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LITERARY NOTES

AN OLD-FASHIONED NOVEL.

JUST as one becomes utterly weary of the "six best sellers" and vows to read nothing more exciting than statistics or the elections, there arrives a novel which is so well worth while that before the third chapter is finished one shakes hands with the hero, asks him to come again and decides that a world containing such a character is quite endurable.

Such a book is "Peter" by F. Hopkinson Smith, to which the author has given the sub-title: "A novel of which he is not the hero." Begging Mr. Smith's pardon, one would respectfully declare that Peter is the hero and one of an order that we have not met for many a weary month. The word "gentleman" is so sadly abused that one hesitates to use it regarding this fine old chap, the receiving teller in the Exeter Bank of New York, who actually stops on a busy day to salute the bronze figure of the Father of his Country, advising his companion thus:

"He wasn't put there for ornament, my boy, but to be kept in mind, and I want to tell you that there's no place in the world where his example is so much needed as right here in Wall Street. Want of reverence, my dear boy, is our national sin. Nobody reveres anything nowadays. Much as you can do to keep people from running railroads through your family vaults, and, as to one's character, all a man needs to get himself battered black and blue is to try to be of some service to his country. Even our presidents have to be murdered before we stop abusing them. By Jove! Major, you've got to salute him!"

Peter, as may be seen, has a way and a will of his own which he exercises always in honour or for help of another. Then there is the sister of Peter—Miss Felicia—a sort of duchess in disguise, who belongs to the Old South and who would be altogether pleasing if she would not meddle with the love affairs of Jack and Ruth, doing her best to put asunder those two young people whom Fate assuredly meant for each other, and who, of course, finally discover the truth in the case and have the most delightful wedding. Miss Felicia then displays her thoroughbred quality by insisting that the event shall take place in no other spot than her own old home in Geneseo, where the tropical garden was a-bloom with climbing roses and honeysuckle in November.

The young people, too, are of the good old-fashioned sort—a brave, spirited boy and a lovable, dainty girl—none of your modern "smart set" about these two young Southerners. The dark side of life is not ignored—dishonour and disgrace sadden poor Corinne's life and send her husband to an early grave. But if there is the graft of Breen and Company, there is also the honesty of Peter Grayson and his kind. There are the deeds of those who walk in financial darkness and there are the careers of men like Jack and MacFarlane—men who build firmly and enduringly the roads by which the next generation must travel.

It is a fresh and inspiring story, told by a writer who loves his fellow-men, who "never doubts that clouds would break" and who, moreover, can write with a finished grace which first captured one in the story of immortal "Colonel Carter." It is worth while being deafened by the hysteria of "Holy Orders" and bored by the nastiness of "Together," to come to a chronicle so full of simple, humorous charm as the story of "Peter." Toronto: McLeod and Allen.

* * *

THE HIGHLANDER IN CANADA.

MR. ALBERT E. NYHEN, of Boston, a grandson of the late Colonel John Cameron, of Glengarry, and Colonel J. P. MacMillan, of St. Andrew's, Ontario, are interesting themselves in a movement having for its object the compilation of a history of the pioneer Highland Scotch families settling in Glengarry and other parts of Canada, with reference also to their descendants who have become prominent in the Dominion and other lands. The Highlander in Canada has been a striking figure, and this history should prove highly interesting.

* * *

THE IMMORTAL.

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

Beauty is still immortal in our eyes,
When sways no more the spirit-haunted reed,
When the wild grape shall build
No more her canopies,
When blows no more the moon-grey thistle seed,
When the last bell has lulled the white flocks home,
When the last eve has stilled
The wandering wing and touched the dying foam,
When the last moon burns low, and, spark by spark,
The little worlds die out along the dark—

Beauty that rosed the moth-wing, touched the land
With clover-horns and delicate faint flowers;
Beauty that bade the showers
Beat on the violet's face,
Shall hold the eternal heavens within their place,
And hear new stars come singing from God's hand.
—Metropolitan Magazine.

A WORTHY DESIRE.

AN ambitious young Chicagoan recently called upon a publisher of novels in that city, to whom he imparted confidentially the information that he had decided to "write a book," and that he would be pleased to afford the publisher the chance to bring it out.

"May I venture to inquire as to the nature of the book you propose to write?" asked the publisher, very politely.

"Oh," came in an offhand way from the aspirant for fame, "I think of doing something on the line of 'Les Miserables,' only livelier, you know!" —Lippincott's.

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