

O Domine Deus  
Speravi in Te!  
O care mi Jesu!  
Nunc libera me!

O Lord my God  
I have trusted in Thee!  
O Jesus, my dearest One,  
Now set me free.

In dură catenă, în miseră pană  
Gemendo, petendo et genuflectendo  
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!

In direst oppression, in sorrow's obsession,  
I adore thee, I implore thee,  
Deliver thou me.

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*The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics.* By J. B. STALLO. The International Scientific Series. New York: Appleton & Co.; Toronto: N. Ure & Co. 1882.

This work is a two-fold criticism, from the point of view first of physics, then of metaphysics, of what the author calls the Mechanical Theory of the Universe. It is thus an attack on the first principles of the modern evolution philosophy, which, in the part of the book devoted to physical science, is of a kind to be fully appreciated only by scientific experts. When the physical speculation is such as to be within the scope of ordinary observation, we fail to find Professor Stallo's reasoning conclusive. For instance, when he argues that the 'mechanical theory' must necessarily regard the elementary unit of a mass as *inelastic*, 'because elasticity involves motion of parts,' and then proceeds from the Kinetic theory of gasses (i. e., the theory that gas consists of innumerable solid particles whose velocities and directions are changed by mutual encounters) to argue that the atoms must be elastic. Surely elasticity does not in its simplest form 'involve' the motion of parts. Elasticity is potential motion, and, one would think, must be regarded as an inalienable attribute of the primitive atoms by the advocates of the 'mechanical theory.' In a similar manner Professor Stallo attacks every point in the evolution system, especially the atomic cosmical theory, and Laplace's, or rather Kant's, Theory of the Heavens. The second portion of Professor Stallo's work is more available for the non-scientist. The author accuses the mechanical theory of being a revival of mediæval realism, of

putting thoughts for things, of mistaking concepts for realities. He reasons from the on-all-sides-admitted relativity of human thought against evolutionists, who, he asserts, unintelligibly, we must confess, to us, hold the cognizability of the absolute. We always thought the reverse, remembering Spencer's remarks on that subject in his 'First Principles.'

There is an interesting chapter on that strangest phase of mathematics, 'transcendental geometry,' which tells of the finiteness of space and the universe, of a point at which parallel lines, if produced, meet, Euclid to the contrary notwithstanding; and of beings *with more than these three dimensions*. The animals we know, have *three dimensions only*, length, breadth, and thickness; and some of these 'beings' of three dimensions are quite as much as we can manage. A being of *four dimensions* might be awkward as a partner in business or in matrimony, and we are thankful that these are banished to a land where the propositions of Euclid are untrustworthy and where parallel lines meet.

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*The Poetical Works of Mrs. Leprohon* (Miss R. E. MULLINS), 1 vol. 12mo. Montreal: John Lovell & Son.

To many of the older readers of Canadian periodical literature, Mrs. Leprohon's name must be well and favourably known. She was a valued contributor to the *Literary Garland*, the pioneer magazine of Canada, which was owned and published by Messrs Lovell & Gibson, Parliamentary Printers, and edited by Mr. John Gibson, of that long-familiar firm. The collection before us is published as a memorial volume of a gifted and patriotic woman, who did much in her day to aid the intellectual life in Montreal circles, and to promote the love of letters throughout the country. Mrs. Leprohon was of Irish birth, and had all the qualities of head and heart that give distinction to Irishwomen of culture, and which so frequently find expression in song. Montreal, in Mrs. Leprohon, Isidore G. Ascher, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Charles Heavysege, and John Reade, has had representatives of the muse of more than local fame, and whose productions the chief city of Canada would be ungrateful indeed were she readily to let die. In this beautiful little