

we think, redeems Motley from all misconstruction, placing him in the position of an unjustly treated public servant.

This memoir is the simple expression of tender and fervid friendship, not without fair discrimination, by one who loved its subject for high and fine qualities, with which his own nature can sympathize. The author calls it only an outline, which may be of service to a future biographer. No other hand than his own should venture to complete it.

Mr. Conway appends to his name on the title-page of "Demonology and Devil-Lore" his degree-mark of B. D. of Divinity College, Harvard University. He omits a motto. We suggest "Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens." He would scornfully ask if it is not plain on every page that he worships no false gods? Perfectly so, and equally plain, for all the pages show that he worships no gods at all. Granted that he may have convinced himself that the religion of our day is a "creed outworn." Then, if he attacks it, it is his duty to commend a substitute. At least, let him not deal bitterly or sneeringly with "the fair humanities of old religion." For millions these are still the breath of life. If the writer really believes Christianity to be a superstition, he will not strive to scoff men out of it any more than he would wish to frighten them into it.

The double title of the book denotes a distinction between its subjects. Devils are not demons. They differ in age, demons being the eldest creation of human fancy and fear. They differ in character, the acts of demons being impelled by the necessity of their nature, while devils work with a malignant will. As the author states the distinction, the first personate the obstacles with which men have had to contend in the struggle for existence, as hunger, cold, destructive elements, darkness, disease. The latter represent the history of the moral and religious struggles through which churches and priesthoods have had to pass.

The idea of a personal spirit of evil is the correlative of that of a personal divinity. The primal thought of man that imaged the last as a source of good must have been driven by the evil in nature to shape the first as its cause.

One race copied or inherited the thought from another, and religion followed religion in adapting it to its needs. This principle of dualism is carefully traced out by the author through a varied series of legends and impersonations. We look in vain, however, for the ultimate statement of the matter, which is really this: The origin of evil has nowadays almost ceased to be discussed. Evil is

held either to be permitted by the Supreme Being as a discipline, or, less theologically and more scientifically, to be the clinging taint and weakness of the lower order of things out of which humanity has emerged. In either case there is no need of a personal evil spirit, and none the less need of a guiding divinity, for whom the author seems to find no place.

The author traces the modern idea of an evil spirit to the conflict of religions. Nothing is more normal, in ancient systems, he says, than the belief that the gods of other nations are devils. When the new religious system prevails, the old idol is treated with respect, and assigned some function in the new theologic régime. The logic of this theory does not recommend it; but it is ingeniously carried out through speculations too subtle to be even summarized. In the course of them many traditions of our religion, now conceded to be myths, are handled with the needless irreverence and obtrusive contempt which weaken the author's hold on the reader's convictions.

Ingenious, however, and elaborate, his book certainly is. Its researches present the story of every kind of goblin, imp, specter, dragon, and thing that walketh in darkness, that has made human life piteous since it began. It is rich in curious legends and myths of the darker sort, and it is a startling proof of the halting progress of mankind, that some of the most ancient and horrible of these superstitions, as the dread of the vampire and the were-wolf, prevail at this day in certain parts of Europe.

Few women could employ the evening of a life in tracing the remembrances of its early prime more agreeably than Mrs. Kemble does. Her story ends abruptly, dramatically, with the words "I was married at Philadelphia, on the 7th of June, 1834, to Mr. Pierce Butler, of that city." Scarcely more than a third of her conscious and active life is represented by those twenty-five years. Yet there is nothing immature in this girlhood. It is filled with little incidents, bright people, clever sayings. There is not much sentiment, but plenty of honest, hearty family affection. The whole memoir is so spirited, sunny, and confidential, that one reads it, twenty pages at a time, with the kind of interest felt in reading a play.

The book is a record in substance as well as by its title. Soon after her return to England from a French seminary, an acquaintance grew up between Miss Kemble and a Miss H—— S——, which on their separation was continued by correspondence. Her