

AN AUTUMN WREATH.

THE lord and lover of the year is slain,
 Fair Summer! Nature's joy and earth's sweet pride,
 The wind moans sadly as a mournful bride
 Loading the air with monodies of pain;
 Down from the branches shower, light as rain,
 The rarely coloured leaves; afar and wide
 Blight-stricken blossoms strew the country-side
 No more to deck it with delight again;
 The bright winged choristers that carolled round
 Sweet overflowings of supernal joy
 No more their thrilling ecstasies employ
 To glad man's soul with music's purest sound;
 Summer lies dead upon the lap of earth
 Pale melancholy weeps where late laughed mirth.

The loving mother, bending o'er her child,
 Thinks of the dangers she has lately pass'd
 And in her joy, love's true enthusiast,
 Thanks Heaven for two lives saved; then, soon beguiled
 By deep emotion, sings in accents mild
 A song of sweetness through whose strains are cast
 Sad warning sounds that come and go as fast
 As rising surges ere the sea grows wild.
 So when the labour of the year is o'er
 And from the land the promised fruits have come,
 When birds have flown and bees no longer hum,
 Nature in memory of all before
 Yields the thanksgiving of her grateful love
 Through which sad premonitions faintly move.

Where are ye now, with all your summer sheen,
 And pride of life, as strong ye hung
 Upon the branches or soft sward among
 Spreading abroad your beauties, bright and green?
 Where are ye now, that gave a shelter kind
 To Nature's minstrels from the mid-day sun
 And nursed them nightly, when their songs were done,
 Safe from the passions of the stormy wind?
 Listless ye lie, the sport of each mad breeze,
 Bereft of verdant strength, clad in dull grey,
 Trodden by travellers upon the way,
 Parted forever from thy parent trees,
 Emblems of this world's pride and vanity
 Fair for awhile; but doom'd to fall and die.

We saw her wither, like a late-grown leaf,
 Struck with the blast of winter's earliest breath
 And watch'd the sad premonitor of death
 Veil o'er her face thin folds of silent grief
 So deft and quickly, it seem'd passed belief,
 And yet, as one who daily witnesseth
 The change of leaves in autumn's fading wreath,
 We saw it not, for Death came like a thief
 At night and pass'd his hand across her brow,
 Smooth'd out the pain-lines; closed her aching eyes;
 Sealed with a smile her lips, lest there should rise
 A sigh that might provoke his pity now;
 And we, beholding, knew it not, but said
 "To-morrow she will wake"—and she was dead.

When Autumn, like a prophet filled with fears,
 Warns Summer's golden beauty of that death
 Which soon the chilling blast of Winter's breath
 Shall bring—fond nature by her falling tears
 Attests her grief, unchang'd through all the years,
 And from the blossoms that lie dead beneath
 Seizing the unseen colours, weaves a wreath,
 And lo! a garland on each tree appears.
 When unto thee life's end is drawing near
 And weeping kinsmen kneel about thy bed
 May all the rays of goodness thou hast shed
 From out the buried past shine bright and clear,
 And golden deeds and thoughts of heavenly hues
 Over thy fading mind soft light diffuse.

SAREPTA.

PROFESSOR BALDWIN'S PSYCHOLOGY.*

WHEN a book of some size and price, and devoted to a subject which can hardly, as yet, be called popular, attains to its second edition within twelve months of the date of its publication, it has, in that simple fact, a letter of commendation more effective than any criticism however favourable. But we can, at least, offer our sincere and hearty testimony to the value of the work before us.

The science of psychology, after being associated in a somewhat unscientific manner with other subjects more or less akin to it, sometimes also having been elevated to the position of metaphysics, or made a substitute for it, sometimes having been made little more than a department of physiology, is now beginning to take a recognized and conceded place of its own. There will still be, and probably for a considerable time to come, differences of opinion as to the value and extent of the empirical side, or the rational factor; but the general sphere of psychology is now sufficiently established.

We consider this work of Professor Baldwin's one of the best text-books yet provided for our students, and a treatise of very considerable value. If we were asked to say, in a word, what are its distinctive merits, we should

reply: lucidity and balance. Whatever may be the case with the problems of ontology, which it seems impossible to discuss without the use of language not easily understood, there is no reason in the world why the facts and principles of psychology should not be stated in language perfectly easy of understanding. This Professor Baldwin has accomplished with greater success than most of his predecessors.

The other quality of balance is no less conspicuous. Dr. Baldwin says that he writes from a neutral point of view, and every page verifies his claim. There is, indeed, throughout the whole volume, a singular "freedom from pre-supposition," as the Germans would say. Of course the author has his own point of view; but we are never made conscious of an effort to project one aspect of the subject into excessive prominence, or to throw another into the shade. When one studies the works of Professor Bain, for example, one cannot help feeling that there is a constant effort to ignore or to depreciate the importance of the spiritual principle. On the other hand, in the excellent hand-book of Professor Dewey, there is a somewhat scant recognition of the principle of association. We are never conscious of this onesidedness in Professor Baldwin. He at once and fully recognizes the spiritual principle in man; but he is so clear on this point that he feels no necessity for entertaining the slightest jealousy of the claims of the material organism through which it acts.

The author's view of his work may be best stated in his own words at the close of the second chapter of his introduction. After a very careful and detailed examination into the nature and method of psychological enquiry, he announces as his conclusion that "there is, first of all, in consciousness a free intelligent activity which affords at once the necessity and justification of a higher science, which is inductive, internal, descriptive, and analytic; that its method is that of direct observation, and that, inasmuch as the phenomena of which it is cognizant are purely mental, it must precede and embrace those branches of the science which deal with the phenomena of body. Second, these mental phenomena sustain a universal and uniform connection with the bodily organism through which physiological experiment becomes possible, carrying with it a twofold utility: the causal analysis of phenomena, and the confirmation of their empirical generalizations. And third, the science can never reach completion or its laws reach their widest generality until all mental facts are interpreted in the light of this connection with body or shown to be independent of it."

This is a good specimen of the author's power of lucid expression as well as of his comprehensive conception of the work which he has undertaken. There is, however, another quality of the book, perhaps we should rather say, qualification of the writer, which should not pass unnoticed. We refer to Professor Baldwin's thorough acquaintance with the extensive literature of his subject. Anyone who may desire to have other presentations of the topics here discussed will find ample guidance in the copious lists of authorities furnished at the end of the several sections.

With regard to the second edition, as is natural, the alterations made are not numerous, and they are not of great importance. But they are more extensive than a superficial examination of the book would reveal. For commercial reasons, and for convenience of reference, the paging of the first edition has been preserved, and here and there the author may have been hampered by the restriction; but there are a good many passages in which the exposition of the matter in hand has been enlarged, and, in some cases, there has been a slight change of philosophical position; but this occurs in quite subordinate matters. There is also an addition of several diagrams, which help to make clearer the exposition in the text.

We had marked several passages for quotation and comment, but we must here exercise self-repression. In a book of such compass we naturally come upon statements which we might prefer to put in a slightly different form; but we have not noted anything of importance which we should wish to change. In defending the now accepted threefold division of the functions of mind, the author might have made rather a shorter cut in dealing with the question of conscience. As well might it be said that faith is a separate "faculty" instead of embracing, as it does, all the three, inasmuch as it presupposes knowledge, is realized in feeling, and manifested in action.

We are sensible of the inadequacy of this notice, and it has no pretension to give anything like a complete account of the volume before us; but we hope we have sufficiently indicated its general characteristics, and conveyed our high sense of its value and importance.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.*

THE great actor whose name appears in the above title of a late publication by the Century Company has made good his claim, many years ago now, to the friendship and admiration of the English-speaking world. This cannot be said of every equally good American or equally brilliant English actor. But of Jefferson it can honestly be said that such acting as his is for all countries, not one country; and for all ages, not one age. It is easy, therefore, to predict for his autobiography an interested, grateful public on both sides of the Atlantic. His reminiscences

include anecdotes of Kean, Macready, Dickens and Brown, as well as of Laura Keane, the Wallacks, Edwin Adams and John Howard Payne. Four years in Australia have rendered him conversant with the half-sordid, half-picturesque details of bush life and life in the pushing, feverish, rapidly extending cities of that southern zone. Protracted residences in Edinburgh, London, Paris, combined with lively recollections of travelling in waggons across the American prairie, or upon small screw steamers up American rivers, have made of him a finished cosmopolite, a shrewd and appreciative observer, and an impartial, though generous, critic. His estimates of other actors seem always exceedingly just. By no means deficient himself in spirit, the art of clever, perhaps cutting rejoinder, and in what may be best described as professional self-assertion, he appears to have inherited from his father the very essence of good temper, allied to tact, and a simplicity of manner not often associated with what is truly great in the histrionic nature. When to these unusual attributes we add modesty, the name of Joseph Jefferson may certainly be said to stand most prominently forward in the ranks of distinguished men now living.

His youth was a chequered one, uncertain as to funds, romantic, interesting, and marked by rare domestic happiness, as well as occasional domestic troubles. His success was slow, but sure. One of his aphorisms is: "Genius is seldom confident." But long before he made a world-wide name as "Rip Van Winkle" he was recognized for a first-class comedian, and the choice of that character appears to have brought him at once to that point which he would assuredly have gained in time, though not, perhaps, so quickly. As a description of the young American drama, both before and after the war, the book is unrivalled. Despite the author's modest assertions that he is not a literary man, the style is admirable and the humour flawless. His occasional remarks upon various theories of acting and schools of expression denote a sound and experienced critical attitude towards his profession that makes the book one of positive use to beginners and would-be critics. He neither exalts the stage unduly, nor depicts it as an occasion for stumbling. He urges, however, two things; it is better to make sure of a gift before entering the theatrical profession, but, if you must enter, begin "before the mast," and refuse to crawl "through the cabin windows." Readers of these pages as they appeared in the *Century* will no doubt prize for its beauty this noble volume, bound in white and gold, and embellished with portraits of Buckstone, Burton, Macready, John Brougham, Sir William Don, Sothorn, Paul Bedford, Charles Kean, Charles Mathews, Fechter—in fact, nearly every prominent actor of the century, besides a dozen well-contrasted pictures of the great "Rip" himself.

It will be unpardonable to conclude a very imperfect and fragmentary notice of this recent publication without laying stress upon the fact that the actor's profession is under deep obligations to Mr. Jefferson for setting forth in such well-considered and well-expressed terms the conditions upon which a successful stage career depends. In this, as in all professions, industry, patience, perseverance, sobriety, dignity and integrity win the day.

ART NOTES.

THE excavations of the Greek Archaeological Society on the Acropolis at Mycenæ have been rewarded by the discovery of some sixty different objects of antiquity, amongst which are some bronze swords and knives, several hatchets, a razor, a round mirror and some gold ornaments.

We understand that our well-known artist, Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, intends offering a collection of his paintings for sale at the rooms of Mr. Roberts on King Street at an early date. We hope that all lovers of Canadian art will aid in every way to make the sale completely successful. Mr. Smith is no common artist, and his pictures are a credit to the genius of his country.

MR. JUSTICE KAY late on Wednesday gave judgment in an action brought by Lady Howard de Walden against the Marquis of Bristol to recover possession of a painting by Gainsborough of John Augustus, Lord Hervey. The plaintiff asserted that in 1847 her husband, Lord Howard de Walden, lent the picture to the first Marquis of Bristol; the defendant, on the other hand, claiming it as a gift. His Lordship dismissed the plaintiff's action with costs.

It is refreshing to note the fact that there is to be erected in Washington a monument to Charles Dickens. The Capital abounds in statuary—some of it exceedingly good and some exceedingly bad. The great number of statues, however, is, naturally enough, of military men. The present group represents the great novelist sitting in a chair with his arms around a little girl, who symbolizes little Nell or some one of the other heroines of Dickens' delightful tales.

MILLET's "Angelus," which the painter sold for \$360, which Mr. Secretan bought for \$32,000, and for which the American Art Association paid \$110,000 in July, 1889, has just been sold in Paris for \$150,000. The price given by the Association was regarded as extravagant. What shall be said, then, of this enormous appreciation in the commercial value of the painting? It is understood that there will be further exhibitions of the work in this country before it goes abroad, presumably to stay. "The Angelus," is a masterpiece, no matter what one may think of the way in which its purchase-price has been harped upon.

* "Hand-book of Psychology: Senses and Intellect." By James Mark Baldwin, M.A., Ph.D. Second Edition Revised. Henry Holt and Company. 1890.

* "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson." The Century Company, New York.