

bent together; and then, after he had paid a visit to the child, he would go up to his room and wish that the corner of the garden that he overlooked contained the bench.

Despite the seven rejections, and the opinion of Messrs. Cousins' reader that the construction rendered the novel hopeless, the criticisms were magnificent. The more important the paper, the less qualified was the praise. The lighter periodicals were sometimes a little "superior," but the authoritative organs were earnest and cordial, and in no less powerful a pronouncement than *The Spectator's* the construction was called "masterly." *The Saturday Review* repeated that Mr. Kent's style was admirable; and *The Athenæum*, and *The Daily Chronicle*, and *The Times*, and every paper to which a novelist looks, described him as a realist of a high order.

Delusions die hard, and the bitter reviewer, rending the talented young author's book, is a companion myth to the sleepless editor poring indefatigably over illegible manuscripts in quest of new talent. As a matter of fact, it is only to his reviewers that the struggling novelist ever owes a "thank you"; and Kent wrote with exultation and confidence under the stimulus of the encouragement that he received. *The Eye*