

plays the part of a master who teaches the intellect, refines taste, corrects moral error, and strives to stimulate the love of what is right and abhorrence of what is evil. It should depict evil as it is, that is, in its repulsiveness, and it ought to point out that virtue is a beautiful thing and invariably rewards him who loves and follows her.

The novel-writers of French Canada have certainly not had this ideal constantly in mind as they wrote, but the morality of their religion has always stood them in good stead. The influence emanating from their work is sound, its morality is strong, sometimes even lofty.

There is no temptation for them in pictures of metropolitan life, characterized as it is by artificiality, supersubtle refinement, lustfulness and strenuousness; they devote their attention to depicting the simple and free country life of their countrymen, which is generally healthy and of sound morality; they tell over again the countless legends handed down through generations at the ingle-nook; or they touch up the doughty deeds of their ancestors in a stirring tale. These considerations give the Canadian novel a distinctly national mark, noticeable even at a glance. A Canadian reader finds himself at once on a familiar soil, while a stranger comes upon an aspect of literature which he has never before examined.

The first to endow his country with a work of fiction fully deserving to be called a novel, is M. de Boucherville. Sprung from a noted family, M. de Boucherville at an early age exhibited talent, capacity for work and a desire to acquire distinction by his achievements. He soon attracted attention by his writings on literature and applied science. After having enriched his mind by a severe course of study he published in the *Répertoire National*, a pretty little tale entitled, *Le Pont de Pierre* which scored a deserved success. Believing that he had discovered the right vein, he began the composition of the work which was destined to be his master-piece: *Une de perdue, Deux de trouvées*. After he had written the first part of his work, he laid down his pen. It was only in his old age that he completed it, and it is to be regretted, for the second part is much inferior to the first.

The scene of the first part of the novel is laid in Louisiana and the Antilles. Having passed a part of his life under these burning climes, the author is familiar with them, and describes them with