

character, rare, not alone among the habitants, but among wiser and more ably-trained communities of men." His life as trapper did for him what Nature did for Wordsworth, intertwined

"The passions that build up our human soul,
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature ; purifying
The elements of feeling and of thought."

The tragedy of his life is well told and his death makes "the eye cloud up for rain, the mouth to twitch about the corners."

The other characters are not so well done. The plot is simple and yet far enough away from the beaten track to awaken and sustain interest. Of the style, one cannot speak with much enthusiasm. It is, on the whole, simple and sufficient and its descriptive passages are generally good ; but, in places, notably in the first chapter, there seems to be an effort at fine-writing, a sort of strained Ruskinian effect, that betrays a lack of sureness of touch. Here and there is a wrong use of a word, as "avocation" for "vocation," p. 115, or an obscure use, as "brows," p. 110, or a paragraph that could be re-written to great advantage, *e.g.*, p. 50. It is questionable taste to call our attention more than once to Mr. Murray Carson's "elegant habit" of picking his teeth with his pocket-knife, or to mention a second time Rosalie's moustache, or to apply the quotation referring to the fall of Mulciber, to Nicolas Laurière's painful period in the old Manoir, p. 45. Fortunately, such blemishes are few.

"The Forest of Bourg-Marie" is a credit to Canadian literature and incites in its readers a desire for further stories from Mrs. Harrison's pen. The number of Canadian fiction writers is steadily increasing : Roberts, Parker, Marshall Saunders, Miss Dougall, Mrs. Harrison, Machray, Lighthall, William McLennan, Mrs. Cotes, Joanna E. Wood, Oxley, E. W. Thomson, Sheppard, Ralph Connor, and some names that occur readily. There need be no fear of exhausting the materials for a Canadian literature. So far, old Canada has received almost exclusive attention ; the Canada of to-day, the Canada the young man of 35 and under knows, has not figured as yet in the work of the novelist, with the possible exception of Ralph Connor. Her politics, her commerce, her great railways, her waterways, her educational institutions, her cities and her farms, her ideals and her aspirations, teem with material and with inspiration. Who will arise to mirror this Canada we know and love, and to voice her nationhood ?

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