

who afterwards proved her lover, while she is brought back to her home by one who interposed successfully for her good in her several times of trial, namely, her Guardian Angel, the old professor of sixty, the old scholar whom we recognise as him of the breakfast table under the name of Mr. Byles Gridley A. M. and whose dicta are scattered about the book in a very interesting way, even if such interposition of the didactic be from some points of view somewhat inartistic. We do not however look on art only as a series of binding rules, but as the method by which an original soul affords his own music to the world; hence if we are bound to choose we shall prefer individuality to moulds: and we like the books all the better for the interruptions in the story. We are inclined to prefer the interspersive method to the commentative method adopted by the author of 'Realmah' and 'Companions of my Solitude' when he tells his story, portion by portion, and gives at the end of each chapter the comments of his crew of individuals, who like the garrulous Greek chorus, discuss the action and the story. We could easily fill the space allotted with comments on the story of the Guardian Angel; but as we have started with the idea of employing our Autocrat as an assistant in the professorship of Pastoral Theology, we may quote a short passage which seems to us to convey a very deep and valuable truth, that all who are in the ministerial office or likely to be, shou'd never forget in essence. "To know whether a minister, young or still in flower, is in safe or dangerous paths, there are two psychometers, a comparison between which will give as infallible a return as the dry and wet bulbs of the ingenious 'Hygrodeik.' The first is the black broadcloth forming the knees of his pantaloons; the second, the patch of carpet before his mirror. If the first is unworn and the second is frayed and thread bare, pray for him. If the first is worn and shiny, while the second keeps its pattern and texture, get him to pray for you." By giving Mr. Joseph Bellamy Stoker an odious weakness Holmes does not mean to imply that all holders of the severe New England theology are hypocrites; we presume he writes to satirise an individual, and to show how ugly is the deformity of a wolf in shepherd's clothing. We note in this book too quite a modified approval of the ways of the Episcopal Church; we compare with this sympathetic outlook the consummate fairness and sympathetic insight which another great New-England writer, Francis Parkman, shews towards the Jesuit