

acter, yet always makes such a character appear credible and realistic. Any relaxation in the care bestowed upon such work must necessarily result in a great falling-off in the quality of the tale.

*Fallen Leaves* has been too evidently written in haste. The opening episode with Millicent at the Christian Socialistic Community at Tadmor is quite disconnected with the rest of the book. It serves the purpose of explaining young Goldenheart's journey to England, and it justifies the fanciful name given to the story—for, without Millicent, there would be but one fallen leaf—but beyond this it is nothing but an excrescence. Goldenheart's character could have been brought out in more simple ways than by the machinery of this peculiar Community, which really exercises very slight influence over his life, beyond inducing him to utter a very prosy lecture on Christian Socialism, which we are led to expect will exercise a great influence on his prospects in life, matrimonial or otherwise, and which after all has no effect on matters at all. It is apparently introduced merely in order that three or four characters should meet at its delivery, who might just as well have met on the street, or at any place of public entertainment.

These smaller blots, however, might be pardoned, but for the grotesque meanness of the incident which forms the centre of the chief *nexus* of the plot. Mrs. Farnaby has had her first child born out of wedlock, stolen from her when a few days old, and though she afterwards marries the man who has done this cruel action, her only object in life is to discover her daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby are life-like characters, and, though some of their actions border on the improbable, that part of the tale relating to the search for the lost child is the most interesting. But in Mr. Collins' over desire for realistic effects, and owing, probably, to his feeling that 'strawberry-marks,' as a mode of recognition, are 'played-out,' he has been driven to make Mrs. Farnaby and her child slightly web-footed (as to a particular toe on the left foot)! The result of this in the scene where the poor mother just recognises her child and dies with her face on the deformed member, is of course an utter piece of bathos.

The old French servant 'Toff' is, perhaps, the pleasantest character in the book, with his handy ways and his cheer-

ful disregard for all ordinary moralities and proprieties in the cause of his master. Our interest in *Goldenheart* is not so strong at the end of the book as it is at the beginning, and it is a little doubtful whether it will suffice to carry us through the second series promised by Mr. Collins.

*Essays from the North American Review.*

New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This handsome volume contains a selection of representative essays by the writers in the *North American Review*, on literary, social, and philosophical subjects. The list of authors comprises the most eminent in American literature, and ranges from Longfellow's *Defence of Poetry*, in 1832, to Oliver Wendall Holmes, on *Mechanism of Vital Action*, in 1857, and J. R. Lowell on *Shakespeare* in 1868. It thus covers an era in literary activity, the advance in breadth of tone and power of treatment being marked in the later articles. A review of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, is a readable, pleasantly written *resumé* of the outer phases of that remarkable career. It does not give an adequate estimate of Scott's position as the originator of the romantic and mediæval reaction of the first half of our century, nor does it attempt any analysis of Scott's peculiar power in depicting scenery, his sense of colour and form, so well estimated by Ruskin, in the *Modern Painters*.

The *Social Condition of Woman*, by Caleb Cushing, 1836, is an agreeably written disquisition on the causes which have raised the position of women since the days when the fancy of the prehistoric young man 'lightly turned to thoughts of love,' as invading a hostile tribal camp, he knocked the object of his affections senseless with his stone axe, previous to carrying her off on that journey of which the modern bridal tour is a 'survival,' to his own cave or wigwam. There is not anything novel in what Mr. Cushing writes about the position of women under the ancient civilization, and the defect of the usual exaggeration in the influence attributed to Christianity in beginning or forwarding the movement of progress as relating to woman. The influence of the Virgin as a Mediæval Goddess is not derived from the position of Mary in the Gospels.