

of a woman with the price of a new set of teeth ; and finally Mammon meets a preacher :

"Why, certainly," said the preacher. "Bless us, what do I want with a mind? Thinking is not a part of my business. Everything is down in the book, you know ; and besides, the old-fashioned days when preachers required souls have passed away. When one has a fashionable congregation one doesn't care to offend them by parading one's soul in public. Put a mite into the plate, and you may take the soul if you wish."

Mr. Cross pictures for us the beautiful aspect of a world redeemed by the martyred Dreamer, the only soul Mammon could not buy. Mr. Cross himself is a dreamer, and he dreams some visions that *may* be more than dreams. "The thinker of the future will be a great musician, and correlate the waves of ether with waves of thought, and modify matter by volition. Then will the god awake." We might hope that when he awakes he will destroy the demons that seem so largely to possess this world ; but what, then, would Mr. Cross do for inspiration for those specimens of "Fire and Frost" that make up the bulk of his work and form the warp and woof of human life? Must not there be dreamers, martyrs, and preachers always? Assuredly yes. But not our dreamers, not our martyrs, not our preachers. These must make room for new orders, with broader views, higher ambitions, clearer insight. And the demons may be there too, though possibly they will be etherialized, for would not life cease to be life without the pains and the pleasures they bring? Life all good is but an idiot's dream.

In "Thou Shalt Not Smile," Mr. Cross gives us a satire on the Sabbatarians of Toronto the Good ; and in "A Guest of God" we are presented with a new version of the self-sacrifice for love given us by Dickens in "A Tale of Two Cities." It is the triumph of love over religion ; and in "The Fall of the Curate" we see asceticism again worsted in its encounter with real life. Some may think that in some of his sketches Mr. Cross rather "tears a passion to rags," but who is there to fix limits to the depth and breadth of human emotions?

Besides the sketches to which we have referred, "Fire and Frost" contains several essays which give great promise for the future literary career of its author. "Genius and Patriotism" is a protest against that childish provincialism which in these days of war and rumors of war runs to seed in patriotic doggerel and jingoism. "An Exile from Erin" is a sketch of the career of D'Arcy McGee from the pen of an enthusiastic admirer ; "A Poet-Politician" a similar sketch of Mazzini, the great Italian republican reformer. "A Midnight Minstrel" is an essay on James Thomson's poem, "The City of Dreadful Night ;" all of these essays make us wish the volume had been larger and had contained more of this class of work. We sincerely hope the success of the present volume may be such as to bring forth a second volume, in which we feel sure the author, with a more experienced and riper pen, will prove himself a worthy addition to the ranks of Canada's literary army.

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