

last, but by no means the least, is that of Peter Harding, M.D., a London consultant, whose true name has not been made public.

As Peter Harding, consulting physician, with that ripe perception of values that comes to the man who has made life move a bit, sits down for fifteen minutes before dinner to accept his old friend's invitation to go trout fishing with him in Devon, the noise of traffic changes to the splashing of a brook, and there is unrolled before the reader the true meaning of holidays, the vision of those super moments of joy in nature and in friendship, that make life worth living.

Dr. Harding has a son at Trinity College, Cambridge, who writes to his father for advice about studying medicine, which advice the successful parent declines to give, and then follows such a crisp analysis of the exactions and possibilities of the scientific physician's life, such an illuminating flash of the moment that may come, which by his "grain of extra knowledge, he may shape a million destinies," such a glimpse of the joy that comes from helping human needs, that we are not surprised when we learn that Horace is "going in" for medicine.

There is no phase of modern speculation which Dr. Harding does not glance at and so surely; no little canker of society but he touches, oh so lightly and so surely with his healthful caustic: religious cant, the too-too nice woman, the misplaced delicacy, or the indelicate effrontery of the sex-question and youth, yellow journalism, even to the selling qualities of modern novels and the human qualities of the authors. Whatever we talk about to our intimates Dr. Harding has written to his, with deeper, surer touch than is given to most—the vision of light in hopeless illness, the philosophy of living, after death has come to the heart, love and marriage and how much is worth while.

The letters almost make a novel, the character of Mrs. Hardy and sons and daughters that you wish you knew move so freely across the pages, and though Mollie's love affairs are a good deal on the reader's mind, as well as on her father's, yet they turn out most satisfactorily. But it is as always with the physician and his penetration of life that the interest lingers—his hospital and the vast complex work. One is tempted to forget Drs. Lydgate and McClure and say this is the finest study of the physician that has appeared in literature. It is its all-pervading humor that makes the truths gleam so brightly.

JELLIFFE.

UEBER DEN TRAUM. Von Prof. Dr. Sigmund Freud, in Wien. Zweite Auflage. J. F. Bergmann, Wiesbaden.

This second edition of Freud's Essay on Dreams is well worth having. In short concise form the author develops his main theses concerning the function, the content, and the significance of dreams. While it does not by any means contain the wealth of material contained in his Traumdeutung, it nevertheless gives the chief outlines of his point of view.

JELLIFFE.

SÉMIOLOGIE RÉELLE. Par Henri Claude et Stephen Chauvet, Paris. A. Maloine, Éditeur, 1911.

This monograph is a careful study of the symptomatology resulting from complete sections of the mixed peripheral nerves. It takes up the consideration of this symptomatology from the different standpoints of