

THE SECRET OF FOURGERENSE. By Louise Imogene Guiney. Boston: Marlter, Callanan & Co. \$1.50.

In this charming translation from the French, Miss Guiney offers an old-fashioned but ever-delightful romance of a most completely satisfying type. The name of the author is not given, but that is unimportant to the interest of the work; and it is probably any way that the translator has invested it with the charm investing her own work. It is many a long day since there came this way so perfect a tale of its kind, so generously rich in its use of black magic and white; and in its invocation of ghosts, evil and good, and in its general magnificent disregard of any pent-up Utica of science and the probabilities. Who is there so narrow as not to delight in its sulphuric atmosphere, its yawning graves, and its peals of demoniac laughter; in the evil one flying over the tree tops all aflame, and in the picture of the villain of the story, "in a scarlet gown, his white hair in a sort of bluish

smoke from hell, his eyes like fiery coals," while imps galore blow the fire and tall demons stand by mixing hellish potions? There is something in a good, strong blast of this description, that blows straight through logic's cobwebs to the subtlest soul! And there is a temptation to linger over those earlier portions of the work telling with such fascinating frankness of the devil and his interesting doings, rather than to pass on to the narrative proper, with its gentle love story, its lofty ideals, and its less exciting though more probable events. The time lies far, far away in old France, when good King René ruled Anjou—the paradise of troubadours, the fatherland of artists—the King himself an artist and a troubadour, open, sweet, simple of nature and thinking nothing of the schemes, the greed, the treachery and the cruelty of Louis the Thirteenth. In those days—so far off—there were still jesters at courts and hermits in the woods who dared to speak the truth to good and to bad kings. "A monk," says the prior defying King Louis, "a monk after all should not be troubled by the wrath of princes, when he has innocently drawn it upon himself: for he is Christ's vassal, and his allegiance is to God alone." As the work goes on the atmosphere becomes more religious and less historical, and as the last page ends and the first comes again into view, there is a feeling of incongruity between the closing scene at the foot of the cross and the jester with his owls on the cover of blue and silver.