

dals and little things of some real moment in the convent, he feels that the writer was not conscious of the revelation or indeed that there was anything to reveal. We quote one chapter as an instance of this:

"One afternoon I was surprised to see that it was not our old priest who was saying vespers. This one was a tall, fine man. He sang with a strong, jerky voice. We talked about him all evening. Madeline said he was a handsome man, and Sister Marie-Aimée thought, she said, that he had a young voice, but that he pronounced his words like an old man, and that he was distinguished looking. When he came to pay us a visit two or three days afterwards, I saw that he had white hair in little curls round his neck, and that his eyes and his eyebrows were very black. He asked for those of us who were preparing their catechism, and wanted to know everybody's name. Sister Marie-Aimée answered for me. She put her hand on my head and said, "This is our Marie-Claire." When Ismerie came up in her turn he looked at her in surprise, and made her turn round and walk for him to see. He said that she was no bigger than a child of three, and when he asked Sister Marie-Aimée if she was intelligent, Ismerie turned round sharply and said she was not as stupid as the rest of us. He burst out laughing, and I saw that his teeth were very white. When he spoke he jerked himself forward as though he wanted to catch his words again. They seemed to drop out of his mouth in spite of himself. Sister Marie-Aimée took him as far as the gate of the courtyard. She never used to take any visitors farther than the door of the room. She came back, climbed up to her desk again, and after a moment she said, without looking at anybody, "He really is a very distinguished man."

"Our new priest lived in a little house near the chapel. In the evening he used to walk in the avenue of linden trees. He often passed close to the playground where we were playing, and he always used to bow very low to Sister Marie-Aimée. Every Thursday afternoon he came to see us. He sat down, leaning against the back of his chair, and, crossing his legs, told us stories. He was very pleasant, and Sister Marie-Aimée used to say that he laughed as though he enjoyed it. Sometimes Sister Marie-Aimée was ill. Then he used to go up and see her in her room. We would see Madeline passing with a teapot and two cups. She was red in the face and very busy.

"When the summer was over, M. le Curé came to see us after dinner and spent the evenings with us. When nine o'clock struck he used to go and Sister Marie-Aimée always went with him down the passage to the big front door."

Doubtless the writer appreciated the significance of this chapter, but it is written, as is the whole book, with the unaffected simplicity of childhood.

From the convent the orphan girl is sent to the country, where she is to take care of the lambs on a farm. The accounts of life there are delightful. But in time the little girl, now a maiden of seventeen, receives her first experiences with the tenderest of all passions and sees her idol smashed at her feet. So she goes back to the convent, finds Sister Marie-Aimée gone, and so the last we see of her is during the retreat again from the convent to a railway station, where she boards a train for Paris. There is in "Marie-Claire" all that is needed for a great novel, but as to just how far the book as we have it takes the place of the novel the reader must judge for himself. The translation from the French is by John Raphael, and it has many evidences of good work. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

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CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS continues to hold the best ground as a writer of animal stories. Even if at times you feel that he might be less prosy, that he might exert a little more imagination, you are always pretty sure that he is telling the truth. And that is something worth mentioning, because with most writers of animal stories truth seems to be the last thing to consider. Roberts's animals are creatures of wild flesh and wild blood, and he does not make them do things that their instinct has not already taught them to do. His latest volume, "Neighbours Unknown," is a good example of this. It is one of the best of the series, and should not be missed. It contains in all fourteen stories, ranging in variety from polar bears to tame cats. The illustrations by Paul Bransom are an important part of the book, as they add greatly to its attractiveness and effectiveness. (Toronto: The MacMil-