

"The novel in question, is in its scope, apologetic. It is a plea for the new learning and, as its name implies, a prophesy of its ultimate triumph. As a tale it is too much out of the beaten way of life ever to become popular. It is written for the cultured few. The story is of a French Count who falls prey to the intellectual unrest of the age and is filled with conceit of his own powers; his sister, pious but whimsical, and wholly wrapped up in her brother; an English disciple of the Count, tossed by the same winds of doctrine, but carrying more mental ballast. He is, or fancies himself to be, in love with the Count's sister. Then, there is a slip of an English girl, unschooled in the ways of life, who loves the disciple but gets herself engaged in an affair of the intellect rather than of the heart with his unemotional and imperious master. With these as its main supports, the purpose of the book works itself out through a somewhat tangled skein of theological discussion. The style is that of a woman of culture, but mere style counts for little in an age when almost every one writes well. In literary finish and dramatic power the author of "Out of Due Time" falls below her more distinguished namesake, Mrs. Humphry Ward. But her stories have the sweet savour of Catholic purity while those of the older woman smack of the vices of the 'Smart Set' and of late too often, like the Dane's offense, are rank and smell to heaven. Our main concern however, is with the argument of the book, not with its merits or demerits from a literary or artistic point of view.

"There is little of philosophy in the books before us, and that little un-Catholic. The philosophy of the schools, which is the philosophy of the greatest intellects of ancient Greece's purged of its errors, appears to be regarded by the author, or rather by her mentor, as out-of-date. With the dilettantes who frequent London drawing-rooms, Kant and Hegel are, it would seem, prime favorites; they must needs import mist from Germany, as if there were not fog enough for them in the city on the Thames! We can well believe that the slip of an English girl experienced "wonderful mental sensations" when the Count talked to her "for three mortal hours" of Kant and Hegel, and Comte. The more hazy the mental atmosphere becomes, the more indistinct the sensation and the better fitted to excite wonder. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*—*Everything unknown is something grand*. George Sutcliffe, the Count's English disciple,