

within convenient compass a satisfactory account of all persons of consequence within the Empire. Under the circumstances the treatment is largely English in leaning. For the most part there is no fault to be found with this fact. There are indeed several Irish writers who contribute to the enterprise. But in the biography of Parnell, which is included in one of the recent volumes, this English view of a man who was excessively Irish, deprives the estimate of much of its value. For reasons that are not mentioned, and which do not appear to be sufficient, the practice of the editor is broken in upon and the name of the writer is not disclosed. The purpose of the article appears to be to furnish proof that Parnell's whole public life was a blind, that his sympathies and his hopes were both revolutionary, and that his triumphs in the House of Commons and the eventual triumph of the Home Rule principle were mere dodges. That Parnell succeeded in bringing one of the English parties to the support of his views ought to be sufficient answer to all who assert his utter dependence upon the older agencies of anti-English organization. What he actually accomplished in conducting so magnificent a movement will in the long run be the sole consideration of history. To insist, as the writer of his biography practically does, that his great victory was really the defeat of his dearest hopes is to talk little better than nonsense.

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Mr. Hogan, the Australian who represents an Irish constituency in the Imperial House of Commons, has just published a work (Ward, Downey & Co., London, 1896), entitled "The Sister Dominions." It is an interesting account of Mr. Hogan's recent trip to his Aus-

tralian home by way of the C.P.R. and the new Pacific steamers. The book is one of the neat old style traveller's narratives, which nobody prizes very much when they are written, but which are blessed treasures to him who, long afterwards, seeks for scraps of information. This is more particularly applicable to Mr. Hogan's reflections on Canada, about which community he seems to have acquired only an official superficial view. The chapters on Australia are of considerable interest. The author has the advantage of an acquaintance with the venerable old statesman Sir Henry Parkes, and we are treated to some very interesting sketches in which the old stalwart figures. The writer is rather amused at the bumptiousness of Torontonians, who impressed him as possessing and displaying a unique sense of their individual and civic importance.

In the order of nature nothing goes to waste. The other day at the reference library I found myself seated opposite a man with dark hair, dark moustache and goatee. He wore spectacles and was reading in the *Gazetteer of the World*. Presently he fell asleep. A friend of his came and they two began a search for gold fields. Two art students and an Episcopalian clergyman came to the table. The gold seeker went to sleep, the minister woke him up by vigorous coughing, the artists both made sketches of him. And I noticed that the man who could sham it so well as to be able to turn the pages while asleep, was as deceptive in his waking moments. His new growing beard was grey and his hair was dyed, just turning to the beautiful purple into which the most infallible hair dye will sometimes degenerate.