

Literature.

"The world of books is still the world I write."—MRS. BROWNING.

"As the Cardinal Flower," a collection of poems by Miss Cora A. Watson is aptly named. The author's tender love for flowers, the sympathy for "sweet dewy blossoms," is shown everywhere in the little volume. Much feeling is evinced in the love songs, in the songs of home, in the sonnets to brother poets. Miss Watson's power of word painting, is of happy epithets, of dainty phrases shows a true poetic nature. Her book is worthy of a high place in literature.

CURRENT HISTORY, which is published by the Evening News Association, Detroit, is a most useful quarterly. From every corner of the globe is gathered the wheat and chaff of every nation's doings. All political and social events of importance in the world are here recorded together with thoughtful articles bearing thereupon. It is suitably and artistically illustrated, well edited and conveniently arranged, the different departments such as record of progress, necrology, add to the accounts of affairs of all quarters of the earth, which is the body of the magazine.

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT was ill-advised in bringing out her play, "The Showman's Daughter," and still more imprudent in taking the Royalty Theatre in order to bring it out, says G. W. S. The piece is old-fashioned, thin and wearisome, with few of those traits which have made her books acceptable to the English public.

A WRITER in an English periodical thinks that he has discovered the reason for Carlyle's devotion to Lady Ashburton. Mrs. Carlyle, he says, told him that Lady Ashburton treated her husband "with anything but the respect which he was in the habit of receiving." This, the writer thinks, made him stand in awe of her, and with Carlyle awe was akin to admiration. Now this may be the true explanation; but I cannot see why it should be, for certainly Carlyle was not in the habit of receiving very great deference from his wife. The sensation of being commanded was not new to him. His wife no doubt respected him, but if biography is to be relied upon, she spoke pretty sharply to him at times. Mr. Froude agrees with Mrs. Carlyle, in the matter of Lady A.; for he speaks of the "peremptory" style of her ladyship's notes to the philosopher, which were "rather like the commands of a sovereign than the easy communications of friendship."

MISS GENTRY, the holder of the Fellowship in Mathematics of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, has forced open the doors of the University of Berlin, and has even been promised official recognition of her work.

THE multitude of verses that have bloomed out this season on the reviewers' table, almost suggest the idea that the poets are like milliners, and have their own spring openings. Mr. Henry Austin's "Vagabond Verses," are well drawn, but sketchy like the production of an artist who lacks no vigor, but who stops not long enough to give the necessary detail. Then there is James Whitcomb Riley, our Hoosier poet, who evokes love rather than admiration, which they say is the safer course for a poet. It is a homely style of viewing nature that he has, but it goes straight to the heart nevertheless. He deals in actuality rather than idealism, and it is so simple that a child only might be supposed to read it. But "grown ups" read what is addressed to children now-a-days as well as the little ones themselves. Mr. Eugene Field's (the Chicago journalist) book of Western Verse adds but another proof to the saying of Daudet that the journalist is poet, and novelist in embryo.

No author, during the past ten years, has made more money out of the sales of a single book than has Lew Wallace received from the famous Oriental tale, "Ben Hur." More than four hundred and seventy thousand copies of the popular edition of the book have been sold up to date. The author receives a royalty of fifteen per cent., and as the book sells for one dollar and fifty cents, each copy sold means to him twenty-two and one-half cents. It is easy to figure out, therefore, that Lew Wallace has made considerably over one hundred thousand dollars from this single book.

THOSE who complain of the small returns for publishing work are invited to consider the fact that the royalties netted on Moody and Sankey's "Gospel Hymns" amount to the enormous sum of \$1,250,000. A million and a quarter of dollars! Is it not amazing when we think of the writers of immortal books and poems—Burns, for example—in doubt as to the next meal? However, he who supplies a public need has a right to his profit, and no one can quarrel with the worthy and energetic evangelists who compiled the volume, or their far sight publishers, for their wonderful success.

A South African traveller who took a ten-mile tramp with Olive Shreiner, whose "Dreams" every woman dotes on, describes her as an animated conversationalist and a woman of intense philanthropic sympathy, her naturalism unspoiled by literary study and her affability unchecked by success. Her "Story of a South American Farm" was written when she was but eighteen years old.

SOME little time ago a writer sent an article to a magazine with the following explanatory note: "I know that you probably have several thousand articles on hand, many of them by well-known writers, while I am entirely unknown. But I venture to hope that you will look at my article at once, first, because it is on a fresh topic, and is concisely put; secondly because it is not folded, but sent to you between two pieces of pasteboard; and thirdly, because it is typewritten." The article was promptly accepted, and appeared in two months.

FORTY-THREE years ago Andrew Carnegie was a messenger boy in Pittsburg. "Slow but sure" was his motto, and in about 30 years he reached his goal, Clung Castle, Scotland.

SIR Edwin Arnold says that "the most moral people in England are the swells." But it should be remembered that Sir Edwin said a little while ago to a St. Louis reporter that "newspaper work is not conducive to accuracy."

JULES Verne's wonderful tales, in which science and fancy go shares with him, are written in a little observatory on the top of his house at Amiens.

A writer to the *Critic* says: Woman has been developed intellectually, as all acknowledge, later than man. The reason is simple: During the period of physical despotism this influence carried with it mental despotism as well, and the more finely organized sex inevitably yielded to the coarser. Over the greater part of the globe to the present day women cannot read and write. It was only in the time of George IV. that there was abandoned, even in England, the old law of 'Benefit of Clergy,' which exempted from civil punishment those who could read or write—the assumption being that no woman could read or write, and therefore that no woman should have the benefit of clergy. A hundred years ago, in our own country, we know by the letters of Abigail Adams that the education of women in the most favored families went little beyond reading and writing. All this is now swept away; but the tradition that lay behind it, 'The Shadow of the Harem' as it has been called, is not swept away—the tradition that it is the duty of women to efface herself. Mme. de Scudery wrote half the novels that bore her brother's name, and he used to lock her up in her room to keep her at it; yet he drew his sword on a friend who had doubted his claim to have written them all. Nobody now doubts that Fanny Mendelssohn wrote many of the 'Songs without Words,' under her brother's name, but she was suppressed by the whole family the moment she proposed to publish any music as her own. Lord Houghton learned in Germany that a great part of Neander's 'Church History' was written by his sister, but the cyclopedias do not include her name. On the whole it is better to wait a few centuries before denying lyric genius to the successors of Sappho and music to the sisters of Fanny Mendelssohn.

Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill.

The marriage of Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill to Mr. Gordon Wilson was a very brilliant affair. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Marlborough, and is consequently Lord Randolph Churchill's sister, who cabled his congratulations from South Africa. Mr. Wilson is the son of Sir Samuel Wilson, of Hughenden. Sir Samuel was popularly known in Victoria, where he made his large fortune in sheep-farming, as "Sir Salmon," from his more or less successful attempts to acclimatise that fish in Australian rivers. He was a generous benefactor of the Melbourne University, and upon the death of Lord Beaconsfield took over the lease of Hughenden. Sir Samuel, who is a good Conservative, has been a large contributor to the party funds, and has represented Portsmouth since 1886. Was not Mr. Gordon Wilson, by the way, among the Eton Boys who seized the poor lunatic Maclean, when he fired at the Queen several years ago?

UNLUCKY PERSONS.—There are in the world many persons who consider themselves, and who are considered by others, to be "unlucky;" that is, who are unfortunate in almost all their undertakings. My readers have doubtless asked themselves the question, Why is it that some people are always unlucky?—always in trouble of one sort or another? There can be but one answer to this question: Such persons are lacking in some department of their organization; there is either a mental deficiency or a moral incapacity, or as it often occurs, great physical weakness of some part of the body, which always culminates just in time to thwart all the well laid plans for success. But whatever may be the failing, it may be taken for granted that where "ill luck," as it is termed, follows one through a life-time, the ill luck is caused by being ill constituted.

Cardinal Manning.

It is a strange coincidence that the future head of the Church of England, and the actual head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, should have died within a hour of each other—the one, a youth of negative qualities, who had never done anything to make himself respected by the people over whom he was born to rule, and was not regarded with any personal affection by them; the other, an old man of positive qualities, whom English Protestants as well as Catholics respected in the highest degree, the record of whose life was filled with noble work, but who never made himself a "popular man" in the ordinary sense. Cardinal Manning, ever busy in doing good among the poor and persecuted, gained their regard, admiration, and thanks, but never their love. He was by nature intended to be what his witty brother-in-law, "Soapy Sam," dubbed him, the "Apostle of the Genteels"; but he elected to preach rather among the outcast poor than among the noble rich.

Justin McCarty once wrote of him: "An Englishman of Englishmen, with no drop of Irish blood in his veins, he is more Hibernian than the Hibernians themselves in his sympathies with Ireland. A man of social position, of old family, of the highest education, and the most refined instincts, he would leave the Catholic noblemen at any time to go down to the Irish teetotallers at the East End of London. He firmly believes that the salvation of England is yet to be accomplished through the influence of that religious devotion which is at the bottom of the Irish nature—and which some of us call superstition. He loves his own country dearly, but turns away from her present condition of industrial prosperity to the days before the Reformation, when yet saints trod the English soil: 'In England there has been no saint since the Reformation,' he said, the other day, in sad, sweet tones, to one of wholly different opinions

who listened with a mingling of amazement and reverence. No views, that I have ever heard put into living words, embodied to anything like the same extent the full claims and pretensions of ultramontaniam. It is quite wonderful to sit and listen; one cannot but be impressed with the sweetness, the thoughtfulness, the dignity—I had almost said the sanctity—of the man who thus pours fourth, with a manner full of the most tranquil conviction, opinions which proclaim all progress a failure, and glorify the Roman priest or the Irish peasant as the true herald and repository of light liberty, and regeneration to a sinking and degraded world."

To quote again from Justin McCarty:

"A more singular, striking, marvellous figure does not stand out, I think, in our English society. Everything that an ordinary Englishman or an American would regard as admirable or auspicious in the progress of our civilization, Dr. Manning calmly looks down upon as lamentable and evil-omened. What we call progress is to his mind decay. What we call light is to him darkness. What we reverence as individual liberty is to him spiritual slavery. The mere fact that a man gives reasons for his faith seems shocking to this strangely gifted apostle of unconditional belief. Though you were to accept an hundred times ninety-nine of the decrees of Rome, you would still be in his mind a heretic if you paused as to the acceptance of the hundredth."

Cardinal Manning once wrote—it is one of the most beautiful passages he ever penned, and shows what his faith in his Church was:

"My love for England begins with the England of St. Bede. Saxon England, with all its tumults, seems to me saintly and beautiful. Norman England I have always loved less, because, although majestic, it became continually less Catholic, until the evil spirit of the world broke off the light yoke of faith at the so-called Reformation. Still I loved the Christian England which survived, and all the lingering outlines of dioceses and parishes, cathedrals and churches, with the names of saints upon them. It is this vision of the past which still hovers over England and makes it beautiful and full of the memories of the Kingdom of God. Nay, I love the parish church of my childhood, the college chapel of my youth, and the little church under the green hill-side where the morning and evening prayers, and the music of the English Bible, for seventeen years became a part of my soul. Nothing is more beautiful in the natural order, and if there were no eternal world I could have made it my home."

Henry Edward Manning was born on July 15th, 1808. His father was a wealthy London merchant of good family, a member of Parliament, and governor of the Bank of England. Henry Manning was educated at Harrow, where he was famous as a cricketer. He was in the eleven, and played in the annual match against Eton. He was very fond of shooting, riding, boating, and athletic sports generally, and was a very mischievous youth. He lately recounted to a correspondent the following prank in which he was engaged in company with Christopher Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln, and Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrew's. The three future Churchmen were playfellows, and entered into a conspiracy to loot the Manning vineyard. They did it, too, entering through the roof, and eating all the grapes.

"There were no grapes for dinner that day," said the cardinal, with a twinkle in his eye, "and I believe this is the only case on record where three future bishops were guilty of larceny. We escaped punishment, too, by frank confession and expressions of deep penitence."

After leaving Harrow, Henry Manning went to famous Balliol College, Oxford, which was founded in the thirteenth century, and of which John Wyclif, the Reformer, was once the master. He graduated in first-class honors in 1830, and became a fellow of Merton. He was appointed Rector of Lavington, in Sussex, a charming little village close to the celebrated Goodwood race-course. Soon afterward he married the youngest Miss Serjeant, a very beautiful girl, and one of the co-heiresses of the Lavington property. Two of her sisters had already married Samuel Wilberforce, afterward Bishop of Oxford, and generally known as "Soapy Sam," and his brother, Henry Wilberforce. Mrs. Manning survived her marriage but a few months. Her death deeply affected the rector of Lavington, strengthened the spiritualism of his nature, and turned his thoughts more than ever to the unseen world. Many years afterward, when he had become Archbishop of Westminster, one of the canons of the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington, London, sarcastically remarked that the greatest blow the Catholic Church had received in this century was the death of Mrs. Manning. Had she lived it would, of course, have been impossible for Manning to take orders in the Roman Catholic Church.

At the early age of thirty-two he became Archdeacon of Chichester, the county town of Sussex, and a few miles away from Lavington. While he was occupying this position he published his "Parochial Sermons," which show how deep the effect of his wife's death had been upon his sensitive nature.

In the Tractarian movement Manning played a considerable part, but he did not join the Roman Catholic Church till many years after Newman had seceded from the faith they had both been brought up in. Indeed, while Newman was in retirement at Littlemore preparing for his reception into Catholicism, Archdeacon Manning preached a most violent sermon before the University of Oxford against the Roman Catholic religion. It was on the anniversary of the discovery of Gunpowder Plot, and in those days a special service was held to celebrate it. A day or two afterward Manning walked out to Littlemore to call upon Newman. But the report of the anti-Popery sermon had preceded its preacher, and Newman declined to see him. The message was conveyed to Manning by a young man connected with the quasi-monastic society which Newman had started. He was so anxious to cover the slight that he walked bareheaded with the archdeacon half-way back to Oxford, unaware, as his companion was, of his unprotected state under a chill November sky. That young man was J. A. Froude.