

'The Crossing' is an historical novel, and shows its author eminently fitted to continue along his chosen path in literature. Judging from the reception accorded the book, Winston Churchill has probably won a place in the ranks of the foremost novelists of the day.

The Crossing opens at a period of time in American history earlier than that dealt with in the Crisis. Washington ruled as President over the colonies just won from England and the flag of Spain floated above the forts of Louisiana. As the author himself tells us in his "Afterword", 'The Crossing' means the first instructive reaching out of an infant nation which was one day to become a giant." It unfolds the wonderful story of the conquest and Americanization of Kentucky and Tennessee by the sturdy pioneers and early settlers, "the vanguard of civilization", who having won an empire, fought for and held it in the face of incredible difficulties and danger, and succeeded in laying the foundations of the great Republic of to-day which owes them so much and which often forgets its obligations. The pages teem with stories of the daring exploits and undaunted courage of these men, with thrilling scenes of massacre by the frenzied red-skins, with plots and intrigues and counter-plots, for those were troublous times for the struggling colonies and there were many enemies, within and without,

The characters are mostly real people whose names are well known to history and whose descendants are enjoying the blessings won by their courage and toil. There is Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Missouri whose deeds of valor in old Virginia have been chronicled and celebrated, who lost his sons in the Indian massacres and devoted his own life to the good of the settlers and succeeded at last in seeing his life-wish granted in the opening up of the enchanting valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri. And there are good Monsieur Vigo and other loyal Frenchmen who gave their all for the country and received such an ill return. For the book, being a story of real life, does not always represent its heroes, as receiving their just reward, but rather shows us that a nation can often be ungrateful, and that common-wealths, like princes, are not to be trusted. There is a refreshing vision of Andrew Jackson as a boy, "who dug his bare-toes in the mud," was champion fighter in the little log school at Charlestown, was nicknamed "Sandy Andy" on account of the brilliant hue of his locks and later fought his enemies with fence rails. We get a glimpse of Governor Hamilton, the dreaded "Hair buyer", who bribed the Indians to help the cause of England, but our indignation softens at the sight of him, for we