

would be taken by a *perfect* student who had attended the author's lectures on Geology in McGill College. Whilst we heartily welcome this little work we hope yet to see from Dr. Dawson's pen a Geological text-book somewhat of the character of Dana's well-known manual, but especially adapted to the wants of Canadian students of Geology.

J. T. D.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

By the death of Thomas Carlyle, on February 5th, Great Britain lost her literary king—the successor of Scott, Johnson, Pope and Dryden. Among these, Johnson alone stands on the moral eminence attained by Carlyle. Scott, so noble as a man, lived too much in the past to be the teacher of the present. Pope exercised no mean influence on the moral tone of his age; but in him, as in Addison, we miss the robust personality of Johnson, Scott and Carlyle. Thus the death of Carlyle naturally brings us back to the death of Johnson, nearly a century ago. Living in such different epochs, the two ex-schoolmasters present many points of contrast as well as of similarity. Johnson affected to despise Scotland, but it had not in his day given birth to a Carlyle. By the curious irony of fate, Carlyle taught his century to appreciate Johnson's true greatness. Both writers gave their name to a peculiar style of English, but what a vast difference between "Johnsonian" and "Carlylese"! In the history of thought, they stand at opposite poles; Johnson idolized "Principles," Carlyle was never tired of ridiculing "Formulas." Yet it was Johnson's wit that gave to the world Carlyle's favorite text, "My dear friend, clear your mind of cant." The following extract from Harriet Martineau's Autobiography gives a true estimate of his work in the world:— "We are at least awakened to a sense of our sins; and I cannot but ascribe this awakening mainly to Carlyle. What Wordsworth did for poetry, in bringing us out of a conventional idea and method to a true and simple one, Carlyle has done for morality. * * * * He has infused into the mind of the English nation a sincerity, earnestness, healthfulness and courage which can be appreciated only by those who are old enough to tell what was our morbid state when Byron was the representative of our temper, the Clapham Church of our religion, and the rotten-borough system of our political morality."

Tennyson's "Cup" received notice last month. It is an interesting coincidence that the greatest living poets of England and America should simultaneously have turned their attention to the stage. Longfellow's "Masque of Pandora," converted into an opera, was played lately in Boston. The first performance, which was witnessed by the poet, went off with great success.

The two last volumes of Ward's Selections from the English Poets, with Critical Introductions, have been published. Upon the work, as a whole, I hope to speak in a future number; for the present it will be sufficient to say