

in with Colonel Clark, coming with a small force to the relief of Vincennes. The British tyrant governor, and his equally objectionable subordinates, are compelled to surrender, and Alice's flag is once more hoisted, this time by the hunchback Jean; and when the heroine marries Beverley, they go to a fine home in Virginia. This book has some of the virtues and most of the faults of American revolutionary stories, some of which have been already indicated. The large French element in it is a new feature, and it is well handled. Mr. Thompson meant to make Alice a very graceful and beautiful character, but only succeeds in portraying a somewhat interesting hoyden. The story is founded on fact, which may have had the effect of fettering the writer, who occasionally reveals a cramped hand. Yet, on the whole, it makes a fairly interesting novel.

Archibald Lampman died in February of 1899, just two years ago, having entered on his thirty-eighth year. His widow has issued his collected poems, in a somewhat awkward looking thick 8vo. of XXV, and 473 pages of thick paper, gilt topped, and bound in illuminated cloth, published by George N. Morang & Co., of Toronto, and sold by Mr. Chapman for two dollars. Prefixed to the poems is an appreciative memoir by a brother poet, Duncan Campbell Scott. The late Archibald Lampman was one of the most prolific, artistic, and pleasing of Canadian poets. His father was a poet before him, and he was trained to scientific exactness; besides, he had a good classical training, which, though it does not make a bard, gives character to his diction and forbids extravagance. Though a lover of nature, his sympathies were wider than scenery, and his sonnets, on which he prided himself most, embrace all sort of themes, including much of a religious character. This volume embraces "Among the Millet," "Lyrics of Earth," "Alcyone," "Sonnets," and "Poems and Ballads." Among his more ambitious pieces are *The Story of an Affinity*, *David and Abigail*, *Ingvi and Alf*, *Vivia Perpetua*, and *An Athenian Reverie*. The aspirations of the poet are as noble as his versification is chaste, and no unworthy imagination mars the beauty of his execution. The Talker regrets