

## "THE HEART OF THE NIGHT WIND"

*The Heart of the Night Wind* is not, strictly speaking, a first novel, since its author, Miss V. E. Roe, already has one historical novel to her credit. In the present book, however, she has really found her proper sphere. The volume is undoubtedly defective. It has an unfortunate intermixture of the East, with which the author apparently is unfamiliar; and of the West, with which she is unquestionably profoundly intimate. The story, outlined as briefly as possible, is simply this: a human wail, of the female sex, having been befriended by a kindly tribe of Indians, becomes the protégée of a very remarkable and exceptional old woman who is cook, mother, and general-in-chief of a certain lumber camp in Oregon. Picture to yourself a young girl with sensibilities of high tension, who has never known any life outside of a lumber camp; who, within hearing of the thunderous beat of ocean waves, has never seen the open sea. And then try to imagine what it means to a girl like that to come in contact with a man from the East,—a young man and a physically handsome man, whose only fault is that he has the word "East" written all over him,—and you have the essence of the whole situation. It would be a pleasure to review this particular book at considerable length. The author cer-

tainly has an exasperating and quite ungoverned style. Furthermore, she is unaware how unreal she becomes when trying to portray characters purporting to come from Riverside Drive. But, on the other hand, her pictures of the giant mountainlands of the West, the wonder-

ful vistas of towering peaks, the miraculous stretches of multi-coloured haze, suggests, in spite of the wide interval of locality, the kindred treatment, by Eden Phillpotts, of far-off vistas, seen through a mingling of sunshine and slanting rain.