

quicker plunge *in medias res* would have been to the advantage of the book. But it took even Shakespeare a long time to learn that.

*Hypnotized?* (Ontario Publishing Co.) is a story by a British Columbia journalist, Julian Durham, with the scene laid in England and the problem that of unconscious hypnotism. As this author has not, so far as I know, dealt with Canadian subjects, it will, perhaps, be better to wait until such a work from her pen appears.

*Black Rock.* To the Editor of the *Westminster* belongs the credit of having discovered the story-teller of the year, Ralph Connor. His book is a tale of mission work among the miners and lumbermen of British Columbia; of their struggle with the demon whiskey, and their victory under the leadership of the, I had almost said, sporting preacher, Craig, and his wonderfully endowed lieutenant, Mrs. Mavor, afterwards Mrs. Craig. The preacher is an honor graduate of Toronto University, and therefore it is no surprise to find frequent references to friendships formed there—and more especially to Rugby football, to which sport the hero is devoted. And there was need of all the pluck that is developed by the game, for the battles they had to fight were against a more insidious foe than ever tried their mettle on the campus. The characters all stand out clear and distinct, each playing well his part in the development of the story. It is not difficult to tell what school the author attended in learning his art, for the names Maclaren and Crockett come unbidden into the memory, and yet one is not made to feel that the author is a servile imitator. Individuality is everywhere in evidence in the work. Nor do the minor characters suffer at the hands of their creator. Graeme, the boss of the lumber camp; Connor, the wonder-working physician, whose unique prescription—a cablegram—was so potent in driving out mountain fever at the critical moment; Nelson, the victim of drink, who was rescued from his thralldom and closed a noble life by a death for his master; Billy, whose pathetic struggle against the common enemy is so beautifully told; and even Slavin, the reformed bartender, all and sundry enlist our attention from start to finish. Usually a story with the setting of this one is only secondarily of literary merit, and this still shows the earmarks of its origin, which was to interest the readers in missionary work among the workers in the wild west. But Love is Lord of all, and gives a very human interest to all the actors in the drama. Throughout the work we are made conscious of the greater freedom which prevails in those wild districts to the breaking down of the narrow barriers of creeds and to the emphasizing of the universal in all our beliefs.