

interest. In these days readers get so bored with stories of doubting clergymen and wicked women, that Sister Soulsby and her well-trained husband are like a breath of fresh air to a jaded reviewer.

By means of theatrical melodramatic religious services, and good singing, the Soulsbys succeeded in opening the hearts and the purses of Theron's congregation, and this is a specimen of the conversation that took place between the energetic Sister and the world-weary Theron after the money had been raised, and she had practically set him on his feet again.

Theron remarks that he is meditating giving up the ministry, and she shook her head and replied "No—don't let anyone hear you say that, my poor young friend, it's no good even to think of it. The real wisdom is to school yourself to move along smoothly, and not fret, and get the best of what's going." Theron exclaims indignantly that he would rather earn the meanest living at an honest trade, and be free. "That may all be," responded Sister Soulsby, "but it isn't a question of what you'd rather do; it's what you can do. How could *you* earn a living? What trade do you suppose you could take up now, and get a living out of? Not one my man, not one." After turning Theron's motives upside down and inside out, the brisk and lively Sister proceeds to justify the methods employed by herself and her husband to promote a revival meeting among the different congregations who send for their services, and who pay them a percentage upon the money that they are able to extract by their preaching and singing from the congregations. After describing the varied, and by no means too respectable, pre-matrimonial careers of herself and her husband, Theron interposes and asks her:

"Were you and he at any time sincerely converted? That is, I mean genuinely convinced of sin, and conscious of—you know what I mean." "Oh, bless you, yes," responded Sister Soulsby, "not only once, dozens of times—I may say every time. We couldn't do good work if we weren't, but that's a matter of temperament of emotion." "You were talking very loudly here about frauds and hypocrisies, and so on, a few minutes ago. Now I say that Soulsby and I do good, and that we're good fellows."

She describes how Soulsby sat up all night with a poor man's sick horse, and when it died gave him a new one without even telling his wife; and then after frankly relating the method by which she harmonised tunes culled from Chopin, and sang them in sixths with her husband to well-known hymns, she says triumphantly:

"Now that's machinery, management, organisation. We take these tunes, written by a devil-may-care Pole, who was living with George Sand at the time, and we pass 'em off on the brethren for hymns. It's a fraud—yes, but it's a good fraud. So they are all good frauds. I say frankly that I'm glad that the change and the chance came to help Soulsby and me to be 'good frauds.'"

Every word in the book about Sister Soulsby is delightful and full of that kind of inspiration that makes a character in a novel a veritable creation, and not a mere fictional puppet on which to hang theories, or dangle on wires through varied and marvellous adventures.

A. M. G.

DELICIOUS MAZAWATTEE TEAS.
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Review.

THE *Daily Courier* is an excellent addition to the choice and selection we can now exercise as to our daily newspaper. It is wonderful how so much journalism can be produced for the small sum of a penny. The special feature of the new paper, the *Daily Courier*, is that it gives the news and events of the day in a bright and palatable form. The dictionary style of paper, where everything is served up in more or less heavy Johnsonian language, is happily becoming obsolete; and "editorials" nowadays aim at being bright and smart, where formerly they were regarded as the dull "didactics" of a paper—unpleasant necessities which were never read. There is not one dull line in the *Courier*, and our only prejudice—that it needed cutting—has been now removed.

Bookland.

WHAT TO READ.

"Personal Characteristics from French History, by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, M.P. (London: Macmillan.)

"Du Barry (Madame), Life and Times of," by R. B. Douglas. With engraved portrait.

"A Life Spent for Ireland," being selections from the journals of the late W. J. O'Neill Daunt. (Fisher Unwin.)

"The Art of Reading and Speaking," by the Rev. Canon Fleming, Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square.

"Madelon," by Mary E. Wilkins, the author of "Pembroke," "A New England Nun."

"The Master Craftsman," by Sir Walter Besant.

"Rome," by E. Zola, translated by E. A. Vizetelly.

"Richelieu," by Richard Lodge, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford, Professor of History in the University of Glasgow.

"His Honour and a Lady," By Sarah Jeannette Duncan.

"Loveday." A Tale of a Stirring Time. By A. E. Wickham, Author of "Two Women."

"Briseis," by William Black. (Sampson, Low, and Marston.)

Coming Events.

May 11th.—The Duke of Cambridge will preside at the Festival Dinner of the Royal Blind Pension Society, Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole.

Princess Mary Adelaide will distribute the faithful service prizes at the 52nd Anniversary of the Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society, at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place.

May 12th.—The Duke and Duchess of Fife will visit Brighton for the purpose of laying the Foundation Stone of the building for Nurses belonging to the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Sick Children.

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