

writers are encroaching on the field of divinity. For these writers do not encroach to destroy like Du Maurier, but to make selection of some reasonable truths regarding God and man's relation to Him that may constitute a working system. Such an author is Dr. Conan Doyle in his recent book *The Stark Munro Letters*. Of course the creator of Micah Clarke and of the Refugees is well acquainted with the outer conditions of intense rigorous theology and has doubtless studied all forms of religious life. The letters are sent by Dr. Stark Munro, a young struggling practitioner in Bradfield and Birchesport in England, to his friend and college companion, Dr. Swanborough settled at Lowell, Massachusetts. They are gossipy and full of incident and of portrait painting, delightful letters. The villain of the story they contain is a Dr. Cullingworth who makes life up-hill work for Stark Munro. That young doctor is an estimable character in many ways, full of pluck and perseverance and of the milk of human kindness, but his theology, as it comes out in his talk with a well-meaning curate, related in the twelfth letter, is very vague and negative. Indeed, his creed seems to lie in his third, fourth, and fifth letters, which protest against bigotry of all sorts, the imputation of sin, the finality of revelation, and the positive aspect of evil. The germs of some of his thoughts may be found in Browning and Tennyson

and those that are not in their poems belong to the school of the evolutionists where it touches theological anthropology. The views on the whole may stimulate thought if only received as problems to be proved, but as finalities they are delusive in the extreme, and no one living by them could hope to have a part in building up the Kingdom of God. It does not follow that Dr. Conan Doyle personally homologates all the opinions of his hero. In drawing a picture true to life, he may simply have given soul struggles their place along with those for daily bread.

The preface to Coulson Kernahan's *God and the Ant* tells an interesting and pathetic story to those who know that some of the persons mentioned in it as having achieved literary reputation began London life with a cold and hungry night experience of the Thames embankment. The little book of 60 pages published by Ward, Lock & Bowden is dedicated to Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, the well-known editor of the *British Weekly*. Dr. Nicoll has most generously helped on aspirants after literary fame, among whom may be counted Barrie, Crockett, Ian Mac-laren (Mr. Watson) and Miss Barlow. To him and to such other patrons as Mr. Theodore Watts and Mr. F. W. Robinson, Mr. Kernahan expresses his indebtedness. His story is a vision of the world at the resurrection standing in judgment upon God and protesting against the