

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

**OBLIVION.** By M. G. McClelland. Leisure Season Series. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The advent in fiction of the lady who wrote "Oblivion"—for a lady it is despite the masculine-looking signature—is a circumstance worthy of no little speculation as to its promise for the novel-reading public. So perfect of its kind is the work, so carefully and delicately wrought out, so pervaded is it with a most pleasing art, that it seems rather the crowning result of long and arduous effort than the achievement of an untried hand. "Oblivion" has been likened to Hugh Conway's "Called Back." The comparison is only justifiable as to the central idea—the loss of memory by an accident, and its subsequent return—which is of the order in which Mr. Fergus delighted. Otherwise Miss McClelland's work differs from that author's about as completely as could be imagined. She lacks his powerful introspectiveness, his dramatic force, the impelling character of his narration. There is no morbid quality in her book; it is all pure and sweet and fine as open air and sunshine could make it. And, although the last two characteristics, as they are in "Called Back," are absent in "Oblivion," they are represented by a very vivid and vigorous style of story-telling, which lags at no time and under no circumstances whatever. The similarity to Miss Murfree's writing (Charles Egbert Craddock) is rather more than skin deep. We should fancy that Miss McClelland had taken at least a cue from the more famous writer in her treatment of the Tennessee mountaineers. Not that we find in her work a particle of spurious imitation, however; it is all pure gold and honest profit.

There is much rare and delicate insight in Miss McClelland's tender treatment of her mountain men, and a firm hand, too, which fails her somewhat in her heroine. "Lady" is rather a visionary conception to the end, but "Dick Corbyn" will stay with us for a long time, faithful dog! The story is far better in the mountains, where it throbs and glows with reality, than in Washington, where it loses much of its vital quality and bears evidence of haste. "Oblivion" is, however, unless we are greatly mistaken, the first nugget from a store that will not be easily exhausted. Further mining operations on Miss McClelland's part will be watched with interest.

**CATHOLIC VERSUS ROMAN.** By Rev. J. Langtry, M.A. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, and Company.

The ten very vigorous lectures of which this volume is composed have already attained a certain celebrity through their delivery in St. Luke's Church, and their publication in the columns of the *Toronto Mail*, the *Orange Sentinel*, and the *Dominion Churchman*. To this we believe there are two exceptions in the extremely graphic chapter upon the Inquisition, and that unsparingly devoted to the "Further Departures of the Roman Church," which have only just been wrought out of the reverend author's inner consciousness for the edification of the elect who acknowledge neither Pope nor Priest.

The Rev. Mr. Langtry's interpretation of the duties of the Church Militant is evidently a most comprehensive one. All Protestants of a theologico-belligerent turn of mind are strongly advised to buy and read this book, for they will find in it all the triumphant charge and denunciation that is so comforting to their special type of spirituality; Roman Catholics also, for it will doubtless be unto their warlike propensities as a red rag unto a bull.

People of either faith, to whom the noise of theological battle is distasteful and disturbing, will deprecate both the cause and the animus of Mr. Langtry's book, however convincing its arguments and powerful its arraignments. There are such people, even in conservative Canada—people who are of the opinion that such combats belong to a less enlightened age than ours, that the old issues were fought out long ago, and that little but rancour and vindictiveness can result from a renewal of the conflict. These people, whether the majority or minority of the reading public of Canada, will find the contents of the reverend gentleman's book neither agreeable nor especially instructive.

**MISFITS AND REMNANTS.** By L. D. Ventura and S. Schevitch. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

Ten haphazard sketches of lower Italian life in New York, written professedly and not improbably by a couple of newspaper men, on the "foreign staff" of one of the great dailies. They are quite the product of the journalistic instinct in construction, and consist of precisely the sort of thing that would naturally fall in the way of a reporter with an eye for the picturesque. The work is so light that one wonders at its compressibility between the covers of a book, yet it betrays some delicacy of perception, and inclines to be graphic and illuminative of the life it describes.

It is essentially weak, but it has a fineness of texture that is very pleasing. A series, we should call the sketches, of gentle, refined, pretty pictures of scenes that doubtless have their idyllic side, if one looks for it long enough. Their weakness is their lack of truthfulness; even the tragedy and sin they describe is sweetly and agreeably pictured. An amusing blunder occurs in the first "Peppino," where the author describes himself as arriving in America with five hundred francs and "not a word of English," yet within three weeks disposing of an article to the *New York World* for forty dollars, and continuing from that time forth to support himself by contributions to the American press. We are left in doubt as to whether the *World* employs a translator for the benefit of impecunious foreigners or prints their articles in the original Italian, German, French, or as it may be. Neither of these alternatives presenting themselves very credibly, we are compelled to the conclusion that in his anxiety to narrate vividly, the Signor Ventura has in this case somewhat overshot the mark.

**BIETIGHEIM: Its Causes, Cost, and Consequences.** New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

"Bietigheim" is in the nature of a prophecy. It consists of three lectures, delivered before the intelligent public of the city of Denver, Col., in the year 1932, by one John W. Minor, upon the causes, cost, and consequences of the battle of Bietigheim, in which the allied forces of the English, French, and Americans utterly rout German arrogance, aggression, and tyranny in the year 1890—the immediate cause of the war being the shooting of a naturalised German-American upon his native soil, for causes that aroused the indignation of the world. The book is probably of much less value as a prediction of German humiliation under Frederick than as an interesting and plausible representation of the possibilities of cognate questions within a time that we may all hope to see. These questions are universal in their significance, and a very obvious criticism of the unknown author's work is that he has attempted far too much for even the robust intelligence of a Denver audience in 1932, in a narrative, with critical and explanatory notes, of almost half a century's European and American progress, in three lectures. One of its frequent blunders is a French-Canadian rebellion, in 1887, "growing out of the execution of the half-breed Riel two years before," which helped to "keep England's army busy." Our American friend should be assured that we should hardly require the assistance of "England's army" in suppressing a French-Canadian rebellion, in the very unlikely event of its occurrence. The book, nevertheless, has a living interest, and will sell, in spite of its sensational cover.

**THE SKETCH BOOK.** By Washington Irving. New York: John B. Alden.

Irving's works, and this above all of them, are so firmly entrenched in our affection, that any notice, even of a new edition, seems absurdly superfluous. The excellent taste and extreme cheapness of the Alden Sketch Book make it worthy of more than passing attention, however. It is bound in a fashion of which no library shelf need be ashamed, well printed in large and legible type, on very fair paper, and all for forty cents! Even in these days of the literary millenium this achievement of Mr. Alden's is remarkable.

WE have received also the following publications:

**FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.** September. New York: 55 and 57 Park Place.

**CHURCH REVIEW.** August. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

**MUSICAL HERALD.** August. Boston: Franklin Square.

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.** August 14th. Boston: Littell and Company.

## MUSIC.

## THE BERLIN SAENGERFEST.

THE Saengerfest held by the German residents of Berlin and its vicinity on the 11th, 12th and 13th current proved a great success. It attracted thousands of strangers to the town, and demonstrated that there is an amount of musical talent and appreciation in the vicinity, which, but for the festival, would not have been suspected. The principal features of the "fest" were the creditable performance of the "Creation," and the excellent playing of the Waterloo and Berlin Musical Societies' bands. Under the careful direction of Herr Zoellner the oratorio was produced in a manner that approached the standard of Toronto performances, and the result is the more surprising when it is remembered that no opportunities could be had for mass rehearsals prior to the opening of the festival. There was a competition for a prize between the male choruses of the visiting singing societies on the afternoon of the second day; but the contest was practically between the Montreal Germania and the Rochester Orpheus, and the judges awarded the honours to the latter. The receipts from the concerts amounted to about \$3,000.—*Clef.*