erate, no literary quality or dramatic gift can make either wholesome or attractive.

Here, and in the present instance, this justice, however, must be done M. Zola. Whatever the motive, he has now given the world a clean and healthy book. His new novel, "The Dream," would seem to be an effort put forth to propitiate an offended public, and, in a literary as well as in a moral sense, to rehabilitate his own character. Or the design may be to show us that it is the world that is amiss, and not the evil mind of the author. Whatever the motive, this at least is clear, that both morality and literary art are the gainers by the new production. The loss to Realism has been the gain to Romance. In the literary landscape we have

parted with the muddy torrent to keep the crystal stream.

In the field of fiction, this new departure of M. Zola opens a region of discussion wider than we can here enter. It suggests a host of topics which have been more or less threshed out in the long controversy over Realism and Romance. But the question now is, not so much one between Realism and Romance, as between a romance that is pure and elevating and one that is not. The public, admittedly, is served with what it calls In fiction, as in other commodities, the demand regulates the supply. "Not for nothing," remarks that delightful essayist, Andrew Lang, Nature leave us all savages under our white skin;" and one evidence of the savage sediment yet remaining in men's composition is his proneness to revel Hence the success of such writers as Zola, and the disproin the unclean. portionate amount of unpleasant realism and of unrelenting social portraiture which heretofore has come from his pen. The eager consumption of this sort of fiction is one of the melancholy facts of the age; it betrays the barbarian still lurking under our clothes. A London publisher of French novels in English dress has recently told the world that his firm reckons it a bad week when the sale of its Zola translations falls below a thousand volumes! The moralist may hold up his hands at this, but how is the perverted taste to be corrected? It can be corrected only by endeavouring to wean readers back to a purer class of fiction, and by making the Romance as attractive as anything in Realism. This should not be a difficult task, considering the abounding elements of the romance in the composition of human life and the present widespread taste for a purer literary style. In its preference for romance, perhaps the world is nearer to a return to its first love than critics are aware of. Surely readers are now wearied of the novels which are claimed to be faithful transcripts of present-day society, -pages torn out of the book of modern manners and life. shall we not get back, with a simpler and more healthy mode of living, to the oldfashioned romance? It would be curious if the way back to it were led by M. Zola and his school, themselves sick alike of Parisian sewers and the demonstrator's dissecting-table.

"The Dream" (La Rêve) is not only a perfectly clean, it is also an eminently pure, story. It is quite idyllic in plot, and even in the translation it has all the literary grace characteristic of the best French prose. The dramatis personæ, in the main, are limited to four people, and the scene of the story is confined to a quiet, oldfashioned cathedral city in France—Beaumont, on the plains of Lower Picardy. The story opens on Christmas night, in the year 1860, the snow falling in heavy and damp flakes on the shivering form of a young girl foundling, who having reached her ninth year and been all her brief life the victim of harsh treatment, had run away from her inhuman guardians and was now huddled close to the statue of Ste. Agnes, the martyr, by the columned arch of the Cathedral Church of Beaumont. There the little waif had spent the bleak night, and when day broke she was discovered and rescued by the childless wife of a chasuble maker named Hubert, who lived opposite the cathedral, and whose husband, with a long line of Huberts before him, had time out of mind been embroiderers of high repute to the great dignitaries of the Church. The little one's name was Angelique—this is all that the record of her admittance to the Hospice of Abandoned Children disclosed; and those to whom she had been apprenticed, and from whom she had fled, knew no more of her history. She was evidently well-born, for she was a high spirited and handsome child, with a disposition to develop a character revealing fine instincts and high breeding, coupled however with a saintlike submissiveness to her now humble lot, though indulging in day-dreams far above it. Her rescuers, the Huberts, sought and obtained from the authorities permission to educate her, to teach her the trade of an ecclesiastical embroiderer, and finally to rear and adopt her. She became an apt and emoroiderer, and many to real and adopt her. She became an apt and skilful pupil of the Huberts, and in their home, under the shadow of the Church, grew up into a fair and lovely womanhood, knowing little, however, of the world, save what she saw under the cloistered walls of Beaumont-l'Eglise and within the gardens, below her balcony window, of the Bishop's palace adjoining.

Brought up under the religious influence of the neighbouring Cathedral, Angelique fed her fancy on the innumerable legends which the Church preserves the memory of in her ecclesiastical calendar; and as the years went by she became as one of the saints herself, so pure and sweet was her went by she became as one of the saints herself, so pure and sweet was her disposition and character. The daily work that employed her deft fingers was the embroidering of chasubles, stoles, copes, dalmatics, mitres, banners, monograms, and other ecclesiastical devices and vestments, banners, monograms, and to be beads of Saints, designs for the Annunciation, the Last Supper, or the Crucifixion. All this had a tendency to purify and elevate her life, though it filled her head at times with visions and dreams, in which she herself was a central figure, as the bride to be of some prince of the Church, or perchance some noble dame, whose high rank and and fortune would enable her to play the part of Lady Bountiful. These dreams never interfered with the industrious performance of her daily task; though, when they were artlessly re-told to the Huberts, these good task; though wonder what sort of visitant had entered and brightened people used to wonder what some their docile child. Like Mary of old they marvelled

and treasured the stories in their hearts. That they at last came true, the reader, at any rate, will not wonder, for they seem the natural dénouement of the tale and the fit destiny of the simple little maiden who is its charming heroine. How this came about it would take too long to relate; while in relating the story we should rob the reader of the novel of half his pleasure and interest in the book. Let us content ourselves therefore with the briefest outline of what remains to be told.

The Bishop of the neighbouring Cathedral (Monseigneur Hautecœur) . was a prelate of noble birth, who had married before he became a priest and had a son born to him, but who, losing his wife by death, could not bear to see the child afterwards, and had him educated at a distance by a relative. When the child had grown to be a young man, the bishop, his father, designed him for the Church, but having wealth at his command and feeling no inclination to take Orders, the youth declined to accede to his father's wishes, and for a time he was recalled to Beaumont. man, Felicien Hautecœur, who was beautiful as well as rich, had a taste for painting on glass, and when he took up his abode at the palace adjoining the Cathedral he manifested great interest in its architecture, and, in the guise of a workman, employed himself at times in its decoration and artistic embellishment. Strolling in the evening in the gardens of the palace, Felicien noticed the fair and saintlike figure of Angélique at her balcony windows, and, concealing himself from view, gave himself up to the nursing of une grande passion. Angélique, on the other hand, her head filled with the visions and dreams of young maidenhood, used to stand for hours in wrapt expectancy at her window, confident in her belief that some day a suitor who possessed all the qualities, as well as the wealth with which her fancy had endowed him, would appear at her feet and claim her hand in marriage. Both, from the first moment, knew the fate, though, alas! not the unhappiness, that lay before them. Each yielded to the love which the sight of the other called forth; though Angélique was wooed and won before she knew that her lover was other than a simple artist worker like herself. When Felicien disclosed himself, the maiden marvelled not, for her "dreams" had told her that she would wed some one high-born and of great wealth, though she shuddered at the thought of how impossible seemed the hope of her marrying the object of her choice with the consent of her lover's proud father, Monseigneur, the bishop. Just here the poison of despair enters the chalice of Angélique's joy; and very beautiful is the story of her resignation to the troubles that now befall her. and the self-abnegation to which she trains herself to resort in subduing the feelings of her heart. Felicien still and hotly presses his suit; but without the consent of his father, who remains obdurate and has other views for his son, she refuses to wed and resignedly parts from her lover. Then comes a period of sadness and dejection to both, brightened by occasional gleams of hope that the bishop will at length yield and give his consent to the marriage. He continues obdurate, however, and the maiden sinks and draws nigh unto death, while the distracted lover finds no joy on earth save to share the same grave which threatens to open for both. How the story ends, we cannot disclose: this the reader must find out for himself. In the narrative of this part of the story, the author's art rises to the culminating point: and no one can read, the closing pages at least, without paying tribute to the novelist's tender grace and consummate literary skill.
In "The Dream," M. Zola, we might almost say, atones for all the

literary garbage he has swept up from the gutters of a foul and prurient imagination, and has given us a story wholly pure and sweet. Such, we venture to think, will at least be the verdict of every reader of this romantic and idyllic tale. Could we reach the author's ear, we should like to assure him that if he seeks literary immortality for any product of his pen, he will find it, not in the filth and pollution of "Nana" and its kind, and its kind, but in the grace, purity, and infinite pathos of such a story as "The Dream." G. MERCER ADAM.

As expected, the Chicago wheat speculation has blockaded the export trade, and not a bushel of the grain was shipped from Atlantic ports during last week. The Pacific coast took advantage of the blockade and shipped heavily, so that the average export will be fully kept up, the only difference being that the Atlantic coast will miss its share of the business. Meantime, the stress of the Chicago corner is being relaxed.

As to the statement that "ignorance of the standards and modes of thought accepted in the learned world" has "made women diffident" what man has not been both amused and astounded at hearing opinions boldly ventured by would-be advanced women on subjects with regard to which the more scientific the culture of a man the more diffident would certainly be the expression of his opinion? Mrs. M'Laren speaks of "the certainly be the expression of his opinion; Mrs. M Laren speaks of "the unworthy jealousy with which they [men] have too often greeted feminine achievements." But it is, I think, on the contrary, the *pretension* to talent or genius so often met with nowadays that cultivated men naturally resent. And, so far as my experience goes, and that, I believe, of most literary women, men not only aid women in every sort of way, without a particle of unworthy jealousy, but, as is instanced by Abelard and Héloïse in past, and by John Stuart Mill and his wife in our times, men are only too generously appreciative in their esteem of woman's work. For how often are we called upon to read, in magazines and newspapers, articles—poor in substance and weak in construction—which, did they bear a man's instead of a woman's name, would undoubtedly have been "returned with thanks" or consigned to the waste-paper basket! "It is acknowledged," says Mrs. M'Laren, "that women can, in modern literature, compete on equal terms with men." But she does not tell us by whom this is acknowledged, nor how it could be acknowledged, seeing that in no branch of modern literature, save novel-writing, could a single woman be instanced as standing in the first rank .- Woman's World.