

And heeded not that Fingal gave
Protection, but with haughty stride
And with drawn sword defiance frowned,
Where Gaul stood forward on the ground.

O, Morni's son, no feeble hand
Has cleft in twain the stranger's shield,
But strong is he and skilled to wield,
With artful ease, the dark-blue brand ;
And should the combat long delay,
'Twill wear thy sturdiness away.

To help the weaker without blame
Threw Oscar with his left a dart,
That missing Myro, in the heart
Of Faine Soluis found an aim :
She fell lamenting on the ground
And Gaul the nerveless Myro bound.

And there beside the torrent's flow,
That murmurs with the lapping wave,
They dug with swords her lonely grave,
Consoling Myro in his woe,
And on her finger placed a ring
Of gold in honour of the King.

A. D. MACNEILL, '97.

TWO FRENCH NOVELISTS.

A few days ago I saw in a list of "famous English books" Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon" and Maupassant's "Odd Number." After all, the publisher was not so far wrong. The books by every continental writer of repute have been so well done into English that they have become as familiar to us as the works of our own writers. The French school has had the greatest influence on our literary artists. We study their books, we make ourselves acquainted with their lives, and to a very great extent we imitate their methods of construction and their modes of expression. Zola, although perhaps the most read, has had the least influence on our novelists; whereas Daudet and Maupassant have affected to a greater or less extent the entire modern English school. Poor Maupassant is no more, but his marvellous art remains, and a study of his books will show what a wonderful vehicle for expression the short story may become.

But Daudet! * Ah! He who does not know Daudet is as yet unacquainted with the most chaste artist, the most refined personality among the present day writers. Why is it that we have to go to France for such an artist, such a personality? Can it be because the Academy, that "sovereign organ of the highest literary opinion," that "recognized authority in matters of intellectual tone and taste," keeps the

*Thirty Years of Paris, by Daudet. London: MacMillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

Robert Helmont, by Daudet. London: MacMillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

French writers from falling into the crude art of our most popular novelists—the wild, Celtic sensationalism of a Crockett, the didactic tendency of a McDonald, or the wretched construction of such a book as "Kate Carnegie," which the Rabbi alone saves. The French will not tolerate weakness in art, and Daudet—whether he deal with the life of a boy, as in "Le Petit Chose," a sad tragedy, as in "Jack," or a bit of humour (and in this he is without a rival), as in "Tartarin of Tarascon"—is always a consummate artist.

McMillan & Co. did a wise thing when they began the publication of his works in the Colonial Library, and they did well, too, to reproduce those excellent illustrations by Montegut, Picard and others, illustrators whom our English artists would do well to imitate. The Daudet books are by far the finest that have so far appeared in the series, and the two before me, "Thirty Years of Paris" and "Robert Helmont," are charming books, not only to read but to look at. Usually illustrators take the attention from the story, and not infrequently it is difficult to tell just what scene or expression the illustration is intended to intensify. Not so with these. So well are they worked into the page and so carefully are they executed that there is not one but is of the greatest value to an understanding of the narrative.

Daudet's books all have the personal note. He is a subjective writer, and never quite sinks himself in his characters or situations. Each character has in some way played a part in his own life, each incident is drawn from his own experience. "Thirty Years of Paris" is a collection of slight sketches, opening with his "Arrival" in Paris, whither he had gone to devote himself to literary work; and closing with Tourgenieff, a study depicting the literary friendship of Goncourt, Zola, Flaubert, Tourgenieff and himself. All are done with an artist's repose and calm, a power and equipoise that make every word interesting. He is never tempestuous, he is never hysterical, he is never boisterous, he is never bitter; an evenness of temper, a literary quiet sits in brood on his stormiest, his most pathetic, his most humorous scenes.

He says of "Le Petit Chose" than he had "an inner eye, impassible, rigid, a cold and inert double, who, during the most violent outburst of 'Petit Chose,' quietly observed everything, and not till next day said, 'A word with you.'" "Le Petit Chose" is really one phase of his own life, and the words just quoted might be applied to his own artistic methods. He has two individualities, the man and the artist; and the artist is constantly saying to the man, "A word with you." If ever man had reason to feel bitter it was Daudet when he read Tourgenieff's *Souvenirs* and found himself cruelly assailed