jan. . . . It wrote itself very quickly. I have read that I wrote it eight times, but it was a good play and it worked. I think, at all events:

So again:

No one could persuade me to add half an inch to the stature of the little minister. . . . The short man is introduced that he is to be a mere fellow to a six-footed man he must love in vain that at the most this lady will offer to be a sister to him.

And again of Sentimental Tommy:

This is not in the smallest degree the book I meant it to be. Tommy ran away with the author.

This Thistle Edition of Barrie is sold only by subscription, and the author wishes it to be understood that the very edition of full new writings for which he is willing to be held responsible. [Charles Scribner's Sons.]

Yrieire's Venice.

This is neither a large work on Venice nor an ambitious or speculative work, but it is excellently written, and many not satisfying and helpful, and to one who has visited the city of the lagoon and finds pleasure in the refreshment of memory, or to one who is going and wishes instruction in advance, or to one who does not expect to go and must receive his impressions through the eyes and the lips of another, it is alike fitted to be useful and acceptable. The author, Charles Yrieire, is a Frenchman. The translator is F. J. Stiewell. There are about 450 pages of the book, crowning octavo, in twenty chapters, with nearly forty excellent photographs which are clear, accurate, and graphic; and there is thoughtfully included an excellent feature in a book of this kind, but so often lacking, a map of the city folded in at the end, which sets the topography plainly before the reader and will help him to understand the intricate system of the canals and their relations to the intermediate spaces, and to the buildings and points of interest, in a greater interest and a greater degree of description could possibly do. This map is printed in colors and is as good as Harzder's best. A ribbon marker and a handsome but not obtrusive binding complete the outfit. In plan and method the work is historical and critical rather than descriptive, and is more suggestive of the guidebook way. In this respect it is subordinate to graver elements of interest, and not until the last three chapters is the reader actually taken into the city on the personally conducted plan. It is theVenice of the past in her glory, the glory of her arts and sciences, in the turmoil of her politics and conflicts, in the splendor of her public services, in the beauty of her picturesque and strictly medieval life, and generally and chiefly held up for study; and it is only after this silent and elevated intercourse with yesterday that we are let down into the inferiority of today. Not that Venice has today much to offer—to delight and detain the visitor; next to Constantinople and London, it is the most fascinating city of the Old World, and it seems to be as it was when by the turn of the century in the land of ours as the East is from the West, as the tenth century is from the twentieth. To see Paris and die is the pious wish of some Americans of the hour. To see Venice and die is the pious wish of most of the rest. In the gondola, is a wish to a better purpose. Read Yrieire and you will understand why. [Henry T. Coates & Co.]

The Masterpieces of Michaelangelo and Milton.

It requires but little thought to recognize and appreciate the force and fitness with which Mr. Alexander S. Twombly has brought together his companion studies of the great Italian painter and the great English poet, each as a sort of the company illustrator, and the other, into a single volume with half-tone pictures. It may well be accorded an honorable place among the minor holiday publications of today. Mr. Coates points out the author, the two men are alike:

Milton wrote his epic in verses that will never die; Michaelangelo wrought out his in unquesitated brilliancy. Both demand respect from all, and in grander of conception they are one. And it has been also interpreted, the deeper things of the divine nature, the religious sentiment is strong. As a book, it is simply but prettily made and bound, and has a well-bred air. [Silver, Burdett & Co.]

Tales of Languedoc.

This is in all respects a creditable book to the San Francisco publisher whose imprint it bears. Its au thor, Mr. Samuel Jacques Brou of Leland Stanford Jr. University, is to the manner born, the tales which he has written out in these pages being an inheritance en