

He is an active backer of Church Extension in the West, and journeyed to England to secure funds to carry on the work extensively.

He has just completed a book entitled "Glengarry Sketches," which he tells me are pictures of schoolboy days in Glengarry. Mr. Gordon is also working on a biography of the late Dr. Robertson. He has no regular system of work but just keeps "pegging away" in such intervals of leisure as his parochial duties will allow. One thing is certain, he has little chance to "rust unburnished." Up to this time Mr. Gordon has published his books on the royalty system and his returns are reputed to have been enormous. With this genius for accumulation, he has also the genius for distribution, the bulk of his rewards having gone in missionary and philanthropic work. His home, while comfortable and tasteful, is entirely free from ostentation.

The author's father, an aged clergyman who was so cleverly delineated in "The Man from Glengarry," lives with his gifted son. Mr. Gordon is a nephew of the celebrated African writer, the Rev. Andrew Murray.

In the pulpit Mr. Gordon uses words "easy to be understood by the people." He has not the orator's temperament, but his thoughts are well-considered. His gestures are few and inexpressive. Indeed, he keeps his hands in his pockets most of the time, just as his photographs show. There is none of the mustiness of old folios in the author's sermons, but they are exceedingly practical and eminently calculated to inspire with high resolve. His views of life are large and he looks out with clear eyes upon the world as it is.

THE METHODS OF LADY WALDERHURST:
By F. H. Burnett.

THE book is incorrectly named. It should read "The Methods of Ameerah, or Murder Made Easy."

The Marquis of Walderhurst, an "icily regular" Englishman well past middle

life, marries Miss Emily Fox Seton, a wholesome girl whose chief characteristics were frankness, generosity and pureness of heart. These made themselves into a shield which completely disarmed the murderous designs of Captain Alec Osborne and his wife's maid, Ameerah.

Captain Osborne, who was stationed in India, lived in the gradually strengthening belief that being the next of kin he would inherit the titles and estates of his cousin, the present Marquis. When the news of his cousin's marriage reached him "Alec Osborne went into his quarters and blasphemed until his face was purple and big drops of sweat ran down it. It was black, bad luck—and it called for black curses. What the articles of furniture in the bungalow heard was rather awful, but Captain Osborne did not feel that it did justice to the occasion."

The scene shifts to England, where the Osbornes are the guests of the young Lady Walderhurst. By no stretch of charity can they come under the class of "Angels unawares."

When Hester Osborne's better feelings triumphed and she dashed a glass of poisoned milk out of her rival's hands, she explained the methods of her husband and maid in these words: "If you had gone out on Faustine, you would have met with an accident. It might or might not have killed you. But it would have been an accident. If you had gone downstairs before Jane Cupp saw that bit of broken balustrade you might have been killed—by accident again. If you had leaned upon the rail of the bridge you would have been drowned and no human being could have accused or blamed."

But Ameerah, the she-dragon did not always fail. She was eventually successful in one murder. The story is clever, gruesome, and unhealthy enough to be undeniably interesting. That is its danger. Mrs. Burnett is always "smart" and readable. Her latest work is no exception.

William Briggs, Toronto.