

code of morals from natural institutions is one of the most cheering signs of the times. Even those who believe that a perfect system of morality is to be found only in Divine revelation ought to rejoice to see the anxiety displayed to devise a new regulation system for the guidance of those who have ceased to believe in

supernatural revelation. One thing is sure, no code of morality of the future will ever maintain that the stealing of a farthing's worth of property is a greater evil than the death of millions by starvation.

J. G. W.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

*Young Maugars*, from the French of André Theuriet, No. xvii., Collection of Foreign Authors. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This is not the first tale of M. Theuriet's which has appeared in this series. His *Gérard's Marriage* (reviewed in these columns) and his *Godson of a Marquis* have made readers acquainted with his light and pleasing style; the impression which will not be weakened by this last attempt.

Young Maugars is an artist, at first an amateur only, but eventually one who looks to art for his livelihood, and who competes for the prizes of the *Salon*. In a rather appropriate manner, the author has contrived to throw an air of the painter over much of the book; the landscapes are touched with a glowing pencil, full of love for the tender colours of nature;—the scenes of more animated life are placed before us with somewhat of the precision of a well-arranged tableau. Here is a little autumnal picture of peasant life in Touraine. The farmers are gathering their potatoes and young Maugars has gone among them in search of Thérèse Desroches, the girl he loves.

'Beyond the brown ploughed lands and the violet tinted fallows, he very soon discerned the fields of the farm. The soil, freshly broken by the mattock, revealed here and there gaping holes, strewn with dark fallen leaves and neglected roots. A sky dappled with white clouds bathed in its tender light the sandy furrows, the toilers employed

upon this last harvest gathering of autumn, and the distant outlines of the bluish hillocks. At various intervals apart, full sacks were standing upright along the hedges, and fires kindled with pine cones and dry dead leaves, were slowly burning, while they sent toward heaven slender spires of smoke. Familiar voices interchanged words among the neighbouring fields. A drowsy tender colouring enveloped this melancholy October landscape. Almost at the border of the wood, Thérèse was occupied in pouring into a sack placed before her a basket filled with potatoes. Her attentive profile stood out clearly against the verdure of the pines, and the evening wind lifted the white folds of her neckerchief. Etienne walked straight toward her.'

How comes it that M. Etienne Maugars is in love with a girl, however beautiful, who digs potatoes? For he is the son of a well-to-do banker, and though he has quarrelled with his father he has all the tastes and habits of a gentleman, and all the aspirations of a young artist who is just making himself known. It is true that Thérèse is not a *paysanne* by birth, but she had lost her father and prefers the humble life of the fields with her rustic foster parents to anything that town or city can afford. Such a devotion to the country is incomprehensible to an English reader. A country life in England means a country house, a meet of hounds near by, good society, and all the periodical literature of the day sent you regularly by post. No one could dig potatoes in England and at the same time marry a R. A. The clue