

Perrier, is another exhibitor. His canvas is a handi-
cap entitled "The Old Chateau, Evening;" its sim-
plicity commends itself, the colour is fine; one feels
the after-rain effect, the wet and dead autumn
leaves strewn about, and the mellow twilight that
adds a charm to the old ruin. Mr. Atkinson is a
former exhibitor. Geo. A. Reid, born in Toronto,
pupil of B. Constant and Jules Le Febvre, lends a
canvas, the subject of which is "The Berry-pickers."
The principal charm of the painting lies in the treat-
ment of the hazy summer days, grey in tone. The
children are carefully drawn, and interests one by
the life and simplicity expressed. Mr. Reid is also a
former exhibitor. A. Curtis Williamson, born in
Canada, pupil of Jules Le Febvre and R. Constant,
exhibits an interior, "An Old Kitchen in Fontain-
bleau," in which two peasant women are at work.
The light in the room is excellently rendered, har-
monious in colour and subdued in tone. There is no
unnecessary detail, a fault of frequent occurrence in
the treatment of interiors. Ernest E. Thompson,
from Toronto, but a catalogue says born in England,
pupil of Bouguereau and Tony Robt. Flewry, shows
a canvas with the title: "Sleeping Wolf." This
artist makes a specialty of animal painting, careful
drawing, life-like pose, soft and natural colour; the
whole makes a very attractive painting. Charles
Alexander, born in Canada, pupil of Boulanger Le
Febvre and Moreau, exhibits a very large canvas
called "Manifestation of the Canadians Against the
English Government at St. Charles in 1837." The
painting represents a number of figures nearly life-
size, the blanket-coated Canadian here and there
observable. It is a very striking picture, gay in
colour, with banners flying. The artist remarked
that it was an order executed for the Quebec Gov-
ernment. Mr. Alexander exhibited at a previous Salon.
I spent a number of days at the Salon, and saw
very fine work in all departments of art, but, to my
mind, the "Death of Babylon," by M. Rochegrosse,
was the painting of this year's Salon. It is a canvas
35 feet x 21 feet, containing forty or fifty life-size
figures. The artist is said to have been at an
expense of \$1,000 a month in preparing the work,
travelling to and fro to Egypt during two years to
better acquaint himself with the dress and habits of
Ancient Egypt, and he has succeeded in painting one
of the grandest and most realistic pictures ever pro-
duced. The landscapes were fine and numerous, the
best works represented by Harpignies, Hareux, Von
Jacomini, Japy and Tanzi. Portraits and figure
generally were very strong; those by Benj. Constant,
Doncet, Chaplain and Laurens were excellent. In
sculpture there was a grand display, the generous
patronage of the Government produces very ambi-
tious work in this branch of art. In conclusion, I
think it was universally admitted that the Salon of
1891 was in advance of former years. ART.

CURRENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.*

IN the famous opening scene of Goethe's "Faust,"
the hero claims to have

Studied now Philosophy
And Jurisprudence, Medicine—
And even, alas! Theology—
From end to end, with labour keen.

This was a large boast to put in the mouth of a
medieval scholar, and even in the poet's own day
the mastery of the literature devoted to theology
might of itself have satisfied the hardest intellect as
a lifework. But that was in the beginning of this
century, before the birth of the great critico-historical
movement, which has revolutionized the study of
theology in our time, and which, amongst other and
more momentous results, has produced a literature
of such portentous amount and complexity as to
compel the most intrepid student, were he Aquinas
or Calvin himself, to select and specialize, and to
recognize the stringent limitations under which alone
it is now possible to produce work of permanent
value. In this necessary process, great assistance
may be derived from well-conducted periodicals, such
as that which forms the subject of the present notice.
The *Critical Review*, the third number of which now
lies before us, is a quarterly magazine designed to
furnish a critical survey of current theological litera-
ture, and thus afford a means by which students of
these high themes may not be hindered by the mul-
titude of trees from seeing their way through the
wood. So far as a layman (for such the present
writer confesses himself to be) may be permitted to
form a judgment on such matters, the editor, who
is a well-known professor in the Free Church, and
his coadjutors appear to have done their work well.

*The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Litera-
ture. Edited by Professor S. D. F. Salmond, D.D. Edinburgh:
T. and T. Clark; Toronto: D. T. McAmsh. Vol. I., No. 3. May,
1891.

The articles are all signed, and the names appended
to them are in many cases widely known beyond the
limits of their own denominations. We find, for
instance, among Anglican contributors the names of
Cheyne, Driver and Sanday, and among the Pres-
byterians quite a galaxy of bright, particular stars
meets the eye. The veteran Principal Rainy contri-
buted the opening article in the first number, and
we need only mention the names of Bruce, Davidson,
Marcus Dods, Blaikie and G. A. Smith to show what
generous support is given to the new periodical by
the *perfidum ingenium Scotorum*.

The place of honour in the current number is
given to a sympathetic article by Prof. Sanday on
the late Dean Church and his writings, more par-
ticularly the notable posthumous volume on "The
Oxford Movement," which is pronounced "the best
of his books and the one most likely to live." Then
follow a host of articles, always short and generally
pithy and practical, giving a general sketch and
critical estimate of a number of the more important
works which have recently appeared in the various
departments of theology, not excluding philosophical
writings and others of more general interest, which
have a bearing upon the main subject-matter of the
Review. We have only space to mention the names
of a few of the books criticized. Reuss' "History of
the Scriptures of the Old Testament," rationalistic
as many of its positions are, is reviewed with sym-
pathy, and apparently no small measure of agree-
ment, by Professor Davidson; Principal Edwards
treats in a similar spirit the late Dr. Hatch's Hibbert
lectures on "The Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages
upon the Christian Churches;" Hoffmann's version
of the Book of Job furnishes the subject for a learned
discussion by Canon Cheyne, and the Rev. W. Dun-
das Walker has the hardihood to point out "indica-
tions of failing ability" in the late Bishop Light-
foot's edition of "St. Clement of Rome"! Mr. Walker
seems to have a good deal to say in support of his
rather astounding thesis, but one remembers the
fate of the author of "Supernatural Religion," and
could wish it were possible to hear the redoubtable
bishop in reply. We have only specified a few of
the articles which have happened to attract our
notice in this number. There are many others of
lighter or heavier texture, most of which will, no
doubt, be found useful for the purpose of directing
attention to what is freshest and most informing in
contemporary thought and research on the highest
of all subjects.

To us, however, this review, good as it is, is
interesting not so much for what it contains, as for
the light which it incidentally throws upon the pres-
ent attitude of the Evangelical section in the various
Protestant churches, as regards modern methods
and results in the field of Biblical criticism. That
attitude is clearly indicated in such words as those
of the editor, who, though a Presbyterian professor,
and the author of an approved exposition of the
Shorter Catechism, is not afraid to say that "there
is no better service for the trained theologian to
render at present than to give a careful estimate of
the losses and the larger gains which may come to
us by the critical movement." The words which we
have italicized are significant enough, and many of
the articles will be found to illustrate their meaning
by their frank acceptance of some of the most far-
reaching results of modern criticism, and the rejection,
everywhere implied, of that lifeless and mechan-
ical theory of inspiration which ignores the human
personality of prophets and evangelists, while attrib-
uting to their writings a verbal infallibility which it
is alike needless and impossible to maintain. It
would almost appear, judging from recent events,
that this theory, after becoming discredited in the
land of Knox, is destined to find a congenial home
in that of Jonathan Edwards. Canadian Presby-
terians may well hope that their Church may follow
the leading of their brethren in the old land, rather
than that of their "vigorous and rigorous" cousins
across the line. Let it be enough to have sent them
from our halls of sacred learning a Chief Inquisitor
and *malleus haereticorum* in the person of Dr. Patton,
and when next her courts have to deal with a case of
alleged "heresy," may the Presbyterian Church in
Canada attain a worthier result than to silence on
the lips of her foremost preacher the utterance of a
"larger hope!" G. G.

In the issue of July 4th of *Young People at Work*,
a new serial story, written by J. Macdonald Oxley,
commences. The story is entitled "Donald Grant's
Development." It takes a young lad in a country
home in Canada, follows him in his struggles for an
education, both academic and collegiate, and in addi-
tion gives an account of his religious training. Mr.
Oxley has attained quite a reputation as a writer,
and is adding to it daily.

THE WOODS.

WITHIN the solemn stillness of the woods,
There is a solace for the harassed mind;
There, too, a sanctuary for one inclined
To meditative or to doubting moods.
Of yore, the Druids, in an oaken grove,
Made oft oblation to their wicker god,
And practised incantation rude and odd,
Eke divers rites, by bards in verses wove.
To-day—as they of old—who would not turn
His feet to sylvan fanes, where every creed
Is tolerated; linger, dream and read
From other leaves than those of volumes; learn
The collects of the flowers—the wild-birds' psalm,
Then them repeat until his soul grows calm?
Toronto. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

THE RAMBLER.

JUNE is proverbially accounted the month of wed-
dings, and is, therefore, peculiarly sacred to
Hymen. But it is also associated in the minds of
many people with another necessary social function
—it is also the month of School Closings. Weddings
you need not attend, particularly if you can send a
present in your stead, but for School Closings no
proxy will do. From them there is no escape. You
don your best hat or bonnet, and, armed with a fan,
set out on the hottest night of the year at half-past
seven. Even then the best seats are all taken when
you arrive, and two alternatives are open to you.
Either you must get up on the windowsill, with the
reporter, who scowls at you and wishes you had
stayed at home, or else you must consent to inter-
rupt the proceedings and be escorted to an excellent
seat up in the very front, where, if anything happens,
you can't possibly get out again without causing seri-
ous inconvenience to the closely-packed audience.
So you accept the windowsill, and hope that the
reporter's eyesight is strong, in which case he will
not require to have the gas lighted for a long time,
and really you can hear very well in the pleasant,
dim light, even if you can't see. But the reporter
knows his business and calls out almost immediately
for a better light, so the pretty resident governess goes
for the maid, and the maid trips in and turns on to
the full four huge burners previously lighted, and
you sit there trying to understand the French dia-
logues and almost reduced to pulp.

Those French Dialogues! Can we ever forget
them? Did we ever encounter anything in real life
remotely like them? How proud we were to be in
them—how proud we are, when in their proper turn
our own children take part in them! Such noble
views of French life and manners as they give. Such
ideas of goodness, and propriety, and neatness, and
frugality and system. One should be ever after *bon
bourgeois, bonne bourgeoisie*. What are the French Plays
at the Gaiety to these! Shade to come of Coquelin
cadet—the pangs of jealousy might well possess your
breast. Here is a little maid of ten who pretends
she is an aged charwoman of ninety, Mother Gene-
vieve—hear her say *tiens* and *comment donc*—and
chut. Here are the village doctor and the seigneur
at the castle, and the nurse and the refined invalid
cousin, and the notary and the farmer. The reporter
doesn't try to take down the Dialogue; he is silent
now and quiet, but the remarks all around you are
not bad. A stout lady with glasses is very much
concerned about the accent. A rival spinster
instructress of youth complains of the general effect.
Anxious parents and susceptible young men make
all their respective remarks aloud, and the heat is
withering. And your seat is decidedly hard.

But now the Dialogue is over. Enter—as we say
on the stage—a child just nearing her teens who
reads to us an original essay entitled, "How To
Sweep a Room." You expect a little Kindergarten
episode; you get—a regular morning sermon with
heading, tail-pieces, episodes and anecdotes deftly
turned, and all delivered, in the interest of a high
class morality and endeavours after a life of integrity
and earnestness, beside which your clergyman's
highest effort is but a childish squib. The reporter
takes notes of this, rather fully. Then a piano duett
follows. It is—of course it is—the Overture to
Semiramide. All teachers know it. All pupils know
it—after they have learnt it. And all frequenters of
School Closings recognize it. There is nothing else
so fiendishly adapted to the peculiar features of the
function in the entire range of music as that same
Overture to Semiramide. Now comes the pet Elo-
cution pupil with her carefully modulated little voice
and her pale pink sash and her nice retiring manner.
This is a Ladies' School, you see, and the self-posses-
sion and direct vigour of the Philadelphia School of
Oratory is unheard of here. The stout lady says she