

of the sessions were held. The monastery is now an hotel. Its ancient chapel is a dining-room. On the walls are painted scenes of its early history. The past is more real than the present. As one sits at meat the waiters vanish and in their place appear the frocked monks of that old council of six hundred years ago. One may visit the house in which John Hus lodged, the church in which he was condemned, the place without the town where he glorified God amid the flames. The old story is told in this book with vigour and vivacity, with copious citation of evidence and a splendid bibliography of the principal authorities cited. It is a masterpiece of historical research and exposition, and is a distinct addition to Methodist scholarship.

"My New Curate." A Story gathered from the Stray Leaves of an Old Diary. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., Doneraile (Diocese of Cloyne). Author of "Geoffrey Austin: Student," etc. Boston: Marlier & Co. Pp. x-480. Price, \$1.50.

This is a strongly written story of Irish life and character. The diarist is an easy-going priest well up in the seventies, who has spent his life in the seclusion of a western Irish parish. To him is sent a young English curate full of zeal for the material and social as well as for the religious betterment of his parishioners. Overcoming much inertia and resistance, in order to employ the energies of the men and women for whom there seems to be no work, he builds a fishing schooner and establishes a factory, becoming responsible for the cost, which was several hundred pounds. His efforts were futile. Strikes and boycotts soon closed the factory. On its first voyage the fishing schooner was run down and sunk. The drink curse neutralized much of his best effort. There were eight public-houses in a wretched village of three hundred souls, and the zealous curate found himself overwhelmed with crushing debt. But he won the love of the people, friends came to his assistance, and he was promoted to a charge where his energies could find ampler scope.

The charm of the book is its sympathetic presentation of the peasant life and the delineation of character, motives and methods with which Protestant readers are largely unfamiliar. It is a good thing to ascer-

tain the point of view of those with whom on many grounds we disagree. The religious and humanitarian zeal of such parish priests as Father Matthew and the good Father Dan, or "Daddy" Dan as the peasants loved to call him, in this story, present many lovable features. The self-devotion of the parish priests during the Irish famine and fever is a tale of heroism of which all Christendom may feel proud.

There is not a little droll Irish humour in the book, as the account of the charity concert from which great things were hoped, the net result of which was "four shillings, eleven pence ha'penny." A graphic account is given of the treason of a disloyal society which the young priest nipped in the bud; but its secrets had already been betrayed to the government authorities by one of its trusted leaders. Father Dan was rather liberal in his way. In giving his curate a list of writers on church history most of them were Protestant heretics, but then, he said, he could not find any Catholic authorities on the subject. There was a little pedantry on the old scholar's classical quotations and discussions on rubrics and ritual, but he makes amends by his love of the children and the poor. The literary merit of the book is shown by its reaching a tenth edition in eleven months.

"The Blue Flower." By Henry Van Dyke. Illustrated. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Ltd. Pp. viii-299. Price, \$1.50.

The accomplished Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States never uttered a more eloquent sermon than the stories contained in this book. Not that they are in the least bit preachy, for the author abhors tagging a moral to a tale. They all teach the lesson that he who seeks for happiness as an end shall not find it. With him who lives for duty it is an abiding presence. The story of Artaban, the Other Wise Man, strikingly illustrates this. Following the star in the East to seek with the three magi the new king of Jewry, he turned aside again and again at the cry of suffering to perform deeds of mercy. So he did not find the Christ-child, but the Christ himself was revealed to him in his suffering poor. The Lost Word tells how Hermas of Antioch exchanged for worldly wealth the unspeakable Name,