

Haworth moves on and comes full upon the figure of a young girl, tall, slender, and graceful. She was standing against a stone which rose from the grass high above her. He spoke to the girl, and after a time she answered in a clear, low voice. He invites her to his home, and after telling her how kind Mrs. Gillyflower is, he offers his house as shelter for the night if she will only come with him. After a while she accepts, and from that moment William Haworth's heart was lost. The story sustains its interesting character. The love-making, the walks over the old moor, the chats in the forest, the hilarious fun in the kitchen where Euphan, Mrs. Gillyflower and Mall Darrell sing and tell stories from after tea till bedtime, the picture we have of the fair-day at the old Northumbrian Town, Willarden, the quarrel with the two gipsy horse-dealers, the bout with the cudgels, the fight with Lusha Sinfield, and the victory of the Squire over the knavish brute, are all powerful features of a powerful novel. Not the least interesting part of the story is the delicate portrayal of the character of Euphan Curraple—the poor and high-minded gipsy girl—which is done lovingly and well. She is mistaken for an escaped nun, and her action lends colour to the suspicion. She leads a double life—a life of sadness for those who love and esteem her and who have skill enough in their composition to penetrate the mask she wears, and another life—a brighter state of existence, full of liveliness and bright spirits. Her character is a study and Mr. Le Fanu, in Euphan Curraple, adds a powerful creation to the literature of fiction. The time spent in reading *The Bird of Passage* is not lost. The story is one which exercises a mastery over the reader. It is not sensational, nor are there any tricks of composition in the narrative. It is a romance, pure and simple. It is a manly and healthy novel, and one of the best stories of the present day.

Old Martin Boscauwen's *Jest*\* is the joint production of two ladies who have already done some pretty good work. In their joint authorship, however, some excellent characteristics which each of the ladies undoubtedly possess, seem lost and as a result Old Martin Boscauwen's *Jest* is a very ordinary novel indeed. It is unreal, and beyond the development of the titular personage which is quite vigorously done, the book will hardly hold a place among the increasing heap of second-class novels. The story may, however, please some readers; the publishers have given it a very pretty dress.

Mr. Peter Crewitt† and Nobody's Husband‡ will suit the fancy of the reader, which at this season of the year, turns to something very light and very trifling. The first tale is prettily told, and though slight in texture, the plot is unravelled very pleasantly, and the character-drawing is exceedingly good. Peter Crewitt is no new character in fiction, but he belongs to that class of persons who wear well and the reader cannot help loving the honest soul for the good he is forever doing. Mary is sketched with a tender hand, and old Jacob Coggins, the Parson and the Parson's wife and Enty Moss are drawn with more or less fidelity to nature. The story will repay perusal. Of a somewhat different kind is *Nobody's Husband*. It describes the adventures on railroad and steam-boat of a bachelor gentleman and his friend's wife, a young lady accustomed to enjoy her own way, a baby, a dog and an Irish servant girl. The book is full of the author's peculiar humour, and the haps and mishaps of the party are sketched with some force.

\* *Old Martin Boscauwen's Jest*, by MARIAN C. L. REEVES and EMILY READ. New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Mr. Peter Crewitt*, by the author of "That Wife of Mine;" Boston, Lee & Shepard; Toronto, A. Piddington.

‡ *Nobody's Husband*, by NOBODY KNOWS WHO (except the publishers); Boston, Lee & Shepard; Toronto, A. Piddington.