

three years ; their adventures with the Indians, and their final return to their heart-broken parents are most graphically told, and have woven for some of us an abiding link with the Rice Lake.

Many, many years ago, in a distant land, an English girl read Mrs. Traill's early account of her life in Canada, then just published, and was struck not only by the beauty of her descriptions and the happy, loving spirit that shone through all, pleasures and trials alike, but by the wide, hopeful outlook into the future of the new country, in which, all unknown to herself, the reader's lot was later to be cast.

Though often inquired for in after years, the book could never be procured, but its pleasant memory lingered, and by none have the author's later works been more gladly welcomed than by this early, unknown friend.

M. ALGON KIRBY.

*MISTRESS DOROTHY MARVIN*, by J. C. Snaith, with an introduction by Mr. Haggard.

As Mr. Haggard says in his introduction to this romance of the "Gentleman of France" order. One of the distinctive features of the trend of popular taste for the last two years has been the revival of interest in historical fiction. This revival, however, is very far from a return to the liking for the staid and sober carefully-told tales of Scott, as exemplified, for instance, in *Kenilworth* or *Guy Mannering*; *Quentin Durward*, perhaps, is Scott's nearest approach to the ideal of the present-day romance reader. However, did he need any? This trend is Mr. Snaith's sufficient excuse for his present effort. The tale begins with a strongly-told highwayman adventure, and then harks back to tell the previous history of the said bold, bad man, and ends up with an account of his rehabilitation, and, of course, marriage with the heroine Mistress Dorothy. On the whole the book is disappointing; the beginning is so promising that one seems to be waiting all the way through for a stronger development than the author succeeds in arriving at. The hero is fairly driven into his profession of gentleman of the road, shows great boldness in his enforced metier, and then such weakness of moral character, (if one may speak of a highwayman's moral character), not only in the direction in which one would naturally look for weakness in such a man, but in ways quite incompatible with the amazing coolness and sang froid indispensable in the performer of such deeds of derring-do as he is supposed to have done. *Dorothy* has somewhat the same minor position of prominence in the story of *Mistress Dorothy Marvin* as *Lorna* has in *Lorna Doone*, and is more strongly drawn than the hero, her minor position in the piece making her a less difficult study.

Had Mr. Snaith come before the public with his *Mistress Dorothy* before Weyman or Yeats had spoilt us with *A Gentleman of France*: *The Honour of Savelli*, his book would have seemed worthy of all praise, for there is undoubted strength and great promise in it and the interest is well sustained; as an educator, too, it will be useful, Darby, Sunderland and

Marborough being well portrayed in the short scenes in which they appear. But with all its promise, the book forces one to think of, say, Weyman and Water.

*THE TRUMPET MAJOR*, by Thomas Hardy: London, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

This tale of love and war is told in Hardy's happiest vein. It is largely descriptive of the preparations made for defense against the threatened invasion of England by Bounaparte, yet the element of human interest is well sustained throughout, and our sympathies go out to the simple-hearted, gallant soldier in his unselfish nobility of action.

*THE JUDGE OF THE FOUR CORNERS*, by G. B. Burgin: London, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

If the reader was not assured by the author that the scene is laid in Canada, he would be apt to fancy he had been introduced to a mining community in the Western States. We meet the "Judge," the "Colonel," the "Deacon;" and every man carries at least one pistol, and uses it recklessly on every occasion; and lynch law appears to be the recognized authority. The book depicts life in the Ottawa valley fifty years ago, in a startling manner, but it is difficult to accept it as a reasonable representation of a Canadian settlement at any date.

*A MONK OF FIFE*, by Andrew Lang: London, Longmans, Green & Co.; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

This romance of the days of Jeanne d'Arc is a deeply interesting account of the scenes and happenings in France during the days of that "Marvellous maiden who recovered the kingdom of France out of the hands of the tyrant, Henry, King of England," finishing with the maid's martyrdom at Rouen. A wonderfully graphic and well-written book.

*MY LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER*, by Eden Phillpotts: London, George Bell & Sons; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

The writer of this whimsically philosophic book picks up an ancient bronze bust—as old perhaps as Democritus, the laughing philosopher of all time—and this bust, developing powers of speech, the conversations held are as interesting as may be expected. There are amusing dissertations on many subjects, as well as deeper reasoning. A book that will repay perusal.

*A ROGUE'S DAUGHTER*, by Adeline Sergeant: London, George Bell & Sons; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

The gifted author of *A Life Sentence* has given us another delightful book in *A Rogue's Daughter*. The innocent, affectionate disposition of the heroine is well portrayed and the story is of vivid interest to the end.