

appearing either in precept or in example. Mr. Hague shews very pertinently that a worker must first have in himself the faith with which he would inspire others, and sets forth the necessity for a warm, sympathetic heart in those who labor to bring disciples to Christ. He is himself an earnest worker in the vineyard, and as such has claims on the attention of all who would be the same.

A very different book is J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*, the Story of his Boyhood. It contains 478 pages and 11 illustrations, and, in the Toronto, Copp, Clarke Company edition, in cloth, sold by Messrs. Drysdale, its price is a dollar and a half. *Sentimental Tommy* and his younger sister, *Elsbeth*, were the children of a broken-hearted Thrums woman, who, against her better judgment, had married a masterful man that brought her only sorrow until his death released her, and she lived a poor life in London with his son and posthumous daughter. Her pride led her, in correspondence with Thrums, to romance in a ludicrous way regarding her circumstances, especially for the benefit of her old lover, Aaron Latta. Tommy inherited his mother's imaginative vein, and, when the faithful Aaron took him and his sister to their dead mother's native place, his spirit of feigning was developed by novel reading into a life of harmless unreality, not destitute of a sense of chivalrous honor. The book ends with Tommy's failure as a scholar and his condemnation to be a herd-boy to a farmer at the Dubb of Prosen. The incidents of the loves of Jean Myles and Aaron Latta, of the painted lady and her daughters, of Miss Ailie and the bachelor, impart a living, though often painful, interest to the pages, that tell the tale of Tommy's unreal existence. The sincere affection of the young hero and his sister for each other is one of the most pleasing features in the novel, and, through its many grim delineations, flows an unfailing stream of the cream of human kindness which constitutes the book's chief charm.

The genius of Barrie appears, not in gilding vice, nor in justifying falsity, but in setting forth a faithful picture of a