deeply interested in her, cannot love her. When this becomes apparent she loses her hold of life and gradually fades away. But the snake element loses power before death, and at last even the scar on her neck disappears; which, perhaps, indicates that this baleful influence cannot extend beyond death.

It must be admitted that persons born under such circumstances as Elsie Vennor are not morally responsible for their acts. Then the question arises, may there not be actual conditions of life which, though not so abnormal, are really as effectual as the poison of the crotalus in paralyzing the moral forces of the mind? Is the criminal, born and reared in the slums of society, to be held accountable for his acts, or should the organization of society which makes such conditions possible bear part of the responsibilty? Our author makes Dr. Kittridge say, "I will agree to take a hundred new born babes of a certain stock and return seventy-five of them in a dozen years, true and honest, if not pious children. And I will take another hundred, of a different stock, and put them in the hands of certain teachers and seventy-five of them will be thieves and liars at the end of the same dozen years." But if heredity and environment can so evidently determine the characters of three-fourths of the human race, what becomes of the doctrine of moral accountability?

There is another character in this story who deserves consideration in this connection. This is Elsie's cousin, Dick Vennor. The author has little to say in his defense but leaves him to bear the responsibility of his deeds. His Spanish blood and South American life naturally gave him a lawless disposition and we should not be too hasty to condemn him for showing little regard for the rights of others. With this character, at least, the author has not exceeded the bounds of probability, and if we admit that he is not altogether to blame for his lack of moral sense, we accept a principle that must go far in making us look leniently upon the wrong doings of others.

Among the minor characters of the story, the two ministers deserve attention; one trying to reconcile the severity of his creed with his kindness of heart, the other struggling to adapt the weakness of his mind with the independence of his church. Holmes does not have much respect for religious dogma, and much of this work is in fact a plea for toleration. He says "Men are tatooed with their special beliefs like so many South Sea Islanders; but a real human heart with divine love in it, beats the same under all the patterns of all earth's thousand creeds."

Holmes would not be himself if he did not give a prominent place in the story to a doctor. Accordingly, we find Dr. Kittredge an important character. He is the old physician of the village, who has watched over the inhabitants for years, knowing their peculiarities and taking a paternal interest in all of them. He keeps watch of Elsie, giving hints as to her care which are implicitly followed by all around her. He perceives the danger to Langdon from Dick Vennor's jealousy and warns the young teacher to be on his guard. When the climax comes, and Dick lassoes his rival, it is the watchfulness of the doctor's hired man, and Langdon's presence of mind, that frustrate the evil scheme.

The book as a whole will not be greatly read for mere amusement, but one who likes to think on the great questions of existence will find much food for reflection in Elsie Vennor.

Communicated.

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Students of history will be gratified to learn that the work entitled "Italy and her Invaders," by Thomas Hodgkin, has recently been increased by two new volumes treating of "The Ostrogothic Invasion" and "The Imperial Restoration." The University library already contains the first two volumes and those who have completed the Sophomore year in History will testify to their value. The author combines the charm of the novelist with the accuracy of the careful historian and he is free from the objection raised against so many historical writers that they are dry and fail to interest the general reader. Fresh and flowing in style, reliable in detail, Hodgkin's work seems destined to take a high place as an authority upon an important period.

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It is the proud and by no means groundless boast of Science that her field is one of vast possibilities. Briarean-armed she is constantly reaching forth, enlarging her horizon, probing deep mysteries and adding to her stores of knowledge. Each succeeding century brings with it the conquest of new scientific fields, and the departments of material nature afford an exhaustless reservoir. It would seem to be the misfortune of Literature to be without such resources, to be compelled to depend for growth entirely upon those who make it a profession. But a certain activity which manifests itself every now and then suggests a different idea.

It will be remembered that some two years since, Bishop Bryennios of the Greek church brought to light two manuscripts of great antiquity which at the time attracted great attention. The contribution of Bryennios, however, is but an instance. The discovery of ancient manuscripts is a tributary to the main stream of Literature which has continued to flow for centuries. Just as in the physical sciences false views are corrected and new ones established through the aid of investigation, so in the various departments of Belleslettres great advances have been made by recovering fragments of lost literature. How important, for example, to Philology were the Gothic manuscripts unearthed some three quarters of a century ago, or to textual criticism have been the discoveries of Tischendorf.

It is a melancholy fact that a large part of the literature of the ancients is not now in our possession. In some cases there is no hope of recovery. The Alexandrian library, with its precious contents, is burned and the world suffers an irreparable loss. The monks of the Middle Ages, with characteristic stupidity, effacing the works of classic authors, use the parchments for their own worthless productions. In various ways posterity has been robbed of its rightful heritage. But while much has been destroyed, occasional discoveries tell us that much yet remains awaiting the eye of the antiquarian. It needs no argument to show the great importance of this literature to us. Representing, as the authors do, a different civilization from our own, different modes of thought, in a word, a different life, their works are valuable for comparison alone. Philology, History and Literature owe much if not all that they possess to legacies from the Past.

If then, so much has already been gained by these researches, may we not regard them as a source from which further material may be drawn? Must the future of Literature depend upon modern writers alone? The study of Sanskrit manuscripts led to the foundation of the science of Philology and has profoundly influenced other lines of thought. What forbids under similar circumstances another intellectual revolution equally great? The field is broad and we have no reason to suppose that it is fully explored. We know not what treasures may lie concealed in a neglected quarter of some European city. The world may have much to learn,—Literature much to gain from manuscripts not yet exhumed.

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