The Prince of Destiny. By Sarath Kuma Ghosh. (Rebman. 6s.)

The "Prince of Destiny" is a fascinating statement of the problem of the unrest of India by an Indian who is at once a poet and a widely-read writer. The book falls into three parts. The first presents a glowing picture of India, the land of poetry, philosophy, romance, and mysticism. Herein is born Barath, the picture of India, the land of poetry, philosophy, romance, and mysticism. Herein is born Barath, the hero with an Englishwoman would seem to be symbolic, expressing the theme of the book that the English shall learn to see India, not only with an English eye, but with the eye of an Indian. England must learn to respect Buddha's ashes, for, "Buddha's ashes are India's greatest asset—and Britain as India's trustee will have perjured her honour if she bars them away." From what we know of Britain she is not prepared, nor will be, for many a long day, to respect anyone's sacred ashes, and the physical force revolution will take place in India in spite of the author's belief and prayers to the contrary. However, his book affords a clear insight into the spiritual, moral, social, and economic leanings and longings of the real India, and it is charged with that gorgeous colour which alone belongs to the land of Buddha and the Mahatmas. A remarkable book.

Lola Montez. By E. B. d'Auvergne. (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

This is a most exhaustive study of the famous adventures of the forties. The story of the physically courageous and beautiful woman, so shockingly bad as a dancer, is sympathetically told. She is neither blackened nor whitewashed. It is very evident, however, that Mr. d'Auvergne's research into his heroine's history has ranged him on the side of her admirers. From early childhood almost to the day of her death Lola Montez's life was a battle. And it would puzzle most readers of this volume to decide whether she won or lost. Her triumphs were all stilly fought for, and when gained of short duration; and she ended her days as a most abused penitent. We are sometimes driven to speculate whether the Gospel tale of Mary Magdalen was not directly responsible for the creation of this type of courtesan. If so, they who have reflected, who are the images of the saint, yet seem sufficiently girlish inimitations. There are few converted "brands" whose regeneration does not disgust more than their sinfulness. The conversion of Lola Montez was the vulgar episode of her career. The author has exercised much restraint in his analysis of the probable state of Lola's heart, and has left her diary to tell its own story. The rather musing lamentations and prayers seem to us not significant of any true spirituality, and we do not hesitate on the evidence before us to give our opinion of this heroine as a woman of very inferior mental calibre to whom the loss of beauty and power left no resource save chapel and Dr. Hanks, the pastor professing himself "anxious to probe her heart to the bottom."

The Book of Friendship. Essays, Poems, Maxims, and Prose Passages. Arranged by Arthur Ransome. (Jack. 6s.)

"Most anthologies consist entirely of loose passages torn entirely from their context. The feature of 'The Book of Friendship' is that it contains complete essays and complete poems wherever such are safely pertaining to the subject." To this aim of completeness are doubtless due many important omissions. We feel it is for this reason alone, and not from any lack of knowledge of his subject or thoroughness that the author makes no reference to the Greek attachment of Achilles and Patroclus, which he might have used as a parallel to the friendship of David and Jonathan. Then there is no mention Helen's feeling towards Hector, nor of the friendship of Hercules and Hylas, and most remarkable of all there is nothing from the "Phaedrus" and "Symposium" of Plato wherein the expression of men's friendship reaches ecstasy. Gladstone's magnificent article on Hallam, a tribute to friendship inspired by loss; the correspondence of Goethe and Schiller, of Carlyle and Emerson; Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; all these might have been drawn upon. Then again Mr. Ransome has given us no example of friendship between superior and inferior such as the fidelity of Eumaeus in the Odyssey; the attachment of Abraham's faithful servant; of the Syrian Naaman's captive maiden. We may note too that the author's attempt to maintain an archaic atmosphere in many instances tends to limit his book to students and antiquaries whilst his preserving the original French of La Rochefoucauld and Stendhal invites the aid of dictionary to most readers. Mr. Ransome's completeness is not then an advantage since it robs us of so much interesting material. It is true it has resulted in a bulky volume, but Mr. Carpenter has done better in a more limited space. Still the book is good; it is in a way a history of poetical friendship; it shows how prominent men and women in all ages, from Confucius and Cicero to Yeats and Belloc, have expressed in harmonious prose and verse the many and varied emotions of friendship and love, and for this reason it deserves to be widely read. The worst feature of the book is the wall-paper design of the title page.

The Finding of Mercia. By Cassius Minor. (Kegan Paul. 1s. 6d. net.)

All novels that deal with Utopia tend to become tiresome, even the greatest; but seldom does the reader yearn for a magic carpet to transport him to Fairyland. Mercia or Mercyland is no more attractive than the others, and there is nothing in the habits or customs of its inhabitants to inspire in any man noble discontent with his own surroundings. The book is written in a slip-shod style, and there is hardly a page that does not contain a grammatical mistake. We cannot say that the disjointed ramblings of the author on his return (Part III.), when he is presumably trying to criticise our social conditions, show either insight or originality, or that he has any palliative worth considering for the evils he deplores.
Mr. Sherard seems to have met all France and half England. He claims to have heard "much clever talk, to have eaten and drunk wines of velvety smoothness and exquisite bouquet." That is a good deal to have got out of life. Mr. Sherard returns thanks further for the granting of "one of life's greatest joys—making friends." His championship of Mr. Sherard as a poet, is more than charming, and the sonnet quoted should arouse interest in those readers who may not know Barlas.

Jenny Peters. By C. H. Dudley Ward. (Unwin. 6s.)
"Jenny Peters" puts one in mind of contrasting panels by an old master. On the one side is Lord Leverhulme as the deity of Landlordism; on the other, such as Recamier, de Stael, and Benjamin Constant, who really stand for more than a mere brilliant Society group. All through the Napoleonic period literature was the apotheosis of the revolutionary movement in France. Writers were divided into two parties, seeking either to bring about the downfall of the Empire, or to return to their former days. Their works were greatly influenced by the many events of the years of French history with which Miss Hill's book deals. Napoleon's scheme to invade England, his abdication, the restoration of Louis the Inevitable, Napoleon's escape from Elba in 100 days, Waterloo, his exile—all these events were possessing men's minds and moving their pens. In Maria Edgeworth's circle there were many persons, literary and otherwise, such as Rebecamier, de Stael, and Benjamin Constant, who, by their writings and by their work in a compact group, were set for a constitution, and were thus exerting their influence over the destiny of France. Napoleon himself noticed this force, and when his political power was falling sought unsuccessfully to turn it to his own use. Miss Hill briefly indicates his attempt to buy Constant's pen, but she only incidentally touches upon it. In short, it has been Miss Hill's aim to look into history through the spectacles of Court chat-chat. In this respect Maria Edgeworth and her circle are pleasant company, but they need not detain us long. The production of the book, with its many beautiful reproductions, adequate architectural sketches by Miss Ellen Hill, and the charming cover design, deserves much out of the common. The fault of this hustling is that it does not allow you time to stop and learn the true significance of your new acquaintances, who really stand for more than a mere brilliant Society group.

My Friends the French. By Robert H. Sherard. (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)
Readers will probably find Mr. Sherard's interviews with the recluse, Edmond Rostand, as interesting as any he has given in his quite recent book "I rarely go out," he once said to me, describing his life; "I never take exercise, I never go out for the mere sake of walking, only when I have a definite object in view. I hardly ever see anybody—my wife and children suffice me for company. I never receive. My doors are closed to strangers," Mr. Sherard, "the only person to whom he (Rostand) has ever spoken of his literary career," felt much gratified to be given such exceptional opportunities of knowing Rostand. He presents to us a poet and the friend of Miss Hill, and the charming cover design, deserves the highest praise.
ecstasy occasionally. Says he in one place: “Sidney’s sonnets rank next to Shakespeare’s in merit,” and in another he confirms Fingier’s opinion that the “Defence of Poetry,” in style and matter, is of lasting fame. It would not be difficult to agree with this, and when we remember that Sidney was not only a good poet but a poet’s type, we feel the one side of him worth emphasising is the poetic. For the rest, he is hardly but a poet’s type, we feel the one side of him worth completing the volume. It would not be difficult to agree with this, and when not a bad man. Excellent portraits and a full index complete the volume.

Progressive Redemption. By H. E. Sampson. (Reynolds. 12s. 6d.)

Of this work it is unnecessary to speak beyond saying that it fully confirms our favourable impression of its predecessor thread. Along the threads of his previous work the author proceeds logically to map out a neo-Catholic via-media, in three divisions. In part one he deals with the Catholic Church in its relation to mankind, and divides the incarnating spirits into two classes. In part two he reveals the Catholic Church as the repository of the divine mysteries, and the custodian of the principle of grace; whilst part three is concerned with the two-fold means of grace, Instrumental and Functional, as well as the duties of the Church in that respect. The outstanding feature of the work is the author’s bold attempt to restore the Virgin Mary and Child to the home, to bring the modern scientific question of eugenics within the church, and thus to discuss redemption in the only logical way, namely, in terms of Eugenics. Says the author, “Normally, the Church’s work is the preparation and fitness of the parents for the inculcation between science and religion, and though essentially a doctrine of love, the principle that each should be the incarnation of love, and the doctrine that each should return to its office of inculcating the principle of reincarnation—the principle that each should be the incarnation of love, and the doctrine that each human being is to reap the consequences of a graceful, not a grace-less past. And thus it will once more become a live fact in the organising of the spiritual life on a true basis of a spiritual world. Hence the re-ascent to Heaven wherever that may be.

The book is the work of a man of vision, a mystic who is able to see and trace the natural law of the origin and development of human life from its lowest physical procreative stage to its highest spiritual manifestation. Its new point transfers its author from the priests to the prophets, and will no doubt confer upon him the privilege of being stoned. In any case, “Progressive Redemption” will stand as an amazing performance. It is the nearest approach yet to a reconciliation between science and religion, and though essentially for mystics, it is a book that no one can afford to neglect.

Jack Carstairs of the Power House. By Sydney Sandys. (Methuen. 6s.)

There is a good deal of sentimental nonsense mixed up with the lesson about engineers which this book is professedly ambitious to teach. Real gipsy girls do not steal bread from the baker. They get their daily appointments to eat chocolates with any rather imperfect young man who crosses their path. The development which reveals this girl’s father, first introduced as king of the gipsies, to be really a titled aristocrat, belongs properly to school-girl romance. Some engineering information is to be discovered by the reader. We learn that “no profession contains more wasters than electrical engineering.” The real engineer is “notoriously a man of mathematics, theoretical, practical; he holds an engineering degree, and has been through the ‘shops’; he understands both men and materials, and the methods of handling them.” All of which we certainly knew before. Mrs. Darwen (the mother of a certain Darwen who has many rows with and makes many plots against Carstairs, of course over the gipsy girl) suggests that in the engineer, the tamer of metals, we have merely a cold, brutal force; whereas the gipsies, “the passionate, brutal force” which marked the old type of man, the tamer of horses. Many women who have married engineers seem to be saying the same thing: so doubtless there is some truth in the engineer says Mr. Sandys. Normally the Church is a segregated Fold. . . . but this condition is, alas, one that has sunk into absolute neglect and oblivion. . . . Under the Church sex-affinities and sex-relations are neglected . . . and marriage is one of the most carelessly, godlessly, and promiscuously conducted matters under the sun.” This unsegregated state of the Church and its apostacy from the sacred mysteries of which it is the guardian, and which it should alone bar, bars the possibility of redemption. The Church has lost its power to benefit mankind seeing that the functions of the Sacerdotal Hierarchy as it was constituted and left by Jesus Christ, and established and executed by the Apostles, has fallen in abeyance. Thus it will be seen that the main thesis of the book is that man has fallen from his high estate through sexual over-indulgence and the neglect of the Church to fulfil its proper purpose. The author maintains that the business of the Church is to bring mankind to recognise that “the microcosmic beings is specifically a physical process, through natural generation”; that, therefore, the sexual instinct is the holiest thing in our nature, and both the sexual act and marriage for that reason are unifying, sanctifying, and divine. The Church must demystify itself, give up politics and economics, and turn to its business of teaching man the importance of love in all his relations to life. In this way it will serve to people the world with the largest number of men and women who to the greatest extent realise the ideal of what a human being ought to be. Thus it will be the business of the Church to remove the principal of reincarnation—the principle that each should be the incarnation of love, and the doctrine that each human being is to reap the consequences of a graceful, not a grace-less past. And thus it will once more become a live fact in the organising of the spiritual life on a true basis of a spiritual world. Hence the re-ascent to Heaven wherever that may be.
Men and Manners of Old Florence. By Guido Biagi. (Unwin. 13s. 6d.)

The Florence of this volume is neither that of the Popes, of the artists, of the intellectuals, nor of the political Guelph and Ghibelline. It is the Florence of dull domesticity, the Florence of a period that might be said to be bounded by Dante and Ruskin, and inset with Leibnitz and his company of a group of intellectuals and artists. Five essays make up this sketch of Florentine domestic life, with, for the most part, an ancient undelightful city filled with boors and practical jokers, and with merchants as the ruling class, for a background. The first essay reveals the mind of the presiding deity of the household, whose attitude towards his goods and chattels, including his wife and apprentices, and towards business matters and merchandise, would seem to have much in common with that of the merchant of to-day, in spite of what the author says to the contrary. His opinion that "woman is a light thing and vain, whereof she is in great peril when she hath no husband," and his advice to keep house up and in "fear and trembling" are not yet out of date. His rule of conduct in business, based upon money-grabbing principles, is also fairly modern. The second essay conducts you into the bower of fantasy, so to speak, where you are introduced to a wife whose business of breeding children is carried to such an extent that the years of her life are numbered by the names of her children. In the third Florentine morals are seen reflected in the countrywomen's. Several inns are devoted to the doings of the celebrated Tullea of Arragon, a sort of Florentine Aspasia, or Sappho, whose house was the meeting-place of every man of note, and whose hand held the key to every heart in Florence." Her life, a series of Phyllis and Damon idylls, makes good reading. The book concludes with a picture of Florence of the unromantic Restoration period. The author has apparently ransacked the Laurentian library—of which he is the learned librarian—conscientiously, and the result is a finely illustrated and fully indexed book of Florentine domestic chronicles of distinct sociological value.

The Man who Stole the Earth. By W. Holt White. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

A crack-brained story of a young man whose author would have us believe was a general benefactor to humanity. By means of bombs dropped from an air- ship, this hero succeeds in gaining possession of Bal kania, wherever that may be. We are supposed to understand, as that is to result from this capture; but all we can actually read is that Mr. Strong, the airship man, gains the girl he wants to marry—nothing less than a princess, of course—by delivering the key to the prison to a prisoner of the Russian, but a newspaper lady, one of Strong's assistants, who has been abducted. Mr. Holt White has obviously attempted a thing altogether too big for him.

The Life and World-Work of Thomas Lake Harris. By A. A. Cuthbert. (C. W. Pearce, Glasgow. 2s. 6d.)

The difficulty of placing an abnormal character is once more seen in the case of Thomas Lake Harris. By some Harris has said he have been the legal descen- dant of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Swedenborg, Boehme, and other prophets and supernormal sensitives; by others, the initiator of Christian Science. In truth, he is neither. Harris was certainly not a mystic; he was more like an irresponsible spiritualist, with an abnormal imagination and sensual instinct. He sought, among other things, to establish Fay, or Nature-Spirit, worship, and to apply the principle of the im- mune conception to human beings, teaching such notions as that husbands and wives descend from Heaven. Not even the initiate has been able to interpret the Harris mysteries literally. The only influence that the Harris movement appears to have bad on modern thought is an implantation of mysticism and sex matters. Mr. Cuthbert seeks to evolve Harris as a mystic and a seer. His book is an astonishing piece of work. At least it contains some excellent poetry. Though not a Quarles, a Blake, a Herbert Vaughan, or a Rossetti, Harris was an in- spired singer. He remains a fit subject for the poet and medical man.

Strange Fire. By Christopher Maugham. (S. Paul and Co. 6s.)

This book is a long temperance tract. The story, which reveals one curate planning and compassing the ruin of another curate with the help of the drink craving, by abandoning to that weak individual all the Sacrament services, is obviously far-fetched. But the following is a notable speech. It is delivered by a brewer to the villain curate—"Suppose every public-house in London were closed to-morrow, what would happen do you think? There would be a revolution in less than a week. Shut up the public-houses where the British and foreign workmen turn in and stupefy their senses into a com- fortable torpor and forget their poverty and wretched surroundings, and you'd have a savage horde of hun- dreds of thousands of slum-dwellers awake at last to their degradation. I tell you you'd be thankful to drug the whole lot of Hooligans with their cheap spirits again out of downright terror for the lords and ladies of London."

Man's Survival after Death. By Charles L. Tweedale. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

One of the features of this book is the foreword in which the author notes states his position in the Church of England, and as fully recounts his belief in the well-known formula, "I believe in God the Father, Almighty." The book maintains the spiritualistic theory of a life hereafter. This it does in a long search story of ghosts and spirit manifestations, backed up by Bible authority and spiritualistic specialists, from Myers to Crooks. It evidences a patient search after truth, but it also requires the patience of Job to read it, such is the author's desire to substantiate his information. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that on "The Testimony of Modern Science," which reveals a group of well-known Italians, headed by Lombroso, interpreting spiritualistic phenomena. To some it will appear a book of Revelations, to others a book of Miracles, to the twenty-second centurist it may come as a book of Superstition.

The Man from the Moon. By Philip Carmichael. (Grant Richards. Price 6s.)

This is a story for rather old little miseries. The matter is peculiar, and the illustrations, by Frank Watkins, perfectly enchanting. We have not seen anything for a long while so innocently dreadful and dreadfully innocent as The Dragon. Sprites, with butterfly wings, hover around the baby Man in the Moon when he goes to inquire the fate of the Wooden Soldier. "You swallowed him, didn't you?" The Dragon confesses. "Well—yes, but you mustn't blame me. You've noticed my mouth. It's rather large, isn't it? Now, one of the children dropped the Wooden Soldier into my mouth, and, of course, I swallowed him, but I didn't want to." The coloured illustration, showing the Magician on shore among the baby dragons, with their tricks and devices, is most entertaining. All the rocks look like potential dragons. A book more fascinating for the nice child would be hard to find.

Men, the Workers. By Henry D. Lloyd. (Doubleday and Page, New York.)

Perhaps the most important point in this statement of the Labour Movement is that the demand for the eight hours day is of more importance than the demand for wages, since it implies that the working-man understands and appreciates the value of time. This indicates to some extent the influence of the industrial theories and the policies of the Labour movement. All who are in possession of the facts of the Labour Movement in America need not trouble to read it.