

study, but we must at least admit that the novelist has displayed in them not a little psychological power. He was writing his own good love-letters to Mme. Hanska at the time, we can therefore hardly blame him for thinking that his imaginary compositions in the same *genre* were delicious. Besides he may have felt it necessary for pecuniary and other reasons to descend from the altitudes of "Séraphita," and his vein of sentimentality doubtless had not been exhausted in "Le Lys dans la Vallée." Hence we can afford in our criticism to take a stand midway between his detractors and his partisans.

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