

haps, there seems to be an indelicacy about the confession, made as it was verbally to the two young men. Artistically, too, it is a great defect. Our sympathies should be gained by what transpires in the story itself, and not by what we are told has gone before. Far be it from us to question that faults like those of Mercy Merrick might be atoned for by a long and thorough probation; but that she should step at once from the position of an impostor into that of "one of the noblest of God's creatures," simply by a confession of her guilt, is one of the most startling propositions we have met with in the course of our reading. In the name of all that is right and true, we loudly protest against the forced contrast drawn between the true woman and the false, wholly to the disadvantage of the true woman. While we can appreciate great and fine qualities in Julian Gray, we nevertheless protest against "Great Heart" and "Little Heart;" we protest against a man being represented as mean and contemptible because he declined to marry Mercy Merrick. We protest against the conduct of Lady Janet Roy, albeit she undergoes so violent a revulsion of feeling that she goes the very next day to the Refuge for Fallen Women, of which Mercy has again become an inmate, to ask her pardon "on her knees, if Mercy would have let her," and on a subsequent occasion "to plead her nephew's cause" (Julian Gray's), "as a humble suitor for the hand of Mercy." "Imagine," writes Horace Holmcroft, "the descendant of one of the noblest families in England inviting an adventuress in a Refuge to honour a clergyman of the Church of England by becoming his wife!" We certainly think there are not a few of both men and women, and of women the greater number, who will echo that note of exclamation, the author of "The New Magdalen" notwithstanding. Mercy, it appears, refuses *them* to marry Julian Gray, whereupon Lady Janet declares "that the earth holds no nobler woman than Mercy Merrick." "It may not be your own fault, Horace," her ladyship adds, "if your nature is incapable of comprehending what is great and generous in other natures higher than yours.

But the least you can do is to distrust your own capacity of appreciation. For the future, keep your opinions (on questions which you don't understand) modestly to yourself. I have a tenderness for you for your father's sake, and I take the most favourable view of your conduct towards Mercy Merrick. I humanely consider it the conduct of a fool."

We duck down as Lady Janet Roy hurls that terrible missile, feeling guiltily conscious that it is aimed at our own head.

We enter fully into every compassionate word that the author of "The New Magdalen" utters. There is no suggestion of his for the salvation of such hapless creatures, and their restoration to a place among reputable women, to which we would not cordially give the utmost of our feeble aid. We share all his indignation and all his pity. But let the probation be ample and real. Let our authors choose their examples better. The Old Magdalen, so far as we know, was no cheat nor liar; the New Magdalen need not of necessity, we hope, be so either. Let us not stigmatize a man as "Little Heart" because he does not desire the "honour" of marrying a woman who has subsisted for a period of at least some duration as a prostitute, and who has since been a traitress, a liar and an impostor—not to say thief—even although she has confessed it all, and has had fully forty-eight hours in which to prove her repentance.

Let us express a most earnest hope that the author of "The New Magdalen" will consecrate all future pictures painted by his popular and powerful pencil, and enriched with the warm tone of his charitable impulses and his sincere and earnest philanthropy, to a more "noble" moral. For the rest, the style of "The New Magdalen" is so little open to exception that we can only refer to the very trifling peculiarity of the use of the word "never," when all that is required is a simple negative. The machinery by which the story is set in motion contains several improbabilities which it would be easy to point out, and to which an author of such remarkable ingenuity in devising his plots need not have had recourse.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

A number of eminent British divines, invited to take part in the approaching meeting at New York of the Evangelical Alliance, are travelling on this side and making themselves familiar with the face of things in this Western world.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has arrived in New York, and

we are glad to note that he has been secured by the Toronto Mechanics' Institute to deliver a lecture before his return to England.

Mr. Edward Jenkins, author of "Ginx's Baby," &c., and a Canadian by education, is on a visit to his father in Montreal.