

drawn as if from life. They stand out distinct from one another, and never once appear to be mere variations of the same type. Rose and Narcisse, in particular, are exquisite creations, and their presence gives a rare charm and distinction to the story. It is Miss Saunders' power to create such living and such delightful persons as these, rather than her ability to invent a plot, that leads us to expect greater things from her pen. All that can justly be said of *Rose à Charlitte*, as a story, is that it is fairly interesting. For so long a book the substance of the story must be considered thin. Indeed, the one criticism to be made is on the score of length. After all it is the story that makes a romance and when it drags the interest of the reader is bound to wane. We confess that at times in reading "*Rose à Charlitte*" it required an effort to keep up the interest, and yet when we have said this we feel like adding that there is hardly a chapter in the book that, by itself, is not interesting. It is only because the connecting link between it and the main story is weak that one is inclined to lose interest. This is the artistic defect of the book. We are sure, however, that Miss Saunders' growing power will enable her soon to overcome this weakness. For the present we can commend "*Rose à Charlitte*" to Canadian readers.

M.