

culatation of air. Next we went into the store-room. Here, in one part, were articles of children's clothing in use, tied in separate bundles; in another part were stores for future use, all neatly parcelled and labelled. Thence we went into the wash-room, in which were long troughs supplied with numerous basins all-a-row, while mirrors and combs and brushes, not forgetting towels and soap, were in their places. In the kitchen we found a number of small Indian girls (scholars) busily engaged in preparing the evening meal. All were supplied with large clean aprons, and were moving about cheerfully and briskly, all being directed by a cooking instructress. Everything was fastidiously clean, the more so because these people know so little of order and cleanliness in their own homes. Near this were the store-rooms for flour and other supplies, all being neatly arranged with suitable shelves and tables. In a few moments the Superintendent came in and invited me to take supper with the family. I noticed that in most mission schools they did not say "scholars" or "pupils," but "the family," and really each school was an enlarged Christian family. The preparatory bell had already struck, and as the supper bell rang two files, one of boys and one of girls, entered the dining-room by different doors, keeping step to a march played by one of the teachers on an organ in the room. When all were in place behind their chairs the Superintendent raised his hand and all sang grace, after which everyone sat down to supper. The large tables for the children were placed on the three sides of the room, and toward one end was a smaller table for Superintendent, matron and teachers. The tables were covered with clean cloths, and the children at the end of the table served the food for the rest. No one waited on the others. All took part in table management. There was no unseemly haste, no roughness. The meal finished, the matron tapped a bell, all rose, and at another tap they filed out of the room. I stayed some time longer; there was no sadness, no talk about fear of expulsion if the children were given religious teaching, no fear as to the ultimate good to come of the work. Its great difficulties were known and felt, but the directors felt that they had also the power to conquer.

Such are a few of many pictures of Indian Reserve life in the United States.

IOTA.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS.*

THE work of Canon Isaac Taylor on "The Origin of the Aryans" deals with a singularly interesting controversy, in reference to which a popular *résumé* may not be uninteresting to the readers of THE WEEK. There stands against one of the four great piers under the dome of St. Paul's the statue of the eminent Indian jurist, Sir William Jones, to whom the scholars of Europe were indebted for their first knowledge of the Sanskrit, the language of the Vedas, the sacred scriptures of the Hindoos. In the first volume of the "Asiatic Researches," he set forth his views on the remarkable discovery of an ancient language familiar to the Brahmins of India long before the time of the Macedonian Alexander, of the same type, but more perfect in structure than the Greek, more copious than the Latin; of greater refinement than either, yet bearing an unmistakable affinity to them. The scholars of Europe were enraptured at the novel discovery. It seemed to them as though the mother tongue of the cultured languages of Europe had been recovered, near to the Edenic cradle of the human race. The German poet Schlegel followed up the work of his brother Frederick, "The Language and Wisdom of the Indians;" and popularized the study of Sanskrit in Germany, by his "Indische Bibliothek."

To this, and the subsequent labours of European scholars in the same direction—and foremost among them, the brothers Humboldt—we owe the modern science of comparative philology. But the fascinating aspect of the discovery of the great Indian jurist was that here, in the remote East, was an inflexional language, more perfect in its grammatical structure than classic Greek; revealing a close affinity in its vocabulary, not only to the classic, but to the Teutonic, the Slavic; and, as Pritchard by and bye showed, even to the Celtic languages of Europe. The numerals were the same, the names of the metals corresponded. In many ways the affinities were unmistakable. Grimm's epoch-making "Teutonic Grammar" was one fruit of the disclosure. Pott's "Philological Researches" followed; and then came the discovery that the Zend, the ancient sacred language of Persia, belonged to the same group of Indo-Germanic, or, as they came to be styled, Aryan languages.

This name Aryan is a very significant one. As a Sanskrit word it is equivalent to *noble*. In the hymns of the Veda it is specially employed to indicate the true worshippers, the believers, as opposed to heathen who had no faith in the gods of the Brahmins. But finally the etymologist reaches the verb *ar*, to plough; *arya*, a tiller. In fact, the Aryans were the civilized, agricultural race; and hence an Aryan came to signify a landed proprietor, a noble. Starting from the seductive premises thus brought to light beyond the Indus, it was natural, if not inevitable, to find in them a proof of the Asiatic origin of the civilized races of Europe. It coincided with all preconceived ideas of the eastern origin of the human race, and seemed rather to invite elucidation and expansion than controversy.

*"The Origin of the Aryans." By Isaac Taylor, M.A., LL.D. London: Walter Scott.

But the last ten years have witnessed a revolution in the opinion of scholars as to the cradle land of the Aryan clan. In Germany a succession of scholarly philologists have entered the arena, challenging the long accepted opinion, and claiming for some European centre the birth-place of the Aryans. They are, however, by no means agreed as to the precise centre. Penka looks to Scandinavia; Poesche turns to the South Germans for a primitive Aryan stock; Geiger and Lindenschmidt look more favourably on Northern or Western Germany; whilst others would revive, under new modifications, the old idea that the Celts, with their Druid order, not unlike the Brahmins of India, are the oldest of all the civilized races of Europe, and the primitive ancestors of the whole Aryan stock.

Whencesoever the "Original Aryans" came, Dr. Taylor recognizes, as others have done, that they must have had forefathers from whom they were developed, and his interesting volume aims at answering the question: What could have been the race from which they were evolved? He finds, as he conceives, evidence of their origin in the Ugric, or Uralian race of North-Eastern Europe and Western Asia. The Tehudic branch of the Finnic family seems to him to approach most nearly to what may be assumed to have been the primitive Aryan type. But when we turn to the philological basis of the argument, it has to be noted that the Uralian languages belong to a very comprehensive group of tongues, extending eastward over the greater part of Northern Asia. The ancient Accadian of Chaldea belongs to the same group, so that thus we return to the old East, though by a new route. But, instead of the idea of an Aryan clan, or tribe, in Central Asia, or on the Persian Gulf, from whence successive wanderers hived off, westward and southward; it is suggested that transalpine Europe, from the Rhine to the Vistula, was occupied by a Finnic race; and that the ethnic and linguistic peculiarities of a higher type, now common to all so-called Aryan nations, were developed by one or more of the southern and south-western members of this Finnic stock.

To all who are interested in the comprehensive ethnical and philological questions involved in the final determination of the origin and primitive seat of the Aryans, Dr. Isaac Taylor's work furnishes a valuable and attractive digest of evidence, in addition to the Author's own special argument. Above all, when the evidences of physical type are studied, it becomes apparent that the community of race assumed for the Indo-European or Aryan family, is, like that of the so-called Anglo-Saxon, far more of a linguistic than a purely ethnical one. But this, by proving the predominance of one special language, with its common numerals, names of metals, etc., no less than its common grammatical structure, throughout that vastly older world of Europe than the era of earliest classical history, proves how comprehensive are the issues involved in this reopening of the question of "The Origin of the Aryans."

PRESCIENCE.

"In summer days they'll wake," she said,
As o'er her cherished pansy bed
She watched the white flakes swirl and lie,
Till closed each gold and purple eye.
The gruff year heard the little maid,
And faster shook his frosty head:
"Not every eye by snows o'erspread."
He croaked, "shall wake with skies to vie
In summer days!"

O hoary prophet! all too true
Thy presage of her eyes of blue;
O winter that so long has stayed!
O summer-time so long delayed!
They yet shall wake unwist of you
In summer days!

M. A. MAITLAND.

Stratford, Ont.

ART NOTES.

JAMES BAIN AND SON, of Toronto, have had prepared a modelled profile in plaster of Sir John Macdonald, mounted on an appropriate card over the Premier's signature, in the form of a bas-relief. The resemblance is admirable, the finish excellent, and we are not aware of a better available memento of our great and genial Premier.

We are glad to be able to say that a taste for art is being gradually developed amongst our people; no better sign of this can be found than in the efforts made in our schools and colleges to give it prominence. Moulton College may be mentioned favourably in this regard, where the Art Department is open to those who wish to avail themselves of it exclusively. The instruction afforded is comprehensive and thorough and the College faculty deserve credit for their artistic enterprise.

We may say of Mr. Reid's Exhibition at the rooms of the Messrs. Matthews, 95 Yonge Street, that no better illustration of the upward tendency of Canadian art can be afforded than by these paintings. A very pleasant and instructive half hour can be spent before them; we cannot refer to them at length but we may say that a view of No. 9 on the catalogue, "Sea and Sky," alone would amply repay a visit. It is a beautifully soft, dreamy view of the ocean; it may be just before the dawn or at the unfolding

of evening's shadows. The gently undulating sea seems to move before the eye as it looks over its waters through the misty distance to where it is merged in the far horizon. The cloud treatment is pleasing in the extreme and Canadian art may well be proud of the artist of such a picture.

PRANG AND COMPANY, of Boston, are always welcome visitors at the Festivals with their delightful popularizations of art. Amongst the many beautiful issues of this Company for the Christmas season we observe with pleasure a chaste and charming treatment of the immortal song "Home! Sweet Home!" by John Howard Payne, with sketches from the home of the author by L. K. Harlow.

MME. HENRIETTE RONNER was born in Amsterdam in 1821 and, displaying much taste and talent for drawing while still of tender years, she was destined for the artistic profession by her father, Heer Knip, who superintended her education himself and enforced his principles with quite unusual severity. Undeterred by the misfortune of his blindness, which overtook him when his child was but eleven years of age, he steadily continued in his purpose and, keeping her at the easel from sunrise to sunset, chiefly in the open air, he insisted on a couple of the mid-day hours being passed in total darkness, lest she, too, might suffer the most terrible of all afflictions for an artist. The day's work was cheerfully undertaken by the girl. Gifted with qualities that would have made her eminent in the broader path of promiscuous subject-painting, she devoted her attention to cat, dog and still life, till at last she has achieved the position of acknowledged rival of M. Lambert. But the way was long and hard. In turn she gained awards at all the principal exhibitions to which she contributed, in Holland, Belgium, France, Portugal and America.—*The Magazine of Art for December.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

WE went to the Grand last night with the intention of reading a certain recently published novel between the acts, but the spirit of "Faust" was too strong for us—and we like Mr. Morrison! We say this at once, for if we are not going to curse, neither are we going to bless altogether. As a first criticism, we shall always be of the opinion that "Faust" can only be entirely successful as an opera, and we have never seen it successful as that. Capoul is the "Faust" we can remember who was not weak or ridiculous, and "Valentine" or "Siebel" invariably succeeded in being a farce. In speaking of "Faust," we do not wish to throw stones at Mr. Murray who is the "Faust" of the company at present playing at the Grand. If he has to appear as an impossible and uninteresting "Jason" from a painted vase, it is the fault of the author, and of the tradition which has apparently aimed at making "Faust" such an utter ass, that it is a marvel to all mankind that "Marguerite" or any other woman could fall in love with him. No, Mr. Murray is an average "Faust," but we wish he would not scurry off the stage with the stride of a pantomime-policeman making tracks after the clown. We trust that neither Mr. Morrison nor Mr. Sheppard will be hurt if we characterize the Brocken scene as at least laughable. We cannot recall the supernatural in "Faust" or "Don Giovanni" as having ever been anything else. And really the Brocken scene is awfully good fun. When the curtain rises, we discover a lady, apparently clothed in a sanitary-wool under-shirt and a scrubbing petticoat, who stirs up soup in a cauldron. Circumstances lead us to conclude that she burns herself with the soup or the ladle, for she suddenly rushes like mad across the stage and back again, for the which proceedings we cannot assign any other reason. But we shall not attempt to describe the whole of this delicious scene which winds up with a game of tag, indulged in by many coloured imps among great tombstones. However, it is not to see the Brocken that we recommend you to go to the Grand this week, but to see Mr. Morrison, for Mr. Morrison is very good, and he made a very pretty speech complimenting the audience on their attention and their quickness in seizing "points," and thence the stalls scoffed and the gods howled delight—and thereon we beg to differ with Mr. Morrison. It is our impression that a considerable portion of the audience were not educated in the story of "Faust." They quite missed the power and repose of Mr. Morrison's acting when he describes the magic circle between him and the students after the wine-drawing in the second scene of the first act, to our mind one of the best things that he did. They did not seem to appreciate the delicacy and restraint of Miss Roberts' acting as "Marguerite." We do not venture to say that Miss Roberts is possessed of any great tragic power; we have no grounds for judgment one way or the other, but she makes a wondrously sweet "Marguerite," and her quiet pathos and perfect naturalness in the scene of the image of the virgin brought tears to the eyes of at least one old play-goer. We do not think this is a small commendation. As "Mephisto," Mr. Morrison takes his audience into his confidence. He is a very jolly devil; not by any means too diabolical, and the gods enjoy him most consummely. And we—well we are very glad that we went to see him, for he is a good actor; his facial expression is often very fine, and the delivery of his words excellent. He does not, we think, possess the power of the terrible; that awe-inspiring touch of genius that we have only seen in Mr. Faures' face in "Mephistopheles" and "Don Giovanni"; and only heard in Mr. Irving's famous "give