NEW BOOKS

MODERNISM PAST AND PRESENT. By Herbert Leslie Stewart, M.A. (Oxon.), Ph.D. John Murray. London. 12/-net. Foreword by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Ripon. 1932.

A deep-seated mood of uncertainty has settled upon our time. The most manifest fruits of this temper are to be found in the fields of action. At a period of history when there is need above all things for the spirit of bold adventure, we have instead for the most part a short-sighted opportunism that betrays infallibly the absence of faith or the violence that is born of hysterical fear. Prejudice rather than reason governs public policy, and recent history has provided more than one example of the loss overnight of a century's gains in the region of liberty.

These are symptoms of a spiritual disease which, if it is allowed to continue, is likely to prove fatal to all healthy life. A gnawing cancer has been eating into the vitals of faith. The widespread secular temper of our age proclaims the insidious character of this growth. Some of the most sincere modern writers—such as Mr. Joseph Krutch, Mr. Julian Huxley, Mr. Walter Lippmann and Mr. Middleton Murry—are reflecting this phase of our modern life. It is not only that the great historic shapes of faith have dissolved; but we are near that final abyss of cynicism in the human spirit when faith in faith itself disappears.

Can we then Believe? is the wistful title of a modern apologetic work, and at least it frames accurately the question that leaps subconsciously in all our minds.

Are we to accept the conclusion of Dr. John Dewey, in his *Gifford Lectures*, that the "Quest for Certainty" is the indulgence of a barren hope which must be abandoned in the light of the modern scientific and practical demand? That instead of seeking for things unchangeable, we must take upon ourselves the less ambitious but more promising task of changing things for ourselves? Or, are we witnessing, as the challenging title of Sigmund Freud's latest book would suggest, in the decay of religious conviction the "Death of an Illusion"? Or, are we to accept the invitation of Mr. H. G. Wells to join the company of "The Open Conspiracy," whereby we substitute for the vanished forms of faith an optimistic humanitarianism, and find, as Carlyle once proclaimed, that "the true Shekinah is Man"?

When we turn from these questioning minds to those who account themselves as of the household of faith, we find a like spirit of uncertainty. Dean Inge has stated roundly that we are passing from the religion of authority to the religion of experience. Over against this position, which may be taken as a succinct statement of what many modern theologians maintain, there is a new emphasis not only upon the need for authority but also upon its actual existence. The remark-

able growth of what we may call "Catholicism" in all branches of the Church is one evidence; on the other hand, evidence not less striking is the persistence of the "Fundamentalist" controversy, in spite of all attempts to laugh it down. Religion cannot live in a water-tight compartment. Too often its most ardent defenders have endeavoured to draw the line:

> Thus far shalt thou come and no further,
> And here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

The dogmatic temper is no longer characteristic of the best scientific thought, in which not only the conclusions but the very spirit of relativity may be seen to prevail. All that is summed up in the word "Modernism," meaning thereby, in addition to the accumulations of new knowledge and insight, the changed approach of the scientific method—has that played havoc with the very possibility of religious faith? Or—can we then still believe? There is no more urgent question facing us to-day.

Dr. Herbert L. Stewart, in the latest and most ambitious of his books, will not reward the reader with any straight or unequivocal answer to his questionings. And for a very good reason. In matters of faith there can be no final coercion of the mind; personal conviction is the only strait and narrow way to truth. For the enquiring mind Dr. Stewart will provide something much more valuable than neat answers to questions whose immensity ought to make them proof against any attempt to subject them to the pigeon-hole method of treatment. He supplies us with what must be an important element in any honest mind's dealings with such questions: he lays the whole case before us. He reveals to us not only the nature of the issues, but what is at least equally important, how they have come to be what they are. Further, he assists us by telling how the issue went in the past. Then he has the wisdom to leave the decision to ourselves.

Cardinal Newman, in his *Development of Christian Doctrine*, which Dr. Stewart regards as a Modernist manifesto and which certainly is the best writing on the subject in our language, embarked upon what is always a dangerous course for those who make absolute claims. He not only claimed authority for the Catholic Church; he indicated the method by which it worked. He portrayed the long-drawn conflict of ideas, in which the truth is winnowed out from falsehood. The interest of Dr. Stewart's book lies in showing us the debate in process. It presents the modern mind in the mirror of history.

To anyone interested in the long record of human thought as it has gathered itself around the most profound themes (shall we call them by the old trilogy—God, freedom, and immortality?) this is not only a fascinating but a necessary book. No apology is needed for the publication of a monograph on an important subject never hitherto treated adequately. The well-tried writer of this volume, which for readers of the DALHOUSIE REVIEW has a greatly added interest, does not stand in need of commendation even by a distinguished bishop of the Anglican communion, although the fact that the Right Rev. the Bishop of Ripon has contributed a fore-word indicates the significance of the book. Dr. Stewart has utilized his

immense width of reading to the fullest purpose in this new study, while it will hardly be necessary to say to those who are already acquainted with his work that the easy movement of a graceful literary style is an added delight.

If we have any quarrel with *Modernism Past and Present*, it is with the title. "Modernism" has become a label, and labels have a way of magnifying themselves into battle-flags; and once you have battle-flags, it seems natural to look also for battles. Now, this is not a controversial book, although it is a book for controversialists. It wears the detached air of the historical student, who, if he does not view the subject *sub specie aeternitatis*, takes a measurable enough step towards doing so by looking at it over a period of more than two thousand years.

Of course, Dr. Stewart defines Modernism:

> By Protestant Modernism is meant the bold facing of this challenge (i.e. the challenge of new knowledge to ancient creeds) to re-shape the Protestant Creeds in such a fashion as will reconcile them with scientific and historical knowledge, and yet retain what is distinctive in the Christian message to mankind.

The possibility of meeting this challenge has been vigorously denied in our time both by the Roman Catholic and by the Fundamentalist. When it has not been denied, its legitimacy has been questioned. Dr. Stewart's particular contribution is the formidable argument of showing the process actually taking place over the centuries of Christian history. Thus the book develops beyond its avowed purpose, and becomes in effect a compact history of the development of Christian thought in a changing secular atmosphere.

According to Dr. Stewart, Modernism is a spirit. It is not to be identified with scepticism, or what passes for "free thought". It can be found at work in all religions. To some who are more zealous for the traditions of the elders, it may come with a shock of surprise to find Origen cited among the earliest Modernists, but in his willingness to think of Christian truth with the mind of a cultured man and as a part of all truth he is the very exemplar of Dr. Stewart's thesis.

This leads us to another point of commendation. We have all suffered at the hands of the dull historian. It is difficult to think of our author being thus described at any time, but he is specially happy in his manner of writing history. Beginning with the Apologists and Origen, we have history written around the life and opinions of great personalities. The book abounds in historical portraits. The entire chapter devoted to Erasmus is a fresh and illuminating study of a fascinating character. If we may select others, there are Bossuet, Voltaire and Renan, all so diverse, and each touched with that inimitable blending of the important and the trivial which is the story of life itself.

In a book so rich, it is difficult to select. The study of the eighteenth century Deists is particularly valuable, while the chapter on "Modernism in the Church of Rome" is an original contribution to the development of doctrine which for obvious reasons could come only from a pen such as Dr. Stewart's. As is inevitable, the growth of the Modernist interpretation of the Holy Scriptures occupies a large place, and the book supplies a succinct study of that important field

of modern theology in its controversial aspects. The writer concludes, most aptly, by looking at modern "Humanism," ending as a wise man only can in these days, by pointing like Evangelist to where, if we cannot see yonder wicket gate, we can at least see yonder shining light. And he stands in good company, with Karl Barth, the prophet of certainty in a world of despair.

JAMES S. THOMSON.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN RUSSELL. The Royal Print and Litho, Ltd. Halifax. 1932.

That immortal work, the *Essais* of Montaigne, written by the author—as he frankly states—mainly about himself, is introduced with the words "Reader, loe here a well-meaning Booke." Every genuine autobiography deserves this praise, and it is deserved all the more when there is no pretence of writing at the same time a memoir of the writer's generation. As its name implies, it should be a personal portrayal. Leslie Stephen said it was not a more imperative duty for a man to make his will than for him to leave to his descendants some account of his experience of life. A hard saying, which would suggest an alarming vista of autobiographies. But it contains a truth.

The countless friends of Mr. Justice Russell will welcome this volume in which his personality is enshrined. As one reads, one can hear him talk, and the very varied interests which have made his life so full are here again, jostling one another for space and attention. To some a very fascinating part of the book will be that section about which the writer is needlessly apologetic, in which the everyday concerns of a family in Dartmouth seventy years ago make a vivid historical picture. Judge Russell has served his generation in three capacities, as a member of parliament, as professor of law, and as a Justice of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. On each of these aspects of his career in turn this volume is replete with reminiscent stories, of the sort which make the frankness of autobiographic writing such a charm. All over this Dominion, and far beyond it, are those old pupils whom he taught law, those lawyers who prize the excellent legal textbooks he has written, and here and there even a survivor who heard one of his sparkling, witty and suggestive speeches delivered in parliament long, long ago. In the *Autobiography* the traits of that character they learned to admire in its power and to love even in its foibles are all preserved. Tales of election tours, or House of Commons encounters, alternate with recollections of the first laborious efforts at the Dalhousie Law School which owes him so much. And the humors of the Bench are not forgotten—how could they be, by a judge whose sense of humor has throughout a long life been among his most winsome qualities?

No one who knows Judge Russell will need to be told that the volume is thick strewn with literary and historical allusions, for the writer has been a bookman at all times, and even now, when the psalmist's allocation of three score years and ten has been exceeded by more than a decade, his reading continues incessant. Literature to

him has been an inexhaustible joy. This latest of his writings will keep alive the memory of a keen, versatile mind. It is written in the order (or, shall I say the disorder?) with which the miscellaneous incidents came back to the writer's memory, and if chaos be a fault, it is of the kind which lends added interest to this sort of composition. "I know not," said Rabindranath Tagore, "who paints the pictures on memory's canvas; but whoever he may be, what he is painting are pictures..He takes in and leaves out according to his taste." This is what has been done in Judge Russell's autobiography, and we prize it the more for its capriciousness. May his experience of life, already so ample, so strenuous and so productive, prove to have a long and happy evening still to come.

H. L. S.

ARISTOTLE'S PSYCHOLOGY OF CONDUCT. By A. K. Griffin, Associate Professor of Classics, King's College, Halifax, Nova Scotia. London: Williams and Norgate Ltd., 1931.

It is a complaint as old as Bacon's time that Aristotle left no systematic treatise on either the affective or the conative side of psychology, and that his readers must bring together, as best they can, from widely separated parts of his writings the data from which his opinions in this field are to be inferred. There is a passage in *The Advancement of Learning* which Dr. Griffin might almost have printed on the frontispiece of his book:

> Here again I find it strange, as before, that Aristotle should have written divers volumes of ethics, and never handled the affections, which is the principal subject thereof; and yet in his *Rhetorics*, where they are considered but collaterally, and in a second degree, as they may be moved by speech, he findeth place for them, and handleth them well for the quantity, but where their true place is, he praetermitteth them.

It is a very important service which Dr. Griffin has rendered in thus seeking out and combining the *disjecta membra* of another Aristotelian treatise. And he knows that the *Rhetoric* is not the only source in which they may be found.

The thoroughness with which he has explored and the skill with which he has fused together into a unity these passages from *Topics*, from *Politics*, from *De Anima*, from *Poetics*, and many another Aristotelian writing are truly admirable. Dr. Griffin proceeded on the assumption that if Aristotle did not leave an ordered psychology of the emotions and the will, this was not because he had failed to think such a system out, and has tried the experiment of bringing together the scattered hints in the hope that a single theory may be found to underlie them. Whether he has been successful or not in devising a theory, judgments will differ. He has certainly presented a persuasive case. But there can hardly be a conflict of opinion about the value of this accumulation of data, beautifully ordered and arranged, in which the passages bearing on each instinct, each emotion, each impulse of the will are set forth, compared and analysed. A particularly valuable part of the book is the discussion in its later chapters of the

way in which these affective and conative states enter into the Aristotelian plan of character-building.

This book will prove of high value for all whose interest in Aristotle is genuine. It supplies a real need, and supplies it well. For many, too, it should serve as a revelation of a side of Greek thought never mentioned to them in the common Histories of Philosophy. Having said this, I must add one word of sharp dissent. "It is one of Aristotle's glories," says the Preface, "that he has cut ethics and politics loose from metaphysics, and founded them solidly on psychology." I don't believe he did anything of the kind, or that it would have been among his glories if he had done so. But that, as Kipling would say, is another story—not to be entered into here. And it has no bearing on the substantial merit of Dr. Griffin's book.

H. L. S.

THE THEORY OF SPEECH AND LANGUAGE. By Alan H. Gardiner, F.B.A. Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1932. Pp. 327.

The purpose of this essay is to make more clear the relation of speech and language to each other and to the life and thought of man. Every schoolboy knows that the rules and examples of the grammar books are remote from his everyday vocal intercourse with his fellows; that he can make himself understood by sentences that defy his master's rules for parsing and analysis; and that grammatical distinctions are drawn with suspicious frequency by the pen of the gardener's daughter and enforced by the handmaid of the husbandman. The linguist knows that his subtleties of morphology or of function are necessary to the proper use and understanding of words whether they be regarded as the raw materials of a science or of an art. What Mr. Gardiner does is to make clear a distinction that has been confused by most linguists, that the art of speech and the science of language are different in nature and operation and must be differently regarded. The unit of language is the word; of speech, the sentence. Speech rest upon a basis not of grammar but of logic; and grammar (in spite of Coleridge's dictum) is by no means necessarily logical. Language is concerned with the locution or thing said; in speech, what Mr. Gardiner calls "elocution", or the manner of speaking, is an essential part of the thing. In speech, a sentence—which must contain a meaning (i.e. an intention or purpose) and must say some*thing* is to be considered not in terms of subject and predicate, but of the person speaking, the person spoken to, and the person addressed. In this way, such an expression as "But—" is shown under proper circumstances to be a complete sentence, as we know in practice that it can be.

The general nature of the thesis has been sufficiently indicated. It takes speech as living personal expression, as opposed to language which supplies the fixed impersonal material of the practical grammarian who is concerned with words and not with *Sprachpsychologie*. This method of approach is often easier for both writer and reader, but its results offer more food for speculation than for certainty. Mr. Gardiner states that the quarry he has been pursuing is "theory, not

facts", and that he will feel himself "untouched by any criticism which remarks upon the paucity of the phenomena" which he has studied. The interest of the enquiry and the cogency of argument allow one to accept this plea with no reservation except that, in the absence of classified findings, the case might have been presented more briefly and that at times it seems, in more ways than one, to be merely an argument about words. The work will be valuable to all who are interested in the study of how what we say is related to what we think, and especially to the readers of such linguistic works as those of Wundt, Meillet, and Jespersen; and it should also prove a useful guide and check to the lucubrations of the working grammarian. The volume is well produced and well written, but it is disconcerting, in a treatise on linguistics, to find (p. 325) the use of such an unnecessary derivative as "delimitate."

C. L. B.

POLAND 1914-1931. By Robert Machray, London. George Allen and Unwin Ltd., 1932. Pp. 447 and map.

Mr. Machray is already favorably known as the author of *The Little Entente*. In this volume he gives a sympathetic account of the rebirth of the Polish nation during the Great War, and of the rise of the Polish republic. Though he admits that his present view is very different from the conventional Western opinion of the Polish people, it cannot be said that he has swung too far to the other extreme. On the whole, he maintains a critical detachment, even when he reveals his sympathy with Marshal Pilsudski, who has obviously impressed him deeply.

In undertaking to write this history of Poland, for English-speaking peoples, he was faced with two major problems; the problem of writing contemporary history, and the problem of getting a sympathetic hearing for people who, at various periods of their history, have been oppressed by three States, all of which at different times had been allies of the British: the Austrians, the Prussians and the Russians. When Poland was dismembered in the eighteenth century, the great rival of the British was France; and, although it was an English poet who wrote "Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell," the English Government was too much preoccupied with the French Revolution to do other than let the Eastern European States work out their own balance of power, on the ruins of Poland. At the same time, apologists for Austria, Prussia and Russia have managed to attribute the partition of Poland to its own internecine factions.

At any rate, it was out of these oppressed fragments of three European States that the new Polish nation had to be reconstructed; and it can, at least, be said that the comparative success of the Polish republic, in merely holding together for thirteen years, is a proof of both the inherent virtue of the Polish people and the indestructibility of their national ideal, an ideal that was first fostered by Napoleon from self-regarding motives, but was kept alive in underground channels for more than a hundred years by passionate patriots. Nor is it a matter of wonder that, in fusing the national aspirations of a people

which owed constrained allegiance to three different Powers, and in welding them together, after tearing them apart from other peoples with whom they had lived for a century, the ways of leaders should differ, or that the leaders themselves should falter and seem to pursue devious courses.

In Mr. Machray's opinion, the one leader who, though he sometimes pursued devious courses, always knew his way, was Marshal Pilsudski. With this heroic figure always in mind, he has given us a very balanced and readable account of wavering hopes, fluctuating policies, contending parties, bitter factions, civil war, national danger, economic depression, international entanglements but ultimate national achievement; and he does not fail to note that two distinguished Poles, Sienkiewicz and Reymont, have won the Nobel prize, and that the Polish people made the great Paderewski Prime Minister and had a Minister of Fine Arts in their cabinet.

Though contemporary history can be, at its best, but good journalism, never was such history more necessary than to-day, when public opinion, both well and ill informed, is aspiring to influence international relations through the League of Nations. Canadians, especially, need to be informed on Poland, not only because of Canada's responsibility and opportunity in the League, but also because within the Dominion there are many thousands of Polish immigrants, whose sympathy with their kin beyond the seas is a factor in determining their relations to our own Government. Mr. Machray has, therefore, done us a real service in giving us an historical account of Poland that we can read with profit and with confidence.

D. C. HARVEY.

THE PREFACES OF HENRY JAMES. By Léon Edel, M.A., McGill University. Docteur ès Lettres, Université de Paris. Paris, Jouve et Cie. 1931.

HENRY JAMES: LES ANNEES DRAMATIQUES. By Léon Edel, M.A., McGill University. Docteur ès Lettres, Université de Paris. Paris, Jouve et Cie. 1931.

The author of these books has brought both skill and enthusiasm to a task that was not without its difficulties. Henry James's theory of the art of the novelist and playwright is not easily grasped, and his own exposition of it, as it lies scattered through the prefaces of the complete edition of his works, is wrapped up in the mystery of his over-subtle and highly sophisticated style. But Dr. Edel shows that there was in James's point of view much of interest and value, both for those who wish to understand his novels in the light of his own purpose in writing them, and for such readers as are concerned with the present-day developments of the art of fiction. A more scrupulous and conscientious writer than James never lived. The ideals he held before him and the methods he pursued have had a far-reaching influence.

In the second of these volumes Dr. Edel describes the curious divergence in James's career from the writing of novels and short stories, clearly his proper métier, to the work of a dramatist which resulted in a series of plays, all more or less failures. Dr. Edel believes that the five years of writing for the stage gave him experience that was of great value to him in the preparation of his latest novels, which in this critic's view were his masterpieces. Opinions differ widely as to the place and rank to be accorded to the work of James as a whole, but Dr. Edel is certainly to be congratulated on his success in bringing adequately into relief the personality and artistic genius of a remarkable man.

E. R.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FRANCE. By F. C. Green. J. M. Dent and Sons, 1929. Pp. V-221.

This volume contains six essays; John Law, Anglomaniacs and Francophiles, L'Abbé Coyer—A Study in Transition, Voltaire's Greatest Enemy, Playhouses, The Censorship. The author says in his Foreword—which might quite as well have been called a Preface—"My aim has been to leave in the reader's mind a fairly comprehensive picture of the literary, social, and economic movements active in eighteenth century France." Only a specialist, perhaps, could pronounce on the comprehensive picture, but the author has the knack of pleasant and vivid portraiture, and the ordinary reader will find in the separate essays much interesting matter clearly presented. John Law, Freron, and Voltaire himself are the most striking characters in the book, but perhaps the essay about L'Abbé Coyer contains most that will impress the layman as throwing light on the century. The author permits himself an occasional generalization: "From one point of view, the history of eighteenth century France may be regarded as the account of a long and bitter struggle for the freedom to write." And this story from L'Abbé Coyer, though the irony is not local, bears the mark of France and of the eighteenth century: "A celebrated anatomist dissected the skull of a ploughman who hanged himself because for several years, after having paid the King's dues, he had nothing left for himself. In his cranium the surgeon found a number of connected and intelligent ideas on the seasons and the rotation of crops. But the same anatomist, in examining the brain of a nobleman, was unable to discover anything save vague and disjointed perceptions devoid of merit, arrogance mingled with servility, dreams of love and friendship, visions of grandeur, and genealogical chimeras. The proprietor of this skull, by the way, was a gentleman who died sword in hand for having misunderstood a phrase which meant nothing." One might criticize a few details; "aliment" seems an unnecessary verb; and there seems no reason to refer to Bolingbroke as a "great statesman and philosopher." But it is a pleasant little book, and well worth reading.

E. W. N.

BERKELEY'S AMERICAN SOJOURN. By Benjamin Rand, Ph.D., LL.D. Harvard University Press. Cambridge, Massachusetts. 1932.

Although it cannot be said that Professor Rand has brought to light any facts of first-rate importance in regard to this episode in Berkeley's life, yet this pleasantly written account of the genial philosopher's stay in New England is by no means without interest. It is shown that he found in Newport an intelligent and cultured society, and that, in spite of his disappointment in the failure of his rather wild scheme of founding a college in Bermuda for the benefit of America, his residence of nearly two years in Rhode Island was neither fruitless nor wearisome. His admiration for his temporary home, with its beautiful scenery and its fine climate, was enthusiastic; and it was there that he wrote *Alciphron* or *The Minute Philosopher*,—which is not the least attractive of his works.

E. R.

RHYME AND RHYTHM. By Sister Maura. (The Ryerson Chapbooks). The Ryerson Press. Toronto.

This little book of poems will be welcomed by all who have enjoyed the delicate grace and charm of Sister Maura's Morality play *Via Vitae*. The authoress has the true lyrical gift, and shows not a little of imaginative power in some of her verses. "The Blessing of St. Francis," "Dress," and "Virgo Clemens" are beautiful in both thought and expression.

E. R.

THE WHITE BIRD AND OTHER POEMS. By Gertrude Bartlett. With an introduction by Robert Norwood. Macmillans. Toronto, 1931. Pp. 57.

This little volume contains twenty-nine poems. The poems are throughout melodious, and one is never left to guess whether one is dealing with verse or with prose. There seem, on casual reading, echoes of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Rupert Brooke. This fact does not imply conscious imitation. A poet is not called on to invent a new language. Sometimes the verse is a little ineffectual, a little lacking in life; even then, it is, in its way, beautifully ineffectual; one thinks of Milton's phrase and finds it not quite simple, not quite sensuous, not quite passionate; yet the best is good. In a few places it seems difficult to make the verse scan; but the bulk of the work is technically so good, so ready to sing itself, that one is inclined to question one's ear when difficulties of this sort occur. The following extracts will give an idea of the quality of the poems:

Roses an hour retain
Their grace of crimson bloom,
Closing the golden hearts
In depths of fragrant gloom;
And then the petals, shorn
By viewless hands, are borne
Upon the wind to doom.

Eastward the meadow wore a green
More soft than June's, and to the West
The level lines of Indian corn
Carried their tasseled plumes to reach
The first small hill, upon whose crest
There stood a long deserted house.

Thine unseen warders they, the valiant dead,
Defending still thy land against the foe;
To dim frontiers, untried of wings, they go
And battle wage where never ranks are led;
The while through them unspoiled thy roses blow,
For thee unstained the hawthorne's snow is spread;
Through their mute lips the soaring sky-lark sings
Their still hands keep for thee all lovely things.

It is not great poetry; on the whole it lacks content; but it is very creditable verse, with a quality of rhythm and an occasional touch of imagination that makes it a little better than creditable verse.

E. W. N.

THE MODERN SCOT. Volume III, No. 2. St. Andrews. August, 1932.

Readers acquainted with previous issues of this quarterly are familiar with its general aims in policies and literature. The summer number for this year has special interest by reason of its centenary commentary on Sir Walter Scott by Donald Carswell, A. T. Cunninghame, Edwin Muir, and Rebecca West. These writers derive from the tradition of *The Modern Scot* at least an easy escape from the usual anniversary obligation of repeating acceptable compliments. Mr. Carswell explains in a couple of pages why Scott is so sadly neglected; Mr. Cunninghame explains why his "school-boy toshery" should be neglected; Mr. Muir proves that he was not a Romantic, and had no influence; and Miss West provides a conclusion to the symposium by showing that he makes a profound appeal not to the popular reader but to the literary artist.

Refreshed if not convinced by these diversions, we may revert to our previous opinions.

C. L. B.

CATALOGUE OF PAMPHLETS IN THE PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA, 1878-1931; With index. By Magdalen Casey. F. A. Acland, Ottawa, 1932. Pp. VII, 589.

In the January number of this REVIEW mention was made of Part One of this catalogue, giving the authors and titles of 4,260 pamphlets, published between 1493 and 1877. This volume, Part Two of the catalogue, comprises 5,812 pamphlets that have been published since 1877. The two volumes, therefore, reveal the fact that 10,072 pamphlets have been collected and deposited in the Public Archives of Canada for the use of students of history, economics and government. Both volumes of the catalogue have been carefully arranged by Miss Magdalen Casey, on the same workmanlike plan; in chronological order, according to the year of publication. Thus each pamphlet is numbered in historical sequence, and the indexes of both subject and author refer to these numbers. Only those who have tried to use pamphlets piled in disordered bundles can appreciate how much the patient industry of Miss Casey has simplified their problem.

D. C. HARVEY.