

tratches of sand, water "in saucer-like pools" glistening under the summer sun; or here at turn of tide, is the rushing flood of water making the fisher-folk fly for their lives before it. It is with this early part that some of the most dramatic scenes, some of the most striking characters are connected. Had Mr. Zangwill written nothing beyond the night scene in the sugar camp and the character sketch of Mrs. Strang, Matt's mother, he would still merit the title of master with which he has dignified his own hero.

The sugar-camp episode is a foreshadowing of all tale that is to follow. One finds here the boy Matt, an uncouth-looking, pale-faced lad dreaming over the fire at night while his only companion, a micmac boy, is asleep in the corner of their rude cabin. Round the walls are fastened the crude embodiments of the child artist's imaginings, angel studies whose original is Ruth Haley, the deacon's lovely daughter, and devils whose faces reflect Abner Preep, the village bully. Into the fire-lit gloom of this strange place comes a wonderful apparition, not a phantom but a mortal walking on snowshoes, a girl whose loveliness, startlingly fair on the dark background, almost paralyses Matt with awe. His dread is hardly lessened when he finds that his visitor is "Mad Peggy," a beautiful sorrow-crazed village Cassandra who proceeds to read his fate in words of passion. It would seem that an extraordinary depth of insight dwells in the wild eyes and unreasoning brain, for Mad Peggy's curse is strangely fulfilled in Matt's later life. His doom is to feel the thirst of desire all his life long and never to be able to slake its torment.

Mrs. Strang is a woman in whose French blood runs a keen desire for pleasure which adverse circumstances have cramped and tormented until the natural wholesome impulse has been changed into a sort of life-eating morbidity. Her termagant railings drive her easy-going husband to sea, and she is left in poverty and loneliness to rear up her children by the discouraging toil of working an unproductive farm. There in the utter dullness she eats her heart out with longings for her native Halifax

which, magnified by her fervent imagination, becomes the embodiment of all that is rich and glorious. Her religion, a sort of distorted Calvinism brings, no comfort but rather a fatalistic hopelessness which deepens her despair. Sick of the struggles she tries sometimes to end the dreary life and cries out with impotent passion that she will "throw up the position." The day comes at last when the poor soul throws it up indeed and returns to her native Halifax to a cell of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum.

This is but one of many figures which, if they are less powerful than this in their appealing power, are not less carefully drawn or less characteristic of the age.

Matt is represented as extremely susceptible to the influence of "beauty in the concrete," and time and again we find his course shaped or modified by the appeal of a pretty woman whose entrance makes thus an epoch in his story.

Rosina, the well favoured, well dowered daughter of a Goliath of a Halifax druggist, comes in at a critical moment to tempt him past yielding point, to lift him by marriage from starvation to opulence, and even in so doing to bring leanness into his soul. Eleanor Wynewood, a beautiful romantic Englishwoman with a fervent admiration for art and artists, appears in the days of his prosperity to be for a time the goddess and ideal of his thoughts, the object of all his passion, but even this beautiful creature fails him at the critical point and his thirsting soul is still unsatisfied. Almost at the end of the troubled story, comes like the gleam of an evening star, Ruth Haley, the child love of Matt's boyhood, grown now into a pure and lovely woman, bringing in her sweet presence influence sufficient to turn the whole course of this man's life. By no extravagant heroics, by no passionate appeals, but by the simplest words sent directly from an utterly sincere, loving and self-renouncing heart, she sends Matt back to his neglected wife and the commonplace home whose sordid atmosphere his soul loathes. It is not in the power of either of them to know that in so doing she lifts him out of a fool's paradise the fruit of which is ashes on his lips,