

immediate fruits of a popular higher education, implanted in virgin ground. Mr. and Mrs. Allington, small, but highly respectable tradespeople of 24, Blair-street, Notting Hill, have a son and daughter, whom it has been the sole ambition of their lives to highly educate, without in the least reflecting how their own lack of education and their sordid environment may strike the recipients of an exotic education and a superficial culture. At the time the story opens this son and daughter have finished their school and college education, and when we inform readers that the girl is handsome, of charming manners, socially ambitious, pagan and selfish, and that after a brief, a very brief, holiday at home, she sails as governess into a wealthy titled family under false colours, and afterwards contracts a secret marriage with the son of one of her patrons, and that the son, Frank Allington, develops during the process of his education a morbidly ascetic, yet highly artistic, temperament, coupled with a slender will, we shall have no occasion to assure readers of the exciting nature of the book. How Alfred Allington lost and recovered his "halo" and honoured place and affluence for his sister, constitutes the finest bit of writing Mr. White has ever penned. And that is saying a great deal. We have received our copy of "The Lost Halo," which we can confidently recommend to all our readers, from Messrs. Methuen and Co.

The Peer and the Woman: By G. Phillips Oppenheim. (London: Ward, Lock and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. Price, 3/6.)

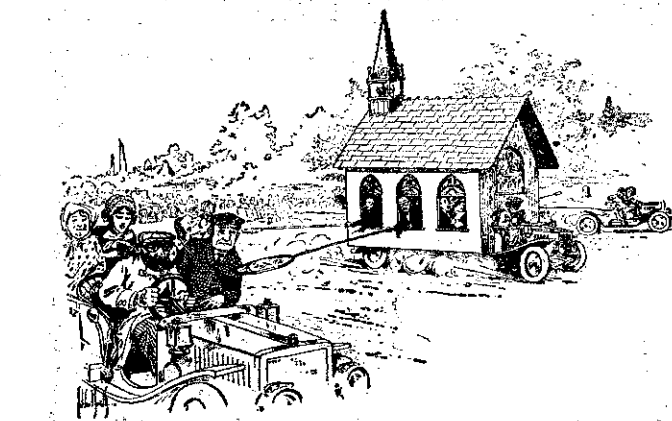
Dangerously near as Mr. Oppenheim has often been to toying the line of demarcation that separates the thrilling from the shocking, he has without doubt overstepped the line in "The Peer and the Woman," which is a ghastly story of a double murder, a wretched suicide, and mysteries galore, all of which are described with such an evident appreciation of the situations as to be painfully realistic. But whatever Mr. Oppenheim writes, he will find a large audience who like strong meats, and revel in sensationalism. For what else his critics may say of him, they cannot, in all conscience, accuse him of lack of ingenuity and variety of plot, luridness of style and atmosphere; and though he may sometimes nauseate, he is never a bore. Our copy has been received through the courtesy of Messrs. Wildman and Arey.

Matthew Fowlds, Centenarian and Covenanter. Edited by Rev. J. Kirkwood, Fairlie. Standard Printing Works, Kilmarnock.

To attempt an exhaustive review of a compilation which is the work of several individuals, and which not only embraces the biography and pedigree of the right worthy centenarian, whose memory it has been compiled to perpetuate, but also the history of Fenwick, and those Covenanters who have made its history since the "Secession," is a task which we take leave to state at the outset of this review, to be impossible in the unavoidably limited space at our disposal. But we cordially hail this work, both as heroically stimulating history, and as an intensely interesting human document. Matthew Fowlds, centenarian and Covenanter, was born on May 22, 1806, and died from the result of an accident on January 31, 1907. Fenwick, sacred in the annals of covenanting history, was his birth-place; his pedigree, a notably worthy one, is too long for us to trace here; his spiritual lineage includes some of the highest names in covenanting history. With regard, however, to the family tree, it will be interesting to New Zealanders to learn that he was closely related to that Dr. Robertson, whose memory will long remain green in the hearts of those Canadians among whom he so lately laboured, and whose biography, written by Ralph Connor, was reviewed some time ago in the columns of the "Weekly Graphic." Of Fenwick's participation in covenanting history, Dr. William Anderson, preaching in its kirk in 1853, on the "Cloud of Witnesses of Scottish Martyrology," said: "Fenwick! I have spoken of the cloud of witnesses which overshadows Scotland; you dwell under its very focus. They speak of classic ground; yours is sacred—not a stream but gave a rearing place, not a thrush bush but gave a footing through the moss to the martyrs of the Cove-

nant." "Its fame is unique, far flung, and undying in covenanting history." Its flag bears the legend: "Pinnigh for God: Country and Covenanted Work of Reformations, its galaxy of illustrious martyrs and covenanters are not outshone by any parish in Scotland." Of its physical features we are told that its situation, configuration, and other contributing elements make it the most salubrious, as well as the brightest parish in Scotland. The streams from which its water supply is derived take their rise in the parish, and are kept absolutely free from contamination. All of which must have contributed largely to the longevity of its inhabitants, as recorded by statistics in this work. There is also no doubt whatever that the intensely spiritual atmosphere which enveloped the inhabitants of Fenwick helped to make Matthew Fowlds the sterling character he was. There are many in these days of slack faith and slacker heroic virtue who lightly rate, ignore, or have lost sight of the sublime sacrifices and bitter sorrows of those days of religious persecution, sacrifices which have secured for British posterity at least, a perpetual freedom of religious and the free thought that has inevitably followed in its wake. To these we offer Robert Burns' lines:

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears.
But it sealed freedom's sacred cause;
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers."



SUGGESTION TO THE CHURCHES WHO WOULD LIKE TO MINISTER TO THEIR WAYWARD FLOCKS ON A PLEASANT SUNDAY MORN.

Burns' only known reference to Fenwick immortalised it, when, in 1870, on an unappreciated presentee, being appointed to the living of Fenwick, by the Earl of Glasgow, its community seceded to a man; thus striking at once a blow against patronage and for liberty of religious thought. Burns' lines show the result of that spirited action:—

"Lang patronage wi' rod o' airn,
Hae shord' the kirk's undoin'.
As lately Fenwick sair-fostairn
Has proven to its ruin."

But the ruin, as this book shows, was only temporal. The history of Fenwick, spiritual and temporal, since the first decade of the nineteenth century, is the history of Matthew Fowlds since he largely helped to make it assisted by those associates who confess themselves privileged to have laboured or been associated with him in either spiritual, parochial, industrial, political, social or domestic life. Many personages celebrated in British history, in religion, art, letters, etc., make their entrances on either exits in these pages, as ships pass on the high seas. A charter drawn up by the "Fenwick Weavers' Society," of which Matthew Fowlds was later a member, reminds us in some respects of later day trades unionism. This ancient charter was framed then as labour laws are framed now, for the purpose of guarding industrial rights. But there are clauses in it which, if included in the present labour laws, are mostly inoperative. The clause which we append makes most delectable reading. Here it is:—Clause 1.—"That we shall be honest and faithful to one another and to our employers, and make good and sufficient work, and exact neither higher nor lower prices than are accustomed in the towns and parishes in the neighbourhood. Rules and regulations which we agree and oblige us shall be observed to one another in time coming." Though this Society was dis-

solved in Matthew Fowlds' time, he adhered to its charter both in spirit and letter to the end of his life. The Hon. George Fowlds' "reminiscences" and various appenda which record the centenary celebrations and other matters, bring the book to a close. We must not, however, omit to mention the excellent portraits, illustrations, facsimiles of ancient documents, letters, maps, etc., which serve admirably to embellish and point the book's text. Two of the illustrations are reproductions from the "Weekly Graphic" and "New Zealand Mail" of April 14, 1909. More precious, indeed, than rubies must be this "Memoir" to the Hon. Geo. Fowlds, from whom we have received it. And we heartily subscribe to the sentiment of its presentation leaf which declares that "To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Lady Molly of Scotland Yard: By the Baroness Orczy. (London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne: Cassell and Co. Auckland: Gordon and Gotch, 3/6.)

That the author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "I Will Repay" could, if she chose, write really good, detective stories, goes without saying, and we recommend these clever stories with a great deal of pleasure as illustrating how two and two can be pieced together as well, or

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

"The man who combats himself will be happier than he who contends with others."—Confucius."

My kind of loyalty is loyalty to my country; not to its institutions or its office-holders.—Mark Twain.

Pretty speeches make very sickly conversation.—G. Bernard Shaw.

True marriage is presupposed, not created, by ceremony and legal forms.—"Hall Caine."

People never discover what a corrupt thing Society is until they can't get into it.—Jean Milne.

From oblivion we come, to oblivion we go; we know not whence or whither.—D. McClymont.

Some people never recognise a man is a "bad egg" until he's "broke."—Hugh Leslie Dobree.

In the conception of an idea no bounds are set; yet in its execution the limits are most grievous. The large conception dwindles to nothing in its execution.—Edmund J. Sullivan.

A man knows when he is not in love, and he knows when he is in love; but no man knows the precise moment which bridges these two blessed states of mind.—"Morning Leader."

Children have wept more tears since the beginning of time over the backwardness of their mothers than have the "mummies" over the forwardness of their children.—"Madame."

The ironic man is not a comfortable companion, and, therefore, it is well that irony should be barred in private intercourse, and used only in public speeches or in public writings.—"Star."

Woman always decline to believe—until they discover it from personal experience—that man can be too busy to flirt, or that any woman, except themselves, are too proper and particular to do so.—"Daily Dispatch."

We have no wish to indulge in anything of the nature of boastfulness, but really we do not feel that we have any reason to put on sack-cloth and ashes. For a nation without ideas we have done tolerably well.—"Daily Graphic."

The Chinaman may possibly live without his pigtail, but we cannot imagine him a sentient, intelligent being if he proceeds to adopt the silk hat and put his womankind into the blinkers and fetters worn so cheerfully by ours.—"Evening Standard."

When women come to value their beauty at its true worth, perhaps we shall have ballrooms open to the free air; for dancing, most healthy of exercises, should be a promoter, not a destroyer of beauty. But it will always have ill effects sooner or later so long as it is carried on in hot crowded rooms.—"Daily Mail."

NEARLY BURNED TO DEATH.

A HOUSEWIFE'S TERRIBLE INJURIES.

SPLENDID HEALING BY ZAM-BUK.

Mrs. C. Bradley, of Private-road, off Madras-street, Christchurch, N.Z., says:—"While cooking I severely scalded my feet with boiling fat. My right foot was injured so badly that for two months I was unable to put it to the ground or get my boot on. Three large holes formed in the bottom of my foot, and blood-poison set in. The pain was awful, and the itching and smarting very irritating."

"A friend recommended me to use Zam-Buk and gave me a small pot. This splendid balm brought so much relief that I decided to continue. I obtained a supply and persevered with it. All bad matter was drawn out of my foot, and the holes began to heal up. The inflammation and smarting were subdued and the itching ceased. In a short time the wounds were completely healed, and I was able to get about again."

"On another occasion, while attending to my household duties, I had a fainting fit, and fell in the fire. It was a wonder I was not burned to death. As it was my hair was all burnt off and the skin of my head severely burnt. I freely applied Zam-Buk with excellent results, and before long my scalp was perfectly well again. I strongly recommend Zam-Buk as an ideal remedy for burns."

Zam-Buk, the ever-ready, painless, healing balm, is sold by all chemists and stores.

Diana of Dreams: By G. B. Burgin. (London: Hutchinson's Colonial Library. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

This is a sequel to "The Slaves of Allah," and shows the heroine of that story rewarding the hero of that and this story. The book's scenes are laid, respectively, in rural England, Asia Minor and Constantinople, during the reign of the lately-deposed Sultan, and the uprising of the Young Turkish party. As is usual, with these Eastern stories of Mr. Burgin's, exciting adventure succeeds dangerous adventure, political intrigue succeeds private intrigue, and there are tragedies enough and to spare. What the reader will think of the English heroine marrying the Christianised Turk we cannot say. But it is quite certain, and Mr. Burgin knows his East, that he is not a subscriber to the Kipling belief that "never the twain shall meet." Mr. Burgin is a trifle profligate, maybe, and his English scenes have an air of unreality. But once on Eastern ground, and his atmosphere is everything that can be desired.