

unfavorable judgment of Parker's romance, but in spite of his judgment, "The Seats of the Mighty" is likely to remain a popular book, and its quality may fairly well be tested by comparing Doltaire's interview with Alixe at the Convent, and Sarennes' interview with Margaret at the ball. Again, the historical period covered, the Acadian incidents, and the spirit of the "Span O'Life" suggest "The Forge in the Forest," and "A Sister to Evangeline," only to make you keenly conscious of the difference. Through Roberts' stories runs a tender idyllic grace; the heroine is inexpressibly womanly and beautiful, the hero is the embodiment of manly perfection, and there is an atmosphere of the ideal that is irresistibly charming. One simply surrenders himself to the beauty of it all, a beauty so great as to surpass the charm of incident, though that is by no means small. "The Forge in the Forest" and "A Sister to Evangeline" are prose poems, instinct with poetic fervor, expressed with Roberts' peculiar skill. The "Span O'Life" possesses no literary grace; it is simply good plain prose.

The publishers are not open to extravagant praise for the mechanical execution of the work. It is good enough typographically, but poorly bound; in fact, the illustrations are apt to drop out almost at the first opening. Evidently the illustrations are intended to be something unusually good, but the faces all belong to the same family (without Du Maurier's skill to plead in compensation).

It would be a pleasure to congratulate the authors, William McLennan especially, on having produced a really good Canadian historical romance. McLennan's work has for several years, been a feature of Harpers' and his short stories have been greatly to his credit. The "Span O'Life" has good material in abundance, but whether it be from haste, or from the difficulties of collaboration, the story, good as it is, falls short of what we are entitled to expect from its senior author. It is bright and thoroughly readable, it is vigorous and stirring; it is not high-class literature.

E. A. HARDY.

HUGH GWYETH.*

"Hugh Gwyeth" is an interesting narrative, plainly told, with something of the vitality and verisimilitude of Defoe's neglected "Memoirs of a Cavalier." The tendency of the so-called Romantic school during its recent vogue has been to color highly and over-adorn its heroes, at the same time making their exploits marvellous beyond all credence. Of course, none can set bounds to the realm of fiction, but the reader tires sometimes of heroes whose lot it is to have as many haps and mishaps befall them in a month as would suffice a whole army of mortals for a year. Especially is this so with the generality of stories for boys, in which class "Hugh Gwyeth" may be placed. A word of criticism with regard to literary form may be made. The

**Hugh Gwyeth, a Roundhead Cavalier*, by Beulah Marie Dix. The W. J. Gage Co., Ltd., Toronto.