

Adams has exercised great care and has aimed at accuracy and thoroughness. Almost every literary man and woman of any prominence who writes in the English language receives mention here, and the names of translators of foreign books are also noted and their work described. In only a few cases have we found errors and omissions made, but these are of very little moment. One cannot have perfection in a work of the extent to which this one goes, and the volume before us is as near perfection as possible. Great diligence and care have been exercised by the editor, and a want which has long been felt is at length supplied.

After all, perhaps, the best way to describe Mr. Adams's Dictionary, and the uses to which it may be put, is to make a quotation or two from it.

"MAUD, a 'dramatic poem,' by Alfred Tennyson, published in 1855; the section beginning 'O that 'twere possible' having been published in *The Tribute* in 1837. 'Maud,' says Robert Buchanan, 'is full of beauties; it positively blossoms with exquisite expressions. It is invaluable as revealing to us for a moment the sources of reserved strength in Tennyson, and as containing signs of passion and self-revelation altogether unusual. In a hundred passages we have glimpses that startle and amaze us. We see what a disturbing force the Laureate might have been, if he had not chosen rather to be the consecrating musician of his generation.'"

And again.

"DEGENERATE DOUGLAS! O THE UNWORTHY LORD!" First line of a sonnet by William Wordsworth, composed at Neidpath Castle, in 1803."

"POUNCE, MR. PETER, figures in Fielding's novel of *The Adventures of Joseph Andrews*."

WE must confess that powerful and interesting as the Earl of Desart's new story* undoubtedly is, it is by no means a desirable book for the average reader. It teaches a healthy enough moral, but the story as a story is most vicious. We hope the Earl has largely exaggerated the phase of London society which his pencil so glowingly depicts, and that crime is far from being

the glaring and popular thing which he describes so vigorously and so well. It is not agreeable to read of the adventures of *roués* and gamesters and titled blacklegs, nor are the morals of the community benefited by stories of the intrigues of fast women and faithless wives. There are several minor plots in the book, all conceived with more or less dramatic skill, but the turning point, or rather the *denouement* in each, develops into a first-class case of social dishonour narrated with careful regard to detail. The book is by no means dull, nor at all uninteresting. Indeed, it is very interesting and clever, and the author strives to show the evil and folly of crime, and denounces rather strongly feminine and masculine flirtations, and looseness among the sexes. And he tells us, after the approved manner of the most gentle Sunday-school book, how wrong it is to do ill and how good it is to do well, and the good young man dies and the bad but amorous lord marries a fair and opulent bride, after breaking the hearts of an army of young women. And yet the "Children of Nature" would not make a good Sunday-school book. Lord Desart is an interesting writer, and combines the characteristics of Bulwer and Thackeray. Indeed, his satiric vein is modelled after that of the author of "Pendennis," and he has much in common with him in another way. There are bits of description and character-drawing in the story which are ably and strikingly formed, and many of the scenes and bright conversations are managed quite skilfully. The caricature of the Eccentric Club is an excellent piece of humorous description, the burlesque on a certain style of literary criticism, too palpably copied, however, from Burton's *Cyclopædia of American Wit and Humour*, is rather neatly sketched, and the poetic parody after Walt. Whitman is very good indeed. The scene which ensues before the funeral of Jack Chillingham is repulsive and disgusting, and

* *The Children of Nature*. By the Earl of Desart. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.