

power as well as for the force with which it sums up the lesson of Cowper's unhappy yet not unfruitful life. "He belongs to a particular religious movement, with the vitality of which the interest of a great part of his work has departed or is departing. Still more emphatically and in a still more important sense does he belong to Christianity. In no natural struggle for existence would he have been the survivor; by no natural process of selection would he ever have been picked out as a vessel of honour. If the shield which for eighteen centuries Christ, by His teaching and His death, has spread over the weak things of this world, should fail, and might should again become the title to existence and the measure of worth, Cowper will be cast aside as a specimen of despicable infirmity, and all who have said anything in his praise will be treated with the same scorn."

Reviews of this book have appeared in the *New York Sun*, in the *Canadian Monthly*, and in the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*. In all these it has been awarded the praise due to its appreciative, thorough and artistic picture of the poet of Olney. The *Spectator* has on the other hand dealt with Mr. Goldwin Smith's work in a spirit of determined fault-finding, which is evidently the result of a personal grudge. This review was reproduced in the *Globe*, whose good taste and sense of literary honour did not, however, lead to the reprinting in the *Globe's* columns of the *critiques* which took a very different view of the merits of the work in question. And since then the *Globe* has not been ashamed to insert an article from the *Saturday Review*, the malicious hypercriticism of which is only equalled by its dullness, an article which certainly could not have gained admission, on its literary merits, into the columns of those much abused Canadian literary organs which the *Globe* delighteth to

dishonour. The *Saturday Review* charges Mr. Goldwin Smith with never having read Hayley's *Life of Cowper*! The writer of this notice is, as has been stated, nearly related to the Hayley family—that circumstance led him while talking on the subject of Cowper's biographers to Mr. Goldwin Smith, to allude to Hayley's book. He is in a position to state that the *Saturday Review's* insinuation is not only an impudent fabrication, but that Mr. Goldwin Smith has made a careful study of Hayley's biography, whose importance as a source of information the *Saturday Review* exalts above its very moderate merits in order to depreciate the better work of an abler man. This forsooth is criticism! And this is what the *Globe* singles out for reprint! Another critical method in which the *Saturday Review* coincides to a remarkable degree with the hypercriticism of the other review named above is that of finding fault in unmeasured terms with Mr. Goldwin Smith's estimate of Cowper, and then unblushingly to repeat a statement identically the same in terms with that which it condemns! For instance, the *Saturday Review* says: "Of the Olney Hymns Mr. Goldwin Smith shews himself one of the worst of critics." The reviewer sustains this by quoting from Mr. Goldwin Smith the following: "Cowper's Olney Hymns have not any serious value as poetry." For stating this Mr. Smith is stigmatized as "one of the worst of critics!" But the *Saturday Review* goes on to state the same thing. It says: "It so happens that Cowper's Hymns are not merely not good as poetry, but they are unusually bad." In its better days the *Review*, which John Bright condescended to christen by a name which still sticks to it in its decadence, did not blunder in this fashion of maundering malignity. Its vinegar is now sadly subacid, its salt is only fit to be cast where salt that has lost its