

Fielding's contemporary, and great rival in the art of fiction, drew a picture of perfect manly virtue in Sir Charles Grandison. On this carefully-designed portrait, executed as a labour of love, Richardson exerted his utmost power. He depicts Sir Charles as a young man of strong and elevated character; brave, spirited, and impassioned, but passing through all the temptations with which rank, wealth, and remarkable personal attractions surrounded him with unsullied virtue, and making himself a centre of good to all who came within his influence. All readers of "Clarissa" had recognised Richardson's mastery over the human heart, and his power of penetrating its deepest secrets. Fielding's genius lay in clever and humorous, but coarse and superficial, delineations of life and manners. Dr. Johnson declared there was more knowledge of the human heart in one of Richardson's letters than in all Fielding's "Tom Jones." In our own days certain critics have told us that Sir Charles Grandison is an unnatural and impossible piece of perfection, while Tom Jones, whose career of vulgar vice, as related by his historian, needed, Horace Walpole said, "an ounce of civet to sweeten the imagination" after reading it, has been pronounced absolute truth and nature. Happily there is another side of truth and nature, or the world would long ago have been sunk in hopeless corruption; and two great dramatic novelists, whose personifications of human characters have become real existences to all lovers of English literature, have given us that side in Sir Charles Grandison and Daniel Deronda.

LOUISA MURRAY.

### RECENT MISCELLANY.

FRANK BARRETT has taken quite a different line in "His Helpmate," from that with which "The Great Hesper" made us familiar. The most extraordinary person in the story is only a fat brewer with a moral culpability which Mr. Barrett masks very cleverly indeed until the very end. The author's ingenuity busies itself with the brewer's financial complications, which involve an artist and his family, including the artist's pretty daughter, one or two supernumeraries, the lover of the pretty daughter, and the writer. It is needless to say that they are well worked out; Barrett's genius for complications never fails him. As usual his characters are poor creatures from a literary point of view, although there is more crispness about Madge and her father than one would expect in a book of Barrett's, good story-teller though he is. "His Helpmate" is published in paper-covers by the Appletons, with illustrations above the average.

"MISS BAYLE'S ROMANCE" is one of the few mistakes Henry Holt and Company have marred their list with. Miss Bayle is a coarse piece of femininity hailing from Cincinnati or some such place, who goes to England, is pitchforked into aristocratic society, and makes a capture. She is not typical of any class; her vulgarity might occur anywhere, and would be of interest nowhere. And her adventures, with the well-worn introduction of His Royal Highness who begins to produce a yawn with his every appearance in the literature of fiction, is a very old story indeed. We confess that a book of this sort is a surprise from the Holts, whose record for good fiction is high.

"THE ROMANCE OF THE CANONESS" commands one's attention at once as a translation of any book by Paul Heyse naturally would. It is perhaps the highest praise primarily of the novel, secondarily of the translation, that although the inevitable German tedium of detail and general eventlessness characterises the story, one is wholly oblivious of it to the end, so human is its tragedy, so pure and high the note the author strikes in the consciousness of his reader. It is pleasant in these days when so much that is cruel and repulsive and debasing is constantly obtruded upon us in the name of art, to be thus up-borne among the nobler verities of human nature by a pen that finds art's secret truth upon every plane of living. After a brief introduction, the story of the canonesse is told by the priestly young German who enters her family as tutor. It is a sad story, what there is of it, and ends where it begins, in a coffin. But there is a strong and beautiful analysis in it, and a noble descriptive power, and that magic touch that opens wide interior lives to us with just a few talismanic words. The canonesse herself is a conception of great dignity and sweetness; the reader lingers over her words, and the face he imagines as hers will stay with him many days. Very elevating and inspiring is the "Romance of the Canonesse"; everybody who has not read it before should read it now. (New York: D. Appleton and Co.)

Two new books by Julian Sturgis are two plump mushrooms in the olla podrida of light literature that the excellent public appetite of a whole season has not yet exhausted. Slight, flippant, and aimless as Mr. Sturgis has often proven, his novels have yet the charm of wit, freshness, and geniality, and the welcome with which they are received is always wide and sincere. "In Thralldom" has the somewhat contracted scope its title suggests, the scene being laid and kept in a single English county. The motive of the story seems to be the development of the hero's character, to which almost all the rest are subordinated, yet so skilfully as to leave the impression that very fair treatment has been bestowed upon all concerned. The young fellow in whom the story interests us most is not in thralldom; but a West Indian young gentleman in love with the most important young lady is. He has an unnecessary black nurse who is always looming up wickedly with poison under her finger nail to no particular purpose unless to distract the reader from the real issue of the plot. The "thral-

dom" is mesmerism of course; the mesmerist is the East Indian's mother, who is also the young lady's duenna. She mesmerises her charge also into willingness to marry her son, during which process occur a number of highly interesting situations. Finally the spell is broken, the hero and heroine united, and mesmerist and mesmerised alike go over to the church. The story is told with a dramatic power which is somewhat lacking in "Dick's Wanderings," which is, nevertheless, a much more finished and attractive novel than its predecessor. "Dick" is also a young Englishman, and Mr. Sturgis wishes us to be so well acquainted with him that he brings him up before our eyes, from the immature age at which he was sent to bed early after dinner. Notwithstanding this, for we cannot think it either necessary or advisable that an unsympathetic public, already on terms of intimacy with too many small boys, should have to begin its heroes in petticoats and pantalettes, we are unusually interested in Dick Hartland and his career. He is a good fellow to begin with, and he becomes a better fellow with the progress of the story until we become quite enthusiastically anxious for the matrimonial consummation that puts an end to his "wanderings." Dick wanders both literally and figuratively, literally somewhat too often and too far for the unity of the story. In Egypt he meets the American girl whom every properly regulated young Englishman in novels is compelled to meet nowadays, and strays into love. Before that he had made excursions into various philosophies of living, socialism, and other problems of the age without any very definite result. We are led to suppose, however, that he found such permanence and satisfaction in his last vagary that he was content to become an orthodox English squire, from which we infer that the art of making everything come out right in the end is not wholly lost to literature.

EVERYBODY knows the "Pansy" books, and everybody will be glad to hear of another. "Eighty-Seven" is its title, and Mrs. Alden has written it for the Chautauqua class of this year, she tells us. More than the Chautauquans will read it, however, and already the debt of gratitude owed by people to "Pansy" is so great that we fear to contemplate the addition this will make to it. There is very little story, only a simple circumstantial account of the working out of the Christian principle in the lives of a few young people, done in "Pansy's" pleasant way, which seems to lose none of its freshness and vigour with the large amount of literary work she has done. Right of publication has been secured in Canada by Wm. Briggs and Company.

THE paper-covered summer novel seems to have been made a specialty by the Appletons this season. One of the latest is "The Autobiography of a Slander," by Edna Lyall. The title tells so much of the story that it is only necessary to indicate the nature of the slander, which is to the effect that a certain harmless but patriotic Pole resident in an English country town is a Nihilist. The unfortunate complications that grow out of the slander, and terminate in Sigismund Galuski's death in prison, of course involve a young lady and her affections, and constitute the motive of the book.

LADIES will find two very useful little hand-books in "Kensington Embroidery" and "Kensington Lustre and Hand Painting," issued by J. F. Ingalls, of Lynn, Massachusetts. The directions in both of these little volumes are as complete as possible, and do away very materially with the need for expensive lessons in acquiring the art. The designs are in great taste and variety, each department being undertaken by a specialist, doubtless of local fame. The price puts the books within the reach of anybody, and they will really be important acquisitions to every lady interested in almost any branch of fancy work.

A VERY delightful little book for a stray half-hour has been made by the Macmillans out of Mr. John Morley's lecture recently delivered to the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, on the "Study of Literature." Mr. Morley's simple, sincere, and trenchant style would make what he had to say interesting if it concerned the least instead of the most attractive of current themes, and upon anything even remotely smacking of literature this politician-author is especially at home. In addition to Mr. Morley's treatment of the subject itself, we get also a very instructive glimpse at the aims and methods of the society he addresses, not the least philanthropic of England's many philanthropies.

THE many who delight in the subtle thought and pure English of William Ellery Channing will be glad to see the addition to his works given us by his granddaughter, Grace Ellery Channing, in "Dr. Channing's Note Book." (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.; Toronto: Williamson.) Miss Channing has compiled this book from the unpublished manuscripts of the dead divine, and it consists of disconnected passages, each containing a thought or a thought-fragment, beautiful in its entirety or suggestive in its incompleteness. Many of these will be of interest chiefly for the light they throw upon their author's individuality and habits of reflection, but many more will be eagerly read for their intrinsic value. Truth crystallises often in the progress of half a century; and some of Dr. Channing's ideas, brilliantly original as they doubtless were when he penned them, have lost the lustre they might have shone with then. This is especially the case with his reflections on slavery. All through the book, however, the genius of Channing speaks of eternal matters in words that never grow old. The last passage runs thus:

"Nothing which has entered into our experience is ever lost.

"The mind has infinite stores beneath its present consciousness.

"There is a far deeper life and motion within us than we can distinctly comprehend. The past is living in us when we think it dead.

"In the future life, the mighty volume is to be opened, and we shall derive ever-growing wisdom from the dim, faded experience of the passing day."