

it on a child, his child—when Mrs. Redwood's back was turned.

The consequences were immediate. The food once taken had to be continued. It was not even necessary that the act of assimilation should be voluntary, for germs of it could be absorbed unwittingly, the effects were just the same so long as the creature absorbing it had not already reached the limits of growth. Hence it was that, in the twenty-one years occupied by this voracious history, men and women forty-foot high, with brains of force proportionate to their bodily girth, came to be. But their vastness roused ordinary humanity to jealousy and fear, and civil war was the consequence. The result of the unique conflict is left uncertain, the fate of the giant-children remains undecided, when the end of the book is reached. What will be the future proportions of the mankind of the world—giant or pigmy? Everybody does not appreciate Mr. Wells's games with the may-bes and might-have-beens. Many a severe man of science must regard him as the Sunday-school teacher does the boy with a pin. Certainly not everybody will like this, his latest effort. Yet no one could justly deny its power, brilliance, imagination, ingenuity, eloquence and humour. It has all these qualities in generous measure. Mr. Wells has never done better work than he has shown here. Packed in these pages are the seeds of many a social problem. Many a sore point in our modern system is touched by this mordant seer, whose irony is not always hidden under a guise of humour. But the humour is a saving grace. Though Mr. Wells's satire is sometimes very cruel, it is never savage. Even at his most pitiless moments when holding to scorn Lady Wondershoot, the village tyrant, he is careful to show that, with all her vanity and foolish self-importance, she was really lady-bountiful and unconsciously funny. His treatment of the giants is skilful. It is difficult to find pathos and poetry among the great folk of Brobdingnag, yet the story of Caddles, the lonely, doomed yokel-giant, is touched with pathos; while the loves of Redwood and the Princess is as nearly an idyll as pen