

from a desire to raise a barrier against the inroads of the scientific movement upon time-honored customs and beliefs. It soon, however, drifted into the vague and cloudy speculations of transcendentalism. The revolutionists and the transcendentalists agreed in throwing off all restraint of mind; moreover the objects of both were somewhat similar, that of the former being the apotheosis of man in the political and social sphere, that of the latter the apotheosis of man in the religious and spiritual world. The systems of Fichte and Hegel belong to the transcendental move-

ment. Their ideas are reflected in the writings of Wordsworth and Carlyle in England, and of Emerson in America.

In our own day a return to sounder and more conservative principles is marked in the writings of Tennyson. He is neither a poet of the Revolution, nor of scientific Radicalism. It was his mission to point out that freedom to be a blessing must not run into license, and that highest liberty consists in obedience to law, that duties go hand in hand with rights, and in fine, that progress is impossible without order.

R. J. McEACHEN, '88.

BOOK NOTICES.

A NATIVE SONGSTER.

A Gate of Flowers and Other Poems, by Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Toronto: Wm. Briggs, 1887.

It would be pleasant and agreeable but somewhat difficult, for us to notice at length the dainty little volume before us. For the pen of the reviewer is more fluent in invective than in compliment, and while the slashing, scathing criticism is easily written, the task of awarding just and discriminate praise is one that demands some pains in its performance. But Mr. O'Hagan has no need of our good words, coming late as they do, for his work has received due recognition at the hands of the press, and of such poets as Whittier and Holmes in the United States, and Wilson and LeMoine in Canada.

The *Gate of Flowers* opens up to our view a pleasing vista, where stately maples rise above a wealth of roses, lilies and other blossoms, while through the midst flow our noble Canadian Rivers, along whose banks the author has walked in poetic meditation. A *Christmas Chaunt* which has been fortunate enough to receive especial commendation from the Quaker Poet, is worthy of Father Ryan, on whom, we fancy, Mr. O'Hagan has formed himself to some extent.

The quality of melody is certainly conspicuous in these verses, although the author justly regards the thought as of infinitely more value than the expression, saying:

"What care we for the ragged verse
If but the heart speaks in each line;
'Tis not the sunbeams on the grape,
But friendship's smile that warms the wine."

We are glad to notice that Mr. O'Hagan cherishes kindly recollections of his *Alma Mater*. Two of the best poems in the volume are *Profecturi Salutamus*, read at the author's graduation in 1882, and *Memor et Fidelis* read at the Alumni Reunion in 1885, at which time Mr. O'Hagan revisited Ottawa to receive his Master's degree. In *Memoriam Dr. Tabaret* touches a tender chord in the hearts of all who knew our lamented President.

The publishers announce that a volume of criticism from Mr. O'Hagan's pen will shortly be issued. Its title is "A Poetic Trinity," and it will deal with Longfellow, Adelaide Procter and Father Ryan. Those who in 1885 had the pleasure of hearing the author read his Master's essay on the genius of the first of these poets, feel confident that he will do equal justice to the others of the "Trinity."