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that he may be "throughly furnished unto all good works." Increase of strength will come with steady perseverance in both. The Apostle who wrote the Pastoral Epistles is himself an example of increasing strength. In his first imprisonment St. Paul describes his spiritual state as one of progress; "forgetting those things which are behind," he was "reaching forth unto those things which are before" (Phil. iii. 13). In his closing words in his second Pastoral Epistle to Timothy the required strength had been supplied; and this is surely a great example to the anxious Pastor of whom I have spoken all through. In the assurance of faith Paul was able to say: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

THOMAS JORDAN.

ART. III.—JANE AUSTEN.

CLOSE upon seventy years ago, on July the 24th, 1817, a modest party of mourners separated to return to their own homes, after consigning to earth, in the north aisle of Winchester Cathedral, the remains of one who had been very dear to each and all of them. Brothers grieved for her who was their joy and pride; a sister returned to take up a desolate life; the beloved niece and friend mourned a guide and counsellor, doubly dear to her since her mother's death.

Jane Austen died, as she had lived, unnoticed and unknown, except by the narrow circle of friends and relations among whom her lot was cast. She is the gainer for it in one respect—if, indeed, the verdict of posterity can be gain to one whom it has ceased to affect. All that she accomplished, every jot and tittle of her work, are hers only. No Johnson directed the bent of her genius, as he did for Madame d'Arblay; no father urged on the timid workings of a mind cultured and trained by himself, as was the case with Maria Edgeworth. There was not even the experience of an eventful life, the intercourse with men of letters, or the interchange of thought, which her sister novelists enjoyed in so high a degree, to help her on the career she had chosen for herself. Hers and hers alone are the masterly conceptions clothed in words of pregnant simplicity; hers alone the observation and penetration which gave them birth. None can lay claim to a share in the creation of that fame, the enjoyment of which she was never fated to taste.

Glance over her life flowing smoothly along in the home-circle, and realize how great a genius it required to evolve from that passionless, uninteresting existence, the materials for any achievement worthy of more than a passing notice.

Jane Austen's father was a country clergyman, with a considerable family, living in a Hampshire village, not remarkable for beauty, the ordinary life of a respectable Englishman. Money was not plentiful in the Austen family. All through her letters runs the note of Jane's economy, brought from her parsonage home at Steventon; all through the letters, too, runs the vein of the essentially commonplace, the only society she ever knew. One wonders sometimes whether her heart never longed for a wider sphere, where her talents could have free scope, and her mind be cultivated. Now and then her letters betray a touch of impatience or sadness, but rarely even that. There is a cheerfulness in them which defies us to suppose her discontented, or repining at the fetters that bound her.

Some lives are formed to struggle. Some natures hold within themselves a force compelling them to wrestle with the world and with their surrounding circumstances, until they have burst their bonds, driven down the opposing forces, and stand forth as victors from the fray. Such a nature was Carlyle's, such a life was Charlotte Brontë's; such was not either the nature or the life of Jane Austen. For her, the quiet routine of family life held much that was delightful; the occasional gaieties of a neighbouring town afforded her unfeigned pleasure; the visits of friends brought variation to the monotony of daily life. If we may presume to judge at this distance of time, with the scanty materials at our disposal from which to form an opinion, we should say that Jane Austen never struggled. She was exempt from the passions of a strong nature. It was a family saying, that "Cassandra," the elder sister, "had the *merit* of having her temper always under command; but that Jane had the *happiness* of a temper that never required to be commanded."

It was a large family and a cheerful one, with ramifications not altogether easy to trace. The pages of her letters are filled with references to Austens, Knights, Bridgeses, Leighs, Leigh Perrots, Knatchbulls, and Lefroys, all related in a greater or less degree to the party at Steventon, all requiring to be communicated with. The marriages of brothers and cousins brought in fresh names and fresh interests, chaining more closely to the home sphere the thoughts that should have soared beyond it. Her letters are little else than chit-chat of a kind suited to the poorest capacity—chit-chat such as a girl of to-day writes for mere idleness' sake to her acquaint-

ance of a week's standing. She herself was only too conscious of the defect. More than once she recurs to the difficulty she finds in spinning out a letter long enough to be worthy of the price, or the frank required in those days of heavy postage. Still, there is an interest to us in her details of life in those days, when the dinner-hour varied from 3.30 to 5, followed by the wearisomely long evening, broken into by the welcomed appearance of tea at 6.30, or the unusual intrusion of a chance visitor; when, after driving some eight miles to a ball, it turned out a very poor affair of seven or eight couples, "hardly so large as an Oxford smack," or was considered a very good ball "with seventeen couples standing up and sixty people present." We learn how the long country-dances and cotillions were succeeded by the "inferior" quadrilles, now long since superseded in their turn; how the "laceman" came round with his precious wares; how Sloane Street lay entirely outside London, with many another characteristic touch.

To the female mind there is some interest, too, in the hat which cost a guinea, the cap at one pound sixteen, the checked muslin at seven shillings the yard, and the three pair of silk stockings just under twelve shillings the pair. But all this hardly compensates us after wading through endless trifles of health and household matters, of which the following, taken at random, are very fair examples:

I am very grand indeed (she wrote); I had the dignity of dropping out my mother's laudanum last night. I carry about the keys of the wine and closet, and twice since I began this letter have had orders to give in the kitchen. Our dinner was very good yesterday, and the chicken boiled perfectly tender; therefore I shall not be obliged to dismiss Nanny on that account.

Yesterday was a very quiet day with us: my noisiest efforts were writing to Frank, and playing at battledore and shuttlecock with William—he and I have practised together two mornings and improve a little; we have frequently kept it up *three* times, and once or twice *six*.

I really have very little to say *this* week, and do not feel as if I should spread that little into the show of much. I am inclined for short sentences.

I believe *I* put five breadths of linsey into my flounces. I know I found it wanted more than I had expected, and that I should have been distressed if I had not bought more than I believed myself to need for the sake of the even measure.

Nor can we get up any excitement on the subject of the health of dear Eliza, Tom, Elizabeth, Edward, or Harriot. Even the marriage of Miss J—— to the "cross, jealous, selfish, and brutal" Mr. G——; the Miss Blackford, who was very agreeable; the Miss Holwell, who belonged to the Black Hole of Calcutta; and the proceedings of Digweeds and Lyfords, fail to amuse us. Yet such was the monotonous domesticity

of her daily life, varied by the occasional visit or ball, which were her greatest sources of interest.

In short, Jane Austen's life may be summed up in a single sentence. She was born at Steventon, on December 16, 1775; removed with her family to Bath, in 1801; removed again, after her father's death in 1805, to Chawton Cottage, near Alton, in 1809; and finally died at Winchester in 1817.

Expand the life-history as you will, there is little to be gained from it. Her letters, numerous as they are, give us but scant help. Probably the chief episode in her life was the visit to Bath, although even here we find but little mention of any mixing in general society, still we trace the effect of it in her works. During the four years in Bath she wrote nothing, but she was storing up materials for the succeeding years of leisure. Bath, with its pump room, theatre and assembly rooms, its squabbles, its rank and fashion, were fair play for her critical observation. No doubt she enjoyed a full insight into them all from her place as an outsider.

But if her life as shown in her letters was dull to the eye of an outsider, and possibly not altogether satisfactory to herself, it was viewed in a very different light by those who were brought into personal contact with her. Her brightness and cheerfulness, the fond care with which she surrounded those whom she loved, her readiness to amuse and to be amused, made her the centre of the circle. To her brothers and their wives, and more especially to her nephews and nieces, she was the object of a fond affection. The younger generation of Austens—like the Trevelyans of later days with Macaulay, could scarcely realize that the aunt who played with them, laughed over their stories and sympathized with their troubles, wrote them absurd letters or joking advice, was anything more than just "Aunt Jane," important to them, and to no one beyond. The family in general, while entertained by her novels and thoroughly interested in them, never really understood the talent which showed itself in them, or gave their author credit for more than an excellent understanding. The gossipy neighbourhood, probably, never vouchsafed her novels a thought. To them the secret would not have been entrusted.

Such was Jane's home life; a life which, in most women, would have extinguished every spark of talent or latent fire of genius. Yet out of these very materials she built the fabric of her fame. "The inimitable Jane," as Lord Brabourne delights to call her, was as inimitable here as even he could wish. She used just what lay to her hand; the trivial minuteness of daily life, the petty struggles of spinsters striving after the forbidden sweets of matrimony, the checks and counter-checks of scheming mothers—all are there to the life.

Novels are the outcome of our modern society. Unknown among the ancients or the populations of the middle ages, they have grown since the beginning of the eighteenth century with a gigantic growth. The old Greek plays were the *relaxation* of a nation of warriors. Our modern novels are the *occupation* of a large portion of English men and women. The eighteenth century saw their birth and their rise; it has remained for the nineteenth century to aid, while it witnesses, their degradation. Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett might present to us coarse and disagreeable pictures of life: at least they were vigorous in word and powerful in effect. They wrote for a smaller circle, consisting of men, and their books were accordingly fitted for masculine perusal only. In our day, every man or woman of mediocre capacity conceives him or her self possessed of sufficient talent to give a novel or two to the world, and the result is that we are inundated by volumes of what we can only call in the most euphonious terms at our command—literary trash. Over this refuse heap of literature the young girls of our day are permitted, nay, expected to range at will, till they turn from the evil-flavoured food, filled to repletion with its poison. Very few novels are simply neuter—very few things in this world stand purely on the borderland between right and wrong. In some one point they overstep the boundary, and what might have been simply foolish becomes positively evil. So it is with hundreds of books, the outcome of idle hours, self-conceit, a love of notoriety, or, worst of all, the terrible love of money. That there are good novels, and good novelists, no one in their sober senses will attempt to deny. Refinement, nobility of character, heroism, resolution, perseverance, chivalry towards women, modesty in women, are the lessons taught by some writers in some novels, taught moreover to some minds which would simply turn aside from more serious works and miss entirely the good they unconsciously imbibe from these novels.

After all, life has its play-time as well as its working-time. It is not fair upon a youthful mind to demand of it a constant strain, nor is it wise to leave it entirely without resource in its leisure hour. Youth demands amusement as its right. Many a girl finds in a novel the safety valve for pent-up enthusiasm, the occupation for a busy or an inquiring character. It is not safe to deny them the vent for their feelings, lest they prey upon themselves until the repressed desires find a sudden outlet and the stream overflows all the bounds which should have confined it. Such cases are far from rare.

Without doubt, the novelist's position is a responsible one. Here it is that Jane Austen shines forth from among the crowd of lesser lights as one of the pioneers who opened out for a

later generation fresh scenes and fresh pleasures, while keeping strictly in view the grave duties inseparable from the novelist's vocation. To Jane Austen belongs the honour of having first created the novel of the home life: Miss Burney, Miss Ferrier, Mrs. Radcliffe, and the numerous minor writers early in our century, are all her inferiors in this respect. Their characters are from the *beau idéal; hers* are lifelike. True, it may be said that "Evelina" opened out before women the possibility of a new profession, and in a manner therefore may lay claim to a share in the production of "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Pride and Prejudice." But there all obligation towards Miss Burney ends. Jane Austen struck out a line of her own, for which we must ever be grateful to her. She, as a woman, wrote for men and women the details of daily life, just as they passed day by day before her eyes, just as they will continue to pass before our eyes and those of our descendants.

Let us consider the position in which the art of novel-writing stood, when "Pride and Prejudice" lay completed in her press. The male novelists of the eighteenth century have been already considered: "Evelina" and "Camilla" were the only novels of note besides, and had been published eighteen and fourteen years previously, respectively. Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Radcliffe, if we may be forgiven for coupling the names, had not begun their career. "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering" appeared only when all the novels but "Persuasion" were already in being. Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot are again products of a later school. What Jane Austen did, she originated and did for herself.

The high honour in which her novels were held by men of the most opposite character and opinions shows us something of the value which we may be safe in attaching to them. Macaulay reckoned her as one out of the two novelists of his acquaintance who surpassed Miss Burney; and the sayings of Mrs. Norris and Mrs. Bennet were a proverb in the family at Clapham. He cherished for years the purpose of writing either an article or a comprehensive memoir upon her. Southey and Miss Mitford, S. T. Coleridge and Guizot, W. Whewell and Sydney Smith, combine in their praise of her. Whately has left his tribute to her memory in the article written, after her death, in the *Quarterly Review* for 1821. But perhaps the greatest testimony to her talents is that so generously rendered to her by Sir Walter Scott, himself the most gifted novelist of the day. In addition to his early article in the *Quarterly* for 1815, we have the following notice in his journal for March 14, 1826.

"Read again," he says, "and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of 'Pride and Preju-

dice.' That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!"

The periods of her writings divide themselves into two distinct portions; "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Northanger Abbey" were written at Steventon, between 1796 and 1801. Then followed a long period of sterility. It was not until she was again settled in the country at Chawton Cottage that she resumed her pen, beginning "Mansfield Park" in 1811, after ten years of silence. Her novels, let it be remembered, were all written in the general sitting-room, in the midst of the family bustle, and with the household cares weighing upon her mind.

The first thing that strikes us in these books is that they are essentially *women's* books, and as evidently a woman's work. The heroines are the characters *par excellence* intended to call forth our sympathies. They fill the largest space in the stories, while the woes or joys of the heroes are entirely subordinated to theirs. We have, in short, the woman's point of view. The scene never shifts for a moment, even in "Pride and Prejudice," to the hero's home and the hero's difficulties; we never meet him face to face or *en tête-à-tête*. When he is alone he is left to shift for himself as best he may, and we hear nothing of him. So soon as he appears in company with the heroine he takes his proper position, or we may perhaps be reminded of his existence by an incidental letter. But before and after the interview we see the heroine only; we are called upon to take a share in her enthusiasms or indecisions, her resolution or her despair. The gentleman disappears from the scene, and we learn only by chance, because the lady herself must be informed, what has transpired during his absence. Very naturally, it follows that the heroes are inferior to the heroines. The quick-witted, sensitive Elizabeth, and the loving, refined Jane Bennett are far above the reserved Darcy and good-humoured Bingly. Anne Elliot, with her self-control, leaves Captain Wentworth behind her. Catherine Morland's impulsive nature interests us, where Henry Tilney's character is almost a blank. Emma stands alone in her glory. It is the same with the disagreeable characters. Sir Walter Elliot cannot for a moment be compared with Mrs. Bennett without losing infinitely in the process. Mrs. Norris throws General Tilney into the shade. Perhaps the only instance of

even moderate resemblance is to be found in Mr. Woodhouse and the immortal Miss Bates; but even here we are forced to give the palm to the lady for garrulity and inconsequence.

The characters are well carried out, so that one is forced to own at every turn that however much surprised one may have been by what was said or done, it was, after all, exactly what might have been expected under the circumstances. Even the bores bore one inimitably well. We are not delivered over to the long harangues of "Poor Peter," or repeated pedantry of the "Antiquary." And yet we realize quite sufficiently for our own comfort that Miss Bates, for instance, was not the most sensible of womankind. Take the following example. Miss Bates came across the street to invite Emma and her friend Harriet Smith to hear the new piano, at the request of Mr. Frank Churchill:

Miss Bates *loquitur*—

"Oh," said he, "wait half a minute till I have finished my job:" for, would you believe it, Miss Woodhouse, there he is, in the most obliging manner in the world, fastening in the rivet of my mother's spectacles. The rivet came out, you know, this morning; so very obliging! For my mother had no use of her spectacles—could not put them on. And, by the bye, everybody ought to have two pairs of spectacles; they should indeed. Jane said so. I meant to take them over to John Saunders the first thing I did, but something or other hindered me all the morning; first one thing, then another, there is no saying what, you know. At one time Patty came to say she thought the kitchen chimney wanted sweeping. 'Oh,' said I, 'Patty, do not come with your bad news to me. Here is the rivet of your mistress's spectacles out.' Then the baked apples came home; Mrs. Wallis sent them by her boy; they are extremely civil and obliging to us, the Wallises, always. I have heard some people say that Mrs. Wallis can be uncivil and give a very rude answer, but we have never known anything but the greatest attention from them. And it cannot be for the value of our custom now, for what is our consumption of bread, you know—only three of us? Besides, dear Jane, at present—and she really eats nothing—makes such a shocking breakfast; you would be quite frightened if you saw it."

And so on, through a series of several subjects more, until—

"What was I talking of?" said she, beginning again when they were all in the street. "I declare I cannot recollect what I was talking of. Oh, my mother's spectacles. So very obliging of Mr. Frank Churchill. 'Oh,' said he, 'I do think I can fasten the rivet; I like a job of this kind excessively.' Which, you know, showed him to be so very——Indeed I must say that, much as I had heard of him before, and much as I had expected, he very far exceeds anything——I do congratulate you, Mrs. Weston, most warmly. He seems everything the fondest parent could——'Oh,' said he, 'I can fasten the rivet. I like a job of that sort excessively.' I never shall forget his manner."

And so on, and so on, through three pages and a half of closely printed matter.

This no doubt is fooling, but then it is admirable fooling, and we are not worried to death by it. The truth is, with

regard to all the women in her novels, Jane Austen takes us behind the scenes. We see their characters not only as they appeared to the world at large, but as they looked when viewed by the side-lights of family criticism.

She knew her sex thoroughly in its outward manifestations of whims and fancies, and its surface-touches of feeling. If the actual plot of the various stories be analysed it will yield little or no interest. All that excites and amuses us is really the result of her accurate representation of the personalities who played their part on the stage. The little country village of Highbury, with only five families as its select circle, and one outsider of interest, still delights us, when we "come acquainted" with the inhabitants. Emma, spoilt by her position, taking upon herself to make matches for all her acquaintance, and to spoil the life of her "charming little friend," shows a constant play of character. Her incipient love for Frank Churchill, the Dixon intrigue, her dislike of Jane Fairfax, together with her care for her old latitudinarian father, all carry out the description which greets us at the head of the opening chapter:

> Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition, seemed to unite some of the best blessings of existence; and had lived nearly twenty-one years in the world with very little to distress or vex her. . . . The real evils, indeed, of Emma's situation were the power of having too much her own way, and a disposition to think a little too well of herself: these were the disadvantages which threatened to alloy her many enjoyments. The danger, however, was at present so unperceived, that they did not by any means rank as misfortunes with her.

So it is always. "Mansfield Park" is the history of two families living almost entirely in the country, and the scene rarely changes, because Jane Austen is almost independent of scene. The world around becomes of small importance, since it is all centred in the persons of her heroes and heroines and their belongings. She pretends to nothing extraordinary in them. They are very commonplace, everyday kind of people. "No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in infancy would have supposed her born to be a heroine. The Morlands . . . were in general very plain, and Catherine, for many years of her life, as plain as any. She had a thin, awkward figure, a sallow skin without colour, dark lank hair, and strong features." This is very plain speaking, and is not much improved by the lapse of years. "*Almost* pretty" is the only epithet that even a fond mother can use in describing her child. But they all combine to be so witty, so charming, withal so natural, that we like them in spite of themselves.

There is a brilliancy in the writing of the novels, and a total absence of novel-slang, to which she had a great objec-

tion. Writing to a young relation, who had submitted to her a maiden effort, she says, referring to the phrase, "a vortex of dissipation," "I do not object to the thing, but I cannot bear the expression; it is such thorough novel-slang, and so old that I dare say Adam met with it in the first novel that he opened."

Of her humour it is impossible to give adequate examples in short extracts. Her allusions are so bound up with the rest of the story as to be inseparable from it. They have too fine a point to bear the disseverance. But of her shrewd observation a few instances must be given. Thus:

> Where people wish to attach, they should always be ignorant. To come with a well-informed mind is to come with an inability of administering to the vanity of others, which a sensible person should always wish to avoid. A woman, especially, if she has the misfortune of knowing anything, should conceal it as well as she can.[1]

The account of Isabella Thorpe's conduct in the pump-room is inimitable. So is the recital of Mrs. Thorpe's meeting with Mrs. Allen, when, "Their joy on this meeting was very great, as well it might, since they had been contented to know nothing of each other for the last fifteen years."[2]

Again, we read:

> Marianne would have thought herself very inexorable had she been able to sleep at all the first night after parting from Willoughby. She would have been ashamed to look her family in the face the next morning had she not risen from her bed in more need of repose than when she lay down in it. But the feelings which made such composure a disgrace, left her in no danger of incurring it. She was awake the whole night, and she wept the greatest part of it. She got up with a headache, was unable to talk, and unwilling to take any nourishment; giving pain every moment to her mother and sisters, and forbidding all attempt at consideration from either. Her sensibility was potent enough.[3]

Here is a portrait of Sir Walter Elliot's pride when driven by his extravagance to let his house:

> "As to all that," rejoined Sir Walter coolly, "supposing I were induced to let my house, I have by no means made up my mind as to the privileges to be annexed to it. I am not particularly disposed to favour a tenant. The park would be open to him, of course, and few navy officers, or men of any other description, can have had such a range; but what restrictions I might impose on the use of the pleasure-ground is another thing. I am not fond of the idea of my shrubberies being always approachable; and I should recommend Miss Elliot to be on her guard with respect to her flower-garden. I am very little disposed to grant a tenant of Kellynch Hall any extraordinary favour, I assure you, be he soldier or sailor!"[4]

The story of "Poor Richard" is equally charming in its bathos; so is the following short sentence:—"By this time the

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[1] "Northanger Abbey." [2] "Sense and Sensibility." [3] *Ibid.*
[4] "Persuasion."

report of the accident had spread among the workmen and boatmen about the Cobb, and many were collected near them, to be useful if wanted; at any rate, to enjoy the sight of a dead young lady—nay, two dead young ladies, for it proved twice as fine as the first report."[1]

The state of society, and more especially the condition of the clergy and their duties, are never-ending sources of interest. The most conscientious of her clerical characters are men who habitually reside outside their parishes, going over once or twice a week for the Sunday services or perhaps a tiresome vestry meeting. It is the accepted thing, and creates no surprise, still less disgust, in the most religious minds. The clergy, too, were considered in a very different light then to what they are now. "Oh, ay, Mr. Wentworth, the curate of Monkford," says Sir Walter Elliot. "You misled me by the term *gentleman:* I thought you were speaking of some man of property."

A young lady's dissipations began much earlier then than they do now. Lydia Bennett was out at fifteen; Marianne at sixteen and a half fell in love with Willoughby, and was considered of a marriageable age. A mother appeared in the ball-room, nowise disconcerted, but rather proud of her train of five daughters. It strikes us as curious to hear the same young ladies talking of their "smart beaux" by their surnames: Tilney, Darcy, Crawford, Knightly, Wentworth, and Willoughby are constantly on their lips.

In those days a visit in the country was expected to last at least two months, for travelling was not of the easiest. The apothecary acted as doctor; a farmhouse ranked lower than a "cottage;" and Willoughby ate his *nunchion*—a term which has entirely disappeared from our vocabulary.

Perhaps at the bottom of all, the real reason *why* Jane Austen's novels charm or amuse lies in the fact that her characters, their circumstances, and all the side issues are entirely under her command. She never wrote on any subject of which she had not a personal knowledge. Her life was spent chiefly in good old English middle-class society. In her novels she never attempts to soar above it, but is content with a baronet as her highest attempt, and with the modest fortunes of ten thousand pounds for the richest heroines—a small sum in these days of millionaires who roll in wealth through all the thousand pages of a true three-volume novel. The talk of ships and of the sea she derived at first hand from the two admirals, her brothers; the clerical life she observed for herself. Bath, Lyme, and London she knew from having

[1] "Persuasion."

stayed there. There is never an attempt to describe what is outside her own province. We have no disputed wills or law-suits, no soldiers or West Indians, no counts, dukes, and earls. It is curious that the one departure from this rule, in "The Watsons," was atoned for by its being left a fragment, although it is by no means one of her latest works. She probably felt that she was taking her heroine into spheres of which she herself knew but little, and prudently withdrew from the attempt while there was yet time.

It is not too much to say that the novels are profoundly religious in the best sense of the word. Without constantly obtruding the name, or flinging in her readers' faces her own opinions, they are always being unconsciously led to admire religion in its highest form, in the practice of its virtues in every-day life. Edward Ferrars, Anne Elliot, Elinor, Elizabeth, Fanny, Emma—yes, even poor Miss Bates, are all genuinely and unobtrusively religious. There is a tone about them which forbids us to cavil at their uprightness and real honesty. Virtue triumphs, because it is virtue, through pure force of right. There is no intriguing in favour of what is good. It does not need it, for it has the power within itself to carry all before it. This is just as it should be. Unlike Miss Edgeworth's moral tales, we never fling away Jane Austen in disgust that the moral should need to be so plainly enforced that we can see it with our eyes shut. Rather the morality is bound up with the story so naturally, that we can only agree with it, and should never think of separating the two. How plainly it is written on every page of "Emma," "Those who meddle in matters that do not concern them will come to grief;" how vividly we realize in "Mansfield Park" the necessity of the old maxim, "Train up a child in the way he should go"; how well does Elinor, in "Sense and Sensibility," carry out the lesson, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

In the new edition of the novels we are introduced to three sketches, not usually included among their number. They are—"Lady Susan," a short story carried on entirely by means of letters, as was "Sense and Sensibility" in its earlier form; "the Watsons," of which we have already spoken; and a new novel, of which twelve chapters only are completed. This was begun on January 27th, 1817, and shows no diminution of power. Indeed, it bids fair to develop into a work as interesting as any of the preceding ones. Had she not been called away by death at a comparatively early age, we might have looked for many another tale from her mine, whose stores were as yet far from exhausted.

It is not easy to decide on the respective merits of her novels. Each has its peculiar excellence. Perhaps the ones

belonging to the later period show a greater minuteness of finish. "Northanger Abbey" bears decided marks of its early birth; and yet, on the other hand, "Pride and Prejudice" is worthy of a station beside the latest. On the whole, for perfection of detail, sustained interest and well-developed plot, we prefer "Pride and Prejudice" and "Emma."

As far as any monetary return for her work is concerned, Jane Austen was singularly unfortunate. "Pride and Prejudice" was rejected without even a perusal, on its first appearance. "Northanger Abbey" was sold for ten pounds to a bookseller in Bath, who thought so meanly of it that he was willing to cede the copyright to her many years afterwards, as he had never published it. Even at the time of her death, when her works were becoming known to a wider circle, she had received only £700 for her four published works—a sum not half as large as George Eliot's "Adam Bede" brought in within the year. Not that Jane was disappointed. She wrote for her own amusement, and thought the £150 received from the sale of "Sense and Sensibility" a recompense more than sufficient "for that which had cost her nothing."

It has been left to us of later days to appreciate her works—and we have not proved unworthy. The sole mark of recognition she received during her lifetime was the Prince Regent's permission to dedicate to him "Emma." This neglect on the part of her contemporaries has been redeemed by posterity. It is the more to our credit and hers that some of the interest attaching to contemporary records and pictures has necessarily passed away. Jane Austen skims the surface of her characters only. We are given no deep insight into individual thoughts and feelings. The touches are all life-like, but they are touches only; there is no impersonation of individuality. Again, the aspect of thought and science has greatly changed since her day, until it is hardly the same world in those respects. She belonged to her own age, for she had not the power to catch the feeling of the coming awakening before it was actually revealed. We are fairly in the midst of the problems which *then* were hardly in germ. She, in her simplicity, her old-fashioned mannerisms, scarcely touches our world at all. We are struck all through her pages by the fact that of the thought and the struggles of our nineteenth century she knew absolutely nothing. We have gone on and left her behind.

It is in this very fact that lies the greatness of our tribute to her fame. Despite the difference of interests, despite the diversity of opinion, and beyond all that is connected with the name of Progress, we admire and enjoy these old-world sketches which carry us back to an unknown region.

Jane Austen's fame stands secured. He who cannot appreciate her, condemns himself by that which he lacks. To us, Macaulay's saying carries truth, when he speaks of the books which are "old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity;" and we can but echo his dictum concerning her, "There are in the world no compositions which approach nearer to perfection."

ALBINIA BRODRICK.

ART. IV.—SAINTS' DAYS IN THE CHURCH'S YEAR. XI. NOVEMBER. THE CALL AND WORK OF ST. ANDREW.

A. THE DOMESTIC BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY.

"*Andrew, Simon Peter's brother.*"—JOHN vi. 8.

IF we were following the course of the ecclesiastical, and not that of the natural year, we should in this month meet, on the threshold of the new period, the figure of St. Andrew. As to the reason why this Apostle is placed first in the sacred cycle, so as to define the beginning of Advent, we need not here inquire what learned authors have written on this point. Leaving their researches on one side, there is one thought on the subject that may be suggested as quite worthy to occupy our first space.

St. Andrew seems to have been one of the two first called of all of the disciples of our Lord. Thus he may be said to be one of the two first Christians who ever lived in the world. This, however, is not the point to which I am referring. What I allude to is this: It is remarkable how St. Andrew's case exemplifies the *domestic beginnings of Christianity.*

And in this domestic beginning of Christianity a great principle is involved. For the family is the unit of society. Hence the Christian family is the unit of Christian society, *i.e.*, the Church. In proportion as the domestic life of a people is pure and affectionate and orderly, so is the state of the nation good; and according to the lives which we lead in our households, so will the Church, which is made up of these households, be truly honouring her Lord.

"*Andrew, Simon Peter's brother*"—this is emphatically the character in which he appears at the opening of the Gospel