

are equal to any the world has to tell. Certainly his ten stories are well worth reading, although the interest of many of them is painful, and others annoy by their inconclusiveness. The great moral of all is disappointment, a very common thing in life. It appears in the climax of *Jim and his Soul*; it is the constant refrain of *The Chilled Heart*; it drowns *The Third Man*; it is the accent, with differences, of *The Shadow Between Them*, *The Madness of Liza*, and *Sister Lydia*. There is no getting out of its shadow, that comes:

"To dash the cup of bliss to earth,
Ere it be running o'er."

Probably it is true that among the cities of civilization none holds more disappointed lives than London, and perhaps it is the duty of him who would be true to human life to tell the varying tragedies of disappointed hopes. Mr. Dawson tells them well. Yet would I rather strive to cheer the faint hearted and point them forward:

"O weary hearts, O slumbering eyes.
O drooping souls whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be light again."

Dr. Robertson Nicoll edits for Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton a series of Little Books on Religion, which are oblong duodecimos of under 150 pages, neatly printed, and so bound that their backs have to be cracked before you can read them with ease. Professor Marcus Dods writes, 'Why be a Christian?' a series of four addresses to young men, entitled *The Trials of Youth*, *David*, *Why be Religious?* and *Hindrances to the Acceptance of Christ*. Everything Marcus Dods writes is good, but there is nothing specially to tempt young men to hear or to read these addresses. They lack illustration and drawing power, general attractiveness. Perhaps Scottish young men can do without this taking quality, but the average young man who has to be led into Wisdom's ways, cannot. In his fourth address the author says: The initial or radical