

depths to which a man may fall before he is aware, who has given himself up to the race for wealth. Still Mr. Benson strikes us as, at least, a somewhat exaggerated portrait, suffering very much by contrast with a character in some respects similar, Mr. Bulstrode, in 'Middlemarch.' Minturn's friend, Glezen, has more life and individuality than the hero, —though his facetiousness, too, seems a little overdrawn, even for an American. The principal female characters are less happily drawn, —indeed even the heroine gives us hardly any impression of individuality beyond the facts of her invalidism and general amiability. Miss Coates is a little better, but preternaturally analytic and philosophical; while her vulgar, well-meaning mother is decidedly the most real woman in the book, though we see and hear a little too much of her. Altogether, the story does not introduce us to very interesting people, and even the humour is rather heavy. Occasionally, too, the tone has a decidedly false ring, as for instance, in the 'rehearsal of the attitudes' for the wedding, and in such passages as the following:—

'To have a home once more was a blessing which she felt was too great to be measured. To enter a *princely* home, as its mistress, with the man she loved—to rise to so sweet a destiny out of the very embrace of death—was a joy so great that no hour, no day, no year could hold it.

'Nicholas,' said the bride, with tears in her eyes, 'you have earned that.'

'Then I have earned something better than money,' he responded.

'And you have earned me, too,' she added, clasping his arm and looking up into his eyes.'

The best thing in the book is its treatment of the problem of pauperism, and its exposure of the false philanthropy of many of the present attempts at mitigating the evil. Such passages as the following deserve careful consideration among ourselves:

'There was no lack of benevolence—that was manifest on every hand; but there was not only a lack of concert, but an utter failure to comprehend the nature of the case, and to see anything to be done but alleviation. He saw a great weight to be lifted; and no harmony of action with regard to it. Every remedial agent was "patchy." There were hospitals for old men and hospitals for old women. There were "helping hands" for this, that, or the other. There were asylums for orphans and half-orphans. There were out-door relief and in-door relief. There were general societies that were not only competing with each other for the privilege of distributing the funds of the benevolent, but invading each other's field.

'How to get the most out of these benevolent organizations, was the great question among the pauperized and perjured masses. They

were besieged on every hand by deceit, by ingenious and persistent lying, by all base means to secure what they had to give.

"Why Grace," he went on, give me the authority and the money, and I will take the contract to cure three-quarters of the pauperism of the city in three years. The poor we have always with us, and, whenever we will, we may do them good, by helping them to help themselves. The physically helpless we have always with us. The sick we have always with us. You may call these a quarter of the pauper population, if you will; but the remaining three-quarters only exist by a crime—a crime of their own, and a crime of society that tolerates them for a day. If a man will not work, neither should he eat. I cannot bear to see an evil grow in this new country until it becomes a hopeless institution—a great ulcer upon the social and political body, eating toward its vitals year by year, with never an attempt at radical treatment—with nothing applied but emollients and sedatives.'

All that Dr. Holland says and suggests about the treatment of the pauper classes is valuable, and the plans he makes Nicholas pursue might advantageously be tried by those who are desirous of elevating the masses. In this respect the book, it may be hoped, will have a wide and beneficial influence.

---

EVERGREEN LEAVES: BEING NOTES FROM MY TRAVEL BOOK. By Toofie. Toronto: Belford Brothers, 1877.

This is a book of the useful information kind—a well intended attempt to impart a good deal of knowledge about things not generally known, under the very thin guise of a very slight story. It is evidently meant to prepare the minds of youthful tourists for profiting to the utmost by prospective travels in England and Scotland, and for this purpose it may serve to some extent as a handbook to be used upon the spot, since to remember a tithe of the historical and archæological information with which the volume is stored, would be as serious a tax on the memory as 'Mangnall's Questions.' The characters in the slight thread of story which acts as the sugar-coating of the more instructive portion of the book, are of the type usual in works which convey information by the asking and answering of questions; their individuality is not more striking than that of lay-figures in general, unless we except 'Artist Annie,' who is usually to be found sketching ruins or doing something in character with the soubriquet by which she is invariably designated. The perpetual recurrence of French and German phrases, which is some-