

## NEW BOOKS

PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS. Presented to John Watson, M. A., LL. D., D. D., Charlton Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, October 1872 — September 1922. Published by Queen's University, Kingston, Canada.

This book is a well-earned tribute of respect to Professor Watson on the completion of fifty years of teaching at Queen's University. All Canadians interested in philosophic study owe to him a debt of gratitude, since for this long period he has most worthily upheld in our midst the high standard of a rational idealism; while to English-speaking students everywhere he has by his translations and commentaries rendered the epoch-making thought of Emmanuel Kant readily accessible and intelligible.

Of the eleven essays that make up the present volume, the first, by Professor Cappon, gives a clear and sympathetic account of Edward Caird and the school of idealism of which he was the chief representative; while the second, by Dr. R. M. Wenley, describes and explains the barrenness and inertia of philosophic speculation in America up to the time when Dr. Watson began his career at Queen's University. One passage in Dr. Wenley's essay may have special interest for readers of the *Review*. Referring to the stagnant state of philosophical study in Canada, he says: "Almost twenty-five years ago I told a colleague—a great traveller—that I thought of prospecting old New England. He replied: 'Why, old New England is now to be found only in the valleys of Nova Scotia.' The suggestion struck me, and its essential accuracy is interesting."

That the three essays in this book which are probably of most permanent importance deal with subjects taken from Plato and Aristotle, is worth noting at a time when the study of Greek is often undervalued. That on "Moral Validity," by Professor R. C. Lodge, is a scholarly and appreciative estimate of the Platonic ethic as dependent upon the doctrine of Ideas: while that by Professor Ferguson on Plato and the Poets is an acute analysis of the reasons for the great Greek thinker's severe condemnation of poetry. Professor Ferguson is certainly right in refusing to minimize this, or to explain it away as applicable only to inferior types, and he demonstrates fully the logical connection of Plato's rejection of poetry and of imaginative art in general with the spirit and aims of his moral and political system. He might indeed have gone a step further, and have admitted that in Plato's lack of appreciation of the importance of the aesthetic element in human life we have a curious illustration of the limitations to which men of even the greatest genius may be subject. "Some Reflections on Aristotle's Theory of Tragedy" is a clever and lucid paper by Professor Brett on the well-known passage in the *Poetics* defining tragedy. His thesis is that the purification (catharsis) by pity and terror is not an emotional state produced in the spectator of the drama, but rather is intrinsic to the main characters of the tragedy itself. Among the

essays dealing with more modern subjects one of the most valuable is that by Professor Symons on the Psychology of Maine de Biran—a remarkable thinker whose work deserves more attention than has usually been given it. In "Emergent Realism" Dr. Muirhead criticizes, keenly yet not unsympathetically, the recent utterances of the Neo-realists, and more especially the views of Professor Alexander as given in his Gifford Lectures on "Space, Time, and Deity."

The book as a whole forms one of the most important contributions to philosophic thought that have appeared in Canada, and will well repay careful study.

E. R.

EXCAVATIONS AT KERMA. Harvard African Studies. By George A. Reisner, Ph. D. Peabody Museum of Harvard University. Cambridge, Mass. 1923. Vol. I, 528. Vol. II, 559.

These large and handsome volumes contain the record of archaeological research in the Sudan carried on by the Joint Egyptian Expedition of Harvard University and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and are a striking tribute to the energy and ability of George A. Reisner, Ph. D. who was responsible for the Expedition. In 1907 the Egyptian Government determined to raise the dam at Assuan, and set aside money for the recovery of the buried historical material. Harvard University undertook the work, and published the results in seven bulletins and three reports. This was the first scientific attempt to investigate the conditions of the valley of the Nile between the First Cataract and Koroska, the district of Lower Nubia. The general conclusion which these researches reached was that the earliest population in these districts was identical with that discovered in the pre-dynastic Egyptian period. The skeleton, pottery, implements, ornaments, amulets were common to Egypt and Nubia, so that there must have been intercourse between these peoples. After the 1st dynasty, however, a change takes place in that the people south of the First Cataract begin to assume more of the negroid features. While the cultural development of Nubia remains at its old stage, the Egyptians make great strides forward in their civilization. "Nubian cemeteries of the old kingdom (2800-2600 B. C.) show a small, poverty-stricken population, still late neolithic in character" (p.6.). The Egyptian evidently had fortified these southern frontiers as far as the First Cataract, while beyond that there was a more or less nomadic life constantly disturbed by tribal warfare, making any advance in the arts of peaceful civilization quite impossible.

But when we reach the Middle Kingdom we find that this territory is much more settled. "The greater areas of cultivable ground show in their large cemeteries evidences of a numerous population enjoying an abundant prosperity." The cause of this is traced to the fact that the Egyptians were compelled to push their fortifications further south, and then furnish protection to other people from the desert raiders. The people, however, of this district during the Middle Kingdom were not like those of the previous ages, being "negroid, but not negro." They were probably an admixture of the proto-Egyptian and a negro race possibly related to the Libyan race.

It was to the origin of this Nubian population of the old kingdom that Dr. Reisner turned his attention, and he believed that he could best solve the problem by carrying his work further up the Nile, to the country between Argo and Halfa. He commenced his task in 1912 and continued at it till 1916, placing his centre of activity at Kerma—now a village of a few huts near the 3rd Cataract, but in ancient times one of the most influential places in Dongola. The first volume describes the investigation carried on in the western plain at Kerma and at the eastern cemetery; while the second volume is devoted to a detailed account, with numerous fascinating illustrations, of the arts and crafts of the Egyptian colony at Kerma. It transpires that Kerma was during the Middle Kingdom an Egyptian colony sent out to protect the trade route through the Sudan, for the Egyptians were compelled to guard the avenues to the south by which they obtained their gold, spices, slaves, ivory and many other articles of commerce. This colony was called Inebow-Amenemhat, and was commanded by a royal Prince, who brought with him not only military forces but also an army of craftsmen and artists. The labours of these skilled workmen have now been unearthed by the industry and patience of Dr. Reisner, and show a very advanced stage of artistic achievement in sculpture, stone vessels, bronze, faience, ivories, cloth, leather, and most important in the quantity of exquisite pottery consisting of black-topped, red polished beakers whose home had never before been ascertained, but is now placed in Kerma where Egyptian skill made use of the material and forms available in the other race.

The conclusions which have been reached by this important archaeological expedition reveal a situation not unfrequent in scientific research; for while the original hope of settling the ethnological problem of Nubia has not been realized, yet other most valuable information has been obtained, especially on the methods of Egypt's trade defence, and of her art. The significance of Kerma lies in the fact that it was the southernmost outpost, carefully fortified and highly civilized. The following two quotations may conclude our survey of this monumental work:

Taking merely the balance of probabilities based on the evidence available, I conclude that when the trading colony of Inebow-Amenemhat was founded, Dongola Province was inhabited by a native race, not of the Central African Negro type, but of that of the North African group, of which the Libyans were probably members. (II, p. 556.)

The archaeological group of Kerma is a new and most striking illustration of the powers of the Egyptian—his stubborn adherence to tradition, his response to the stimulus of new conditions, his ready use of new materials, and his ability to apply an unequalled technical skill to the creation of new forms. The curious collection of objects, neither Egyptian, nor Nubian, used by the Egyptian colony at Inebow-Amenemhat, amplifies and completes our insight into the genius of the race which created the great monuments of Memphis and Thebes (II. 21.).

J. W. FALCONER.

CRUCIBLES OF CRIME. The Shocking Story of the American Jail. By Joseph F. Fishman. Cosmopolis Press. New York. 1923.

A reviewer in the *New York Globe* has said that this is one of the most shocking books imaginable, and that it should be read by everyone. It is indeed a horrible disclosure, written apparently out of full knowledge, by one who was for many years inspector of prisons for the United States government. One may best convey an idea of its contents by comparing it with John Howard's similar work on European prisons of a century and a half ago. Mr. Fishman writes as an investigator who has undertaken a like "circumnavigation of charity," and his readers will be appalled by the account he gives of dirt and neglect, of vice and cruelty, which he has found in the American jail. This is a realistic document indeed; and if any reply can be offered which will show the critic to have exaggerated or misunderstood, it ought to be offered at once. But we are informed by *The Survey* that the facts are not overstated, and many other American papers seem to take the same view. Those who have criticized American methods as "coddling the criminal" will have their eyes here opened to another side of the case. An outside reviewer can only add that Mr. Fishman seems to have rendered a high public service, and to have fulfilled a disagreeable public duty.

H. L. S.

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A JOURNEY IN IRELAND. By Wilfrid Ewart. D. Appleton and Company. New York. 1922.

The journey which this book records was undertaken in 1921, while the régime of the Black and Tans was still in force, and when the Treaty was not yet in sight. The impressions are those of a visitor who spent a few months on the spot. Mr. Ewart is one of many English journalists who, of late, have roamed among the Irish to "talk with persons of all shades of opinion and of all classes," that they may get material for "a just picture" of the country. It is easier for such a foreigner to conceive this admirable project in his office chair than to fulfil it when he has crossed the Channel, or to feel as he re-crosses homeward that his enterprise has been successful. Mr. Bernard Shaw has made merry over such a trip in *John Bull's Other Island*. Those who try the experiment again might well carry with them copies of that most suggestive play as literature of instruction and warning for railroad or steamboat perusal. They might remember, too, that after a personal visit the dramatist himself wanted to get back to London, because "the lunatics there are comparatively harmless."

But Mr. Ewart had his wits about him. In this transcript of his experience he has been careful to record all that struck him as interesting, and has been slow either to predict or to moralize. Earl Winterton, who contributes an Introduction to the book, pronounces

it an honest effort on the part of an eyewitness to present "the extraordinary conflict of views and of rights in present-day Ireland." Certainly the people interviewed were a mixed lot. Mr. Ewart talked with the Finance Minister of the Northern Government, with Mr. George Russell—the famous "A. E."—with the Deputy Lord Mayor of Cork, with veteran Nationalists like Mr. William O'Brien, with officers of the Black and Tans and Commandants of the Irish Republican Army, with dignitaries of the Anglican Church and priests of the Church of Rome. In Dublin he did not neglect to keep his ears open at the sittings of "our Curfew Parliament which assembled nightly before the hotel fire." Sometimes he would boldly ask a new acquaintance to oblige him with his "views upon local conditions," and would be met with the reply.—"My views! Why it would be more than my life's worth. There's many a poor lad in these parts been laid under the sod for less than that." Our enterprising journalist was detained for examination, sometimes by a picket of Black and Tans, sometimes by a picket of Republican soldiers, and he carried two kinds of pass for alternate use.

In the south the prevailing view by which he was confronted seems to have been favourable to a scheme of Dominion Home Rule, "with control of our own ports and with fiscal autonomy." Men like "A. E." would begin with bitter reproaches against England and fierce complaints that the Irish had always been treated as a slave race, would deplore the assassinations while excusing them on the ground that "it was war," and would end by expressing a readiness to acquiesce in an arrangement that would place Ireland in the same sort of position as Canada. Men like Mr. William O'Brien would denounce the broken promises and the systematic perfidy of England, would recall the oft repeated and oft disregarded warnings uttered by themselves in other days, and would assure Mr. Ewart that the old Nationalists now count for nothing: "Nobody's views count for anything in Ireland to-day, except those of a member of the Dail Eireann." It seemed clear that everybody had taken "a step to the left;" the southern Unionists of the past had become Nationalist, the Nationalists had become Sinn Feiners, and the Sinn Feiners had become Republican.

On the whole, men in Ireland seem to have talked with considerable freedom, although here and there Mr. Ewart encountered a reticence which suggested to him bygone days in Poland, or in Russia under the Secret Service. The Finance Minister of the North expressed a hope that through "the Council of Ireland" the two sides may yet be brought together, and ultimate union may be furthered. But the whole book is depressing. Mr. Ewart is to be commended for giving us so candid a survey of the whole ground as he saw it in 1921, for the discords which he found then are the fundamental discords which persist still. His book is a piece of real psychological analysis. Perhaps we should call it rather a *pathological* study. It is to be read in the light of the far more encouraging sequel to the time which it describes. The two periods illuminate each other. And Mr. Ewart has the somewhat rare distinction of having interpreted one year of Irish history in a sense which the succeeding years have in no way discredited.

SAGAS OF THE SEA. By Archibald MacMechan. E. P. Dutton; New York. J. M. Dent and Sons; London and Toronto. 1923.

This little book is composed of nine stories of the sea and the perils connected with it,—all having relation to Nova Scotia or Nova Scotians. As the author says in his preface, "The province is incredibly rich in stories of the sea and its long-vanished fleets." Of this ample material Dr. MacMechan has availed himself to give us these tales of deep and sometimes tragic interest. His work could hardly have been better done. Without exaggeration or sentimentality he tells of the valiant deeds, and the still more valiant endurance of suffering by heroic men and women, with a fine simplicity and directness that carry conviction of the truth of what he relates and keep our attention unflagging to the end. Events such as are here described are only too apt to lapse into vague tradition, and then fade gradually into oblivion. Hence Nova Scotians especially owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. MacMechan for gathering together these stories so faithfully, and offering them to us in such an attractive literary form.

E. R.

WHEN CANADA WAS NEW FRANCE. By George H. Locke. Dutton & Co., New York, London and Toronto. 1923.

This book has already passed through two editions. It is an excellent summary of the history of Canada during the period of French rule,—a period, as we all know, full of interest not only to the historian but also to every lover of the romantic and the picturesque. Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, La Salle and Montcalm are names to conjure with. Of these men and of the conditions of the French colony the volume before us gives a clear and succinct account. That it has the same charm and power as Parkman's great series of volumes cannot, of course, be claimed for it; but for those who cannot or will not familiarize themselves with the writings of the great American historian no better guide to this part of our country's story can be recommended than Mr. Locke. He has given us an excellent text-book for schools and colleges, which at the same time makes a strong appeal to the general reader. There is a useful glossary, and there are some good illustrations. The addition of a few maps would be an improvement.

E. R.

THE PATTERSON LIMIT. By Madge Macbeth. Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto.

Mrs. Macbeth's new story, *The Patterson Limit*, is a romance of the Canadian forest, under present-day conditions in the province of Quebec, and it is a notable addition to Canadian fiction written by a Canadian writer.

The chief figure is a young New England girl, Ray Lane, whose companionship with her brother—an American forestry expert—in the

forests of Maine has not only inured her to the life of the woods, but inoculated her with their magic and romance. On the death of her brother, who has been killed in a forest fire, she leaves the drab New England town of Crewsbury to apply for a vacant position as ranger on the timber limit of the Patterson Pulp and Paper Company at Lac St. Dennis. Meeting an urgent need of the company for a ranger and the doubts of the manager as to her qualifications with engaging assurances, she secures the position and becomes the lodestone of a thrilling forest romance. Immediately the manager's clerk succumbs to her attractions, and through many pages he serves her with pathetic devotion, though beyond the dramatic suspense the intelligent reader will see young Archer Patterson qualifying as the accepted lover.

Before this happy *denouement* there is abundant episode, designed to test the quality and exhibit the character of the plucky and charming ranger. A drunken waster named Therien believed that he had been done out of a job by the appointment of Ray, and subjected her to continual annoyance until the climacteric episode when he set fire to the forest and attempted the girl's life. Young Patterson has entangled himself in a society flirtation, whose silken cords seem to have bound him too tightly for escape, until he discovers in the wounded fire-ranger of his Quebec timber limit the woodland chum of earlier days.

Imaginative richness in the construction of the story will be recognized by all readers, a passion for forest life that shows intimate contact with the woods, and a poetic interpretation of woodland-magic of a very high order. It may be noted, also, that the description of the drab little town from which Ray Lane escaped so gladly conveys practically all the impressions and realism of Lewis's famous *Main Street*, in about one-fiftieth of the space and in a style not less fragrant with delicate and delicious irony. To some extent, also, the story is a study of French-Canadian life. In the portrayal of Madame Janise and her numerous family Mrs. Macbeth has displayed intimacy of knowledge, both of the French-Canadian character and of the language medium, which must strike the reader as clever and true. *The Patterson Limit* should do something to modify the idea that the reading of Canadian fiction is just a patriotic act, and not a means of enjoyment.

ALFRED BUCKLEY.

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LYRICS FROM THE HILLS. By Arthur S. Bourinot. James Hope and Sons, Ottawa. 1923.

Mr. Bourinot in this small volume of verse, as in a previous one, shows a true poetic feeling and a delicate appreciation of natural beauty. Unfortunately his versification is often extremely careless; and at times the reader feels that, genuine though the emotion is, the poet has been satisfied with an expression of it that is commonplace and trite. Hence it is only in a few passages that Mr. Bourinot reaches lyrical excellence. There is real charm in the poem "To Suzette", of which I quote the first stanza:

My little daughter's eyes are blue  
 And large and round, and look at you  
 In baby wonderment, surmise  
 As though they saw the world in you,  
 And looked beyond and through and through,  
 Gazing with saucer-like surprise  
 At such big beings with old eyes.  
 I think God took the blue, blue skies  
 To make so blue my baby's eyes.

E. R.

THE WANDERING YEARS. By Katherine Tynan. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Katherine Tynan" is the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Hinkson, widow of a Resident Magistrate who administered justice in the west of Ireland during the years immediately before the Anglo-Irish treaty. This book has been put together from diaries that the authoress kept since the summer of 1918. It is a personal record of life in her native country, as well as of visits to the Scottish Highlands, to London, Florence, and other places. There are soldiers' anecdotes about the war and the period of Occupation in Germany after the Armistice, meetings with literary friends, luncheon and dinner parties in London, Ireland under the Black and Tans, a trip to the battlefields of Culloden,—one never knows what to expect next. The present critic has found the narrative one that on the whole held his attention, though it sometimes tried his patience.

Mrs. Hinkson has interesting things to tell. She is rather fascinated by the ways and doings of the landed gentry, loves the gallant British soldier and the polite British official, talks easily about "social superiors" and the "retainers" of such and such a stately family. But, like the cheerfulness of Dr. Johnson's friend, her Irish sentiment is perpetually "breaking through." She thinks the Resident Magistrates were deplorably underpaid, and that since "a hungry man is a dangerous man" such parsimony explains why so many civil servants in Ireland joined in the rising of 1916. In English houses she was constantly disgusted to find that Irish affairs were made a ground of domestic quarrel, "a sword suspended over English political life which would fall at times, dissolving friendships and family ties." In a fierce satiric vein she speaks of the survivors of the Victorian gentry, "with their Roman arrogance and Spartan asceticism," not merely differing from one another, but making their difference into a hatred. Irishmen in opposite camps, she says, might look on one another as traitors; but these English were morally bound to look on a brother in the other party as a fraudulent trustee.

It is saddening to learn from her that "the inhuman isolation" of the pre-war years is noticeable again. Hearts had been unlocked, and as late as the summer of 1919 "the key had not yet turned back." But it seems that it has turned since then. Amusing things too are scattered here and there in the book. An Irish friend of the authoress consoled himself for the loss of a son who fell in the war by reflecting



"If he had lived, he might have married someone I didn't like. One never knows." And we hear of an old gentleman, the father of Lady Linlithgow, who was almost stone-deaf from the age of twenty-two, but had sat in Parliament for fourteen years! Mrs. Hinkson is impressed by his splendid courage and devotion to public duty. It does not seem to have occurred to her that there is a ludicrous side to membership in a deliberative assembly when the member is unable to hear a word that is said in debate. No doubt the old gentleman could always trust his eyes to guide him at the right moment into the right division lobby.

It must be acknowledged that *The Wandering Years* will enlighten the reader less on the social conditions that prevailed since 1918 than on the personality of Mrs. Hinkson herself, her likes and dislikes, the comforts and discomforts of her lot, the circle of her friends, the attitude adopted towards her by this or that important person. For her intimates, who seem to have been both numerous and notable, this book will have very great interest indeed. But the outsider must be excused for feeling bored by the mere tale of her passage from one country house to another, by the verbatim report of very trifling things said to her by some soldier or some official, by the details of automobile drives with some nobleman, or by the diverting antics of a pet spaniel at some baronial residence scrupulously recorded in the diary,—with the object, one suspects, of being afterwards "written up" in a book. Mrs. Hinkson can do work far better than this sort of *causerie*. And in *The Wandering Years* one finds many a good thing, thus hidden away, for the sake of which the rest may be quickly passed over.

H. L. S.

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ENGLAND AFTER WAR. By C. F. G. Masterman. New York.  
Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1923.

This is a book of the first rank, after its kind. Mr. Masterman here reflects upon the various social differences that the war has made, upon its "aftermath" in rearranging classes, disturbing the perspective of old beliefs, making last things and last persons first as it has made first things and first persons last. The author is competent to speak on such matters, for twenty years ago there was no keener spirit in social reform and no more persistent enquirer into the possibilities of beneficial change than Mr. Masterman himself. The present reviewer well remembers listening to him plead the cause of Toynbee Hall in Balliol College, Oxford, twenty years ago, when in a voice vibrant with emotion and in language of piercing appeal he challenged the chivalry of the place to take its part in producing a finer world.

Since then, things have been turned upside down, and Mr. Masterman is still on the same quest, amid more baffling conditions, but with a like determination to succeed. There is a sad note through the book, when he speaks of "the plight of the Middle Class" or "the return of the abyss," and there is a fierce note when he speaks of "the profiteers." And everywhere, as of old, there is the return to the conviction that only through a renewed Christian enthusiasm can the social breakdown be repaired. The reader will find in these pages a picture of English

life to-day, drawn with strokes of graphic power, and he will again and again be stopped to reflect upon some picturesque or satiric phrase that has made him catch his breath. There is a chapter entitled "How it strikes a Contemporary," in which such writers as Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Bernard Shaw are summoned to say how the spectacle has affected their minds. And Mr. Masterman is but faintly encouraged by advancing science. The summing up at the end is worth quotation:

If we can have our breakfast in London and our dinner in New York, traversing the great intervening distances by fast and efficient airships, eating substantial meals on the way, while the mechanical apparatus replaces all natural human exercise, with the sole desire to have more meals, more elaboration of surrounding life, more forced and foolish conversation, more advertisement of our name in the papers, are we really better off than the peasant who goes forth to his work and to his labour until the evening, and whose life has been sustained by a vision of God?.... That vision appears to be denied to England after war. Until it is regained, no happiness or tranquillity is possible for the nation.

This is indeed a book to read, for the lines of thought it suggests are such as carry one far into the deeper issues of life. H. L. S.

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MY MISSIONARY MEMORIES. By Kenneth James Grant, D. D., Missionary to the East Indians in Trinidad. Imperial Publishing Co., Ltd. Halifax, N. S., 1923.

The author of this most interesting book has spent the greater part of a long life in devoted service to the Indian people who during many years emigrated from India to the British West Indies as labourers on the sugar estates in those islands. They and their descendants have become a very progressive element in the population, especially in Trinidad. For this they are largely indebted to the wise policy of the British Government in protecting and caring for them, and even more to the patient and self-denying work of Canadian missionaries like Dr. Grant, who have toiled unremittingly to Christianize and educate these children of the East ever since the Mission was begun by the Rev. John Morton in 1868.

The book before us is an account of some of the many things accomplished during Dr. Grant's long service from 1870 to 1907. It does not tell, naturally, of his own amazing energy, his self-denial, and his devotion, and it tells only in part the very wonderful result of his labours. These are all known, however, to the present reviewer, who has seen him at work in Trinidad. The book gives an excellent account of the settlement of the East Indians, and of their educational and religious development on the island. It contains, too, in the beginning a description of social life and manners in Nova Scotia in the early days of Queen Victoria. Dr. Grant's memory carried him back to the forties of the nineteenth century, and his father was born in the century preceding! This book is a truly wonderful achievement

for a man of eighty-four years, and ought to be read by all—especially by any who still need to be convinced that the Christian religion is the best thing to give to the Oriental.

H. A. KENT.

A CANADIAN PUBLISHING HOUSE. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited. 1923.

This is a timely little volume, that narrates in brief space the history of a great publishing house. It declares with quaint humour that the Macmillan Company "modestly" thinks "Macmillan" to be the best publishing name in the world. But there is many a true word spoken in jest, and for the reading public—at least of all English-speaking countries—the name is one of deserved renown.

The story of that great enterprise in the world of letters is of unusual interest, and this account traces it back to the first establishment of a bookshop in London about the middle of last century by the two brothers—Daniel and Alexander Macmillan. It has indeed gone from strength to strength. This little book is concerned with that offshoot of the parent Company—"The Macmillans in Canada"—which came into being in 1905. We get interesting biographic notice of the chief Canadian men and women whose books it has so far published, and a statement of the policy which it has sought to follow. It aims to build up a distinctively Canadian literature by encouraging such writers—old and new—as are most worthy representatives of Canadian thought. Thus it regards publishing not merely as a commercial business, but rather as a high calling. It seeks to obtain not just the "best sellers," but those books that *ought to be* best sellers, that it may commend them to public notice. And it believes that only by confining its support to the really good work of a country can a publishing house advance that country's literature. Its task is thus educational,—as Lord Morley so well said, that of a "Minister of Letters."

The splendid success of the firm of Macmillan goes to show that high ideals have still their appeal to the reading community. The Macmillans in Canada seek to maintain the standard symbolized by their historic name. They make high professions, and—best of all—carry these out in their practice.

H. L. S.

A HISTORY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, from its discovery in 1534 until the departure of Lieutenant-Governor Ready in 1831. By A. B. Warburton, D. C. L., K. C., Surrogate Judge of Probate, and ex-Premier of Prince Edward Island. Barnes and Co., Ltd. St. John. 1923.

The sense of nationality owes much to race, language, and religion. Probably most powerful of all, however, is a common history. Even when most divided, Germany remembered the Saxon emperors;

the Poles never forgot John Sobieski. This is the one great source of Swiss patriotism. Otherwise separated, the people of that country are united in recalling their past. Every Swiss knows of William Tell, of Arnold von Winkelried, of Morgarten, of Sempach, of Grandson, of Morat. History may well do for Canada what she has done for Switzerland. Here too there are differences of language, race, religion. The Canadian historian places his country under a double debt. He writes her past; but he also makes her future.

Judge Warburton has written a careful and painstaking history of his province down to 1831. He enters very fully into the question—who were the first discoverers of the Island? He then tells the story of the coming of the French settlers after the Treaty of Utrecht, how they were first discouraged and then approved by their Government, how the Acadians fled to Isle St. Jean, how the French power fell, and how ensued the tragedy of the second dispersion. After its conquest the Island was placed under the Governor of Nova Scotia. In 1767 the whole soil was granted to "proprietors" who for over a century were to remain as an incubus upon the colonists. In 1770, with the arrival of Governor Patterson, the Island once more entered upon a separate existence.

Three years later the first meeting of the Assembly took place. During the American Revolutionary War the chief officials were carried off to Washington's camp at Cambridge by American privateers. The changing of the name of the Island, the coming of Lord Selkirk's colonists, the quarrel of the Assembly first with the Governor and next with the Council,—all these go to make up the story. One only regrets that Judge Warburton has not carried his history down to the time when Prince Edward Island entered Confederation.

This book is an expansion of the monograph written by the same author about seventeen years ago. The same period is covered, but in the present volume much of the source material is added. This makes the work more useful to the historian, though perhaps less attractive to the general reader. Instead of a literary history it becomes more an encyclopaedia of facts. Such encyclopaedias are indispensable, but much that has here been incorporated in the text might perhaps with propriety have been consigned to footnotes or to the appendix.

Cobbett in the early part of the nineteenth century described Prince Edward Island as "a rascally heap of sand, rock and swamp . . . a lump of worthlessness, which bears nothing but potatoes." That Judge Warburton has been able to write an instructive volume of over four hundred pages on its history down to 1831 ought to gratify all natives of the Island so maligned.

G. E. WILSON.