

from an impartial stand point; but we are happy to say the intention is either intentionally or otherwise relinquished: for, as the author "warms up" into his work, when he sees the abuses from which his province suffers, when the action of those in power became so vile, he grasps his pen with a firmer hand and trenchantly denounces the then existing government and their mode of administration.

The history is written by one who was "on the spot" and not compiled from the relics of a by-gone age. Musty old volumes and papers from Acadian archives have not been used to produce this work. It is by "our own reporter" who took part in the great agitation and who now tells the story of our "famous victory" for the benefit of future generations, who will study this work long after its author is no more.

Apart from the subject matter directly treated, there are at the end of the volume, a number of "Local Occurrences" which are very interesting and convey to the reader a fund of valuable information respecting a portion of our early history. It is somewhat instructive to glance over names prominent in our country's annals; some are now living and others are consigned to the dark vale of the "city of the dead," leaving nought but their actions by which they may be judged.

We sincerely hope Mr. Fenety's work, which involves so much labour, will find a place in every household. Not only should every politician have a copy; but every student of New Brunswick should likewise provide himself with one. The work is well got up and contains nearly 500 pages.



FLOWERS OF THE YEAR.*

WE regret we cannot award to this volume the high meed of praise we should wish. We have so few purely Dominion books, that when one does come before us we like to judge it with as little harshness as can be compatible with the interests of those we serve. Sometimes we think, however, if these "first fruits" were criticized on their merits alone, without any reference being made to the author or reason of publication, it would be better for all concerned. Though the task is a painful one, yet, in order to do justice to all, we must adopt it. No one is of a more sensitive temperament than an author, particularly a poet. Sometimes the *dictum* of an editor, viewed by the general reader as a passing remark, strikes deeply into the heart of the author, causing a painful wound. We should be sorry to hurt anyone's feelings in this way, and hope our criticisms will be taken in the spirit in which they are given. The outside world little knows why a book is published. Often works are pronounced trashy by the reader, who, if he knew the cause that led to publication, would call back hastily his remark. Sometimes a poor, struggling author writes to give his family bread. He toils on, overtaxing his brain, and in the end produces a very namby-pamby story or poem. This, if he can procure a kind-hearted publisher, he gives to a cold, selfish world, who freely abuse or praise it.

* "Flowers of the Year and other Poems," by Letitia F. Simson: St. John, N. B., J. & A. McMillan.