

work, too, we miss that firm grasp of the material and skill in development of the plot, which is so necessary to the success of a story. The story seems long drawn out at the beginning. Then there is quite a decided tendency at "fine writing," a fault that seals the fate of many books. The opening paragraph is a very good example of this, and many other instances are found in the different chapters.

Turning from fiction, what do we find in poetry? In his work, *Essays for the Times* (Briggs), Dr. Dewart has collected the few poems which he has published at different times since 1869. When Dr. Dewart writes anything he has something to say, and we are glad to have these pieces preserved for us. It seems to me a pity that he does not do more in this direction, but under-production is far better than over-production.

*Cuba, and Other Verse* (Briggs), by Robert Manners, contains some very good work, but is uneven. The humorous poem on "The Early Worm of Unhappy Memory" is quite a success, and so is "His Reply to 'Her Letter.'" "Night" contains some fine descriptive stanzas:

Above yon looming cliff, whose sombre height,  
Black 'gainst the sky, o'erlooks the slumbering sea,  
Thou (*the moon*) soar'st aloft, dissolving into light  
The waters, cradled to tranquility.

Mounting on high, soon doth thy radiance fill  
The earth and sea—most welcome on the deep  
Where thy bright beams with hope all wanderers thrill  
Who in the night across the ocean sweep.

Unfortunately other stanzas are weak, and the transition bad. The whole work is only fair.

*Thayendanegga, an Historico-military Drama*, by J. B. Mackenzie, is a work of duty to appease the shade of the neglected chief, Joseph Brant. The author is not a dramatist, and that makes one sorry for the poor shade. The dedication to Prof. Clark is the most surprising of all, incomprehensible. The book has not a single merit, unless it be the historical notes.

*The Vision of the Seasons, and Other Verses*, by Dorothy W. Knight (Drysdale), is a very plain case of the need of every poet being armed with a good-sized pruning-knife. Miss Knight rushed into print at eleven years of age. I am not acquainted with her previous booklets, but a good deal of the present one should never have seen