possessing the climate necessary for their well-being. It has been understood between her and her complaisant husband that she will return when she hears a nightingale sing. He, after what he regards as a sufficient deprivation, arrives in Paris, where he buys what he is told is a nightingale, and takes it over to her in England that she may hear its song and justify his arrival. She, meanwhile, has been acting the part of a beneficent fate for various lovers, one of them a plumber and the other a chauffeur. It is all pleasantly plausible and amusing.

What an intelligent husband and wife can do in avoiding divorce by removing the causes for separation is set forth by M. Henry Bordeaux in "The Awakening" (Dutton), which has been translated by Miss Ruth Helen Davis from the ninety-fifth edition in French. A brilliant writer marries a charming girl, who, having borne him a son and daughter, is quite content to rest on her ante-marital laurels so far as charm is concerned. Another woman, brilliantly intellectual, crosses the writer's path after years of baffled hopes and an almost complete waning of mutual interests. The outraged wife returns to her people and begins a suit for separation, holding herself innocent of the collapse of their married life. A diary kept by him is placed in her hands, and her failure to meet his ambitions is made clear thereby. She sets about rehabilitating herself in her own eyes, thus opened; and in the course of years attains to her husband's standard of what a wife should be. The book deserves wide reading.

Mrs. Edith Henrietta Fowler's latest romance, "Patricia" (Putnam), has a genuine, if somewhat worldly, piety running through its pages. Patricia is the only daughter of an eminent man of letters, widowed at her birth. His death sends her to an uncle, vicar of a rural parish, as earnest and generous of self as he and his family are narrow. The girl's impressions of religion as a dull and rather sordid business are confirmed by the life her kinsfolk lead, her agnostic training blinding her to the spiritual beauty beneath. She is awakened by her love for a clergyman of high rank, who takes her into a society even more cultivated than her father had thrown about her, and eventually brings her to the Light. Patricia is an excellent example of a witty simpleton, to say nothing worse of her; but her slightness of character detracts little from the interest of the story.

In the death of Monsignor Hugh Benson, the Roman Catholic Church has lost the ablest novelist in her cause she has ever had in England; and his posthumous story, "Loneliness" (Dodd), serves to confirm this fact. It deals with contemporary life, and its protagonist is a young Catholic Englishwoman who achieves a marked success on the operatic stage. This success so interests the scion of a recently ennobled house that he secretly affiances himself to her. Meanwhile her youthful devotion to religion grows pallid, until she determines to marry her Protestant lover regardless of churchly regulations. A slight surgical operation deprives her of her glorious voice; she turns to the old religion and dismisses her lover, now grown lukewarm, and the close suggests the cloister.

Something of Frank Stockton's delightful irresponsibility and inconsecutiveness appear in Miss Ellenor Stoothoff's "The Nightingale" (Houghton), which tells of a New England wife and mother who flies from home and family to effect her own cure from a serious attack of nerves by rambling unprotected through Europe. In Italy she takes on a young girl as maid, and adopts two lambs. These latter ail slightly, so she embarks for the spot where Southdown mutton comes from, as

It is inevitable that the fascinating figure of the fourth Amen-hotep, self-named Akhenaton, should be connected with that of Moses, since the purity of the Pharoah's religion bears no slight resemblance to that of the great Jewish lawgiver. Certain chronological obstacles have not been allowed to stand in the way by Mr. Frederick Thurstan in "The Romances of Amosis Ra" (Lippincott), the hero of which is none other than Moses himself. Such portions of the Scripture as could be made to fit are utilized to the full, and a magical atmosphere is created, in the spirit of the miracles of the exodus. The romances are two, the first ending with the birth of the prophet, the second with his retirement to the land of Midian after his slaughter of the Egyptian. The author's earnestness and learning are much in excess of his ability to write convincingly.

"The Graves at Kilmorna: A Story of '67" (Longmans) is an earnest tale of the abortive uprising of the Irish against British oppression in 1867, when veterans of the American Civil War returned to their native land to assist in obtaining its independence. It is the work of the Very Rev. Canon P. A. Sheehan, D.D., and is a close and conclusive picture of the times in which it begins, and a profound criticism of these later days. A youthful Irish idealist and freedom worshipper seeks death in the cause in order that his countrymen may gain the stimulus that he believes will follow this voluntary martyrdom. His life is spared, but he spends ten agonizing years in prison before he is pardoned. The end of the tale is tragic in every sense of the word. Few more sincere stories have been written of Irish Catholic life.

Spain in the days of the weak and unfortunate Philip IV., with his prime minister, Olivares, as the leading figure, provides the scene for Miss Amelia Josephine Burr's "A Dealer in Empire" (Harper). A beautiful girl, niece to a celebrated actress and herself successful in her brief career upon the stage, furnishes the necessary appeal to the sensibilities. She is beloved by a young nobleman and by the King himself, but yields herself rather to the higher appeal made by the minister, to whom she bears a son. His ambitions take him from her, and place her in retirement. The conclusion is admirably worked out, in accordance with ideas of sentimental justice. Simple and easy in style, direct and compact in substance, this is an historical novel fully romanticized.

Miss Mary Bride reappears with all her common-sensible charm in Mr. Edgar Jepson's "Happy Pollyooly" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.); as do also her small brother "The Lump," her employer the barrister, and nearly all the other personages of the story of which this is the sequel. Pollyooly is a most engaging young person who has the knack of coming safely out of all adventures, however complicated, and always with a substantial sum of money in her possession. There is a somewhat long-drawn-out episode having to do with a prince of the House of Hohenzollern which, we fear, does injustice to that doughty line's conceptions of education.