

pious reflections and holy longings, but it has the effect of making one believe in the reality of these. There is not a particle of cant in the martyred girls' correspondence. Their humor and enjoyment of life appear to have been most genuine, and both, no doubt, they have taken with them to the upper sanctuary. Canon Berry has done his work well, especially in allowing the sisters to speak for themselves.

One of the five books sent by Mr. Chapman of 2407 St. Catherine Street, is J. M. Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy*. It is a small volume of 207 pages and a portrait of the novelist's mother, a subdued looking, quiet faced old lady of humble rank. The story of the book is one of very still life, and is only relieved from intolerable dullness by the author's trick of telling. His mother was a kindly woman, wrapped up in her own family, a virtue, if such it be, which she has bequeathed to her son. She was industrious, intelligent, and God-fearing, but intensely prejudiced in favor of her "ain folk." It is strange that Barrie, the constrained, shy, silent man in society, should turn his home and his heart inside out for the benefit of the public. He must have known little of the thousands of beautiful women's lives there are in the world, to deem that of his well-loved and deservedly well-loved mother a miracle. Yet, because Barrie writes it, and the subject is Barrie's mother, people will read the book and laud it. It is largely a glorification of Barrie, whether it represent the fond mother worshipping him, the author, or contain the, no doubt, truthful words: "Everything I could do for her in this world I have done since I was a boy; I look back through the years, and I cannot see the smallest thing left undone." Probably the author knows best, but most people affected with modesty would ask, "Is it necessary to say this?" Still, Mr. Barrie has furnished a picture of life so artless and guileless, innocent and pure, with its playful and trivial external prides and selfishnesses that really concealed a generous, loving heart, as to merit the thanks of all who love the works of God, however small and hidden away in the world's corners. Since woman-