

a little less prominent, and to have at any rate one principal verb in each sentence. No doubt the introduction is intended to be little more than a series of notes, but there should be method even in note-making. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. We do not feel sure, either, that the editor has made his meaning very clear in the following estimate of Cicero's character:—"With all this he was the greatest of Roman orators, an authority on Grammar, and an advocate of a pure morality, which he borrowed from Plato and the Academic School. He lived and died in faith. He has made converts to the belief in virtue, and had disciples in the wisdom of love." We should like to see the school-boy who can make out what is meant by Cicero's living and dying in faith, and having disciples in the wisdom of love. Although, too, it is a fact, it would have been as well to leave out the phrase "an authority on Grammar." In its present position it reminds us strongly of the epitaph in which the dear departed was handed down to posterity: "as a devoted, husband, an honest man, and a first-rate shot."

SCHILLER'S BALLADS, with notes by A. Müller, Master of Modern Languages, Berlin High School. Toronto: The Canada Publishing Company.

THIS little work contains four of Schiller's finest ballads, and the notes have been prepared with a view to assisting candidates for the Intermediate, or for Junior Matriculation at Toronto University. The notes are good and practical, exactly such notes as a painstaking teacher would give his pupils. We wish, however, that the author had given fuller explanations and translations of some of the more difficult passages. For example, many students find difficulty in construing and translating the last four lines of "*Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*." The editor partially explains one line, but his notes would be of more assistance if he supplied a subject for *trat* and shewed how *strent* is connected with the words preceding. In such cases, it would be well to arrange the German words in the prose order. Again, in such a passage as lines 114-121; or lines 144-153 of "*Die Kraniche des Ibycus*," it would have been better, if the editor, instead of giving the literal translation of a few

single words and phrases, had given a rendering of the whole passage, conveying the poetic meaning of the original. The work, on the whole, is an excellent one, and, for what he has done, Mr. Müller deserves, and we do not doubt, will receive, the thanks of every student as well as of every teacher of German in the Province.

WORDSWORTH, by F. W. H. Myers. English Men of Letters Series, edited by John Morley. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

THAT there is anything very new to be said, either about the life or the writings of Wordsworth, is hardly to be expected. Some unpublished letters and traditionary reminiscences have been placed at Mr. Myers' disposal, which, without throwing any startling light upon the incidents of the poet's life, may be welcomed as perhaps the last gleanings of fact which biographers can expect to rake together. For new light upon Wordsworth's poetry we must wait until poetic thought has moved on to some further vantage ground;—all that can be advantageously said from the stand-point of appreciative discipleship having been already given to the world. Mr. Myers naturally, therefore, disclaims any pretensions to novelty in the views he has taken of the inner spirit and true scope of Wordsworth's genius; the views he propounds have, no doubt, been come to independently, but the result does not lead him to obtrude "upon the public any merely fanciful estimate in which better accredited judges would refuse to concur."

Within the limits thus prescribed, Mr. Myers has shewn great skill and appreciation. He is a poet himself, and he deals with that aspect of Wordsworth's life in a congenial spirit, while the whole work is written in that good prose which poets not unfrequently write when they escape being too flowery and rhetorical. We have no fault to find with his biographical sketch, unless it be that at p. 88, he follows the modern practice of sneering at De Quincey, although he certainly does not go so far in that direction as does Carlyle in his lately published "*Reminiscences*." We would select the 7th chapter on the "*Happy Warrior*," as perhaps containing the best passages in the book.