

er and employed,—a fairer scale of wages and hours for the operative, fuller co-operation between employer and employees, and mutual consideration for each other's interests; in short, to propagate the spirit of Christian Socialism." Many who would never dream of seriously agreeing, in the main, with Henry George, Herbert Spencer, or Karl Marx, believing them to be mere theoretical visionaries, will find here the very kernel of some of their doctrines, so lucidly put, and in such practical settings that their truth is readily seen. But while Miss Machar sees the ideal side of the great labor movement, she recognizes the dangerous side too. She lays stress on the necessity there is for fostering the spirit of brotherly fairness and generous trust between organized labor and employer. They (the Knights of Labor) must, she says, "be true to themselves, true to their employers, true also to the great outside body of unorganized labor. If they acted selfishly towards these, they would show themselves unworthy of the benefits of co-operation." The story itself is of the earnest, helpful kind, a faithful picture of certain phases of modern life, with a strong, human interest that easily holds the attention to the end. Any story loses when put in bold outline, and it would scarcely be fair to the reader to lessen his interest by sketching the plot for him beforehand. Suffice it then to say that the hero, Roland Graeme, is truly a knight,—not a mere carpet one,—but a knight who is not ashamed to range himself on the side of the weak and the oppressed; a hero who can meet adversity with cheerfulness; a man whom children instinctively trust, and whose heart is pure enough, and mind broad enough, to believe in the real brotherhood of man. Yet at one period of his life he is not a christian in the common acceptance of the term; but he soon finds, what few such earnest souls can fail to find, that true *brother-love* must spring from the Source of Love. During his time of doubt he is greatly influenced by the life and teachings of Mr. Alden, a clergyman of a type only too rare in Christendom, a man who taught not sectarianism, but true christian faith and love.

Nora Blanchard, too, is of a type too rarely seen. Earnest and true, not hampered by the fear of conventionality, she attracts to

herself all within reach, and influences them for the better. But we shall leave the reader to judge for himself of the other characters, not the least interesting of whom are those drawn from the humblest life. In these descriptions, those who know Miss Machar best, know such scenes are not to her the idle product of the fancy, but have been learned through actual experience among the needy and the wretched.

A powerful and original book, it takes a firm stand on the great social questions of the day, and, on this side, is the most valuable work Canada has yet produced.

E. J. M.

✦ Exchanges. ✦

WE must congratulate our more enterprising Exchanges on the tasteful character of the Christmas numbers which lie before us in dazzling profusion. We can notice only by name the *Owl*, the *Abbey Student*, the *Argosy*, and the *Dalhousie Gazette*, whose issues we are seriously thinking of framing for our Sanctum in order to excite the ambition of future editors. There are several others who deserve the warmest of praise, but the four we have named caught our eye particularly. We do admire enterprise.

The December number of the *Manitoba College Journal*, although it contains no articles which can be called philosophical, theological or even critical, has our hearty approbation. It is readable from beginning to end, and seems to be generally shrewd and sensible in its remarks on local affairs. Two narrative articles on "The growth of Winnipeg" and "A Trip to Mica Mountains" are especially interesting and instructive to Eastern readers, and we are sorely tempted to quote a little, but space forbids. Manitoba College boasts two foot-ball teams with the euphonious names of Hobgoblins and Calathumpians.

Two of the best poems which we have seen in our Exchanges for some time came with the last armful, one on Autumn Hours in *Manitoba College Journal* and one on Sea Fog in the *Acadia Athenæum*. Both of these are distinctly above the standard of ordinary college poetry, and we would positively forget the