

nial Library, also sent me by Messrs Wildman, Lyell and Arey, is entirely of a different nature. It is a detailed and most intricately-written character sketch of a highly-imaginative and sensitive young man whose father, a country squire, was dead. At the time the story opens, Felix was living at home with his mother and sister in a country village, and was heartily sick of it. He persuaded his mother to let him see life by visiting France instead of going to college. France delighted him, though he spent his time in a secluded spot chosen by his mother. In the forest he met old Louis, a tailor whose one great achievement in life had been making a pair of trousers, sown up at the feet, for the great Balzac to keep warm in while writing. He worshipped the illustrious author, and lent Felix all his books. Having read them, the young man goes home with the idea that he knows life through and through. Home life disgusts him more than ever. His sister, to his horror, is about to marry a quiet country parson, who gets terribly on his nerves every time he meets him, as do, more or less, his mother and sister, whom he pities for their deplorable ignorance of life. He takes chambers in London, and goes to a School of Journalism in order to study life at first hand. He gets introduced to Mrs Ismey, a publisher's wife, and her bosom friend, Lady Caroline Hurst, two characters such as one rarely meets, but need not regret one's loss overmuch. But Felix is at once fascinated with the former lady, and becomes her tame tomtat. She confides in him that Carrie is a confirmed morphinomane, and borrows money from him ostensibly to take her to Paris to get a specialist to cure her friend, but in reality to revel herself in the morphia dens. For although the reader easily understands that Mrs Ismey is the greater morphia fiend of the two, the innocent Felix does not, until he is told by her maid, when he suffers horribly, and conceives it

to be his mission in the absence of her husband, to rush off with her to Paris with the idea of effecting her cure. He is not eventually over and above satisfied at the result of his experiences of life, and when he re-visits the old tailor, and is asked whether he is happy, has to recall the old saying, "Happy is the man who has a good mother," before he considers he can consciously answer in the affirmative. As a description of the morphia habit and its victims, the book is certainly well worth reading, but the reader may consider Felix's character scarcely worthy of such a long drawn out delineation.

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That universal favourite, Andrew Lang, is to the fore again. "The Disentanglers," published by Longman, has just been forwarded for review by Messrs Upton and Co. The story opens in a dusky little room in Ryder Street, in which we see two impecunious young gentlemen, Merton and his friend Logan, who commenced the conversation by the gloomy assertion: "It is a case of emigration or the workhouse." Merton does not favour emigration, and Logan continues, "Oh, hang it, where is there an opening, a demand, for the broken, the stoney broke. A man cannot live by casual paragraphs alone." Merton implores him to "Be inventive! Be modern! Be up-to-date! Think of a felt want, as the Convenanting divine calls it: a real public need, hitherto but dimly present, and quite a demand without a supply." The conversation continued until a great thought flushed Merton's brain, and he announced that he had hit on the Felt Want himself. It was in effect that they were to start business as "Disentanglers." Their advertisement explained the nature of the business. It was headed, "To Parents, Guardians, Children and others," and set forth the sorrows and anxieties which beset families in the matter of undesirable matrimonial engage-