

in their various moods and tenses, and her humanity extends to animals that, with her skilful handling of them, can hardly be called dumb. There is humor in her book, and pathos also, and an insight into human nature such as betrays a warm, loving heart. It is pitiful that books like this have to go to the States to find a publisher. The Canadian publisher looks for his profit, not to the general public, but to the unhappy author, who thus has to pay sweetly for giving to the world the fruit of his hard labor. Most of the best efforts of Canadian minds have had to find their market abroad, and in this way not a few of our promising writers have become lost to Canada. There is a lack of bookselling enterprise and patriotism in this, such as reflects no credit on our Canadian publishers. They blame the book-buying public, but the fault really lies in their own blindness of literary appreciation and want of energetic push. The Philadelphia Baptists are wiser, and know a good thing when they see it. By all means put this book on your shelf of Canadiana.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. M. Campbell". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered below the main text.