

THE CITY OF LIGHT. By W.L. GEORGE. Constable. 6s.

A VERY adequate and even thorough study of French bourgeois life as it really is. As a picture, it is better than anything Zola ever did, though (for the same reason) it lacks just that which Zola always gives—a sense of tragedy. Probably Mr. George will say (with a maiden blush) that his novel is none the worse for that; he would deny the truth of the poet's vision—insist that the cosmos is but incoherency of heterogeneous incident.

I may, however, urge with more hope of his attention that his novel breaks off at the really interesting part. What did Suzette say? Did the family tyranny make a man of Henri? Were they married, and, if so, what came of it? I wait patiently on Mr. George; may he incline unto me and hear my cry!

A. C.