

A SCOTTISH-CANADIAN ANTHOLOGY.—From the *Scottish Canadian* we learn that a sub-committee of the Caledonian Society of Toronto has reported in favor of a proposal to publish a collection of Scottish-Canadian poetry. An' what for no? There's a rowth o' rhyme (an' some o't is geys guid rhyme tae) floating about in oor midst, sae to speak, that wad read fine in a bit bookie. The thing amounts tae a needcessity, it's a maist commendable needcessity, an' we houp the Caledonian Society 'll see their way.

G. M.

* * *

CLEGG KELLY, ARAB OF THE CITY, by S. R. Crockett, author of the *Stickit Minister*, &c., &c. Canadian copyright edition: William Briggs, Toronto.

In Clegg Kelly we meet an old friend and renew our acquaintance with the life of Hunker's Court, made in the pages of "The Stickit Minister." The straight reasoning of the arab mind incapable of submission to anything beyond its understanding expressed in the opening sentence of the book is the keynote to the whole, and the keen sense of humor with which this particular Arab is gifted makes the book delightful reading. Yet, while interested in the lad's adventures, we are only saved from weariness of repetition by the timely appearance of Muckle Alick on the scene. The great-souled, big-bodied, soft-hearted giant of the railway and the picture of his home life at Sandyknowe, his humor, his devotion, his death, and the strong-hearted, reticent love of the woman, whose only wifely caress is the expressive resting of her cheek against her "ain man's" sleeve is a picture of life and love so perfect that we could wish the book ended with Merrin's characteristic farewell waved from the little "knowe" commanding a view of the road to station or kirkyard.

Clegg Kelly will be read with enthusiastic interest by lads of his own age, and Merrin's love story with sympathy and appreciation by their elders.

MARY AGNES FITZGIBBON.

A LOVER IN HOMESPUN and *Other Stories*, by Clifford Smith: William Briggs, Toronto.

As it is the fashion among the ignorant to say that Canada has no history, so the same class are repeating the formula—also without foundation—that Canada has no literature.

Utterances such as fell from the lips of Hall Caine when he regretted that he did not live in Canada with the untried wells of material for a novelist like Scott to draw from, are smiled at as pleasant flatteries, and the people who smile ask each other with conviction, where could a novelist find such folk-lore, such life as fired the pen or filled the pages of "Waverley?" "Canada is too new a coun-

try," they say, "to possess the matter for such romances as Jeanie Dean's, such faiths and superstitions as shaped the lives of the men and women from whom Scott drew his characters."

Yet how blind these scoffers are to the treasures within their reach, the pens of a few scattered Canadians have shown and will e'er long prove. How truly the celebrated English novelist realized the mine of wealth beneath our "holden eyes" will yet be demonstrated. In the little volume of Canadian stories by Clifford Smith, "A Lover in Homespun and Other Stories," which we have had the privilege of reading in advance sheets, we have what we might rightly designate the expert's specimens, which should warrant our faith in the depth of the "vein" and justify the hope that a Canadian with the magic pen of the "Great Unknown" may yet arise to satisfy us and confound the scoffer. In these stories, drawn chiefly from the life of the people in the older provinces, the everyday existence of the simple yet shrewd, the devout yet withal superstitious, the loving yet jealous nature of the French-Canadian is well depicted. Whether in the humility and self-abnegation of the "Lover in Homespun," in the face of the superior attractions of the brother whose opportunities of acquiring culture have been greater than his, which while he envies, he glories in, with all the pride of family; or whether in the devoutly religious, yet utterly simple faith or superstition of the "Little Mother Soulard" in the story entitled "The Faith That Removes Mountains," the pictures are both idyllic and life-like.

It is with difficulty we refrain from quoting long extracts from this latter story. From the opening paragraph, its true yet vivid description of the stormy October night, the wind-driven leaves of the weather-beaten trees in the square opposite the great French church, swirling tempest-tossed against the weather-beaten, wrinkled figure of the old woman in the doorway of the cottage, to the end, the story is strongly written. The scene in the great echoing silent church; the grief, the prayers, the faith, the hope and final despair of the "Little Mother Soulard" are depicted by the pen of one who knows, not only the outward visible signs of the life of his characters, but the inward and spiritual grace and simple faith of their souls.

There are other stories in the volume nearly, if not equally, as good. Incidents of thrilling adventure in the North-West, but the author is at his best among the people, and when dealing with the lives of the men and women of the older national life, and among whom he has probably spent much of his time.

"A Lover in Homespun and Other Stories" is a book to be looked for and read, for its own sake as well as because it will go down to the future as a representative record of life in Canada.

MARY AGNES FITZGIBBON.