

is not to answer any question of the intellect, to please the fancy, or content the artistic faculty, but to make righteous use of the element of horror ; and in this, so far as I know, it is unparalleled. The book has a fearful title, and is far more fearful than its title ; but if it help to turn any away from that which alone is really horrible, the doing of unrighteousness, it will prove itself the outcome of a divine energy of deliverance.

For my part, believing with my whole heart that to know God is, and alone is, eternal life, and that he only knows God who knows Jesus Christ, I would gladly even by a rational terror of the unknown probable, rouse any soul to the consciousness that it does not know Him, and that it must approach Him or perish.

The close of the book is in every respect,—in that of imagination, that of art, that of utterance,—altogether admirable, and in horror supreme. Let him who shuns the horrible as a thing in art unlawful, take heed that it be not a thing in fact by him cherished ; that he neither plant nor nourish that root of bitterness whose fruit must be horror—the doing of wrong to his neighbour ; and least of all, if difference in the unlawful there be, that most unmanly of wrongs whose sole defence lies in the cowardly words : ‘Am I my sister’s keeper.’

GEORGE MACDONALD.