

be read with zest by thinkers—a valuable *addendum* to the philosopher's library, and a great help to the student in his investigations.

*Heath's Modern Language Series*, we have noticed from time to time as we receive the various volumes. The last two volumes are *Le Mari de Madame de Solange* by Emile Souvestre, and edited with English notes by Dr. O. B. Super, of Dickinson College, and the popular modern society drama of *Die Journalisten* which is edited with an English commentary by Professor Walter D. Toy, M.A., of the University of North Carolina. These works, which are designed for use in schools, sustain the high reputation of the series, and illustrate what truth there is in Professor Stuart Blackie's opinion about learning a language. "Do not teach a boy a language, but throw him into it, as you would a young dog into water. Do not be afraid of it. He will be sure to swim." We would say: "Yes, if he falls in with such books as the above."

SIR THOMAS WYATT AND HIS POEMS, presented to the philosophical Faculty of the Kaiser Wilhelm's University at Strasbourg, for the acquisition of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by William E. Simonds of Cornell University, and published by the Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. The student of English literature will highly prize Mr. Simond's work. A man who honours virtue, and loves sincerity is always respected, and such a man was honest Sir Thomas. His poems are a picture of his own character. No indecency mars his poetry; no word of his suggests the tolerance or the condoning of a vicious thing. Mr. Simonds, with the career of such a man to pourtray, has thrown side lights upon the age in which he lived for which all readers will be grateful.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON QUEBEC, by J. M. LeMoine, Esq., F.R.S.C., printed by the Messrs. Demers & Brothers, and for sale by the booksellers is a very readable little book indeed, and one which the visitor to Quebec will thoroughly enjoy. No one would think of classifying this neatly printed *brochure* as a guide-book unless he were seized with the belittling *sang-froid* of some of our weakling critics who have only time to find excellence in the literary work of the coterie to which they belong, and to which they owe their fame in a kind of collective sense. The book before us—a fourth edition,—carries with it the genial personality of the writer as do nearly all his works. To read the book is to feel a friendship for the author—the charming simplicity of his surprise expressions and pleasant queries, giving the narrative a quaintness which suits well with either the ancient or modern scenes it describes. Whoever goes to the Lake St John district ought to read Mr. LeMoine's notes on the region around Quebec's Sea of Aral.