

OSCAR WILDE AND HIS MOTHER. A MEMOIR BY ANNA. COM-
TRESSE DE BREMONT. Everett & Co., Ltd., London.

As there are thoughts that sometimes lie too deep for tears, so there are books which it would be sacrilege to review. This is one of them. But one may say that in spite of the soul-moving pathos of the subject and the naive brilliance of treatment, the most interesting aspect of the whole is the wonderful self-revelation of La Bellissima Contessa, as all those who know her call her to distinguish her from other countesses. She is indeed the antithesis of Oscar Wilde—a 'marvellous masculine soul in the feminine brain building,' and in this little masterpiece it is the soul which speaks. Aum Mani Padmen Hum.

SUPER SINISTRAM.