sketches, beyond their charm of girlish sprightliness, have an undeniable literary quality, evincing an admirable power of developing narrative. That called "Summer in the Prättigau" is as simple and lovely as the sweet mountain-girt orchard it describes. It is interesting to trace the marked intellectual family likeness between the father and daughter, and to compare the grace and freedom of the younger mind with the manly breadth of the mature thinker. "I have never been able," says Mr. Symonds (and here lies the secret of much of his power as a writer), "to take literature very seriously. Life seems so much graver, more important, more permanently interesting, than books." And it is a deep thought of life, a rich humanity indeed, which breathes in certain pages of the article on "Swiss Athletic Sports," and in the really wonderful description of a bell-ringing in that entitled "Winter Nights at Davos." Other interesting points in the book are some accounts of the natural history of avalanches and Swiss hotel-porters; as well as an historical sketch of Davos, formerly an elaborately-developed community, whose records ought certainly to be worked up as a social and political study by some enterprising university student.

A father and daughter in the Swiss Highlands.

Mr. J. A. Symonds and his daughter Margaret have put into a volume some uncommonly piquant sketches of their "Life in the Swiss Highlands" (Macmillan & Co.) Perhaps the most noticeable peculiarity revealed by the authors—one a consumptive, the other a young girl—is an entire and delightful disregard for prudence or common-sense, when on adventure bound. And adventures with them are decidedly frequent, assuming such wild forms as tobogganing on glaciers in the High Alps; starting small avalanches, to ride them down-hill; coasting down sheer precipices on bundles of hay; or sleighing (quite needlessly) at the dead of night over passes where the snow lay thirty feet, the path was a mere thread bordered by abysses, and the postillion, trusting solely to the surer instinct of his horse, whispered (for fear of avalanches), "One false step—*es ist mit uns um!*" "Well, it was all a splendid experience," writes Miss Symonds; proceeding calmly to relate that "the next day we crossed eleven real big avalanches after Silvaplana, and had two upsets of the luggage-cart,—otherwise quiet." The fresh and unconventional personality of this young woman is one of the most pleasing features of the book. The animal spirits and love of outdoor life common among highly-bred English girls of the day are mingled in her with a rarer poetic feeling for Nature. She recalls Wordsworth's Lucy, "moulded by silent sympathy" with the spirit of the mountains, and finding in Nature "both law and impulse." It is, however, a Lucy rendered refreshingly human by a vigorous appetite, and a truly feminine predilection for "fig-jam sandwiches" as sequel to a stiff mountain-climb. Her