

and scandal-mongering of ecclesiastical coterie in their quest not so much of souls as sold.

The Ghost Camp. By Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS story, which brings the list of its author's published works up to eighteen volumes, is scarcely worthy of the best of its predecessors. It is late in the day to call into question the author's knowledge of the bush and of Australian life, but there is an extraordinary absence of reality about his bushmen in this book. They wear Norfolk jackets and gaiters, drive cattle with hunting crops, and converse in the flowing periods of the heroes of early Victorian romance of the sentimental sort. In fact, they do most of the things which an Australian bushman does in a Surrey-side melodrama—things never seen or heard of among gum-trees. Among them "grub" is understood but vaguely, save by the leading and most reckless blades (this is not so surprising as at first blush it might appear, since the word is seldom heard in the bush, "tucker" being the generally applied substitute); a rock wallaby or kangaroo is called a "wallaroo," a name strange, we fancy, alike to naturalists and to bushmen; they muse at great length; and they talk to the waiting-maids at bush inns, when asked if they will take tea, in this way:—

"Certainly. Whether Australia was created to develop the tea and sugar industry, or tea to provide a portable and refreshing beverage for the inhabitants to work, and travel, or even fight on, is not finally decided, but they go wondrous well together."

If the book fails in the matter of realism, it wearies in its would-be poetic passages, of which we quote the following words as a fair specimen:—

"And, in the joyous days of youth, the glorious, the immortal, the true, the ever-adorable deity of the soul's childhood, unheeding, careless of the future, thinking, like charity, no evil, revelling in the purely sensuous enjoyment of the fair present, which of the so-called pleasures of the future can claim equality of richness or flavour with those of that unsurpassable period of the mysterious human pageant! *Carpe Diem!*"

Flower o' the Corn. By S. R. Crockett. (Clarke & Co.)

For several reasons it was likely that the selection by the author of the time and country of the Camisards for the setting of his latest novel would prove a success, for there is at the back of Mr. Crockett's various tastes and activities a strong Covenanting strain, as becomes one of the "People of the West," still more a son of Galloway. Full justice is done here to the Cevennols, their valour and their religion, and the result is a background to the story of considerable value. But the strong point of the book is the contrast of two female characters. Our author has not been hitherto very successful in that kind; his women have often been hoidens or sentimentalists. In the present case we have a saint and a minx, but both have sterling merits. The minx, "just so clever as not to know the world is not ruled by cleverness," brings her scheming and her energies to a tragic end. The atmosphere

of the time, that of Marlborough's wars, is well preserved.

The Sacred Crescents: a Romance. By William Westall. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE sacred crescents were two beautiful jewels associated with Mohammed, jewels of great value according to monetary standards, and of even greater value according to superstitious ones. To the owner of the two they would bring good luck, but it was a difficult matter, having got hold of one only, to keep it and life, so that many are the adventures undergone by different possessors before the two crescents could be compared in the country residence of Tom Barton. It is a stirring novel of adventure, full of colour and exciting incidents.

Life the Interpreter. By Phyllis Bottome. (Longmans & Co.)

MURIEL DALLERTON after all read her own interpretation in spite of life and remained consistent to it, which is not always permitted to those who are troubled with imagination. She forsook society for the slums, where she confessedly did harm as well as good, and her experiences at the "club" are decidedly the best chapters in the book. She threw over a young officer of average tastes on account of a somewhat distant past, notwithstanding that she loved him and that her "mission" to him was meeting with greater success than her efforts in Stepney. Ultimately she married a man as strenuous as herself, though less self-absorbed, a union which the reader is left to suppose was a complete success. Miss Bottome has some grasp of life and its true interpretation, but her minor characters, especially the women, are vulgar and unprepossessing, and she must rid herself of the disagreeable impression that it is impossible, or at least unusual, for a woman to pursue the study of art in Paris without the occurrence of "incidents."

The Mystery of the Royal Mail. By B. L. Farjeon. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THIS circumstantial work appeared in serial form, and has the defects of that mode of production. For one thing, it is much too long, and the soliloquies and pauses to observe the progress of the drama might not seldom have been omitted with advantage. The necessity, too, of working up a succession of small climaxes is detrimental to the unity of a novel. But Mr. Farjeon is a good story-teller, as of old, and no doubt the woes of the heroine, forced by circumstances into a loveless marriage, and persecuted by the lover who never stirred to prevent it, will have moved the sympathies of readers who like serials. Of the mystery we will say nothing, except that it comes at the end, when we have so completely seen through the villain that there is little mystery about it. Here and there the characterization is reminiscent of Dickens, as in the case of the large and benevolent aunt and her gallant and devoted little husband, and the waif and his lame sister.

Kitty Adair. By Maude Robertson. (Heywood.)

THIS is a more ambitious work than the author's "Glendarroch"; it shows a con-

siderable turn for the observation of female character. Kitty herself shows charm; sprightly and sympathetic, she is the opposite of the vain and hysterical woman her brother marries, and is therefore, not unnaturally, minded to try an experiment in independent life. What that experiment costs her we need not reveal; but though she pushes unconventionality to an extreme, she does not alienate any sympathy worth having. The mistake made by her lover in the identity of the man of whom he is furiously jealous seems to us rather far-fetched. Incidentally we have some appreciative descriptions of the country about Kirkby Lonsdale and in Galloway. With a little more condensation and a determined maintenance of style the author should succeed in the domestic vein.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

MR. GUSTAV SPILLER's book on *The Mind of Man* (Sonnenschein) contains much genuine work which, it is to be hoped, the psychological reader will not neglect because of some injudicious remarks in the preface and introduction. Psychology is not really, as the author asserts, a very new, but, on the contrary, a very old science; and to talk as if it had now to be created is provocative of a disposition to throw the book aside, especially as it is rather long. This would be an injustice, for Mr. Spiller has a sound notion of method, his general point of view is defensible, and he makes many acute observations. The method to be adopted he defines as "experimental introspection." This definition is introduced by a defence of introspection in general against the objections that have been taken to it. There is, however, nothing revolutionary here. The contention that introspection should be made as minute and systematic and, in the end, as "experimental" as possible in emulation of the methods of the natural sciences is a "Baconian" exhortation in which he has not been without precursors. And the special "experiments" he suggests are precisely such as any one with an aptitude or taste for psychology naturally performs. If he suspects that experiments of the "psychophysical" kind will have smaller results than have sometimes been hoped for we are inclined to agree with him. That "associationist" psychology is insufficient, and that what is needed to supplement it is the idea of "determination by ends," of "systematic" association in view of needs as distinguished from "atomic" association, is again a view which may be sound and which certainly is widely held; indeed, it may be described as a "note" of the reigning psychology. Merely to urge that this should be kept more definitely in view, and to work a little further on this line, does not, however, justify a claim to a part in laying anew the foundations of the science.

Some of the author's most interesting observations, indeed, are directed against all assertion of originality for individuals as distinguished from periods. No man of Newton's attainments, summing up as they did the knowledge of his age in mathematics and physics, "could have been far wrong in his surmises." It is Shakespeare's age rather than his individual genius that ought to excite our astonishment.

"Men's genius rests on the explosive instability of their time."

"From the impossibility of men being to any extent inventive, it follows directly that they must be a mirror of their times. Their restricted ability prevents their being so to speak more than moulds, casts, or shadows of something larger than themselves."