

beauty, deportment, and outward piety, devoted to the world, living for the approval of society and winning it, "clothed in spotlessness as with a garment, she was a lady to the least movement of her finger, to the minutest folds of her dress," yet the closing horror of the book is the description of the son's feelings in meeting this model of propriety in the region of dissatisfaction and despair. George MacDonald describes this scene as "in every respect—in that of imagination, that of art, that of utterance—altogether admirable and in horror supreme." And moreover, we all feel that such a life and fate lie quite within the circle of the possible.

It is terrible how this book unmasks false and hollow ways. In hell they have their festivities, their dances, their "at homes," with all the grace and beauty, compliment and courtesy ever seen in this life, but the decorations do not hide the hearts they often cover here. "Supposing you walk up to some old crone, saying with your most engaging smile, 'Delighted to see you,'—thinking to yourself at the same time, 'I wish she were at Jericho,'—I leave you to imagine the figure you cut. . . But even to this one gets used in hell, fortifying oneself with a kind of frivolous impudence, without which intercourse would be unbearable."

They are represented as cracking jokes in hell. At their banquets, loose jokes and ribald anecdotes pass between the pleasures of the table, but satisfaction is an illusion. "We preyed on our miserable selves, eating and drinking, leaving a nauseating feeling of emptiness, the very jokes being unbearably stale."

Hell is represented as a fine place in which to study history. Many of the great historic personages are to be met with, and contemporaries of them all. A vein of cruel irony and satire runs through the book. The lost soul congratulates himself that having been a man of fashion in this world he falls in with a "nice set" below. They have no lack of literature—fiction, biography, poetry, criticism, and theology. The books arrive first, then the authors, then the publishers. All the fashions, and all of fashion's fools for all the centuries are to be seen, and