

who, originally poor, has further impoverished himself to satisfy the demands of his clergy. A most devoted son of the Church, he lives the life of an ascetic and rigid attender on ordinances to save his miserable soul. A change comes over his life when his widowed sister with her stepdaughter come into it, for the latter has been brought up by an agnostic or free-thinking father at Cambridge. At first mutually repelled, the devotee and the light-hearted free-thinking girl end by becoming all in all to each other. She is about to turn Catholic and marry him, but thinks better of it and drowns herself, whereupon Helbeck becomes a Jesuit. Mrs. Ward has been at pains to collect the best information relative to Roman Catholic literature, modes of worship, and the practice of the clergy. Her types of the latter are infinitely inferior in character to the sincere private gentleman, who suffers as much at their hands as he does at those of his bigoted ultra-Protestant enemies. The book is a painful one to read, because it deals with small things from beginning to end. Helbeck's was naturally a noble soul, but a soul starved and stunted by Jesuit rule and measure into the merest travesty of manhood. The moral of the novel is virtually this, that the more faithfully the Romish devotee adheres to his faith and practice, the more miserable will he be in himself, the more useless to humanity, and the more a prey to the vultures of the hierarchy and priesthood. And yet people talk of the narrowness and gloom of Protestantism as contrasted with Catholic religious life! This book, if read aright, will open such people's eyes.

R. D. Blackmore's "Dariel, a Romance of Surrey," is published in Low's Indian and Colonial Library, and consists of 505 pages and 14 illustrations. This book tells how George Cranleigh, younger son of a baronet who had fallen on evil days, so that the said son had to work the impoverished estate, fell in love with a fair lady of Circassian race sojourning for a time in the south of England. Her father, Sur Imar, was a prince, and she was a princess, in exile, both of them, because the Russians wanted them out of the way. Sur