

such superiority of terms as conscious right possesses over conscious villainy. The voice of the child of the desert might be smothered by the rolling smoke that still tarnishes the glory of the French eagles, but in Landor's pages it could be heard. Face to face with Marshal Bugeaud, the Bedouin could rebuke him and his master, and all the civilized world could overhear it. If any man would fain have his sons hate vice, oppression, despotism, and superstition, let him teach them to read and love Landor early.

We need not mention particularly any one of the conversations in the volume now before us. There is not one that will not repay careful study; you can read Landor more than once and can learn something from him every time. One thing we regret in this edition; it is that Landor's erratic spelling has been corrected, and one source of piquant pleasure, one peculiar flavor of his style, has gone with it. The generation which learns its Landor from this Webstertized issue will not understand De Quincy's playful allusion to our author as an 'orthographic mutineer.'

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY: Bits of Gossip about Books and Those who wrote Them. By George Stewart, Jr.: Toronto: Belford Bros.

This little book consists of papers first published separately in *Belford's Magazine*, consisting of light and gossipy critiques of a number of modern authors, almost exclusively American. Had the author entitled his book "Gossips about American books," &c., it would have been better described. He gives us no reason for this preference, except that he has selected "such of the great names of literature as please me best." It is a little curious, that, with the exception of Carlyle, these great names should be taken entirely from our neighbours across the line,—that about Tennyson or Browning, George Eliot or George Macdonald, and a host besides, he should have nothing to say. However, he has a right to make his own choice, though hardly to make the title of his book so general. Possibly he may have thought that we, in Canada, stand more in need of information about American authors. It is not easy to see, moreover, why he should have thrown his critiques into the dialogue form. Where there is no attempt at characterization, where question and answer clearly do duty only as pegs to hang opinions on, it seems to us they are generally *de trop*, and that the author would have done better to follow the straightforward essay form, as Leslie Stephen has done in his "Hours in a Library," which probably suggested the title of this little volume. However, it is possible that the dialogue form may catch a few readers who shrink from pages of unbroken essay. Apart from these

minor exceptions, the book is pleasant reading, and contains a good deal of information about the authors discussed. As to Emerson, the writer grows in our opinion a little too enthusiastic over "the apostle of a new faith;" but Holmes and Aldrich and Howells he describes very truly and with a good deal of vividness of expression and discrimination of quality. The criticism of Whittier, enthusiastic as it is, strikes us as very inadequate, because some of the poet's noblest poems and passages are entirely ignored. In such poems as "The Eternal Goodness" and "The Master," he strikes some of the highest chords he touches, yet these are left entirely unnoticed. It is a happy comparison, however, to say that, "in many ways Whittier is another Wordsworth. He is fully as homely, and as eager a lover of nature as the English bard. He has written nothing like the 'Excursion,' as a whole, but there are bits in his composition which sound the same echoes."

Taken as a whole, the book contains a good deal of information for young readers, pleasantly expressed, and we heartily endorse the author's hope that it may lead these to "turn to the pages of [some of] the great geniuses who have enlightened an age, and read the delightful poems, sketches, and stories, which they have given us."

PETITES CHRONIQUES POUR 1877. Par Arthur Buies. Quebec: C. Darveau. 1878.

The writer of this little work desires to be better known than he is by his English-speaking fellow-subjects. He is an able and graphic writer, as readers of the persecuted *Réveil* know well; and he is an earnest and honest man, as his struggles and sufferings testify. Perhaps the best account of M. Buies will be found in Mr. Charles Lindsey's "Rome in Canada" (pp. 31 and 217). His purpose in establishing *Le Réveil* was to ascertain whether politics had any sphere apart from religion. All that was asked was freedom of political discussion, without interference in any way with the proper domain of religion. It might have suggested itself to M. Buies—and probably did—that the effort was hopeless from the outset. Before the journal appeared, the hierarchy and its sleuth-hounds had smelt danger. The prospectus had announced the promise to avoid religious questions, and that was deemed a sufficient reason for its condemnation. The Archbishop of Quebec denounced this promise "as a species of apostasy," because "the very nature of political, social, and educational questions recalls the idea of religion." Perhaps the new advocates of separating politics from religion will condescend to inform us what independent standpoint is left for the former? *Le Réveil* was placed under the ban of the Church; every