

work up their ideas and make them popular. Even though the projects of the Imperial Federation League should fail in their ultimate aims, much advantage must result to the colonies from the interest in their concerns which has been aroused, and from the discussions on the subject which must make their greatness and importance better known.—*Halifax Chronicle*.

WHILE Canada, with a population of 5,000,000, is groaning under a public debt of less than \$50 per head, for which she possesses valuable assets, the Australian colonies manage to exist under much heavier indebtedness. The debt, per capita, of New Zealand is nearly \$300; of Victoria and New South Wales about \$150, and of the neighbouring colonies about the same, and for these heavy burdens they have few public improvements, such as Canada possesses, to show. In comparison with the other colonies of the Empire, the Dominion occupies a favourable position, and our future is full of hope.—*Evening Journal, Ottawa*.

ONE of the greatest barriers which impede the work of political emancipation in Ireland is the incendiary vapourings of some of its politicians. A specimen of these is Redmond, now M.P. for North Fermanagh. This bellicose orator finds cause for rejoicing in the silly belief that England has enemies everywhere who are ready to pounce upon her, and able to demolish the kingdom at will. He sees in mixed metaphor that "a first blow once struck would fire the train which will lead to a successful Indian mutiny and light the Russians into London, where they will stable their horses in the House of Commons." Many who read such silly bluster will wonder whether the chamber of Parliament is not quite as much polluted by the presence of one who can utter such sentiments as it would be if his predictions were fulfilled. It is men of such a stamp and their unguarded and treasonable acts that can make doubly hard the task of the real friends of Ireland when they seek to make right the wrongs under which that unfortunate country has so long existed.—*Daily Telegraph, St. John's*.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

AN interesting literary relic is furnished by Mr. Augustin Daly in connection with his notable revival of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" in New York. It is a fac-simile in photo-lithography of the First Quarto (1602), together with a reprint of the prompt copy of the comedy as used by Mr. Daly's players. The fac-simile is one of a number that was made in England under the supervision of Mr. Furnivall, a name familiar to all Shakespearean students, and is the work of W. Griggs, an excellent worker in photo-lithography. From William Winter's introduction to the volume we learn that it is taken, for the most part, from a copy of the original in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, but a few imperfections in that copy were repaired from another print owned by Mr. Alfred H. Huth. The acting edition (or prompt book) was prepared by Mr. Daly himself, and has been modified in suitable deference to refined taste. He has also constructed, out of the various speeches which are set down for Falstaff in the "Second Part of Henry IV.," an epilogue to be spoken by that merry knight. It is as follows:

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish, confounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that leads to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. Yet it was always a trick of our nation if they have a good thing to make it too common. But enough. I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Thine, by yea and no (which is as much as to say as thou usest him), Jack Falstaff with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John, with all the world.

Mr. Daly's little book will be prized, not alone as a literary curiosity, but as a souvenir of a delightful comedy interpreted in a delightful way by an intelligent body of players.

MY RELIGION. By Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated from the French. New York: T. Y. Crowell and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The writer of whose religious development this book is a relation is the author of an historical novel long regarded as one of the finest productions of Russian literature. In the present book, which has passed through several editions in France and Germany, he makes an eloquent and impressive plea for a direct application of the literal teachings of Jesus as expressed in the Sermon on the Mount. This is placing the Christian religion on a sound basis: the Sermon on the Mount contains every essential principle of Christianity. But the author, we think, interprets many of the precepts of Jesus with a literalness that we can hardly agree with. Still the book is worthy of deep study: it is highly suggestive, at any rate.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. V. Bicheno—Bottisham, pp. 448. New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The new instalment of this admirable dictionary maintains the high character of the work. The list of contributors number some ninety names of the highest in every department treated of in the biographies, and these are as full and accurate as may be.

We have received also the following publications:—

CANADIAN RECORD OF SCIENCE. Montreal: Natural History Society.  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY. February. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.  
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. January 23. Boston: Littell and Company.  
UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE. January. New York: J. H. S. Hamersley.  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. February. New York: E. R. Pelton.  
ELECTRA. January. Louisville, Ky.: Miss J. M. Leyburn.  
ST. NICHOLAS. February. New York: The Century Company.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. WHITTIER contributes a poem, "The Homestead," to the forthcoming *Atlantic*. ROBERTS BROS. are the American publishers of Prof. Seeley's "Short History of Napoleon I."

THOMAS WHITTAKER has nearly ready "Authorship of the Four Gospels," as viewed by Judge William Marvin from a lawyer's standpoint.

D. APPLETON AND Co. publish the third and concluding volume of A. S. Bolles's "Financial History of the United States," covering the period from 1861 to 1885.

PROF. RUDOLPH GNEIST'S "History of the English Constitution," translated by Philip A. Ashworth, will be shortly published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in two volumes.

THE January number of the *Century* is out of print and a new edition of 5,000 copies is on the press. The publishers have had to increase the edition of the February *Century*, since it has been printing, on account of the extra demand for this "Midwinter" number.

THE authorship of "The Buntling Ball" and "The New King Arthur" has been attributed to over two hundred (in all to date two hundred and twenty-seven) different authors. It is manifest that critics, no matter how expert, cannot tell by "internal evidence" who the author of a book is. There is no unanimity whatever in the present case, although the author is one of the best known of living writers.

CASSELL AND Co. will publish at once, in their "Rainbow Series" of new and original novels by popular American and foreign authors, the initial volumes—"A Crimson Stain," by Annie Bradshaw, and "Morgan's Horror," by George Manville Fenn. These stories are not of the penny-dreadful order, though they are sensational, if by sensational is meant strong plot, vivid description, and dramatic situation. Mr. Fenn is an old favourite, but Annie Bradshaw is a new writer to the most of us. These volumes are well printed, and bound in rainbow-hued paper—hence the name—and sold for twenty-five cents.

THE numbers of the *Living Age* for January 16th and 23rd contain Poetry, Politics and Conservatism, *National Review*; The Story of the Bab, and Disestablishment and Disendowment, *Contemporary*; Old Florence and Modern Tuscany, and the Poetic Imagination, *Macmillan*; Reminiscences of an Attache, *Blackwood*; Frogs, *Gentleman's*; Similes, *Temple Bar*; Germany's Industrial Progress, *Saturday Review*; Ordeals and Oaths, *Antiquary*; with instalments of "Fortune's Wheel," "Dr. Barrere," "Oh—Madame!" "A Strange Temptation," and poetry. A new volume of the *Living Age* began with the year.

THE bright and attractive February *Magazine of American History* is filled with timely articles of fresh and absorbing interest. The whole number is a continual feast. The Portrait of James II., for whom Albany was named, forms an appropriate frontispiece. The third contribution is one of present moment, one that will command the widest read—integration of Canada, and the theme is one that speaks for itself. J. Macdonald Oxley, LL.B., B.A., of Ottawa, writes an able article of romantic interest on the "Historic Aspects of Sable Island."

WHAT, then, is style?—the style, that is, which makes literature? He has it not who writes grammatically, for is it not one of the marks of the stylist that he can on occasion rise superior to grammar? Nor will mere logic serve his turn, though this seems to be the opinion of Mr. Herbert Spencer. A fact or a reflection may be presented to the reader so that each concept shall enter his mind in its natural order, so that there shall be no friction, no waste, no needless mental wear and tear, and yet we shall say to the writer, "He is a good craftsman, but no artist." Here we are approaching the secret. Literary style is an added grace, a super-erogatory strength over and above what is demanded by the mere logic of expression. It is the result of the writer's individual sense of beauty and power in the collection of words; and so far, so far only, was Buffon right in saying, "Le style est l'homme même." Careful training may enable any man to express himself as clearly as Mr. Herbert Spencer on any subject on which he is capable of thinking clearly; but no amount of training will teach him to give a sentence an epigrammatic barb, or a musical cadence. The stylist often attains his effects by purposely distorting that economy of the reader's attention which Mr. Spencer quite justly asserts to be the cardinal law of composition. *Quam multa! quam paucis!* is indeed the description of a good expository style, but in pure literature we often find beauty in redundancy, strength in pleonasm, charm in garrulity. When a writer has the art of keeping our attention delightfully on the strain, we do not ask him to spare it. Which of Mr. Spencer's canons has not Charles Lamb, for instance, honoured in the breach rather than in the observance? Yet in naming Charles Lamb have we not named a master of literary, as opposed to expository or scientific, style?—WILLIAM ARCHER, in *Time*.