

LETHE.

O, the waters of Lethe are dark and deep,  
Are dark and deep and dead,  
And over its breast the poppies drift  
Here and there as the winds make shift  
All bright and red.

And the breath of a dream oft haunts the tide  
On winds that wander and flow,  
And stirs the poppies at times in fear,  
And sighs for the souls that never can hear,—  
Deep down below.—

There's a shore that greens by the darksome  
wave  
Where willows trail and bend,  
And cedars gloom the winding ways,  
Till down on the marge mid mist and haze  
Each finds an end.

Far up on the hills in gleam and sun  
The brooklets ripple and sing,  
Where violets droop so fresh and fair,  
And lilies sweet on the morning air  
Sway ever and swing.

And the breeze from the mountain roams the  
tide  
And rocks the mist to dream ;—  
But sound nor gleam nor scent can come  
To souls that sleep in the dark, dead gloom  
By Lethe's stream.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy.

ART NOTES.

The American School of Athens, working on the site of Argos, has laid bare a large marble building which is supposed to be the gymnasium, and has uncovered many very early tombs like those which Schliemann found at Mycenæ.

F. A. Verner has been exhibiting, along with several others, pictures of the big game of America, at the Burlington gallery, London, England. "This is just the show to win the suffrages of the Englishmen," the art critic of the *Spectator* says.

Among recent acquisitions by the Metropolitan Museum of Art are the following paintings: "Queen Esther Before Ahasuerus," by Batista Trepolo, the gift of Henry G. Marquand; "Battle Scene; a Detour by Arabs," by Adolph Schreyer, and Alexandre Cabanel's "The Birth of Venus," both given by John Wolfe; "Winter Scene in Holland," by Isaac Van Ostade; "Dutch Interior," by Peter de Hooghe; and "Coast Scenes," by John Sell Cotman, the three being gifts from George A. Hearn. "Portrait of Theodore Child," by William T. Dannat, the gift of Mrs. Theodore Haviland, and a portrait of Cromwell's son-in-law, General Henry Ireton, painted by Robert Walker, and given to the museum by S. P. Avery.

The following is translated from *Public Opinion* from the French of Robert de la Sizeranne in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: "For some years past a very strange proceeding has attracted attention and provoked discussion among those who follow the æsthetic movement in France and abroad; as well in the Salon of Champ de Mars as the Crystal Palace of Munich, or in the Kunstlerhaus of Vienna. That spectacle, at once archaic and novel, displeasing and attracting, which irritates our tastes, shocks our erudition, scandalizes our religion, but excites our curiosity and sharpens our analytic sense, is that which accommodates the scenes of the New Testament to modern life; it is the Christ, leaping over eighteen centuries and as many hundred miles, and coming, in spite of

archæology and ethnography, to preach among the blouses of our workingmen or the overcoats of our capitalists, His somewhat forgotten message. Everyone remembers having seen at the Salon of 1891, that sinner in the dress of the ball-room, prostrate at the feet of Christ, surrounded by Parisian notabilities in the guise of Pharisees, drinking their coffee. A little later, a Magdalene in Finland costume weeps in recognizing the Christ on the borders of a polar lake.

What bizarre ideas have the painters of to-day! one cries, and to dissipate the impression of an anachronism so violent, leaves the Champ de Mars and directs his steps to the Louvre, hoping to find there the mute protest of the old masters, so wise, so thoughtful, so religious, against the loud eccentricities of our contemporaries. But behold, at the first glance, the anachronism which one believes would be missing, appears triumphant. That Magdalene of Memling is dressed in the Flemish mode of the fifteenth century; the Pilgrims of Emmaus have the forms of the Hollanders, etc. Anachronism in art, far from being a new movement, is then only the resumption of a constant tradition among the grand masters of religious painting; and it is rather respect for historic truth, local color, which we should call exceptional and novel.

Mr. Collingwood applauds an anachronism in the 'Christ Blessing Little Children' in the National Gallery. 'The artist does not expect,' he says, 'that you will suppose that to be a portrait of the Saviour placing his hands on the heads of the little boys and girls of Holland, but he wishes to keep you from falling into the error of supposing that all this is only a dream of the past forever fled; for behold He is with you always.' This explains the pious significance of anachronism. If Christ is among us, why represent Him as among the people of Galilee? As to Christ Himself, why demand of those with whom He formerly lived what costume He wore, what language He spoke? 'Why seek ye the living among the dead?' Rather listen to that mendicant at your gate, and be careful that He be not the concealed God.

That which has shocked believers, and also Christians at heart, is not the plastic modernness of the exhibitions; it is the modernness of the sentiments expressed by the authors. It is the recognition in the saints, in the Virgin, in the Christ even, of the contradictions and doubts of the sceptical and blasé dilettantes who have read Strauss and Schopenhauer, and of those attempters of religious emotions, who, wearying of materialism, create a god after their own image, and lend to him all the weaknesses by which they feel themselves oppressed. Thus, Roger Von der Weyden, being lymphatic, paints lymphatic Christs. That which is shocking is a Saviour doubting everything, His mission, His father, His divinity. Wishing to show us the Man-God, these painters have varied the proportions of the two natures. They have given us a man sufficiently great, but a very small god.

There is another point of view from which to consider anachronism, and to remind ourselves that works of art are not only to be judged from a reasoning brain nor an impressionable soul, but from a certain sense of the beautiful and the unsightly, which Topffer called a third sense, and which has surely its importance. Now that

instinct, called upon to pronounce judgment upon the costumes in the scenes of the Evangelists, has very quickly condemned them, not because they were anachronistic, but because they are ugly. It is that sense which is wounded by the coats and the waistcoats of the Pharisees; it is that which suffers, which cries out before the table in the Inn of Emmaus, and that which we take for protestations of our archæological scruples or our religious sentiment is above all, fundamentally, the revolt of our taste. It is repugnant to us to see the grand, almost fabulous figures of the Apostles, those 'fishers of men,' imprisoned in coats of geometrical cut, in methodical folds, of vivid colours; of not finding in their plastic appearance the vigorous grandeur and strong simplicity which the Evangelists reveal in their characters. One finally comprehends that if a Christ in a modern coat is not less religious nor less rational than a Christ in a pallium or a gown, there are many probabilities that the first will be a less æsthetic figure than the second."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Complaint has recently been made in some of the American musical journals, says an English exchange, that there is no poetry in English musical criticism. What will these critics say of this production for a recent issue of the *Glasgow Evening News*!

"Each instrument symbolises some particular colour. So, according to Hadyn, the trombone is deep red; the trumpet, scarlet; the clarionet, orange; the oboe, yellow; the bassoon, deep yellow; the flute, sky-blue; the diapason, deep blue; the double diapason, purple; the horn, violet; while the violin is pink; the viola, rose; the violoncello, red; and the double bass, crimson. Let us examine the sunrise in the "Creation." At the commencement our attention is attracted by a soft, streaming sound from the violins, scarcely audible till the pink rays of the second violin diverge into the chord of the second, to which is gradually imparted a greater fulness of colour, as the rose violas and red violoncellos steal in with expanding beauty, while the azure of the flute tempers the mounting rays of the violin; as the notes continue ascending to the highest point of brightness, the orange of the clarionet, the scarlet of the trumpet, the purple of the double diapason unite in increasing splendour, till the sun appears at length in all the refulgence of harmony."

The London *Musical News* has the following interesting report of an important recent lecture: On Monday, 25th June, at the Queen's Hall, an interesting lecture on the "Music of the Ancient Greeks," accompanied with a performance of all the examples which are at present known, was given by Mr. C. Abdy Williams and Mr. W. H. Wing. The lecturer first mentioned a Pythian ode, by Pindar, written in commemoration of a victory gained by Hieron, Tyrant of Syracuse, at the Pythian Games, 474 B.C. This was first published by Kircher in his *Musurgia*, 1650, and said by him to have been discovered in the Library of the Monastery of St. Saviour, near Messina, though the lecturer thought it possible that Kircher was mistaken in his statement. Greek music was written for instruments and voices, the former being flutes and lyres. As to the rhythm, a difference