

the accidental drowning of Grandcourt, a way seemed to be open for the union of Deronda and Gwendolen; but the "divinity which shapes our ends," and is all-pervading throughout the story, had otherwise determined. If Mirah had not been rescued, if Mordecai had never been known, and if the hero's mother had not relented and declared him to be a Jew, events might have been otherwise ordered. Deronda's bride is Mirah, the gentle Jewess, passionately proud of her faith, and of her dying brother. Of the other characters we have no room to speak at length. Grandcourt, iron-willed, selfish, heartless, and altogether evil; Sir Hugo Mallinger, Klesmer, and Gascoigne—all pleasant companions, each in his own way. Of the more powerful scenes in the work, there are especially notable Deronda's interviews with his mother, and the farewell scene with Gwendolen. The latter especially is wonderfully thrilling in power and pathos. The sin is past, the struggle of penitent resolve already begun, and then with a parting kiss, their first and last, Deronda vanishes from the world with the grateful words in his memory—"I said—I said—it should be better—better with me for having known you." And there, as she sobs, we leave Gwendolen Grandcourt, heart-stricken, yet full of hopeful resolve, to her maimed life—a human torso, beautiful even in desolation.

IN INDIA; Sketches of Indian Life and Travel, from Letters and Journals. By Mrs. Murray Mitchell. T. Nelson & Son, London and New York.

At a time when the royal visit to India and the discussion as to the imperial addition to Her Majesty's titles have stirred up an increased interest in our Indian possessions, such a lively, readable book as that of Mrs. Murray Mitchell, containing so many graphic sketches of Indian social life, will be read with pleasure and profit. As Dr. Mitchell says in his brief, frank preface to his wife's book:—"We have not many books about India written by ladies; and, if I am not mistaken, there is a considerable amount of information in these pages which will not be found elsewhere." For example, have any of our readers (who have not been in India) a clear idea of the dress and appearance of the Bengali "swell?" Here he is, a full length portrait, done from life:—

"The Bengali, as a race, are rather slight in physique, with lithe, active figures, dark complexion, keen eye, bright intelligent expression, and features often finely cut. The Baber of the period, or 'young Bengal,' is dressed in white trousers, shiny boots, a long coat of broadcloth, picked out in red or yellow at the seams, and a scarf of delicate white muslin becomingly arranged to cross on the breast and hang down the back, something like a

Highlander's plaid. To this is added, in full dress, the flat, round turban, fashioned in rolls of shawl-pattern and white, with the shirt-collar and gold studs and Albert chain of any English dandy. The orthodox Hindu gentleman, on the contrary, wears his simple 'chapkan' or cotton coat, and usually has a splendid cashmere shawl thrown over his shoulders."

Calcutta is so graphically described that we feel as if we were driven along the Maidan, or Esplanade, and surveyed the magnificence of the English quarter and the mingled grandeur and squalidity of the old native town. We get vivid glimpses of domestic and social life, of heathen ceremonies and festivals, and of that which naturally interests a Christian lady more than anything else—the blank and dreary existence of her Indian sisters, imprisoned in dismal seclusion within the harem-like zenanas. The zenana life Mrs. Mitchell describes as only a woman could have been able to do, for these female apartments are of course forbidden ground to masculine travellers, and indeed it is only within the last few years that they have been open, as they are now, to the visits of female missionaries. Mrs. Mitchell takes us with her into bare, cloister-like apartments, looking only into dull, dark courts, where pretty, gentle child-wives, in floating gossamer draperies, come joyfully to greet the welcome Christian visitors, whose instruction makes the only variety and brightness in their otherwise blank and colourless lives. "The zenana teacher," says Mrs. Mitchell, "is invariably welcomed with the most demonstrative joy. Her visits seem to bring life and brightness to these dull homes, and her pupils long for the hour when she is to arrive. When there is sickness or trouble, her sympathy and help are counted on and prized, and she is the adviser in every difficulty. One old widow told her teacher that it was 'sunshiny' when she came and 'cloudy' when she was absent."

The wrongs of Indian women, as a class, are painted by Mrs. Mitchell with heart-stirring pathos, and in colours not too strong, sad as the picture is. She thus strongly puts the question of female education in India:

"The more one knows of zenana work, the more important it will appear. The arguments for it are drawn usually from the state of the poor neglected women, and too much cannot be said from this point of view. Their condition is as sad and sorrowful as can possibly be pictured. A Hindu lady once said of the life they lead: 'It is like that of a frog in a well; everywhere there is beauty, but we cannot see it; it is all hid from us.' There could not be a more apt illustration. But there is also another side, where the arguments are equally cogent, namely, the influence on the men which the elevation of the women would exercise. At present they are a hindrance to progress among the men."