Arnold trod in *Literature and Dogma*. But he goes away beyond Arnold. *Literature and Dogma* tried to show that miracle could be taken out of Christianity and yet leave its vital principles untouched. Dr. Mackintosh tries to show that Jesus could be both deceived and a deceiver, and yet remain the perfect man whom we are to accept as an exemplar. The attempt must fail, not because it is bold, not because it traverses some of humanity's most cherished hopes, but because its logic breaks down at the first crucial test. It is of little moment whether what we call miracle does or does not happen; it is of very great moment to know what we mean by miracle. To say that it cannot happen merely because it does not follow the observed course of ordinary processes is to attempt to gauge psychical truth by a physical standard—an attempt which ever has failed.—The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

**The Yellow Book.** Vol. I. April, 1894. (Copeland & Day.)

The varied opinions held by the English papers in regard to this new and most original quarterly make amusing reading. "If the New Art is represented by the cover of this wonderful volume," says the *Times*, "it is scarcely calculated to attract by its intrinsic beauty or merit." And yet a leader writer in the *Daily News* finds the cover "artificially jaundiced"; while "Logroller" in the *Star* describes it as bright and smart. The *National Observer* asserts that the *Yellow Book* is "not beautiful as a piece of book-making," and objects to the type as too small and to the paper as too smooth, though the same journal in a previous issue thought the type "of a highly artistic character," and the paper "such as a princess might be proud to use for private correspondence"; and the *Daily Chronicle* says the *Yellow Book* "is beautifully printed in old-fashioned type... and altogether poses a new and much higher standard for the form of periodical literature."—The *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks that Mr. Henry James's opening story, "The Death of the Lion," "is very difficult to read," and the *Birmingham Gazette* fancies it is "chiefly valuable for the sake of the name of its author"; whereas the *Westminster Gazette* says that "it is very near Mr. James's best—there is satire, humor, and epigram enough in its fifty pages for half a dozen ordinary stories." The *National Observer* calls it "a wholesome, stinging criticism on the pseudo-literate of modern society," the *St. James's Budget* declares that it alone "renders the Yellow Book worth buying," and the *Daily News* made it the subject of a leading article, observing that "it raises problems," and describing it as "a diverting apologue."—The *Times* says that Mr. Le Gallienne's 'Tree Worship' is "singularly repulsive," whilst the *Birmingham Daily Post* avers that it is "almost startlingly strong, and in some passages there is a fierce passion that thrills,"—"Logroller" in the *Star* characterizes Miss Ella D'Arcy's 'Irremediable' as a "tragic hint of much power," and the same writer admires Mr. William Watson's sonnets as "full of his own incomunicable dignity and solemn glamour." The *Times* calls them "stately and sonorous"; the *Pall Mall Gazette* alludes to the "fine classic flavor of their diction."—The *Reformer*, describing Mr. John Davidson's 'London' as a "perfect little poem," adds, "Many a poet has climbed Parnassus to less purpose than Mr. Davidson has climbed Primrose Hill."—And though the *Birmingham Gazette* dismisses Mr. George Saintbury's 'Sentimental Cellar' as "pompous and empty," the *National Observer* thinks it "a clever fantasia on wine and women."—The *St. James's Gazette* falls foul of Mr. Arthur Symons for the "peculiar kind of gutter immorality" he "celebrates in song"; but the *Times* describes Mr. Symons as "graceful and melodious."—The *Globe* avers that Mr. Henry Harland's 'Mercedes' is "weak"; "Logroller" says "it is one of the most touching and delicately wrought idyls of child-life I have ever read."—The *Pall Mall Gazette* condemns Mr. Gosse's poems as "prattling mediocrity"; the *Glasgow Herald* praises them as "among the best in the book."—According to the *Daily Chronicle*, George Egerton's 'Lost Masterpiece' is "a nothingness of words"; according to the *Birmingham Gazette* it is a "most clever, graceful, and cultivated piece of writing"; and the *Queen* pronounces it a "clever impressionist record of moods."—The *Globe* finds Mr. Crackanthorpe's 'Modern Melodrama' "very Crackanthorpean... and full of actuality."—The *Westminster Gazette* admires Dr. Garnett's translations of Tansillo, and the "learned and discerning comment" by which they are accompanied.

The *St. James's Budget* describes the 'Fool's Hour,' by John Oliver Hobbes and George Moore, as "a work of the keenest wit"; and here there has been no difference amongst the critics.—The *St. James's Budget* objects to "the ill-drawn and morbidly conceived drawings of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley" as "particularly offensive"; *Public Opinion* hails them as "an unqualified success."—The *National Observer* speaks of the style of Sir Frederic Leighton's studies as "formal, academic, and frigid": the *Chronicle* says they are "noble and doubly welcome."—The *National Observer*, again, admires Mr. Penglais and Mr. Furse's contributions, while the *Chronicle* praises Mr. Rothenstein's 'Portrait of a Lady.'

Samuel Longfellow: Memoirs and Letters and Essays and Sermons. Edited by Joseph