

little cry, for there in the doorway stood the figure of a maiden, whose gleaming white robe, untouched by any colour save that of the violet band that bound it around her slender shoulders, contrasted vividly with her sun-kissed hair drawn into a simple knot by a single golden comb. She stood as if deprived of motion.

It will be no harm making another extract from the last few pages, as the plot is, or ought to be, well known. Jehu is driving in his usual furious manner in his chariot, with the head of Jehoram swinging on it, to the rescue of Idalia, whom he believes he sees at a window of the ramparts, for Jezebel has, while Idalia is in a swoon, succeeded, by her enchantments, in "stealing from her defenceless soul the very imprint of her beauty," for the purpose of misleading him. "Of a sudden his glance fell on the grim head, which danced to the chariot's rhythm, and, lo! the dead eyes of Jehoram seemed to part their glued lids, and the wide mouth to frame a hideous grin; and when with the horror of this dread omen on him, Jehu looked upward again, it was as though a veil had fallen from the face between the lattices, and it was no more Idalia's. The face was the ideal loveliness of eternity modelled in light and shade, as though it were death masking behind life most beautiful. The cruel mouth seeming compound of blood and kisses, was cut like a red wound in the whiteness of the sensual flesh; from beneath a mesh of silver tresses, full of witching undulations yet ringletted on the smooth brow like a maiden's, shone eyes of liquid sapphire, in whose nightmare depths floated shadows of passionate love and murderous hate; implacable eyes of ever-changing hue, where waves of torture, disillusion, dreams, madness, came and went like ripples on a fathomless lake. It was the face of endless suffering, past and future, the face of eternal sin, of quenchless desire,—the face of Jezebel."

There is an undeniable fascination

in reading of characters with whom one has been familiar from childhood, providing the author has dealt with them in a manner which does not utterly clash with one's preconceived conceptions. This fascination is assured in the work under review, for as one puts it down, one cannot help wishing that the author would deal in like manner with other portions of Bible history, and thus ensure their being read from motives of pleasure instead of duty, as is too often the case with the original—when it is read at all.

"The English as a Colonising Nation" has been forwarded for review by the author, James Hight, M.A., Lecturer on Political Economy and Constitutional History, Canterbury University College. In preparing this addition to the present Public School Historical Readers, the author has aimed at producing a work on the origin and development of our Colonial Empire, which should assist teachers materially in preparing candidates in history for the public examinations of Australasia. While with this object in view he has naturally given prominence to the colonisation of Australia and New Zealand, the whole subject has been dealt with in a most comprehensive, clear and concise manner. Mr. Hight's literary style leaves nothing to be desired, and the book will be read with great interest by those whose student days are long past, but who desire to refresh their memories on this most absorbing subject to all true Britishers. Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs are the publishers, and the production is a distinct credit to their printing office. The frontispiece is a map of the world, on which one can see at a glance the many considerable sized red spots scattered over its surface, which our "thin red line" has under able guidance won for the Empire. The illustrations are numerous, including our Empire builders, of greater