

unfamiliar peoples, then it is that exile, more so even than death itself, is a fitting subject for our tears.

Perhaps in the whole history of the world, no members of the human family have suffered more from this most trying kind of exile than have the honest, simple-hearted peasantry of Poland. Enticed or driven from the greatly cherished homesteads of their ancestors to a far-away land of whose inhabitants they know neither the language nor the customs, these truly valiant people have oft been made the victims of a tyranny not less galling than even the heaviest Russian chains. It is sufferings such as these, it is the almost unremitting trials of a friendless Polish exile and his charming daughter that form the subject of the little story we are now considering.

In the estimation of persons accustomed to the every-day modern novel, "Peasants in Exile," will doubtless prove a most disappointing story. One lays it down with a feeling akin to that which one experiences, on turning away from the newly closed, untimely grave of a much loved friend. Did the story end otherwise it would indeed be more a work of fiction, but it would be less a picture of the stern reality that is daily enacting in our seaport cities. Marysia's gentle, virtuous life, her faith, her love, her patience, certainly demand a happier end than death from hunger, broken-heartedness and exposure; still when we duly ponder the fleeting sham of all earthly joys, we are led to admire the author for leaving his heroine to find in a land of bliss beyond the grave, the happiness that was so persistently denied her in this world of tears.

"Peasants in Exile" contains a lesson and a good one too. It is a solemn warning against what we may call blind emigration. It thoroughly explodes the idea so prevalent among the simple peasantry in many parts of Europe that America is a kind of huge gold-field or an immense garden of Eden where wealth and smiling fields can be had to heart's content for the simple asking. Alas! many a Lorenz and many a Marysia has crossed the Atlantic; others, unfortunately are still coming to meet their quota of homelessness, misery, hunger and death. Let us hope that the little book now under our notice will do its share in staying the headlong rush of blind emigration.