

will be, in the portions susceptible of such treatment, the extreme beauty of the literary style. The poetic imagery, often derived from Holy Scripture, the musical cadence of the sentences, the tender pathos, the subtle humour, and the wise philosophy which by turns challenge the admiration of the reader, prove that it is a work of no ordinary genius. It does not, indeed, possess the headlong rush, the breathless sensationalism, that are only too popular. Indeed, it is rather discursive and digressive at times. In the chapter entitled "Olympic Chariots and much learned Dust," for instance, Herr Kalm, the Swedish philosopher, and the guests at the Governor's table discuss, for over twenty pages, the new philosophy of Voltaire and Diderot, Linnæus and Swedenborg; physics and metaphysics; the Astecs and the Mound Builders; archæology and palæontology; politics and religion; to the delight of the reader, indeed, but without helping on the story.

As a specimen of Mr. Kirby's style we quote the following:—

"Suddenly, like a voice from the spirit world, the faint chime of the bells of Charlebourg floated on the evening breeze. It was the Angelus calling men to prayer, and rest from their daily labour. Sweetly the soft reverberation floated through the forests, up the hill sides, by plain and river, entering the open lattices of chateau and cottage, summoning rich and poor alike to their duty of prayer and praise. It reminded men of the redemption of the world by the Divine miracle of the incarnation, announced by Gabriel, the angel of God, to the ear of Mary, blessed among women.

"The soft bells rang on. Men blessed them and ceased from their toils in field and forest. Mothers knelt by the cradle and uttered the sacred words with emotions such as only mothers feel. Children knelt by their mothers and learned the story of God's pity, in appearing up-

on earth as a little child, to save mankind from their sins. The dark Huron setting his snares in the forest, and the fishers on the shady stream stood still. The voyageur, sweeping his canoe over the broad river, suspended his oar as the solemn sound reached him, and he repeated the angel's words and went on his way with renewed strength.

"The sweet bells came like a voice of pity and consolation to the ear of Caroline. She knelt down, and clasping her hands, repeated the prayer of millions,

" 'Ave Maria, gratia plena.' "

" '*Mea culpa! Mea maxima culpa!*' she repeated, bowing herself to the ground. 'I am the chief of sinners; who shall deliver me from this body of sin and affliction?' . . .

"The ringing of the Angelus went on. Her heart was utterly melted. Her eyes, long parched as a spent fountain in a burning desert, were suddenly filled with tears. She felt no longer the agony of eyes that cannot weep. The blessed tears flowed quietly as the waters of Siloa's brook."

The progress of crime is thus described:

"The first suggestion of sin comes creeping in an hour of moral darkness, like a feeble mendicant who craves admission to a corner of our fireside. We let him in—warm and nourish him. We talk and trifle with him from our high seat, thinking no harm or danger. But woe to us if we let the assassin lodge under our roof! He will rise up stealthily at midnight, and strangle conscience in her bed, murder the sleeping watchman of our uprightness, lulled to rest by the opiate of strong desire."

We know few things in literature more beautiful than the lovely character of Amelie de Repentigny, the gentle heroine of the story; few things nobler than her struggle for the soul of her misguided brother; and few things more profoundly