

that the concluding volumes, carrying us from Addison to Dobell, contain notices by the best poetic critics of the day. Nothing of the kind superior to these volumes, or even equal to them, has been published.

A new volume of poems by Mr. Swinburne, entitled "*Studies in Song*," has appeared. Those who have read his latest poems know what to expect. Over the present volume there has been a slight passage of arms, which is interesting as illustrating the ever-recurring dispute between the advocates of Art for Art's sake and of Art for something beyond it. Professor Dowden opened in the *Academy* with the following criticism:—"The greatest poets grow in wisdom and in knowledge; they grasp life with larger hands; their powers consolidate themselves, become more robust; their passion becomes more massive; their vision of the world more wide and deep. The garment of Mr. Swinburne's verse spreads its borders and sweeps in more voluminous folds, but the living thought, for whose sake the garment is wrought, has not waxed in stature, and seems half lost in its uncontrollable breadths and lengths of gear. Mr. Swinburne's writing often becomes obscure, not from thought amassed in block, nor from the crossing threads of a swift-weaving intellect, but because of the exhausting process which the reader is forced to undergo in shredding out a thought thin enough to cover its inordinate space of words. Certain rhetorical devices—antithesis, the pairing of kindred words, the balancing of equal-weighted clauses, even alliteration—come to serve as substitutes for invention and for ideas. And the tyranny of such processes withdraws the idea, when it exists, from simplicity, from reality, from the manifold subtle movements of life, and renders it mechanical, rigid, strained." He was answered by the *Athenæum* reviewer, in the following week:—"The mental value of his work must be judged by a standard applicable to no other contemporary poet, inasmuch as his method of work is so radically unlike theirs. There is no greater mistake than that of comparing poetry whose mental value consists in a distinct and logical enunciation of ideas, and poetry whose mental value consists in the suggestive richness of symbol latent in rhythm, and even of color."

For good or evil, Mr. Swinburne's influence in poetry has become very great. It is traceable with that of Tennyson and others in the latest volume of Canadian poetry by Mrs. Maclean, of Kingston. "*The Coming of the Princess*" is introduced by the editor of *The Canadian Monthly*, and contains many poems of real beauty. The best introduction, however, to the volume is the verses by which it is prefaced, in which the writer compares herself to "a little bird singing in the night, dreaming of coming day." The full day and the

Poet of our glorious land so fair,
Whose foot is at the door,

have not yet come. Still, we are glad to welcome such beginnings as the present volume. We may notice, too, as a piece of Canadian work, a little book entitled "*Eurydice, Ahoy!*" by the author of "*One More Unfortunate*," describing a yachting trip from Montreal to Lake Champlain. The writer at least loves his subject, and is not without an eye for the beauties of nature.

R. W. B.