

home in Torquay was at a lovely 'place called the "Warberry." As she was arranging books in the library one morning, she turned to a friend and said, "Have you ever read 'Sartor Resartus,' by Carlyle? If you have not, get it, and read the romance. I am the heroine, and every word of it is true. He was then tutor to my cousin, Charles Buller, and had made no name for him-

self; so, of course, I was told that any such idea could not be thought of for a moment. What could I do, with every one against it? Now, anyone might be proud to be his wife, and he has married a woman quite beneath him." This was all she said and the subject was not alluded to again during the friend's visit to her home.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

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*Sleeping Fires.* By George Gissing. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A tragic story, as old as sin and as depressing as sorrow. The book is specially well named as in the reproach of the hero's manhood, the existence of his son, his own saddened life and the wrecked happiness and slowly congealing heart of the woman he loved and who loved him in return, we find in truth a succession of sleeping fires which any breath may fan into instruments of devastation and despair. In her developed character the heroine presents a marvellously clear picture of the much discussed "British matron" whose austere virtues so strongly contrast with the frivolities of her Gaelic sisters. She is, beyond question, a model of every excellence, and entertains thoroughly correct views, but, nevertheless, possesses an immense potentiality for becoming tiresome. Her husband's fortune shields him from the demands of labor, but he will not lack occupation while under the necessity of thawing the chilled affections of his truly British spouse. The book has an admirable literary quality and will afford considerable interest to those who make a study of the distressing social problems which are always with us.

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*Stephen, A Soldier of the Cross.* By Florence Morse Kingsley. Toronto: William Briggs.

Among the singularly beautiful testimonies grouped around the story of the Cross, few possess the pathetic interest

which permeates the short record of the ministry and death of Stephen. With the brevity of Holy Writ, we know little of the life of this first Christian Martyr, but all students of Scripture feel the charm of his personality, as much suggested as revealed, in Luke's chronicles of the Acts of the Apostles. In that fruitful age of the world's history there was no lack of tragic incident and forceful circumstance, and of these Miss Kingsley has woven a story at once profoundly reverent and intensely human. This book appeals to readers of every class, but to those who have made a special study of the period and people portrayed, it will prove to be peculiarly interesting.

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*The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.* By A. Conan Doyle. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If asked to compile a list of the names of men who have delighted us, we would give that of Brigadier Gerard first rank. He is not the mere automaton of the written page, but lives, and breathes, and tells his own story. And such a story, taken in the collective; such gallant rescues and daring adventures and comical escapades were surely never known before. Our friend Gerard was a boy veteran of the first Empire and, as he says himself, learned to handle a sword before he knew the use of a razor. There is a splendid singleness of purpose in all he does; he is too honest to escape the charge of occasional stupidity, and