

Of the departing glory of the Fall, he writes:—

"The goldenrod alone doth wear  
A gleam of summer in its hair;  
And one last aster, flow'ring blue,  
Remains to Autumn true."

The mood of the writer is seldom melancholy, but we at times meet with such a perfect example of a "minor chord" as

"Mystic and far, I heard the bells  
Of Is between the sea's loud swells;  
And winds through yarrow on the dunes  
Startled with weirder tunes.

Half-syllabled I heard strange names;  
I trembled, for they were not fame's;  
And questioned, distraught with the time,  
If ought but death's sub-time."

Mr. Thomson is in early manhood yet, and, from the promise which this work gives, we await with interest his future verse. He is at present a resident of New York, a member of that small coterie of Canadian writers who have gathered in the American metropolis, among whom are such persons as Professor Roberts and Mr. Bliss Carman.

DUNCAN T. McLAREN,

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EAST ORANGE N. J.

## ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

[We received the following contribution last week. It is evident that our contributor takes an interest in reading, as he urges us to add a book department as a new feature of the FORTNIGHTLY. Naturally we cannot commit our successors to any policy in this matter, but we believe a book shelf would prove an attraction to our readers.—ED.]

SIMON DALE may at once be recognized as a production of Anthony Hope (Hawkins). Like its predecessors, it is a bright and witty story of the adventure type, not, as some have said, an historical novel; although dealing with the courts of England and France during the reign of Charles the Second. Yet this is a secondary feature, and brought in merely to give assistance to the love, intrigue and adventure in which Mr. Hope delights. He introduces a prophecy told by a wise woman before Simon was born, that

he should love where the king loved, know the secrets the king wished to hide, and should drink of the king's cup. It is in the fulfilling of this prophecy that the plot is laid, with the same bold and brilliant touch which has characterized Hope's other works. In fact, although perhaps not bound to be as popular as the "Prisoner of Zenda," or "Phroso," yet nevertheless it is one of the best romances of the year, and to those wishing a pleasant hour this can be recommended as a companion.

SHREWSBURY, by Weyman, is not up to his former standard. It is an attempt at the historical novel, but fails to even interest the reader. Mr. Weyman has confused his court intrigue until it resembles a troubled ocean of incidents, which is of course wearisome. His chief character is a poor school-master in love with a servant girl, who is a radiant beauty, seen even through her working clothes. She turns out wicked, and persuades him to steal from his master, so that she and another may ride away. Both characters are contemptible, and the man in addition is a coward.

A book on the Turko-Greek war worth more than a passing glance is that of Mr. G. W. Stevens, the "War Correspondent." Although prejudiced against the Greeks, yet he gives a true, unexaggerated account; his descriptions are clear and exact, the interest is sustained and his character writing is very life-like. He complains of the commanders on both sides, but praises the Turkish privates, and perhaps, if *Truth* is correct, Russia may have wielded Prince George and the Sultan as her puppets, for she alone gained by the war.

POOR MAN, by the author of "A Yellow Aster," is a slight improvement on its companion. Its cleverness is often too artificial, but here and there true cleverness does shine forth. Her subject is that of the eternal unfitness of the artistic temperament for the decencies of life and the observance of the laws enacted by rational society for its own protection. This has been served up in so many styles that the palate finds it insipid. How a woman can write such an utterly heartless and cynical passage, as the farewell of her lover, in order to marry a rich suitor, is more than most men can imagine.