

he, cannot sink to such depths except under a delusion of some kind or other; and there is no guilt on this gingerbread. His words only prove the oft-proven fact, that the keenest critic has aberrations. The play was, to one of his fastidious taste, intolerable, and there are many to whom it must remain so always, not because Tolstoy is here untrue to nature, but because the good servant, taste, is a bad master, and, if it be allowed to rule where it ought to serve, there is no enemy more destructive of greatness. The exquisite writer *virginibus puerisque* failed to see that broken gleams during the course of the action—attempts at

Yet the light that led astray,
Was light from Heaven—

would only have shadowed the slow, irresistible dawn of truth, which in the end conquers the Power of Darkness. Disgusted by the first four acts, he could not perceive the majesty of that final scene which justifies the rest: the dramatic force of the unconscious agreement between the drunken old soldier and the religious father of the criminal, *that the fear of man is naught*—the evidence of their witness to the light in the confession of Nikita—the instant power of light shown in the resolution of his degraded and bestial wife to stand beside him. The translation of this volume is, unfortunately, by no means equal to that of "Resurrection," so that we cannot form any adequate idea of the tragedy. In its present shape it is like a page torn rough-edged from the book of experience, and thrust into our hands without comment, though, as it dates from the same year as some of the most beautiful of the peasant stories, the dialogue, if rendered with any sense of style, should be as finely characteristic as they are. Alternatives are given for the scene of the murder of the baby. One reveals the murderers at work; in the other we are made aware of what is happening by the terrified utterances of a little girl. Detestable as it must be to see a child at all in such a play, we can understand the actors' preference of this version, for the