

address a respectable English-speaking public, professes to love virtue and hate vice, and his story is not deficient in virtuous characters. But it is not enough that his hero and heroine are offenders against the moral law, they glory in it. And Mr. Bourget, in no too delicate language, gives such strong suggestion of immorality as to make his books altogether unfit for the perusal of a reader who would keep his mind pure. To the pure, of course, all things are pure, but this novel cannot possibly be helpful to such, and, with all its cleverness, it is calculated to lower the obligation to clean living in the mind of an average reader. There is a good deal of similar painting of fashionable vice abroad in the world just now, and Mr. Stead, in his Review of Reviews, sails pretty close to the wind in prurient delineation. A realistic picture of social life does not belong to the realm of truth, else, in the same sense, would the devil be true. Much worse is the result when the criminals represented are invested with attractive beauty and nobility of character. There is no real religion in *A tragic Idyll*, the author of which calls Hosea's saying, "They have sown the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind," an Austrian proverb. Had he known more of the Book in which the proverb lies, he would perhaps have learned to think on whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report.

