

her clever conversations and smart hits. "The Farringdons," her latest, is the best of the trio.

Miss Fowler is the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Fowler, Secretary of State for India, under the Liberal Government. And one of the ablest Nonconformists in the House of Commons. On the mother's side she comes of a great family of artists and inventors. Thorneycroft the sculptor, is not less widely known than Thorneycroft's torpedo boats. In this book and in her last, the authoress uses a device as old as literature, the 'comic servant and soubrette.' All thro' the "Double Thread" we were entertained by a delightfully humorous gardener. In "The Farringdons" his place is taken far more affectively by two Methodist workingmen and their wives, Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey. Out of many humorous dialogues, we select the following as one specimen amongst many of delightful fun and sarcasm on the author's Nonconformists friends:—

"Well, I holds with folks getting married," argued Mrs. Bateson. "It gives 'em something to think about between Sunday's sermon and Thursday's baking; and if folks have nothing to think about, they think about mischief."

"That's true, especially if they happen to be men."

"Why do men think about mischief more than women do?" asked Elizabeth, who always felt hankering after the why and wherefore of things.

"Because, my dear, the Lord mane 'em so and it is not for us to complain," replied Mrs. Hankey in a tone that implied that, had the *role* of Creator been allotted to her the idiosyncrasies of the male sex would have been much less marked than they are at present. They've no sense, men haven't; that's what is the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hankey," agreed her hostess; "the very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs; and they fancy that they are a-wrestling with their doubts, when really it is their dinners that are a-wrestling with them. Now take Bateson hisself and a kinder husband or a better Methodist never drew breath; yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork, he begins to worry himself about the doctrine of Election till there's no living with him."

"That's a man all over to the very life," said Mrs. Hankey sympathetically, "and he never has the sense to see what's wrong with him I'll be bound."

"Not he—he wou'dn't be a man if he had. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayer for hours at the time, till I says to him, 'Bateson,' says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer when a pinch o' carbonate of soda would set things straight again.'"

Christopher and Elizabeth are admirably drawn characters. They are far more real, more alive than the heroine of the "Double Thread" or "Jack LeMesurier." The only drawback to the book is the beginning; it is like a poor shabby entrance to a fine mansion. The incidents of Elizabeth's childhood, even her sprightly talks with young Christopher are neither captivating nor clear. The real interest in this fine novel begins when the maiden aunts are killed off and the heroine commences her real life as a flirt and an artist. We follow her career with the keenest interest all through her various religions and artistic emotions, her two narrow escapes from matrimony, until she is finally landed in the arms of her most sane and stedfast lover, Christopher.