

a means of preventing these days of leisure from becoming entirely devoid of intellectual efforts, as too frequently happens. Rustication is delightful and beneficial, provided that *rusty*-cation also does not result from it.

WE have received from, Mr. J. H. Brownlee, of Brandon, a copy of his new indexed map of Manitoba. The map is original and graphic, telling as it does its own tale of the progress of the young province. Every section, township, railway station, completed and projected lines of railway, grain centres, schools and churches—in short, everything that can be required in a guide, are set forth with great clearness and commendable accuracy. Another feature is the names and boundaries of all municipalities and counties, electoral divisions, etc., also the height above sea level of all lakes, mountains, cities and towns. All this information is plainly indexed in about fourteen pages, and bound with the map, folding into a neat cover. The price is but twenty-five cents.

Contribution.

KITTY MALLOW.

THE soft breeze was sighing,
The daylight was dying,

As into the garden walked Kitty Mallow.

Oh! fair as a flower

She looked in that hour—

Aye! fairer than any which blossom and blow.

So sadly she grieved:

"Of joy I'm bereaved,

Oh, Marmaduke, Marmaduke, never to guess

That a maid's sweetest token

Is rarely outspoken,

And when she says 'no' she so often means 'yes.'

Three years have I fretted

And sadly regretted,

While all the world over you wander unknown.

Oh! fay of good fortune

Go, kindly importune

My lover, and tell him I linger alone.

Far, far would I travel——"

A step on the gravel,

A voice in the stillness rings clear and serene:

"Where's Kitty, my Kitty?"

Ah! changed is the ditty—

"It is!—no, it isn't! Oh! Marmaduke Dene!!!"

F. M. D.

THE INFLUENCE OF MODERN RELIGIOUS NOVELS.

THE term "religious novel" perhaps does not well describe such books as *Robert Elsmere* and *John Ward, Preacher*, but one is somewhat at a loss for a proper descriptive term. They are dogmatic and doctrinal to

some extent, and yet no doctrine is developed. They are rather negative and destructive in their aims. Perhaps the fact of their connection with religious doctrines and principles is the best excuse for the adoption of the above title.

We may include in our criticisms Black's recent novel, *In Far Lochaber*, which one is tempted to compare with Margaret Deland's book, though of a much higher grade of literature. In its determined but more artistic onslaught upon the gloomy form of Presbyterianism which it describes, it has for a definite aim the identical object of Margaret Deland's aversion. But the result is different. It is no less in this than in its general treatment of the subject that it varies in such a vast degree from *John Ward, Preacher*. For, while it depicts the sombre and disheartening influence of gloomy doctrine upon a sympathetic nature, it produces some beautiful characters as a result of the mental and spiritual adversity to which they are subjected, not quasi-agnosticism; it teaches toleration, not condemnation. In each the Presbyterian minister is dogmatic, austere, uncompromising, illiberal, blind and deaf to family ties and their pleadings. In each we have the separation of man and wife, the immediate causes of which are somewhat different, and the ultimate cause the same: stiff, unbending, unfeeling, unsympathetic religious principle. The two books are therefore fair subjects of comparison.

In Black's novel, the minister's daughter, in spite of the gloom in which her childhood is spent, possesses a sweet nature, indicative of a high degree of true religious, or perhaps one should say, pious feeling. Sympathy is awakened for her; we are charmed while the tale tells of her doings; fear for her safety in perilous places is awakened. And while we are more than likely to disagree with the minister and his melancholy form of religion, we feel ennobled by the general influence of the book, which has placed before us a most pleasing contrast to that which has met with our disapproval.

How different the product of *John Ward, Preacher!* We must subject the personages to some comparison, though the characters of Mrs. John Ward and the minister's daughter are not subjects of comparison. We have the peculiar character presented to us by Margaret Deland of a young girl, brought up in a Rector's house, or at any rate for some years before her marriage under the Rector's influence, quasi-agnostic in her views. We cannot ascribe this state of her beliefs to the Rector's teaching, for though there is a gentle hint here and there that perhaps the Rector himself did not believe in eternal punishment, we have his own distinct assurance that women ought not to trouble themselves with such doctrines. Taking into consideration the character of the Rector, we may rather conclude that Mrs. Ward was in a state of careless indifference when she left his roof, and that her ease of mind refused to be disturbed, when suddenly acted upon by the gloomy forebodings of her husband. Eternal punishment and the fear of it were too horrible to be thought of, and therefore she would not accept them as realities. This is the only foundation for her unbeliefs. Mrs. Ward does not otherwise justify her position, or attempt to establish or maintain