

the interview between Spencer Chillingham and Alice is revolting, horribly unnatural, and shocking to all sense of feeling. The death of Jack, after the accident, is a powerful piece of writing, and fully equal to anything we have seen in English. The *fêtes*, and balls and parties, incidents of club life and gossip, and matters associated with a gay life in the great metropolis are described with admirable spirit and taste. No one will be disposed to quarrel with the Earl of Desart's art. He is a novelist who gains the ear of the public at once. We are only sorry that he should have added to the race of Lord Steyne's a Windermere and a Sir John Glorme.

Of a slightly different character from the *Children of Nature* is the translation from the French of André Theuriet*, which forms the ninth volume of a new collection of foreign authors. *The Godson of a Marquis* is a dull and insipid story. It is characteristically French, but there is no snap to it. We miss the spirit and movement of the true French novel, the dash of Gautier and the dramatic vigour of Daudet and his followers. We have not seen the original, but the translator of this romance has done his work like a Frenchman. It is full of queer expressions and curious sentences, and reminds one of the odd phrases in Ollendorf. The language is sometimes stilted, and there is a good deal of sentimental twaddle introduced, which is dwelt upon with painful minuteness. The story, almost wholly devoid of plot, is a simple narrative sketch of the career of a wronged woman and her son, the natural child of a proud Marquis of France, whose facilities for getting into difficulties, and troublesome ones at that, seem sufficiently boundless. This young offspring, the result of Sophie's unwise love, conceives a hopeless

passion for almost every woman he meets, and, of course, frequently comes to grief on that account. Possessing a handsome person and being quite attractive in many ways, this godson amuses his leisure hours in falling in love with engaged women, to the intense chagrin of the lovers, and the rapturous delight of their loves. But the author's genius does not seem to lie in taking advantage of such fortuitous characteristics of his hero, for he lets such stirring incidents drag, and they soon become wearisome. The translator, perhaps, is to blame for this, though we fancy the author himself has a good deal to do with it. In the course of the story we are introduced to a number of vulgar people, a few high-born members of the French aristocracy, and some of the middle classes, who are rather tiresome in their way. As an attempt to write a French novel on an English model, this story may safely be pronounced a failure. Of course, the tale is suggestive, and readers of delicate appetites will find some pages, and even chapters, quite offensive, not to say shocking to their sense of modesty and propriety.

MR. ELIHU BURRITT, in the preface to his latest book,* refers very pleasantly to Canada and her literary activity and spirit, and indulges in the hope that her intellectual development will be as honourably recognized by the world as her material prosperity and political progress. His volume is made up of stray papers treating severally, in a sincere and delightful way of a variety of subjects, many of them covering a wide range of thought, and all of them specially interesting and valuable at this time. The veteran author will find many old admirers to agree with him that "*Chips from many Blocks*" is by all odds his best work, while readers who take up Mr.

* *The Godson of a Marquis*, from the French of ANDRÉ THEURIET. New York: S. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *Chips from many Blocks*, by ELIHU BURRITT. Toronto, Rose-Belford Publishing Company.