

seem to amount to little more than "*forcer une porte ouverte.*" And yet in the light of an amusing admission, recently made by a well-known upholder of Personal Idealism, that "it is for the most part only by a considerable course of habituation, extending over some years, that a man succeeds in thinking himself into an idealistic view of the universe," it may be helpful to many to follow Mr. Macintosh's arguments to their well-reasoned conclusion that all the arguments for Idealism are "artificial, fallacious, or purely dogmatic."

### LAURENTIAN LYRICS.

*Arthur S. Bourinot. Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, 1915.*

A little volume, thirty pages long, containing short poems in celebration, mainly of the beauties of nature-out-of-doors, and in particular, as the title implies, such as is found among the Laurentian Mountains. The "other poems" touch on more purely human matter. A few are inspired by the war—one in particular is written "To the Memory of Rupert Brooke." Others are musings on such subjects as "Immutability," "Immortality." One is rather daringly named "Prospice." The author's skill is not always sufficient to carry the initial impulse of these lyrics to a triumphant conclusion, but they show a sensitive feeling for life and its significance, and a keen joy in the loveliness of the world about us.

Lovers of the Laurentians will be pleasantly reminded of the thrill of delight that attends the changing seasons among the mountains.

### THE SONG OF HUGH GLASS.

*John G. Neihardt. Macmillan Co., New York, 1915.*

Those to whom the pioneer days of the American West have hitherto been a not very vivid picture may well have their interest in them aroused by this tale of one of their mighty men. The poem itself is a pioneer in this field, which has formerly been neglected by those in search of material for narrative poems. And yet the episode around which it centres is indeed, as the author says in his preface, of the true stuff of sagas—a record of immense strength, endurance, and greatness of heart.

One could wish that it had been told with more complete simplicity of language. Shorter words than the author at times uses would better suit the ruggedness of the setting. The writer interrupts the straight line of the narrative with meditative passages and descriptive similes that are not in themselves foreign to the custom of sagas, but in which he too often indulges in far-sought images and words, strangely at variance with the plainness of the hero. Even in the body of the narrative such expressions occur as "bulimic," "katharsis" and "susurrent."

Yet in spite of this and of the somewhat artificial conclusion the story is, on the whole, well told. It is interesting and vigorous, and the narrative,