

this book has sold, is selling at a tremendous rate. Is it because it was written under the same dismal circumstances as *Don Quixote*? Oh, it is easy enough to guess at the success of this Irish novel, though the critics cannot be gainsaid if they point out some defects, in fact a good many. It is a success in spite of defects, and a book that churchman and statesman, men in every state of life, women high born and low born, must read and agree in declaring a most interesting book. Will it hasten the solution of the Irish question? Will anything solve that question save the cool constitutional doggedly persevering agitation of the Parnellites? Fenianism surely will not hasten the "sunburst," enthusiastic poetic effusions in the *Banner* may fire the young Irishman but then there's the cool unfired Englishman, who doesn't read the *Banner*, and he is more than "one hun-

dred thousand strong"! It is cheering to know that Wm. O'Brien did not need to have recourse to fiction to give us some most lovable ideals; men and women like Ken Rohan and Mabel Westropp, like Father Phil and Dr. O'Harte are not exceptional characters, no more alas! than such people as the Dargans and McGrudders. *When we were boys*, all in all, is never a past time in Ireland and with such a pleader in Westminster as Mr. Parnell, and such a novelist with enforced leisure and seclusion as Mr. O'Brien, should'nt we look hopefully towards a near settlement of the vexed question as to England's adjustment to Irish views? For the thousand men who are working in the great cause are there not tens of thousands of women who are weeping and praying? And is it not true that "prayer availeth much?"

L. P.

