

and of the elevation of his grandson to Parliament and to his rightful place as Seigneur, are shattered by the running away of the boy, Magloire, and any faint, remaining hopes are cruelly dashed by the return of Magloire in all the vulgar crudeness and bombast of one who has been barber, coachman, Socialist and gambler in the western city of Milwaukee. When the old man's hopes fasten themselves about Nicolas Laurière and love and light seem to come into his closing years, it is only the beginning of a terrible end—all hope, and joy, and love to go out in despair. "A moody, reticent, embittered old man, betrayed by his kith and his kin, and shorn of his adopted son," he stalks silently off the stage, the heart going out to him in pity and in admiration.

The character of old Mikel is done in black, with hardly a touch to relieve it, yet it has such solemnity and dignity that the character of Magloire, the scapegrace grandson, seems almost too great a contrast to be within the bounds of probability. It is a great psychological problem to account for such differences in kith and kin, and yet the problem is rather of the heart than of the mind. "There goes John Bunyan but for the grace of God," says one; "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," says another. Latent possibilities for evil are within us all; in some hearts to be checked and mastered; in others to master. Magloire possessed many of the physical and mental qualities that made the Carons a distinguished family. He was handsome, debonnaire, keen-witted, imperious, daring. He was a social success in his circles at Milwaukee and the popular idol in the little French-Canadian village of Bourg-Marie. But he is conceited, vulgar, shameless, a scoundrel at heart, with no sense of justice, decency or gratitude. He brings to Bourg-Marie only evil—distrust and discontent to the people in general, blasphemous thoughts and death to Pacifique Peror, death to Nicolas and despair to Mikel.

Nicolas Laurière is the finest character in the book and in his portraiture Mrs. Harrison has done her best work. His qualities of heart and mind and his motives are not all good, nor all bad. He is on the whole a noble, true-hearted son of the great forest. He is "the handsomest young fellow in the parish. He held his tuque in his hands and his dark hair lay black and dank on his brown forehead. His shirt, slightly open at the neck, showed his vast and splendid throat, a column of ruddy bronze. His teeth were exquisite, regular and white, and his fine chin, broad brow, and melancholy dark eyes, all denoted a purity and strength of