

to help to serve humanity by undertaking the rescue of Christine. Thus far the novel is really first-rate; the delicate way in which we are allowed to perceive the awakening of interest in Mr. Boas, inspiring Joanna to aid his protégée, is admirable. Without telling her sisters, Joanna goes to London and meets Christine at Mr. Boas' office. At first the results are disappointing, the life she has led has hardened the girl, and the round of coarse excitement and pleasure have unfitted her for a quiet life in the country. Perceiving that Christine will never make a satisfactory servant, Miss Traill turns her into her companion. Pretty clothes, and music lessons, and rides with young Mr. Bevan, cause Christine to blossom into a happy, innocent girl, and the past fades from her memory and from her kind patroness's also; but the time comes when Mr. Bevan wants to make her his wife, and then the past has to be revealed, with disastrous results upon the young man's affections. The man cannot forgive or forget this past. He says:—

"Did you think any man's love could stand—that? 'Let me go,' he said sternly, 'it is better for both of us.' 'No! No!' She sprang to her feet and stood before him with panting breast. 'You can't mean it! You can't! Dead? Your love dead? It dies easy, I could die . . . but not my love. She had lost her foothold on joy; love and faith and hope were like shattered ice under her feet. There was nothing beneath or above her. The years of her purity had disappeared before the strong light of his judgment. Bevan had failed her. She was once more an outcast from society, a dishonoured woman. She was sinking—sinking."

And then he tells her that he could never marry her—"nor any good man could," and then he leaves her; and she, overcome with misery, rushes away from her harbour of refuge leaving a note for Joanna: *It is no use trying to be good. I am going back . . . Girls like me can't be saved.* Is not that a wonderful passage? Full of the deepest human misery. A hopeless, helpless cry from the streets of London! Yet I think the chapter that follows is more wonderful still. Through midnight London Joanna, with Mr. Boas' help, searches for the poor child and seeks to bring back within the fold the rescued lamb. I have seldom read anything more touching than the pure, good woman's search for this lost sheep in the haunts of vice, outside theatres, in music-halls, everywhere with patient untiring footsteps. Joanna, with prayer upon her lips,

"Saw sights that few women had ever seen—no good woman before her. She went unblushing through scenes that, imagined only (if imagination of such had been possible) would have made her die of shame. That night [Joanna] ate the fruit of the knowledge of evil; but when in the dawn she and Boas stood—alone still—and looked into each other's faces she met his eyes steadily."

I will not tell the ending of the story, but content myself with heartily recommending every one to read it for themselves. It seems to me that about two-thirds of the book are admirable. There is not a superfluous

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incident or paragraph, and every line tells. The ending of the book is not, to my thinking, nearly so artistically satisfactory, and it is poor in comparison to the rest. Perhaps, the reason is that Miss Annie Holdsworth has propounded some grave and terrible questions in her powerfully written pages, and as yet neither she nor any one else has found a satisfactory answer; and so the finish to such a story must needs be inadequate. But the clever authoress has done good work for the world in setting before us these sad questions in such a pathetic manner, and by her description of Joanna Traill's goodness and self-sacrifice lights, at any rate, a small taper that illuminates the darkness. For so long as good and pure women turn their heads aside (like ostriches) and refuse even to acknowledge the existence of their weaker sisters, so long will these tragedies of wasted maidenhood continue in our land. Co-operation is a candle that has cast light into many dark places upon the earth, and it is possible that the co-operation of strong, *wholesome-minded* women with good and clever men may in the future, perhaps, bring salvation even into the streets and alleys of London.

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