

inspired by those who were jealous of the ex-premier's success and desirous of stepping into his shoes. There is something about the character of the man who built up British South Africa, and who rose from an insignificant station in the colony to the position of premier, that must remind Canadians of their Sir John Macdonald—the man who strove to build up this country and to confederate the

province of British North America into one loyal Dominion.

We anticipate, however, that Mr. Rhodes will not be lost sight of for many years. That his temporary eclipse will be of short duration, is the belief of his admirers, who think him the one man capable of advancing the interests of England in South Africa, and thus, indirectly, the interests of the Empire.

BOOK NOTICES.

Mabel Gray and other Poems. By Lyman C. Smith. Toronto: William Briggs.

The following graceful preface heralds the contents of this dainty volume:

"The soaring lark from swelling breast may sound
Exultant strains that thrill the world below;
The thrush on flute melodious may blow,
The sweet, sad tones that stir the sound profound;
But haply, too, on lonely, shady mound
The wood-bird pipes a heart-song soft and low,
That through her own breast sends a cheery glow,
Yet brightens, too, the little world around:
And may not one who feels his bosom swell,
Who loves the sweet, sad melodies that dwell
And linger in the heart's recesses long,
The while himself he cheers, attempts as well
To lighten others with his artless song?"

Here and there through the ballads and other embodiments of artless song, an occasional verse rises above its fellows and almost escapes the commonplace. But Mr. Smith's happier vein is found in more ambitious moments and in matter worthier his art. "A Day with Homer," borrows something from the dignity of its subject, and in style outvalues many pages of songs and sonnets. "The Silent City" is beautiful in conception and completion, and we wonder that the writer thereof could ever content himself with the mediocre results of smaller effort.

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An Army Wife. By Captain Charles King, U. S. Army. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

One of the most entertaining of Captain King's clever stories of soldier life

in camp and field. The scene is laid in the far West, on the plains of Arizona and New Mexico, and the hero, Lieutenant Randolph Merriam, a recent acquisition from West Point, marries Florence Tremaine, "the pet of the regiment ever since she was born." Just as the young people have settled in their new existence, idyllic but cosy, the Eastern Express brings out Randy's old flame, one Frances McLane—"and she was a widow." One cannot but wonder at the necessity of making the widow in fiction so essentially different from the widow whom we all know. Real life is blessed with the presence of lovely widows, sweet, true, earnest women, but literature, sacred and secular, lifts warning voice against them. We all remember how Paul cautions the brethren about countenancing widows until they are proven to be "widows indeed," and every English-speaking man and woman has grown familiar with the classic: "Sammy, beware of the vidders." And so the widow in the case is a holy terror, leaving nothing undone that she ought not to have done. But the "Army Wife" was first a soldier's daughter, and being true to herself and her traditions, proves more than a match for the widow. The plot is full of color and action, and affairs move on with the swing of martial music, of which, we all know, there is never a lack in garrison life.