

indeed this book is not for beginners. Would pupils that could use it be happier reading a story or a play? Anyway, as was said, there are plenty of books of extracts already. One would like to use them all, this one included, for many pieces in it might be found interesting. Some commercial correspondence is given—a useful item. Some of the pieces have questions given relating to the matter read. These are useful; they suggest to teachers what they ought often or always to do. Also, sentences and passages are given for re-translation. A good thing, too. Some of the pieces have notes. But except where these are historical, or such like, they are chiefly merely translations of words and phrases. A bad sort of note, this—a mere substitute for a dictionary.

Translations are given; explanations are omitted. For instance, Page 11, *Je vous ferai observer*. What is needed here is to note the peculiar use of *faire observer*, not simply to write down "I must tell you."

Page 11, *Qu'on ne m'y fasse pas attendre*. The use of *on* should be noted. Indeed the translation is incorrect, suggesting application to a particular person.

Page 12, *Par se faire faire force compliments*. Note—useful for other instances—*on faire faire*; not a mere translation. Note also needed on *force*.

Again, on pp. 35, 36, for instance—why translate such phrases as are there translated any more than any other phrases? This is the complaint to be made throughout.

On page 40, *Le but que nous nous étions proposé se trouvait manqué* is translated, while *je dus répondre* in the line before is left unnoticed, where a *general* and therefore really useful note might be given. In fact what this review attempts to say has its general application to all such "notes," only too common in "annotated" editions.

On page 49, to explain the subjunctive, *un commis qui ait une connaissance* would be a good thing—the very notion of its use being absent from the minds of English speaking pupils with their modern unhappy disuse of this mood. So on page 50, *Il n'y a rien qui se vende mieux*—a less yearned for subjunctive.

The following "notes" are incorrect, perhaps others are so, too: Page 45, "*Que* not translated." Act on that note and the result is not English. A real note would explain this French turn of phrase, occurring, as it does, every moment nearly. Page 102, *Ho s d'insulte* is not "exempt from attack," but exempt from the chance of it. Page 109, *Dame de grande qualité* is not "highly distinguished lady."

The vocabulary professes to give exceptional pronunciations in parentheses. Looking quickly through it, one sees *pouls* given, and *souil* and *seau*. Are they the only ones given? In the last certainly there is nothing exceptional. And at the same time one can see that nothing is said of the pronunciation of *gentilhomme*, *emmener*, *ennui*, *di grâce*, *moy:n*, *citoyen*, *second*, *clef*, *doye*, *pays*, *solennel*—and perhaps many more. And no distinction is made between *h* aspirate (so called) and *h* mute.

As a volume of extracts, the book is as good as some others, no doubt. It has few special merits. W. F. S.

PETITE HISTOIRE DE LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE. Par Delphine Duval. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1898. \$1.20.

This book confesses that it is not original. But it is an interesting and well arranged account of French literature, following the guidance of the good critics from which it is borrowed. It begins with a *Table des matières*, which is a comfort to look at, with its clear and full pages of varied type. Those who can use such a history written in French

will do well to get this book. It is written for learners. To read about a literature in its own language has advantages many ways. And there is no easily accessible book of this sort that we know of. Even Demogeot is rather long.

The opening chapter, on the *Origines de la langue française*, is good. And certainly students of French might begin early to know *something* of this matter.

Is there any country where "educated" people are more grossly ignorant of the history of various national languages and literatures than they are with us? And it is so absolutely impossible for anyone to understand the history of his own nation if he knows, or attempts to know, only that one. Teachers of history and literature must know how they and their pupils are cursed by this lop-sided "knowledge." Such study of the proportions of French literature, in itself and in its relations to English literature, will do something for us. And this book will be a help. In the second chapter (11th-13th cent.) there is a sense of proportion, the chief part being given to the three *cycles*—*carolingien*, *d'Arthur* and *antique*. Short as the space is, the account given of Roland will interest anybody. Other examples of notices interesting, though short, are those on Villon (p. 48) and Froissart (p. 59).

And so from the middle ages to the renaissance and the reformation. The prose of Calvin is given its due importance; and the facts of his persecutions and the religious tyranny under him in Geneva are quietly mentioned—expressive as they are of the same severity and intolerance which finds expression in his style.

It is true that (perhaps as one must expect in a book meant to attract our continent) one is reminded of the persecutions of the Huguenots, more than of those by them.

But S. François de Sales has his true place, as the most winning of writers, though the most successful of controversialists, by his method without controversy. And at the end of that same seventeenth century those glories of church and realm—the noble ecclesiastics and great men of letters, Bossuet, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, and a little later Massillon, are brought before us without any tiresome note of provinciality. "Who would read an English sermon," said Mr. Ruskin, "if he could get a French one?" Anyway, these writers have in their way none to compare with them in English. No more has Racine in his way. No more has Molière in his. Speaking of these last two, and the ideal of the "classic," restrained and civilized drama at its best, there are on page 158 a few lines worth quoting:

"Racine, simple et vrai, élégant et élevé, offre une alliance merveilleuse du naturel et de l'art. Dans son théâtre on trouve un grand art de combinaison; et dans l'action comme dans les caractères, rien de divergent ni d'excentrique; point de sujets compliqués, peu d'incidents, rien de surprenant ni d'in vraisemblable; une action simple, le jeu des intérêts et des passions des personnages, rien de plus."

It is such a pleasant thing to get into a company of well bred people—with minds and souls, too. One is not denying that the mountain air of the Shakespearian drama is not an even pleasanter thing—sometimes.

For the 18th century there is space to say only that on pp. 63, 192, 193 and 249, will be found just appreciation of Voltaire, its genius—its shallow genius, as he himself said—and also of the re-action against the foolish and false estimate of the middle ages. Chateaubriand and Mme. de Staël and Victor Hugo felt and made men feel, as did Scott and Wordsworth across the channel. The naming of a number of modern