

Nanny is taken to the poorhouse and one or two others reach a higher level than anything in "A Window in Thrums," but these are separate, easily detached pictures, and bear no intrinsic relation to the book itself. And we question, too, if even the scene where the little minister, face to face with death, makes that commonplace, prosaic will that yet causes the tears to come to the eyes and a lump into the throat, is better than, in an entirely different way, "How Gavin Birse put it to Mag. Lownie," one of the incidents in "A Window in Thrums," Gavin wishes to cry off from his engagement with Mag, as he prefers another, and takes with him Tammas Haggart to be a witness. Tammas, in telling the story, says: "Gavin wanted me to tak' paper an' ink an' a pen wi' me to write the proceedins doon, but I said, 'na, na, I'll tak' paper, but no nae ink nor nae pen, for ther'll be ink an' a pen there.' That was what I said." Such a sentence shows that Mr. Barrie must have drawn these characters from life. No author ever invented them. Thrums is evidently as real to him as Simla to Kipling. We hope that he will stick to Scotland, and not trifle with his reputation by writing any more "My Lady Nicotine's," and such Jerome K. Jeromeish performances. Scotland and Scotland only is his home. Unlike his great rival, Kipling, who seems to know every phase of human nature, who, after three weeks in London, showed us in "The Story of Badalia Herodsfoot" the pathos, the poverty, the crime of the east end better than Mr. Besant and a score of others had done in a lifetime, Mr. Barrie is at home only when his foot is on his native heath.

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ON ———.

A singer, I admit but hath his song
E'er eased the sad, sick soul, e'er dried the eye
Of secret sorrow, bruised the head of wrong,
Or woke the heart to listen to the cry
Of Right down-trodden by the despot throng?
No? Then, so please you, we will put him by,
He is a poet? Never! I deny
He hath a portion of the sacred rage.
All flowers of speech may bloom upon his page,
His soft words on my senses idly fall:
Not having any utterance for his age,
He hath no power to stir my blood at all;
So off with him to moulder on the shelf!
He knows not man, nor any God save self.

GEO. F. CAMERON.

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Shortly after writing our notice of "Laclede" and *Empire First*, we were grieved to find that we had been mistaken in saying that he still lived in Montreal, he having died about two years ago. A friend writing anent this from Montreal says: "Alas! 'Laclede' that most genial and cultured of Canadian literary critics has passed over to the majority. He was at the time editor of the *Dominion Illustrated*." We are very sorry that such a mistake occurred.

CONTRIBUTED.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents, but only for the propriety of inserting them.]

TO THE EDITOR :

Dear Sir,—On opening the JOURNAL of last week with the expectation of seeing the biographies of the members of the final class in medicine, which were forwarded to the managing editor, nowhere could I find them, but in their place only the mutilated and hardly recognizable fragments of a portion of them could be discovered.

Now, sir, these were prepared with great care and with a desire to truthfully yet humorously depict these gentlemen, not to interest the general public by a few stale jokes, but to be of live interest to medicals and particularly those concerned. Since our humble efforts have met with such harsh treatment at your hands, we deem it unwise to give you the opportunity of treating any further contributions in a similar manner. The remainder of the biographies therefore will not appear in the JOURNAL.

Yours respectfully,

MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT.

[This will serve to explain why we do not continue the notices of the graduating class in medicine. These biographies, when given us by our "medical correspondents," not only were of such an immoderate length that the whole class would have filled between seven and eight pages of the JOURNAL; but several of the points "of live interest to medicals" appeared to the uninitiated otherwise very objectionable. As published they were bad enough, and we fancy that the general opinion will be that they would have been improved by a little further application of the "harsh treatment" to which objection is taken.—Ed.]