

ful still by holding and bearing in her hand her palm (as our Queens of old have done) with royal majesty and a grace half-proud, half-sweet, and a manner little common, and so different from all the rest that whoso had seen her would have said: 'Here is a Princess who goes above the run of all things in the world.' . . . And I swear to you that in that procession we forgot our devotions, and did not make them while contemplating and admiring the divine Princess, who ravished us more than divine service, and yet we thought we committed no sin; for whoso contemplates divinity on earth does not offend the divinity of Heaven, inasmuch as He made her such." The Abbé, though without much liking for Catherine de Medici, manages to say a good deal of good for one who has been declared "the most astute and unscrupulous woman of modern history." The Abbé visited England when Francois, Duke de Guise, brought his niece, Mary Stuart, to Scotland. He tells of the cold welcome accorded the Duke by Queen Elizabeth, of Mary's deep regret for her "beautiful France," of Chastelard's murder—for it was a murder though the poet-gallant was tried and hanged—and he writes with heartfelt sorrow about the tragedy of Mary's execution, and declares that "the time will come when some good Pope will canonize her in memory of the martyrdom she suffered for the honour of God and His law." Miss Wormeley's other book is entitled *The Correspondence of Madame, Princess Palatine, Mother of the Regent; of Marie Adelaïde de Savoie, Duchesse de Bourgogne; and of Madame de Maintenon, in Relation to St. Cyr.* Elizabeth Charlotte, the Princess Palatiné, who renounced her right of succession to the crown of England so that she might marry the brother of Louis XIV.—the ambitious and extravagant Louis—and Madame de Maintenon hated each other like poison, and as they were certainly two of the cleverest women of Louis XIV.'s Court, their letters make delightfully interesting reading. In both books Miss Wormeley quotes from Sainte-Beuve's writings on the ladies and periods mentioned.

LATE in June Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, of London, were to publish a new novel by the famous Hungarian author, Dr. Maurus Jokai, entitled *Debts of Honour*. The book will contain fine photogravure portraits of the talented writer and his charming wife, *nee* Mdlle. Arabella Nagy, the celebrated actress. By the way, the Paris Exhibition authorities erected a special pavilion for Dr. Jokai so that he might exhibit his work in the original Hungarian and in other languages.

MESSRS. WILDMAN AND LYELL, of Auckland, send me *The Second Coming*, a curious and clever book by Mr. Richard Marsh, a volume in Messrs. Grant Richards's Colonial Library.

"If," asked the Man in the Street, "Christ were to come again to London, in this present year of grace, how would He be received, and what would happen?"

"I will try to shew you," replied the Scribe.

Such is Mr. Marsh's introduction, and his work represents the Scribe's attempt to achieve the impossible. I may be wrong, but I think the author has written an excellent account of exactly what would happen if the Second Coming of Christ were to occur at the present time. To some people the book will undoubtedly seem an epitome of blasphemy, but such a view will be taken only by the narrow-minded. To the vast majority it will be known as the work of a clever writer. Mr. Marsh in a measure imitates the style and language of the New Testament. He does so successfully, and presents a very readable book. As in the old days those who should have known the Lord knew Him not. I quote the following from the interview between the Archbishop, the Cardinal, and the Stranger. . . . "The Archbishop fitted his glasses on his nose. 'Is this the person? Really! How very interesting! You don't say so!'"

Since the Stranger had paid no heed to their advent, the Archbishop addressed