

difficulty. With some people the idea prevails that the book has an abrupt ending. I cannot see why anybody should think so. Duncan Rutland tries to become a Roman Catholic and cannot, Alizon Nevill endeavours to remain in the Church of her forefathers and fails. Therefore these two young people, being earnestly in love with each other, take things into their own hands. Mr. Flocking has made a rather dramatic *finale*, but it is not in any way abrupt in the meaning that the story is cut short. *The Purple Robe* is clever, and therefore highly entertaining. The fact that it is written by a Nonconformist parson adds to its interest.

THROUGH the Brett Printing Company Mr. William Satchell has published a volume of verses entitled *Patriotic and Other Poems*. The Boers have given Mr. Satchell many opportunities, and he has seized them with avidity. He versifies on Mafeking, Matjiesfontein, the Uitlander, Pretoria, and Europe and Co. Rudyard Kipling is largely his model, and he contrives some very fair Kiplingese. There are some sonnets of higher imagination in the little volume, and there are some longer pieces which show that Mr. Satchell has striven hard to get out all the poetic fire within him. Many of these verses have been published in local and Australian newspapers. One of the best is the "Song of the Gumfield." As a specimen of Mr. Satchell's more thoughtful style I quote this :

#### THE YEAR.

A curling feather on the fires of time,  
 A flake of snow upon a shoreless sea,  
 A faint vibration in a ceaseless clime,  
 An echo dark with sound's intensity—  
 Such is a year, yet in its single breath  
 Are folded instants longer than an age.  
 Innumerable life, deep centuries of death,  
 Cold cheerless hate and iron-heat of rage.  
 Thro' love, then madness, happiness and pain,  
 Onward they troop with level lance at rest,  
 And with their famished faces o'er the slain,  
 Treading the dust into the crimson west.  
 Life, death, love, hate, short peace 'mid human  
 jars,  
 And over all the clear, unceasing stars.

THAT indefatigable American lady, Miss Katherine Prescott Wormeley, whose translations from the French I have before drawn attention to, has lately re-entered the field of publication. And on this occasion—with the characteristic energy of her race—she has published two books at the same time. Both are issued from the house of Mr. W. Heinemann. The first is a translation of the Abbé Brantôme's *Le Livre des Dames*. The book contains Pierre de Bourdeille's memoirs of Anne of Bretagne, who was married first to Charles VIII. and afterwards to Louis XII.; Catherine de Medici; Mary Queen of Scots; Elizabeth, a daughter of Catherine de Medici, and the second wife of Philip II. of Spain; and Margaret of Valois, daughter of Cathorino de Medici, and wife of Henry of Navarre, the Regenerator of France. The Abbé Brantôme was a great admirer of a beautiful woman. Here is a description of Margaret of Valois: "Once, on a flowery Easter Day at Blois, still being Madame, sister of the King, I saw her appear in the procession more beautiful than ever, because beside the beauty of her face and form, she was most superbly adorned and apparelled; her pure white face, resembling the skies in their serenity, was adorned about the head with quantities of pearls and jewels, especially brilliant diamonds worn in the form of stars, so that the calm of the face and the sparkling jewels made me think of the heavens when starry. Her beautiful body, with its full, tall form, was robed in a gown of crinkled cloth-of-gold, the richest and most beautiful ever seen in France. . . . She wore it all that day, although its weight was heavy; but her beautiful, rich, strong figure supported it well and served it to advantage; for had she been a little shrimp of a Princess, or a dame only elbow-high (as I have seen some), she would surely have died of the weight, or else have been forced to change her gown and take another. That is not all; being in the procession, and walking in her rank, her visage uncovered, not to deprive the people of so good a feast, she seemed more beauti-