

among the fishermen of Labrador, it is virtually a Canadian book. It contains a vast amount of information about Labrador, its history, its fisheries, and its native and white population. Incidents of great suffering and great heroism are numerous, and the record of mission work inspires one with gratitude to the noble men and women engaged in it. Dr. Grenfell, judging him by his book, must be a man of a very sunny disposition, and by no means destitute of a sense of humor, which is a valuable possession. It is astonishing how, in dealing with an apparently obscure and barren field, he manages to hold the attention of the reader and engage his entire sympathy. The literature that treats of the Esquimaux, from the Norse sagas onward, Dr. Grenfell is quite familiar with, and he informs us that the Esquimaux devil is a female. Among the illustrations, there is one of the missionary steamer *Sir Donald*, the generous gift of the Chancellor of McGill to the mission, which has received a good deal of support from Canada, but certainly not more than it deserves. The Vikings of To-day should find a place in every well-equipped missionary library. It is well worth its modest price of one dollar.

No writer ever strikes a new vein in literature without calling into existence a host of imitators. Thrums and Drumtochty have their rival in *The Provost o' Glendookie*, *Glimpses of a Fife Town*, by Andrew Smith Robertson. Oliphant Anderson and Ferrier publish this 190 page volume, which is for sale by Messrs. Drysdale. Its sketches are readable and their dialect is by no means formidable. There are twelve of them altogether, but no one stands out with any degree of prominence. Their original feature is their inconclusiveness, which certainly is not a virtue in a story. Some are well told, and there is literary ability in them all, otherwise a friend of the Talker who is particular in his reading would not have galloped straight through the volume, even though he laid it down with an impatient exclamation. Ian Maclaren has rather spoiled the general reader's appreciation of the ordinary Scotch sketch story, by the peculiar merits of his style of literary creation and narration. People will read *Glendookie*, especially natives of the kingdom of Fife, but they will not carry much of it away in their memories, nor will it stimulate the affections nor leave any well defined impress on the faculty which is ministered to by the quaint and humorous.

The last of Messrs. Drysdale's books is a capital one by W. D. Howells, entitled *My Literary Passions*. Harper & Brothers publish this 260 page volume. It is a piece of literary autobiography, taking the reader in a desultory way through the author's life, from the book-case in the Ohio drug-store to the Venetian consulship and the chair of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In a light and sketchy, but not too light and sketchy, way, Mr. Howells