

His last novel is "Rédemption", by far his most ambitious piece of work. It is evidently the result of a careful perusal and study of Tolstoi's "Resurrection." In fact, it is what the French call a *mélange*—a dash of Lamartine, a good splash of the younger Dumas added to the great Russian. For the first time M. Girard essays to paint the life of Montreal, the large city of Canada. From here the scene shifts to a very little frequented portion of French Canada known as the Gaspé coast, where the fisher folk living round the Baie des Chaleurs cut off from the rest of French Quebec speak a dialect of their own—a curious race of transplanted Bretons and gallicized Irish. Into the Gaspé Basin at the beginning of Canadian history Champlain the French explorer came sailing as he supposed on the direct route for far Cathay. And it is the same land to-day as it was three hundred years ago, very little changed by steamers and railroads, where those Acadian settlers eke out their penurious lives fishing the cold northern seas. To one of their villages comes a young man of Montreal's *jeunesse dorée*, by name Réginald Olivier. In Montreal's French world of fashion he has found himself falling in love with a girl, Claire Dumont, one of those creatures born to love and to be loved greatly. But the recollection of his parents' unhappy marriage has made him forswear matrimony. At Paspébiac (you can find it on the map) Olivier a few days after his arrival encounters a veritable flower of a fishergirl, Romaine Castilloux. He first perceives her in the village church:—

"Enveloped in the sunlight filtering through one of the large barred windows, just like a saint aureoled in gold, a young girl sat at the little church organ. Her half-turned face presented the purest profile that one could wish to see. Her nose was slightly aquiline, her mouth proudly arched, her chin neither square nor round, but yet energetic and sweet. Framing her forehead in an opulent mass of red gold hair, her chevelure was parted on her shoulders into two long heavy tresses. Her complexion had the dazzling white of girls with auburn hair and it was slightly tanned by the sea sun. Her features reflected candour and pride, the coldness of a young girl and at the same time the passion of a grown woman."

For this fisherman's daughter the slumbering love of Olivier is awakened again with redoubled violence. Declaring his love, he yet recognizes that it is impossible for him to marry her. Consequently once again he determines on flight before