

lated by Clara Bell. The story is written in the highest style of realistic commonplace. The best thing to be said of it is that it is short.—— We can speak in much higher terms of *The Wellfields*, in the same series. The tale is a simple one. Jerome Wellfields, a young man of noble presence, who had supposed himself the heir of the abbey lands of Wellfields and otherwise well off, finds at the death of his father that he is landless and penniless. He has already become attached to a young lady of great beauty and excellence, but poor and studying to be a painter. In the light of his trouble they come to an understanding, and he hastens home, to repair his misfortunes, leaving his sister with his betrothed, who is sought of many suitors, among others, by a rich and noble banker of Frankfurt. Arrived at home, young Wellfields finds the new proprietor installed, and makes the acquaintance of his daughter, a lovely girl, who promptly loses her heart. The dramatic action of the story, which now begins, lies in the young man's temptation to marry the heiress, and achieve in that way the main purpose for which he lives, by regaining his lands, though it be at the cost of betraying his love. The thought is artfully insinuated into his mind by a Jesuit priest, in the monastery adjoining Wellfields, who saw that by such a union he could hope to bring a powerful Protestant family into his own Church. He develops the thought, fans the flame, hesitates at nothing, not even at measures which lead to the death of the young bride, and succeeds, at length, in bagging his game. Meantime, in the background, the abandoned betrothed is nobly supported by the generous and true-hearted banker, whom, at length, after great suffering, she marries. The story is told in a simple and effective way, with great abandon of style and an occasional lapse into bad English. We even find the expression *I expect* used in what all England holds to be the American sense.

....*The Hour Will Come*, by Wilhelmine von Hillern, translated from the German by Clara Bell (William S. Gottsberger, New York), is a story of violence and fanaticism, laid in the fourteenth century. The writer displays neither a sufficient acquaintance with the age in which the story is placed nor with the unchangeable dramatic passions of the human heart to elaborate an interesting romance from a plot which is by no means deficient in good elements.——The same author appears again in the "*Leisure Hour Series*," with *Brigitte*, trans-