

his daughter, are the inspiration of a band of devoted followers—secularists—or as we should say, “unbelievers,” or “atheists.” The sincerity of Raeburn is beyond question, even during a wonderfully fine scene when his daughter tells him at last that she must accept implicitly the faith, to combat which he is ready to surrender his very life. In fact he does at last die from violence received at the hands of a mob of Christian fanatics. If this book is not essentially true, it should never have been written; as it is, it is well-nigh incredible that religious persecution so relentless can exist in England today. Artistically it may be objected that the author thwarts her own object, for her “secularists” are so completely imbued with Christianity, or are at least living in Carlyle’s “aftershine,” and her Christians, with few exceptions, are so intolerant, that sympathy goes entirely with the persecuted, although we feel that Edna Lyall is distinctly religious in her teachings. It is certainly a fine plea for tolerance. Not the least of her merits is the importance given to the common relations of life, the love of a father for a daughter, of a brother for a sister. As in *Won by Waiting*, mere marrying and giving in marriage are subordinated to their natural place in the economy of life.

*We Two*. A Novel. By Edna Lyall. [D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.]

Six or seven years ago there appeared in England an admirable little story entitled *Won by Waiting*, which has not been published here. Its quiet tone, and its freedom from all sensationalism, were meritorious qualities not likely to bring an author into an immediate popularity. It is now with pleasure that we notice the reprinting of her later works. *Donovan* has been already spoken of; *We Two* is its sequel. Edna Lyall’s writing is almost sure to please those who demand seriousness even in their novels; the interest is almost wholly human, and there is no strained attempt to produce effects by exaggerated descriptions of “nature.” Particularly grateful is such work in contrast to the morbidities of many contemporary English women novelists. It is as if one stepped from a noonday heated street into some quiet room among friends. After saying all this it may be correctly surmised that we are pleased with Edna Lyall. *We Two* is a novel of “secularism”—a word not so significant to us as to the English. The hero, Mark Raeburn, and