

Literature Music Art

By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

FLAG HISTORY

"The History of the Union Jack," by Barlow Cumberland, is a very interesting little volume. It traces all the flags of the Empire to their origin, explains their proportions and meanings, practically giving an account of the constitutional development of the British Empire. Mr. Barlow is past president of the National Club, and of the Sons of England, also president of the Historical Society of Toronto. He is an earnest reader, a clear thinker, and an entertaining writer. This instructive book is illustrated with many prints and nine colored plates.

These verses form a sort of introduction to the book and are called—

The Union Jack

It's only a small bit of bunting,
Its only an old colored rag,
Yet thousands have died for its honor
And shed their best blood for the flag.

It's charged with the cross of St. Andrew,
Which, of old, Scotland's heroes has led;
It carries the cross of St. Patrick,
For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

Joined with these is our old English ensign,
St. George's red cross on white field,
Round which, from King Richard to Wolsey,
Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield.

It flutters triumphant o'er ocean,
As free as the winds and the waves;
And bondsmen from shackles unloosened,
Neath its shadow no longer are slaves.

It floats over Cyprus and Malta,
Canada, the Indies, Hong Kong;
And Britons where'er their flags fly,
Claim the rights which to Britain belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion,
To our King, to our country, and laws;
'Tis the outward and visible emblem
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may say it's an old bit of bunting,
You may call it an old colored rag;
But freedom has made it majestic,
And time has ennobled the flag.

WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS.

Phillips Brooks.

Although this eminent divine did not lay any claim to being a philosopher, his works go to prove that he is entitled to a place among them, for they are full of the simplest and most beautiful ethical teaching, and appeal to the illiterate and the learned alike. They embody truth, and truth knows no distinction of class. Not only was Phillips Brooks remarkable for his works, but his personality was an extraordinary one, in its almost unbounded influence. He was of commanding presence, with a face whose smile always remained young. His wit was spontaneous, his conversation brilliant, his tenderness towards little children quite irresistible. To know him was to love him, and to hear him speak was to reverence him as one of God's chosen messengers. The strongest impression, perhaps, which he conveyed from the pulpit, was the earnestness of his own convictions, and his gracious tolerance towards all men, no matter what their creed, so long as their sincerity was evident.

He was born in Boston in 1835, and was educated at Harvard University, when that institution had among its professors such men as Lowell, Holmes, Agassiz, and Longfellow. If there were good material in the pupils, surely such teachers could not fail to make a creditable man of him, and in Brooks' case, he had inherited many fine and noble qualities peculiarly fitting him for the work he had chosen. Graduating from Harvard, he went south to the Episcopal Seminary at Virginia. His loveliness made him countless friends in his new home, and when the war broke out, and he felt that he should champion the cause of the Union, it cost him many bitter pangs to desert those who had grown so near and dear to him.

As soon as he started to preach, he began to attract great attention. It was not many years until he had become America's most famous preacher, and, invited to England, he had the honor of holding services in Westminster Abbey before Queen Victoria. He became as popular in England as he had been in America, and whenever he preached the people thronged the church, and listened to him spellbound. And yet he was never a striver after effect. He used no embellishments of language or gesture. He spoke simply, directly, appealingly; and it has been said of him that when he entered the pulpit he immediately became absolutely impersonal, merely the mouthpiece of the spirit which seemed to move him to speak.

He was always in sympathy with great public movements and an active worker for better conditions among the poor. His influence upon the young men with whom he came in contact can hardly be overrated, so great was its good effect. He died in 1893.

Personal Character

As one looks around the world, and as one looks around our own land today, he sees that the one thing we need in high places—the thing whose absence, among those who hold the reins of highest power, is making us all anxious in regard to the progress of our country—is personal character. The trouble is not what we hold to be mistaken ideas in regard to

the policies of government, but it is the absence of lofty and unselfish character. It is the absence of complete consecration of a man's self to the public good; it is the willingness of men to bring their personal and private spites into spheres whose elevation ought to shame such things into absolute death; the tendencies of men, even of men whom the nation has put into very high places indeed, to count those high places their privileges, and to try to draw from them, not help for humanity and the community over which they rule, but their own mean personal advantage.

The Courage of Opinions

The ways in which people form their opinions are most remarkable. Every man when he begins his reasonable life, finds certain general opinions current in the world. He is shaped by these opinions one way or another, either directly or by reaction. If he is soft and plastic like the majority of people, he takes the opinions that are about him for his own. If he is self-asserting and defiant, he takes the opposite of these opinions and gives them his vehement adherence. We know the two kinds well, and as we ordinarily see them, the fault which is at the root of both is intellectual cowardice. One man clings servilely to the old ready-made opinions which he finds, because he is afraid of being called rash and radical; another rejects the traditions of his people, for fear of being called fearful and timid and a slave. The results are very different: one is the tame conservative and the

Bishop's arrival, however, saw a great change, for the Canadian Pacific stretched across the continent by that time, and the West was no longer an unknown, almost inaccessible land.

In writing a life of the Archbishop, it is necessary to consider him first as a Churchman and then as an educationalist. In regard to the first position, he was a broad-minded, clear-thinking, unbigoted ecclesiastical statesman. He guided the consciences of the people over whom he spiritually ruled during great crises of national significance. The larger part of the book deals with the account of his struggle to keep going the missions to the settlers. As an educationalist he re-opened St. John's College, which had been founded by his predecessor, Bishop Anderson, who had been unsuccessful in carrying it on. The College was used primarily for the training of the clergy, and secondarily for the higher education generally. The College became a very important institution, and at the time of the Archbishop's death "more than half the clergy of the Diocese were graduates from it." Besides reviving this institution he established schools in every parish, which after some years were governed by an Advisory Board of which the Archbishop was appointed Chairman, retaining the position until his death. He took an important part in the founding of the State University, of which he was appointed Chancellor. In fact he distinguished himself in innumerable ways, and Western Canada owes him a debt of inestimable gratitude. The book is written by his nephew, Robert Macmillan, and is published by Macmillan & Co., Toronto.

SVEN HEDIN'S RETURN

"Trans-Himalaya," two new volumes of Sven Hedin's adventures in the bleak wilderness of Tibet which has been so aptly described as the "roof of the world," comes from the press this month. Today Sven Hedin undoubtedly stands in the foremost rank of explorers. He has devoted his life to the forbidding passes and mountain deserts that lie beyond the Himalayas, and for the unknown no man's land of cold and hunger he is doing what Stanley and Livingston did for the "dark continent." The journey of which the present work is such a vivid narrative took Dr. Hedin at last into the goal he had so long striven for—Lhasa, the sacred city of Buddhism. The price in hardship and danger Dr. Hedin had to pay for his reward can only be realized by one who has read the book. He does not seem to find it too heavy, however, and certainly no other white man who has succeeded in penetrating into this mysterious capital has been so well equipped to see with comprehension and describe with power. An evidence of the popularity of Dr. Hedin is found in a modest word of thanks in his preface to the various publishers throughout the world who are bringing out "Trans-Himalaya." From this we learn that in addition to the Swedish edition, there are translations in German, Dutch, French, Finnish, Hungarian, English, Bohemian and Italian.

MR. KREHBIEL WRITES OF OPERAS

A book of great value to the regular as well as the occasional opera-goer, is "A Book of Operas" published by H. E. Krehbiel, the veteran music critic of New York city. Mr. Krehbiel has not written this for the benefit of the professional, but for that tremendous class of music lovers who are not primarily interested in technique. He has given not only a brief history of the more famous operas, but an analysis and entertaining discussion of their plots and a general criticism of the music. All who have followed to any extent his work in the columns of the New York Tribune will not need to be told how admirably Mr. Krehbiel has performed his task. A number of illustrations, some of them very rare prints, add greatly to the attractiveness of the book, but it is, after all, Mr. Krehbiel's knowledge of opera that gives to this work a value so very different from the haphazard compilations.

THE SCIENCE OF SOIL

A new volume in the "Rural Text Book Series" of which Professor L. H. Bailey is the general editor is published by The Macmillan Company. Professors Lyon and Phippen are the authors, their subject, "Soils." The whole series is designed to be of practical help to the progressive and intelligent farmer, and this volume admirably carries out the intention. Complicated questions of farm management and conservation of land are described with care and lucidity which will gain for the book an entrance into the homes of many practical farmers. Indeed, this series and the "Rural Science Series" are remarkable evidences of the rapid welding in recent years of agriculture and science.

THE BIRTH OF THE WORLD

In "The Evolution of the Worlds," which The Macmillan Company publishes, Professor Percival Lowell takes his readers into the fascinating field of theory of which he permitted them a glimpse in his former work, "Mars as the Abode of Life." In his investigations of the possibility of human life on Mars, he broke ground for a new science, planetology, dealing with the birth and life and ultimate fate of all planets. Since the publication of his former book, his belief that Mars is not only inhabited but that its present condition and approaching doom are a revelation of the earth's

future, has aroused much discussion, popular as well as scientific. Now, in "The Evolution of Worlds," Professor Lowell advances more reasons for a conclusion which almost staggers the imagination. He does not, however, confine himself to Mars. The new book gives to astronomy the human interest it has so long seemed to lack and presents in clear, entertaining language a picture of the universe which can hardly be excelled in grandeur.

THE TREND OF AMERICAN MUSIC

American music forms the subject of an interesting, if somewhat pessimistic, article in the December Bohemian, wherein the writer indulges in some forcible and caustic criticism of those aspiring composers of this country who are seeking to establish nationalism in the art by struggling vainly to adapt their ideas to the ideals of the German symphonic form. Incidentally, he has some amusingly significant reflections on the part played by Dvorak's "New World Symphony" in the establishment of ragtime. Says the writer: "A horde of young American composers followed Dvorak's precept and example, and the result was a wholesale cabbing of the Jubilee Songs and a riotous emission of suites and fantasias in the pentatonic scale, and with fearful and wonderful eccentricities of rhythm. Out of this furious clash of meters and booming of kettledrums ragtime arose—a new and most horrible pestilence for a wicked world." The execrable character of this type of mu-

THE DE RESZKES

Jean De Reszke was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1852, and Edouard, his brother, in the same city, in 1855. Their father was a hotel-keeper, and like their mother, was passionately fond of music. Their mother had received a fine musical training. One of their sisters, who died in 1892, was a distinguished soprano, and there is a younger brother, who has a remarkably fine tenor voice, although he has never been on the stage. Jean was intended for the bar, but music had more attractions than the law, and he began the study of music, making his debut as a baritone at Venice in 1874. He found his work very tiring, and on the advice of a famous teacher abandoned baritone singing and, after practice, appeared as a tenor in 1879. He made an instant and complete success.

Edouard studied at an agricultural college, but he, too, found the charms of music too great. He went to Paris with his sister and sang in amateur concerts for a time, until his voice attracted attention, when he was given his chance on the operatic stage, where he found the way easy and pleasant.

The brothers De Reszke have found their art very profitable financially. Their estates are of vast dimensions. A few years ago they had 10,000 acres in one potato field. The homes of their employees make a village. The brothers are very wealthy, undoubtedly much more so than any other men, who have ever appeared either in opera or drama. Mr. Jean De Reszke is married, his brother is a bachelor.

MUSICAL NOTES

Madame Nordica seems more popular than ever, since her return to the stage after her marriage. Whenever she sings she adds to her laurels, and her voice is said to be more lovely than before, while her personality has lost none of its vivacity and charm. Nordica is past fifty, but she seems to possess a youthfulness that knows no change. Recently the prima donna gave a recital, aided by Madam Carreno, the famous pianist, and the enthusiasm displayed by the audience was remarkable, the applause deafening. So great was the crush at the theatre, that the performance had to be postponed fifteen minutes to enable the audience to get seated. Musical America, commenting on Nordica's singing on that occasion, says:—

"It goes almost without saying that the greatest heights attained by the singer were in the two Schubert, the Schumann and the Wagner numbers, not only because musically they are miles above the rest of her songs, but because, better than any others, they afford her scope for those qualities wherein she particularly excels. There is no singer today who can deliver the 'Gretchen am Spinnrad' with such tear compelling poignancy, or who can declaim the 'Erkling' with such a variety of thrilling accents. When sung in this manner, these frequently heard compositions can never become hackneyed. And what a rarely beautiful flow of sustained legato was that with which she gave the entrancing 'Nussbaum!' Not only by subtleties of tone and verbal emphasis does Madame Nordica endeavor to bring out the very essence of the text, but gestures and significant facial expression lend eloquent assistance besides. Purists may, of course, object to any procedure which does not constantly keep the concert singer in the 'dignified' attitude of a graven image on the stage, but no genuine music lover will ever complain."

Chicago is to have an amphitheatre with a seating capacity of twenty-five thousand. It will cost \$9,000,000 and will be used principally for grand opera purposes.

Miss Kathleen Parlow, who is rapidly gaining a place among the foremost violinists of the day, is Canadian born, though she has received her education in Europe.

The latest story in regard to Caruso is one concerning a recent love affair. It is said to be a well-known fact that the great tenor's real ambition is to marry and settle down on one of his beautiful Italian estates, and were he allowed to have his way, he would choose for his wife a beautiful little Sicilian girl whom he met recently, with whom he is in love, and who most ardently returns his affection. But interfering friends are doing all they can to keep the lovers apart, and are trying to persuade the almost broken-hearted young lady that if he marries her Caruso's future will be ruined, and that his duty is not to consider his own happiness, but rather the pleasure he can bestow upon the whole world by remaining single, and devoting his time only to his profession. If the story is a true one the young lovers are to be sincerely pitted.

Doctor Wullner, the noted song interpreter, though his first performance in San Francisco was neither understood nor appreciated, has now at his third concert, become so popular that the theatre will not hold his admirers. He is very earnest in his work, and when he once gets a hold upon an audience he carries it with him.

Sir Gilbert Sullivan's new opera "Fallen Fairies" was received with great enthusiasm by London theatre-goers. Critics do not agree in their verdict regarding it, but most of them say that it is not quite as distinctive a type of Sir Gilbert's work as they had hoped to hear. It is, however, very pleasing.

Field

SPORT OR SLAUGHTER

(Richard L. Pocock).

Many a time and oft has the question been raised, what is the correct definition of it and it is a question which it is extremely difficult to answer satisfactorily. It which has been used and abused in a variety of ways, that it has come to mean different shades of meaning, according to the individual ideas of those who use it. It comes along and tells us of what he has made a magnificent bag which he has made to dilate on the magnificent success of, when up comes another and a game-hog. Our ancestors enjoyed sport, as they would call it, witne baiting, cock-fighting, and kindred. Were they to come to life again and their sport in the good old way, they would speedily find themselves court on a charge of cruelty to animals.

Thousands of men and some very large sums for admission to witness the sport, prize-fight, and called it degraded by doing such a thing, and the others sport brutal and den. From which it would appear that word for which we can give no hard definition for general use, but that every one who uses it knows what it



A Metchisin Farm

its significance to be, his application be absolutely and entirely antagonistic to the true significance of the word in another mind; and from which it would also that the plane of true sport has, speaking generally, been considerably elevated. days of our bull-baiting ancestors—days when my Lord Tomnoddy was death, and so found sport in the suggestion: "If it please my lord, there to be hanged," and so spent the night sal waiting to see a poor wretch launc eternally for what would nowadays be a paltry offence for which to forfeit man's life.

It would seem that, as men have more civilized, their notion of what is more grown more refined. It is usually that a certain amount of cruelty is ins from sports of the field. As the hunt has passed through the successive ages of savagery, when prisoners of war, tortured to death to make sport for the tortors, to the present pitch of civilization perhaps the tendency with many of us over-squeamish, so passes the born sport from the age of early boyhood, when good sport to catapult the song bird, the stage when the chief pleasure was to the ultimate stage, which I notice is nowadays by so many doughty hunters leave their rifles in the rack when they the call of the wild and take the can stand.

I think it should be possible to state granted that we have reached that stage it should be a misnomer to call want of life, wild or otherwise, sport. The large body of those who I think, dogmatizing, I may call the best sports there has long been an unwritten law killing what cannot afterwards be human food, except of course noxious dangerous animals and vermin.

Every year sees the migration coast of countless thousands of waterfowl the sport of duck shooting is one which indulged in and enjoyed, and to my least rightfully so, by large numbers of men. There are many varieties of these and some are good to shoot and also eat, and others are easier to shoot, but much more difficult to eat. The kind ducks—the mallards—is sometimes a bird on the table, when he has been fed on the rotting dog-salmon, which season defile our river banks and there are others, however, which never in this way, well-known to shooters, but ably the commonest and the easiest to the salt-water ducks which come here a scoters of various species classed under the common name of "Siwash ducks" have eaten Siwash ducks, when I was hungry and there was nothing else, but honestly of the opinion that they do not a dish which any white man would eat less he were, as I was, very hungry indeed the larder otherwise empty. I am solely of the opinion that a very small proportion of these ducks killed are used in any way.

Therefore I make bold to ask is it to shoot them, or is it slaughter? And, not anything but slaughter, are we just