

THE PRIESTESS OF ISIS. By EDOUARD SCHURÉ. Translated by
F. ROTHWELL, B.A. W. Rider and son. 3s. 6*d.* net.
Books I and II.

I have been trying to read this book for a week, but the rapidly recurring necessity to appear on the stage of "Pan, a comedy," in the name-part, has interfered, and I have not yet finished it. But it speaks well for the book that I have not been too bored by it.

I like both Hedonia and Alcyone, for I know them; but Memnonos seems to lack cleanliness of line, and one understands Ombricius so little that one loses interest in his fortunes.

Books III and IV.

Book III did rather cheer me. But of course one knew all along that the Eruption was to be the God from the Machine. A great pity; why not another city and a less hackneyed catastrophe? But it's as well done as possible within these limits. The translation might have been better done in one or two places—Bother! here's Hedonia coming for lunch. What a wormy worm Ombricius was!

D. CARR.