

tottered along the floor to his side and was trying to reach the round tassel that hung from the hilt of his sword. For a few minutes he did not speak, then, drawing out his purse, he gave it to the old man, saying: "You are an honest fellow; keep this for the boy and give it to him when he is old enough to need it." Then, lifting the younger child in his arms, he pressed three fervent kisses upon the sweet baby-mouth and silently left the room.

"The fire is burning now, Signor," Cecco called after him; "stay and warm yourself."

But he had already left the house, found his horse and mounted. Gathering the reins in his hand he turned to give one last look at the house. At this moment he heard the rapid beating of a drum in the field to his left, followed by three or four gun-shots. With a thrill of horror he drove the spurs into his horse and galloped out of the village on the road that leads to Lodi.

REN.

### DIRGE FOR A SON.

O THOU, my son, departest now unto the Lower Regions  
And leav'st thy mother sorrowful, heartbroken, and despairing.  
Where shall I hide my pain for thee, how shall I throw it from me?  
For, if I throw it on the road, the passers-by will take it,  
And should I hang it on the trees, the little birds would find it.  
Where shall I hide my bitter tears, my tears for thy departure?  
If on the black earth they should fall, the grass no more would flourish;  
If they should in the river fall, they would dry up its sources;  
If they should fall upon the sea, the vessels there would founder;  
But if I lock them in my heart, I quickly shall rejoin thee.

LUCY M. GARNETT: *Greek Folk-Songs.*

### NO SAINT.\*

THE first part of this story deals principally with the lower classes. It opens with Paul Hernshaw's release from gaol, where he has undergone two months' imprisonment with hard labour, having killed his elder brother in a quarrel, and incurred the penalties of a verdict of "manslaughter." His passage is taken for Canada, but his first act is to make his way back to Glandford, his old home. All who come in contact with him shrink from him; he comes upon his old sweetheart saying an affectionate good-night to some one else; she taunts him with his sin; he goes on to the scene of the murder, and at last, worn out with bodily fatigue and mental depression, falls into a stupor, in which he is found and cared for by a good Samaritan, who nurses him through a severe illness, from which he recovers to assert his intention of remaining in the place. No entreaties, no persuasions, can deter him from this self-imposed self-torture. At last he succeeds in getting work in a smithy, and finds a room in the "Red House," in which he drags out his miserable existence when not at the forge.

One follows the different phases of his character with great interest; having, in a mad temper, struck the blow which killed his brother; having, by that one act, cut himself off from the rest of humanity, he lives alone, brooding over his sin, with no hope of happiness here or hereafter.

In his greatest loneliness he finds a companion; a poor miserable dog, beaten and ill-treated, which he buys and treats with tender care, lavishing all the affection which his stunted nature can yield forth, upon it.

One day his cousin "Cissy" (his brother's ward) finds him. The scene between them is very touching.

She had a few violets in her hand and she held them timidly out to Paul. "I thought you would like some violets," she said.

Paul hesitated. "Don't give them to me," he answered, rather harshly; "Mrs. Hernshaw would not like it."

She came a step nearer and thrust the flowers into his half-unwilling hand. "I don't believe you're wicked," she said, looking him in the face with her trustful blue eyes.

"Don't you?" It was all that he could find to say. He shrank beneath that inquisitorial gaze.

"I must go," she said suddenly, hearing her name called from a distance. "I will come and see you some day; I know where you live. Good-bye, cousin Paul."

She held up her face to be kissed as naturally as she had done in the days when Paul was an inmate of George Hernshaw's house, but Paul drew back trembling. He dared not let her kiss him.

Further on, Paul's dog bites his little cousin Cissy, and he (though it is a sore trial, for the dog is his all) destroys the dog—drowns him with his own hand. After this he sinks to greater depths—falls even lower in his own estimation.

One evening when contemplating going into a public house, Cissy, who appears to be his ministering angel, passes by and leads him into a "prayer meeting." The minister's words, stirring and thrilling in their reality, reach Paul's soul, touch something there which had lain dormant, only

waiting to be touched; he confesses his sins before the congregation, and feels new hope, new life, even peace, enter into his heart. Afterwards he goes to his brother's wife and offers to give his life to them, to work for the children he had made fatherless. She greets him with righteous indignation and abuse, but accepts his offer, as it will save money.

Later, Paul's control of himself shows grandly; he meekly accepts both insolence and blows; but his old broodings come back and take hold of him, momentary wicked thoughts appearing realities to his morbid mind.

The second part of the book opens eight or nine years later. We find Cissy with two lovers—Ronald Cust, who loves and meets her secretly; the other, her cousin Matthew, whose offer of "hand and heart" she indignantly declines. The upshot of the matter is that she leaves her aunt's establishment and takes up her abode at the "Red House," where lives an old relative of hers. Paul discovers Ronald and Cissy together late one night: at first, disposed to anger, he listens to their entreaties. "They are bidding good-bye. Ronald leaves on the morrow to join his regiment, which is ordered to the seat of war in Africa." The tragedy which follows this parting is well written; also how Paul's love dawns for Cissy.

The book shows evidence of keen humour, and the writer depicts well the different phases of life—its virtues and vices, temptations and renunciations; how Paul "renounces his renunciation," and for what, is shown as the book closes.

FERRARS.

### LIVING OR DEAD.\*

As usual, with "Hugh Conway," the book contains a mystery. What the mystery is, is very apparent to the reader, who also remains in no doubt as to the answer of the question which forms the name of the book. Phillip Norris, the hero, who tells the story himself, lives alone with his father in an out-of-the-way place by the sea. The whole tenor of his life is changed by the accidental meeting with a yacht one day while out in his own skiff. One of the occupants, a Mr. Dunstable, suffering from acute sea sickness, begs to be put ashore, and it ends by his two friends accompanying him with Phillip. Phillip takes them to his father's house. The mystery is first touched upon in this meeting.

"My father was, as usual, in his library. I begged my guests to be seated and I would call him. Before I could do so, the door opened and he entered. I first began: 'This is Mr. Bothwell and Mr. Stanton, who—' when the former gentleman stepped quickly forward, with signs of great astonishment on his face, and with his hands extended towards my father.

"'You?' I heard him say, as he crossed the room, 'you, of all people, in this lonely place! How I have sought for you years and years!' But my father betrayed no sign of recognition. He drew himself up to his full height and moved neither hand nor foot. The surprise caused by his visitor's strange greeting soon faded from his face, and was succeeded by a faint smile, 'you are mistaking me for some one else, I think,' he said calmly.

"Mr. Bothwell appeared quite staggered by his reply. He looked my father full in the face for a couple of seconds.

"'I cannot be mistaken. You are greatly changed, it is true: but it is so long since we have met! You are, you must be the man I mean.'

"'That is a very indefinite description,' answered my father languidly and indifferently. 'My name, as I dare say my son has told you, is Norris.'

"Mr. Bothwell, still looking at him attentively, scarcely seemed to hear the last word."

After this, the boy's loneliness, and craving after new scenes and excitement, asserts itself, and his father sends him to London, and then to Harrow. When he reaches manhood he tries to prevail on his father to live with him in London, but to no avail. The plot is too complicated to give a brief sketch of it, but the book is of great interest—though very sensational and slightly improbable, as all of the writer's works are.

It is repulsive, though, and jars on one's finer feelings, that anyone, for whatsoever ends, should trade on an individual's personal liking—and this is what Phillip Norris has to do to Chesham, who is a villain of the deepest dye—yet one can even pity a villain when played on like this.

The book has several little incongruities; some of them most ludicrous, for instance:

"'No Phillip,' said Claudine—rising like a queen—and positively stamping her foot on the ground"—

The idea conveyed to me is hardly majestic—but "Hugh Conway's" books undoubtedly possess genius. The latter part is dramatically written and holds one's interest fast.

FERRARS.

\* "No Saint." By A. Sergeant. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

\* By Hugh Conway (F. J. Fergus). New York: Henry Holt and Company.