

other novels of ancient Egypt to read again that wonderful chapter by Andrew Lang or Rider Haggard where the Wanderer with the spear-point in his helmet sails out of the darkness up the blood-red Nile in search of "The World's Desire." Yet there is much painstaking work in the descriptive passages, the characters have character, and the tale is interesting. Certain flaws of diction somewhat jar upon the ear; as, "The Delta, thridded by the sea-hunting Nile," "the high-white light of Dawn was breaking upon the century-long night of Israel," "her figure had utter grace," "the marsh-hen was less apparent" (after it had been eaten!). It is worthy of note that all these quotations are from the first chapter. In many books the opening pages are decidedly the best, as if the author grew weary or careless toward the end of his task. *The Yoke* reverses the order and grows in interest as well as in care for details of diction.

**The Yoke: A Story of the Exodus.** By Elizabeth Miller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$1.50.

The days when Lowell wrote:

"He ought to let Scripture alone; 'tis self-slaughter,  
For nobody likes Inspiration—and water!"

would appear to have passed. A large audience awaits the author who uses the Bible for the background of his story. In *The Yoke* we have another novel of the land of the Pharaohs, the Nile and the desert. Moses appears once or twice—a shadowy figure—Aaron and Miriam are on the stage several times, and the plagues that devastated the kingdom of the ruler who "hardened his heart" against the Israelites always come in the nick of time to help the minor personages of the story, who are entangled in the toils of a very good plot. A novel of such a period comes into competition with formidable predecessors, and suffers from it. The author has not that first hand knowledge of Egyptian archeology which gave Ebers's novels their importance, nor the strength of Glovatski, author of "Pharaoh and Priest." And we would throw aside these and all the