

a memorably happy time to me." "I believe I know what you are suffering and how impossible it is not to be overcome by it, but I am sure you will find, as I did, that God is able to come to us even through sorrow like this and to save us from despair. Somehow death makes love itself more real, and God, who is love, becomes more real too, and we can trust what we have loved best to him."....."A friend once asked me, after my wife's death if I ever prayed for her, or asked her to pray for me. I said "No," but I often prayed for things for her sake and found it good. The thought of what a person so loved was interested in on our behalf, what she wanted us to be or to do, can never cease to be an inspiration, and in your case, I am sure, as in my own, an inspiration of God,"..... "I pray God to comfort you with his presence and to bless and help you in all your work." What a great heart beats through these apt and fitting words. And how can I close this short tribute to one of the world's great scholars and Christian leaders better than with his own thought. We admired him for his great powers, but his death has made "love itself more real," and we are finding how much we loved him. May his death make "God, who is love, more real to us too."

### Book Notes

#### The Book of the Month—Anne's House of Dreams

(L. M. Montgomery)

There is a comforting answer to those who mourn over the decadent tone of modern fiction. While it is true that there is an element of unpleasantness in certain popular books, it is also true that for every such book there are dozens of the clean and wholesome kind which are far more popular and widely circulated. Amongst these may be numbered the books written by Miss Montgomery for the adventures of Anne—formerly of Green Gables, later of Avonlea, have been followed by a host of admirers throughout the English speaking world.

Hypercritical minds may profess to despise these stories and reject them with a scornful reference to "Verbal Sentimentality and literary nambi-paminess," but the circle of Anne readers continues to widen and the new volume is not likely to contract it. The new Anne book—like its predecessors—is a fairy tale of Canadian life. Now fairy tales do not dispense with villainy and tragedy but keep such elements within bounds. The reader expects and gets the illusion of pleasure without effort. Life is delivered in huge portions of delight. Compensation for the curse of Adam is sought in day-dreams. Achievement means preparation and toil and trouble in real life. Romance touches only great moments. Therefore as a break in the monotony of life in school, office, store and workshop there is provided the refreshment of fairy tales; idealizing common people and glorifying the ordinary life. The adequate phrase—the perfect plot—the sure touch of characterization—Who looks for these qualities in a fairy tale? The high-spirited charming heroine, the efficient successful hero—to the reader are figures such as he or she ought to have been—might have been and indeed are in exalted moods.

Here then is provided a new page in the life of an old friend,—another hour or so of day dreaming as a welcome guest in the "House of Dreams." When the visit is over the book can be put away with a feeling of gladness because fairy tales are still in fashion: Perhaps also with a sigh, because in real life great moments are rare.