

can give adequately, the appreciation of the poetical form and matter. Mr. Armstrong seems to our judgment to have been singularly successful in meeting this requirement. His notes are full, pertinent, and just sufficiently copious to guide the student who is willing to take the trouble of thoroughly working out the subject, without rendering superfluous the healthy exercise of individual effort.

Not the least useful part of Mr. Armstrong's work is contained in the Preface, which those who propose to themselves the calling of teacher, would do well to read again and again. Mr. Armstrong says that in studying an English Classic in schools three points are to be considered; First, as we understand him, a thorough knowledge of the work itself, that is of the story, the *dramatis persone*, the local and historical surroundings, the various allusions and side scenes; and these are well and we may fairly say, exhaustively, treated in Mr. Armstrong's notes. The Second category will include 'a knowledge of the principles of rhetoric and literary criticism,' and the proper estimation of literary merit; while the Third will rise to a general view of the conditions of correct art.

The first of these, as we have said, Mr. Armstrong has sufficiently provided for in his notes to 'Marmion'; The two latter must of course be left in large measure to the student's own power of appreciating and assimilating poetry, aided by the guiding judgment of his teacher. But Mr. Armstrong has given an important aid in his essay on Scott and his period, justly considering that to form a proper estimate of a great writer, we must take into account his literary environment. A sufficient account of Scott's contemporaries is put before the student, although we may not always agree with Mr. Armstrong's *ex cathedra* statements, as for instance, when at page 7 he tells us that 'Thomas Moore is scarcely a natural poet,' whatever that may mean, and that he 'resembles the previous age (sic) in his flash and glitter.' Lord Byron in his inimitable letters values one of the Irish Melodies as 'worth an epic.' Does any language contain a lyric more perfect than 'the last Rose of Summer'?

In his brief abstract of the Life of Scott, Mr. Armstrong has mainly relied on quotations from the biography by

Hutton in 'English Men of Letters.' Now, we submit, that Canadian writers, even in editing a School Manual, ought to aim at something more ambitious than a mere compilation of what others have written; though when, as in Mr. Armstrong's case, this is done honourably, with full acknowledgment of the debt, it is a very different thing from the clumsy piracies we have had occasion elsewhere to notice on the part of a certain book-making ring in connection with our Provincial Educational System. Mr. Armstrong's edition of 'Marmion' is a very useful one for its purpose, and is evidently the work of a thoroughly practical teacher, even though the literary form might be improved, and national Canadian ambition might suggest a bolder effort at original criticism.

Mes Vers, par J. A. BELANGER, Outaouais; A. Bureau, imprimeur, 1882.

We are glad to see that the success of M. Louis Fréchette and other writers of Lower Canada has encouraged a French poet in our own province to publish a volume of such merit as the one before us. M. Belanger is a writer of some humour and much command of the graceful and melodious rhythms to which the forms of French lyric poetry so easily lend themselves. The first part of 'Mes Vers' consists of poems '*plus frivoles que sérieux*,' embracing society verses, epigrams, and anecdotes, often told with great point and spirit. As a good example of this we quote the '*Vengeance de Rachel*,' which is a characteristic story of the great tragedienne who never forgot the struggles of her early days.

VENGEANCE DE RACHEL.

Rachel, dès ses débuts faits au Conservatoire,
Alla solliciter les leçons de Provost,
Artiste de talent—dont l'art déclamatoire
Sur celui de prédire assurément prévaud.—
L'artiste, la voyant malingre, étiolée,
En souriant lui dit quelques mots persifleurs,
Et, d'un air paternel, poursuit à la volée :
—Croyez-moi, mon enfant, allez vendre des fleurs.

La Rachel se venge d'une façon mignonne
Du dédain de l'artiste. Elle avait mis un soir
Tout le talent possible à jouer Hermione :
Rappelée, applaudie, alors on put la voir
Ramasser promptement des bouquets sur la scène,
En remplir sa tunique et s'enfuir sans parler,
Au grand étonnement d'une salle fort pleine.