

or, as a noted Scotchman has paraphrased it, tasting the pleasures of "weel-timed daffin." Moreover, in the course of the summer, he heard an American divine of Scottish parentage preach a sermon on Stevenson's "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," drawing therefrom a powerful argument for the necessity of a new birth in those whose lives are only ruled by the restraints and safeguards of society. The same author's "Treasure Island" was greatly sought after by grown up boys, and an Ontario divine read it with much relish; but when he sought to supplement it with Clarke Russell's "Frozen Pirate," he got a surfeit of fiction, and gave it as his opinion that the resuscitation of even a lively Frenchman after being frozen stiff for a century in the neighborhood of the South Pole was most improbable. Even the "Frozen Pirate," however, is a wholesome book compared with "Cleopatra," which, like Rider Haggard's other novels, is earthly, sensual, and not far removed from devilish. Nor is there much that is moral in the writings of Mr. S. Baring Gould. There is no strain of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," in "Eve," "Mahalah," and similar voluminous products of his pen. "The Reproach of Anne-ley," by the author of the "Silence of Dean Maitland," is very unlike a woman's book. It is a well written, somewhat complicated love story, which, of course is no reason why Maxwell Gray should not be of the fair sex, but its villain of ungovernable temper who repents and becomes a monk, and the other, who, with coolness amounting to genialty, strives to wreck his friends' lives and makes no repentance, are rather morbid creations. The object of the "Strange Manuscript found in a Copper Cylinder" is not clear. It tells of a land full of wonders beggaring those of Dean Swift, Munchausen, Jules Verne, Rider Haggard and Clarke Russell, where people look eagerly for death, and punish criminals by making them wealthy. If collectors for the schemes of the church could only find their way to it (and back again) they would discover a magnificent field for the exercise of practical benevolence, since no greater favor can be conferred on its inhabitants than relieving them of their burdensome and unwelcome property and thus allowing them to rise in the social scale.

Reading light literature is a kind of proving all things, but there is not a great deal that is good in it to hold fast. Every Welshman and Welshwoman should read "Fraternity." Its anonymous author evidently belongs to the Principality, and its scenes are Welsh. The hero is a foundling brought up by a so-called catholic brotherhood until he is fit for Oxford, where he broadens out into a somewhat indefinite Christianity that recognizes Buddha and Zoroaster, Plato, Pythagoras, Confucius and Mahomet as leaders under God along with Moses and Christ. Nevertheless he finds himself enrolled in Christ's army, and, as a teacher and benefactor of poor children, seeks to exemplify the Christ life, the watchword of which to him is "Brotherhood." He finds his brother unwittingly, falls in love, relinquishes the prize in his favor, discovers his father, divides the inheritance, gets married,