

scientific analysis. Briefly stated, the conclusions of our author seem to be these: The Celts belong to the "Communitistic clan formation," and the Normans to the "Communitistic state formation," while the Anglo-Saxons belong to the "Particularist formation." What do these technical terms mean? *Societies of a Communitistic formation* are characterized by a tendency to rely, not on self, but on the community, on the group, family, tribe, clan, public powers, etc. *Societies of a particularist formation* are characterized by a tendency to rely, not on the community, not on the group, but on self. Amongst them the private man ("le particulier") triumphs over the public man. Anglo-Saxon populations are the most striking representatives of this type, the French represent the Communitistic formation. The analysis of the comparative merits of these two contrasted social formations is carried out by comparing the Frenchman and the Anglo-Saxon at school, in private life and in public life. In each case the genius of the social formation tells. Independence, self-reliance, ability to fight his own way in the world—these are the notes in the Anglo-Saxon character; dependence, reliance on parents or the State, inability to contend strongly in the "struggle for existence"—these are the notes in the French character. No more need be said. The book abounds in interesting reflections. Socialism is strong in France and in Germany, where the centralizing of political power, etc., is producing a "Communitistic formation" in a Teutonic people, but weak in England, and in England it is among the Celtic and Norman elements alone that the socialistic doctrines have found an echo. Interesting light is thrown upon the fact, well-known, that political power in the United States is in Irish, i.e., Celtic hands. The much-vaunted modern doctrine of Altruism is startlingly characterized as selfish! Why? Because the Altruists are actuated by an attempt to persuade all men, i.e., the State, to mother the individual. It is among the peoples of a "Communitistic formation" that this ism arose. It is Communism dressed up in Christian clothes! In England, Altruism will not be called in to stop or modify the struggle for existence, to check the operation of a natural law, to interfere with progress; but only as a sister of mercy to bind up the maimed and wounded in the battle of the strong. It has often been noticed that France and Germany talk Socialism, and in England the lot of the workingman is steadily bettered. We ask why? Because on the Continent the children of a "Communitistic formation" weakly look to the State to better their lot. The English workingman, strong in his self-reliance, fights and wins. Again, which social state is the happiest—that in which circumstances make life easy? No! The Mongolian and the Tartar and the Southerner stagnate. Nor are those happiest who, living in a "Communitistic formation," strive to escape from the struggle of life. Those are the most happy who find the breath of life in triumphing over difficulties.

The book is full of suggestiveness. It is proud reading for the Anglo-Saxon. The Lord of life has, according to this Frenchman, planted in Saxon blood the germ of social triumph.

THE SPAN O' LIFE. By W. McLennan and J. N. McIlwraith. Toronto: Copp Clark Co. New York: Harpers. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.50.

The scene of this pretty tale is mainly laid at Louisburg and Quebec, during the last century when France and England were battling for supremacy in the New World. The joint authorship produces no sense of dislocation in a most excellently worked-out plot, nor is there any unevenness in the writing of this book which is a welcome addition to Canadian literature. The illustrations, by Mr. F. de Myrbach, are a distinct addition to the volume. It

is not easy to forget the scene on deck with Margaret Nairn and Montcalm in the foreground as she says, "There is little I would not do to please le père Jean." Le père Jean, the missionary, has more connection with the history of the chief characters than at first appears, but what is so skillfully hidden by the authors had better not be divulged.

The story begins in London where Hugh Maxwell is hiding in disguise after the defeat of Culloden, when he falls in love with Margaret Nairn. Just as they are beginning to understand one another, but before he has spoken, his wife, whom he had long believed to be dead, turns up. He leaves to join the French army in America. Presently Margaret comes in for her fortune, and, thinking that his poverty had prevented his speaking, she follows her lover, accompanied by Maxwell's wife as her maid. Here are fine opportunities for the god who loves to tangle the threads of affection.

The book has been compared to "The Seats of the Mighty," not happily, we think. This book is strong where Gilbert Parker's is weakest and weak where his is strong. The plot of *The Span O' Life* leaves little to be desired, but there is nothing in this book to compare with the fine character-sketching and dramatically executed scenes which fill the pages of Mr. Parker's romance. If only these authors can supply their lack of fire in the delineation of scenes, in themselves dramatic, then we think we can promise them ten readers where now they will have one. *The Span O' Life* is a capital story but it is not so exhilarating as it ought to be.

TO THE CROW.

Outscreecher of the common garden cat;
More doleful than the dog whose tale of woe
Floats to the moon; worse than a squalling brat;
I have a crow to pick with thee, O crow!

Thou who didst waken from their summer dreams
The sleepers in the corridor below
With the shrill sounds of thy discordant screams,
Heedless of their polite requests to go;

Thou wouldst not budge, though one should rise from bed
And much vituperation should bestow,
Until at last at thy devoted head
An empty bottle he should swiftly throw.

I do not ask why thy melodious voice
Wakes the unwilling echoes every morn,
If 'tis success in love makes thee rejoice,
Or whether thou requitest scorn for scorn.

I do not ask if 'tis thy morning prayer;
If so, I warrant thee a pious bird,
Singing thy matins ever with due care
Before the porter from his bed has stirred.

No, no! I do not ask to hear the cause,
Those caws again I never wish to hear,
Only in time I would beseech thee—pause!
Lest it should chance, upon some morning drear,

While thou art busy pouring forth thy love,
Or thy complaint,—whichever it may be,—
A well directed missile from above
Should strike thee dead from thy familiar tree.

TTS.

C. M. Baldwin, '97, of the Imperial Bank, St. Thomas, called at the College a few days ago. His old friends were pleased to see him looking so robust and well.