specially successful, and many a lover of art who cannot travel over Europe finds the gallery to gallery will have here the material for serious and delightful study of Raphael. It is not a book that will be left stranded on a drawing-room table and never opened, the fate of many a handsome picture volume. Raphael appeals to a wide as well as to a delicate taste, and the purchase of the book would not be a bad investment for the head of a household careful of the artistic education of his children. The editor’s memoir is just what is wanted to introduce a book of the kind, and its text is interspersed with a large number of smaller pictures other than Madonna’s.

CORDIN’S SONG, and other Verses. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson, etching on Wood by Austin Dobson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Thomson chose his songs excellently for purposes of illustration. “Cordin’s Song,” as all lovers of Walton knows, is one of the most charming praises of country life ever put into verse;

“Then care away, And work along with me.”

Is irresistible as music, while each stanza has a rustic suggestion for the artist’s pencil. Among the other old rhymes successfully wedded to pictures are “Who Liveth so Merry,” “The Journeys to Exteter,” “A Hunting we will Go,” and “Sir Dilbery Diddle.” One criticism it is impossible to refrain from. Graceful all his pictures are, and some of them admirable, but they are not as English as the themes. Mr. Austin Dobson writes interesting notes on the verses by way of introduction to one of the prettiest gift-books of the season.

FROM SPRING TO FALL; or, When Life Stirs. By “A Son of the Marshes.” (Blackwood.)

“A Son of the Marshes” books have a trite fringe and must be on the shelf at the earliest possible moment. The result of a long period of patient and persevering writing was visible, with the result that the supply of rhetoric was much greater than the natural history. “From Spring to Fall” must be excepted. In style it possibly may be considered much less attractive, for there are many marks of hurry in its abrupt statements and its general jerkiness of construction. But the information is not thin spread, and it is very definite and exact. The book should be a delightful country companion, not only as a record of a specialist’s observations, but as particularly stimulating to amateur naturalist studies. The chapter “A Wet Autumn” may be quoted as a good example of observation with interesting results within the powers of anyone with good eyes and country opportunities. Apart from exact information, the conjectures are plausible and ingenious. Herons have been seen, and trouts are easy prey. “It’s the ile in their legs and feet what does it, it draws the trout to ’em, and other fish too.” Such is the rustic explanation, for which “A Son of the Marshes,” disbelieving in heron-oil substitutes the following: “The beautiful legs and feet of the heron, when in the water, resemble the stems of aquatic plants, and the faintest ripple or flow heightens the illusion. . . . All fish will nibble at the stems of water-plants, and more especially if air-bubbles are on them. . . . It is quite natural for the fish to mistake the shimmering glitter of the heron’s legs for some water-stem on which air-bubbles are clustered, and to go and nibble it. He goes there right enough, but does not come back.”

THE USE OF LIFE. By Sir John Lubbock. (Macmillan.)

When Sir John Lubbock writes on science he writes for students; when he writes on other things he has a special but a wider audience in view. It might be difficult to define for whom exactly “The Pleasure of Life,” and “The Uses of Animals” were intended, but there is no such doubt about the present volume. It is a gift-book, and a good one too, for the very young, for those to whom the difficulties and problems of life are mere names. Sir John Lubbock speaks of life in the most charming, true, and inculcates the frisky, prudent virtues in a wholesome a fashion. It is very proper that youth should be so addressed, and that they should read from an elementary text-book first, till life puts questions to them that no such text-book will answer. To those who have had such questions, or who have come to them the complacent sententiousness of this guide will sound a little flippant and irreverent, but it cannot be meant for them. Sir John quotes from surely all the authors dead and living in support of his downright commonplace maxims, but it is mostly by the vague generalities of his authorities he is reinforced, by such sentiments as may delight the literary or the symmetrical sense but could never be of service to a thinking mind. It is only the record of special individual experiences that can help where wholesome, and biographies of sinners contain better counsel than books of the most faultless maxims.

THE YELLOW BOOK. Vol. III. 5s. (John Lane.)

Its promise to provide permanent literature the ‘Yellow Book’ fulfils in its third volume by Mr. William Watson’s charming love-song, and Mr. John Davidson’s “Ballad of a Nun.” The fiction is rather less good than in the earlier numbers, though in Mr. Ernest Dowson’s “Apple Blossom in Brittany,” and in the editor’s “When I am King,” there is excellent workmanship. But on Mr. Max Beerbohm’s defence of the volume to amuse. Mr. Beerbohm’s earlier contributions have some of us felt inclined to go on austerely. But we no longer wish to snub or ignore him. He is very funny when “in a spirit of real earnestness” he essays “to point out to the mob how it has been cruel to George.” Philanthropy goes up and down, and seeking whom it may take care of. Princes are the last object of its loving pity, and Mr. Beerbohm is the missionary to their sore needs, and the interpreter of “the beautiful life” which one of them led. We do not pretend to know if Mr. Beerbohm is ever serious or sincere except in the high spirits which impulse him to say naughty things—perhaps the natural reaction after what he himself calls “the confounded surveillance of childhood.” Very likely not, and if not, the sentimental form which he has given to his cynicism or his fooling is really original, and will seem very amusing—for a little while. “The spirit of the high spirits which impulse him to say naughty things—perhaps the natural reaction after what he himself calls “the confounded surveillance of childhood.” Very likely not, and if not, the sentimental form which he has given to his cynicism or his fooling is really original, and will seem very amusing—for a little while. “The spirit of the high spirits which impulse him to say naughty things—perhaps the natural reaction after what he himself calls “the confounded surveillance of childhood.” Very likely not, and if not, the sentimental form which he has given to his cynicism or his fooling is really original, and will seem very amusing—for a little while. But we do not pretend to know if Mr. Beerbohm is ever serious or sincere except in the high spirits which impulse him to say naughty things—perhaps the natural reaction after what he himself calls “the confounded surveillance of childhood.” Very likely not, and if not, the sentimental form which he has given to his cynicism or his fooling is really original, and will seem very amusing—for a little while.

“Till I am King”

Mr. Philip Broughton’s “Mantega,” Mr. Wilson Steer’s, and, of course, Mr. Icadsley’s contributions to the art department, must all have their several admirers.

THE AGE OF POPE. By John Dennis. Handbooks of English Literature. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)

This is the first volume of a by no means superficial new series which Professor Hales is editing, and which is hoped will be of service to students of English literature for its own sake, instead of regarding it merely as a branch of knowledge required by examiners. We have the standard text-books of English literature, giving facts and dates and more or less accurate general surveys of epochs, and there are, of course, such admirable guides to the study of special writers as the “English Men of Letters” series. But some handbooks were wanted which should deal with the general characteristics and the particular literary facts of an age, in a