

to make arrangements with this firm to exhibit in their windows the pieces of work for which prizes have been awarded in the Peri-Lusta Grand Fancy Work Competition, from February 11th to 16th inclusive. The judge in this competition is Mrs. Humphry ("Madge," of *Truth*) and, as soon as she has finished the pleasant task of awarding the prizes, the names and addresses of prizewinners will be forwarded to all competitors by post. We understand that numerous beautiful specimens of work have been sent in, and the opportunity afforded by the exhibition above noted, of judging of the effects to be obtained by these lustrous threads, should on no account be missed.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has made a donation to the Paris University, the revenue from which, amounting to 12,500 francs (£500) a year, will be devoted to scholarships for scientists carrying on research in the laboratory of Madame Curie.

Dr. Anita Augsborg in a lecture given at Hamburg on "Women and Criminal Law Procedure," declared that no one could grasp woman's psychology so well as a woman, and the authority of the German courts could never be adversely affected, but would undoubtedly be improved by the introduction of the female element. At the close of the lecture the meeting unanimously adopted a resolution expressing sympathy with "the women of England, fighting with such courage for their political rights," and assuring them that their victory would also be a victory for the women of Germany.

Book of the Week.

THE SENTIMENTALISTS.*

This novel has made a deeper impression upon the reviewer than any published during the present season. It has also made a deeper impression than any of Father Benson's others—"The Light Invisible," which is not a novel—always excepted.

There is no Romish propaganda here. The personages of the tale do indeed belong to that faith, but they do nothing which any Catholic might not equally do or think or say.

This is a story of a fight for a human soul. The character of the man, Christopher Dell, is so finely imagined, so vividly shown, that one is irresistibly drawn to the conclusion that it is a portrait from life.

Dell is the incarnate modern spirit,—the *poseur*. Never has the type, the Protean, maddening type, been so subtly put before you as it is here. They are all around us, these *poseurs*,—even when they are sincere, they are not genuine; they are always aware, even of their deepest emotions, they are always dramatic, always before the footlights even when most powerfully moved.

Chris is nothing if not picturesque. He possesses that highly developed personality which makes

people either adore him or hate him. He comes, at the opening of the book, stony-broke, to seek the help of his friend, Dick Yolland, priest. Dick, the best of good fellows, succumbs to the mysterious charm of the emotional scamp, and befriends him most substantially. Chris also takes the fancy of Dick's pleasant father, who, out of the sheerest charity, engages him to arrange and catalogue a somewhat neglected library.

Chris is sincerely grateful to Dick, in a way sincerely fond of him, but he is such a hopeless *poseur* that he does not even feel bound to perform his library task conscientiously. He falls in love with pretty *ingénue* Annie Hamilton, and, wonder of wonders, her mother succumbs to his strange charm enough to say that in two years, if he is earning a couple of hundred a year, he shall marry the sweet little heiress.

Happiness works wonders with Chris. He is so utterly in love that Dick has the strongest hopes of him. *Non sum dignus, non sum dignus*, is the burthen of his song. He pulls himself together, makes a spasmodic attempt to work, and Dick looks on, full of helpless wonder at the whole thing. Then the blow falls. The Hamiltons find out the most unsavoury chapter in a past which they had previously assumed not to be too blameless, and the whole thing is broken off. This is excellently done. One cannot but sympathise with Mrs. Hamilton. One would as soon see one's daughter in the hands of a crocodile with dramatic tendencies as in the hands of Chris. But the cruelty of it remains. Dick's part is the part of the injudicious friend. Chris makes a dramatic exit—to the devil.

Now comes in Mr. Rolls, a rich recluse, who lives a curious life of hidden good deeds, as a sort of permanent atonement for a great sin. He makes up his mind to enter the lists for the soul of Chris.

He speaks out of a profound experience of human character. "Innocence and love in this case, are not enough. Some of us are weak, *some deformed*. Some need help and encouragement; *the others need breaking to pieces and building up again.*"

To this man, in fear and doubt, Dick entrusts his beloved Chris. And Chris is broken to pieces. And the process of the breaking is the most wonderful thing. From it the man emerges, sane and real, his pose gone, his true self set free for great ends. It is a fine bit of writing, a fine imagining. We feel the depths of us stirred. We learn that both love and knowledge are necessary for the reclamation of souls.

G. M. K.

What to Read.

"Tibet the Mysterious." By Sir Thomas Holdich, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B.

"A Queen of Indiscretions." The Tragedy of Caroline of Brunswick, Queen of England. By G. P. Clerici. Translated from the Italian by Frederic Chapman.

"Queens of Old Spain." By Martin Hume.

"Sir Nigel." By A. Conan Doyle.

* By Robert Hugh Benson. (Pitman.)

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)