

he is self-contained, abstracted and silent, abrupt, and, at times, almost rude. Mrs. Burgoyne is a striking woman, and but for her failing health, of which she is well aware, would be beautiful. She is a woman of a strong mind, cultivated, of admirable taste, of a naturally affectionate disposition, and devoted heart and soul to Manisty. She takes Lucy Foster in charge, shows her how to dress her hair, and to exchange her hideous country-made frocks for tasteful attire, enlarges her sphere of vision without destroying the best in her Puritan training, and draws out her hidden accomplishments until they fit in with the culture of a gentlewoman. Lucy owes much to Eleanor, and is in deep distress when she discovers, through her benefactress, that she has ungratefully rewarded her by taking from her the love of the only man. How she comes to win Manisty's love is one of the mysteries of the story, and what the love of such a wrong-headed, and in many respects, selfish man is worth, it is hard to say. Its declaration is precipitated by the advent of the insane Alice, and her attempt to take the American girl's life. With the help of the kindly excommunicated priest, Eleanor and Lucy withdraw for some time from Manisty's society, and, in the end, an altruistic contest arises between them as to who shall sacrifice herself and marry the other to the disgruntled politician. He finds his way to them, and cuts the Gordian knot by declaring that his esteem for his cousin is only cousinly, by engaging himself to Lucy at Eleanor's express desire, and by leaving the widowed heroine in Scotland to suffer a speedy and inevitable death. Mrs. Humphrey Ward writes good English, and is painstaking and conscientious in all the accessories of her story. One can depend on the fidelity to nature, art and human nature of her scenes and characters. But with all her endeavour to depict intensity, as in the peculiar experiences or sufferings of Eleanor, Manisty, and Father Benecke, there is a lack of something, a jarring of the mechanical it almost seems, which hindered the heart of the Talker at least, however others may have been affected, from being once uplifted and carried away by the narrative. Many people live conventional lives, whether in Italy, in Britain, or in America, and when they