

for him. Not being wholly devoid of modesty, he could never say in reference to himself, Mrs. and Master Jones, "Who dare limit the drama of the Holy Family to one single representation?" There are passages in the lovesick rhapsodies at the end of this story which we cannot quote without shocking the feelings of a religious woman as well as the common sense of all. The first consequence of these extravagances is the growth of such philosophies as that of Eliza Farnham, who proclaims the natural sovereignty and spiritual infallibility of woman in virtue of the complexity of the female organs, holds that St. John, St. Paul, Plato, Shakespeare and Dante, if they had only known their proper places, were mere hodmen carrying coarse materials to be worked up into something more divine by her superior nature, and if Newton presumes to reason with her, tells him that "a Virginian does not reason with his slave." The next consequence will be a violent reaction, and a withdrawal of what is justly due to women. Put a man in a "shrine" and worship him as "the Infinite revealed in the most perfect Finite" and you will very soon degrade him below humanity; the experience of the United States has already gone far enough to show that the result in the case of a woman will be the same. Hard Calvinism, against which Herbert Ainslie is always railing, is in itself neither very lovely nor very rational; but it is lovely as well as rational compared with woman-worship, and it has made far nobler women than the spoilt idols of this new shrine.

To his Mary, Herbert owes it that "his whole being is pervaded and suffused with the soft, dreamy atmosphere of love." This is the way in which love suffuses the part of his being comprised in his relations with his old father and mother:

"P. S.—Since writing the above I have received the sad news of my father's death. This is a most unexpected blow to me. It had never occurred to me that we might never meet again. He would have rejoiced so in my happy prospects; for his heart was really a tender one in spite of the warp of that cursed religion which made a division between us. My mother writes proudly that he was faithful to the last, expressing his confidence in the atonement made for sin, as leaving God no excuse for refusing to receive him into bliss. 'But for that blessed sacrifice,' he said, 'what a wretch should I be now!' And so he died, seeing in God not the loving father of all, but only an avenger baffled of his victim. Would but I had been there to urge him to put his trust in God instead of in the miserable logic of his party.

"You will be glad to learn that I inherit sufficient to make me feel myself no longer an adventurer."

The last sentence shows that woman-worship does

not exclude something very like wealth-worship. Christianity, even Calvinistic Christianity, at all events, does not ask whether a man has inherited enough to make him no longer an adventurer, before he is admitted to the shrine. As to the rest of the passage, it is "dreamy" enough if it pretends to be a description of the sentiments of Wesley, Wilberforce, Clarkson and Heber, but it is hardly "soft" as "love." So far as Herbert Ainslie retains any philosophy unabsorbed by Mary Travers, he is a Necessarian and a Pantheist. Why are not Evangelicals and Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie, senior, as necessary, and as much manifestations of all-pervading deity, as anything else in nature?

It is remarkable that as a married man Herbert Ainslie, though his theological antipathies remain unabated, seems to settle down into a practical church-goer, and to be inclined provisionally to teach his children the catechism; and that he welcomes the intelligence that his friend has taken a living, hoping that it is the prelude to a marriage. Surely he cannot think that, while truth is necessary to himself, established falsehood is good enough for his friend.

The moral difficulties of the Christian scheme, as it is commonly expounded by theologians, and the difficulties of natural theology generally, are often put in this book with remarkable force; so that the book may be useful to those engaged in the candid study of such questions. It may be useful also as a warning to parents against domestic intolerance, in an age when serious doubts are abroad, and are peculiarly apt to disturb the minds of intelligent and conscientious young men, especially of those destined for the ministry, and compelled to study theology for their calling. These we think are the limits of its value, at least as regards the theological part of it; for the narrative and descriptive part of it is interesting, and it is well written throughout. It bears a close resemblance to Mr. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," but the story of youth harassed by religious doubts is so common in these days that we need not suspect plagiarism. The writer cannot be very learned, for he takes *adversaria* to mean contradictions.

The world has been brought face to face with questions at once of the most tremendous difficulty, and of import so deep that it is difficult to see, unless they can be solved, how human society can hold together. The truth must be sought by patient, reverent, learned and scientific inquiry, and we must all assist its seekers at least by our sympathy, and by protecting their conscientious efforts against persecution or misconstruction. But the key to the universe will not be found in a novelette, or even in the honeymoon divinity of a Miss Mary Travers.