

public policy in the development of the culture of this grain in Canada.

THE Canadian Institute announce the following programme of papers for November: on Saturday, 12th, "Physiology of the Lips in Speech" by A. Hamilton, M. A., M.D.; on Saturday 19th, "The Great Fires in St. John's, Newfoundland, from 1816," by Rev. Philip Tocque, A.M.; and "Contribution to Canadian Mineralogy," by Herbert R. Wood, M.A.; on Saturday, 26th, "The Brain as the Organ of the Mind," by Daniel Clark, M.D. In the Natural History (Biological) Section, on Monday, 7th, "Recent Changes in the Birds of Manitoba," by Ernest E. Thompson. In the Historical Section on Thursday, 17th, "The Georgian Bay—a Midsummer Historical Excursion," by J. C. Hamilton, M.A., LL.B.

Wide Awake for 1893 will provide for its readers the following four promising serial stories: "Guert Ten Eyck," by William O. Stoddard, the romance of a Dutch boy and a Yankee girl; "The Midshipmen's Mess," by Molly Elliot Seawell. This new story is bubbling over with fun and frolic; "An Ocala Boy," by Maurice Thompson, a sparkling story of modern Florida, and "Piokee and her People," by Theodora R. Jenness, a striking story of an Indian girl. Another prominent and popular feature for 1893 will be "Wide Awake Athletics," a series of articles for both boys and girls, by experts in out-of-door sports and contests.

THE Cupples Company, of Boston, announce for immediate publication: "Heinrich Heine: his Wit, Wisdom, Poetry," preceded by the famous Essay on Heine of Matthew Arnold, embellished with illustrations consisting of portraits, view of Heine's birthplace, *fac-simile* of hand writing, etc., new to English readers, and edited by Newell Dunbar. This is a volume of selections from Heine's poetry, and prose translated into English. "The Real and Ideal in Literature," a volume of essays by Frank Preston Stearns, translator of Von Holst's "John Brown." With a portrait of the late Frederick Wadsworth Loring. "Txleama: A Tale of Ancient Mexico," by J. A. Knowlton, a Romance of the time of Cortez.

THE *Illustrated News*, of 29th inst., has the following interesting reminiscence of the late Laureate: "Mr. Cameron gives us a remarkable description of one of the poet's favourite readings. It was his habit to take visitors into his study and declaim to them in that peculiar style which Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie has described as an incantation. 'Never shall I forget,' writes Mr. Cameron, 'the effect of his reading of his weird and dramatic poem, "Rizpah." It was my good fortune to travel down to Aldworth with Madame Modjeska, and after dinner the poet took us to his study and read "Rizpah" to us. Modjeska was completely overcome, and threw herself at the poet's feet, and, seizing his hand, kissed it again and again.' Of the reading itself, Mr. Cameron says: 'It was a melodious chant, never to be forgotten. His sweet, full voice echoed round the corners of the room, and its exquisite tenderness will echo in my heart forever.'

In the *Toronto Sunday World*, of October 30, appeared a most interesting paper entitled "Some Men I Have Known," and signed by the well known *nom de plume*, "Ebor." The author of "Church Rambles" has made a departure in this instance, and has substituted for his critical vivacity in connection with Toronto's ministers some studies of the world in general, learned in that realistic school, experience. The subject of this particular paper is Mr. Stead, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*. Ebor and Stead were old friends and comrades, and the genial sketcher of the *Sunday World* gives us a most clear insight into the character of this indefatigable worker, this radical "cosmopolitan in his sympathies." "I think now," writes Ebor, "that my quondam philosopher and friend is presiding over the magazine which bids fair to have the largest circulation in the world. He is not so much of a square man in a round hole as he was when he had, perforce, to enact the character of the old man and his ass in trying to please his intellectual and somewhat cynical, if not sceptical, clientele, the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*." Ebor is more than a light sketcher; there is in his writings a certain graceful philosophy which recognizes the force of "quoniam ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?" and unites the gossip of the man of the world with the seriousness of the man of reflection. It will be interesting to our readers to learn, if they do not know it already, that this agreeable and versatile writer is no other than Henry Taylor Howard, city editor of the *World*, late assistant editor of the *York Daily Herald*, England. Mr. Howard has also held the position of editor of the *York Weekly Herald*, and has been editor of the *York Evening Press*. His interesting letters from Ireland in connection with Mr. Blake's dubious mission in that country have been much discussed, and we can only say in conclusion that we shall look forward to many more studies of men and things from the pen of one who has learned the lesson of life without its bitterness.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Birkmaier, Elizabeth G. Poseidon's Paradise. San Francisco: The Clemens Pub. Co.
 Machar, Agnes Maule. Roland Graeme Knight. Montreal: Wm. Drysdale & Co.
 Wrong, George M., B.A. The Crusade of 1383. London: Jno. Parker & Co.; Toronto: The Williamson Book Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

WHITTIER.

WHITTIER is thus fitly described by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his memorial poem in the November *Atlantic Monthly*:—

Peaceful thy message, yet for struggling right,
 When Slavery's gauntlet in our face was flung,
 While timid weaklings watched the dubious fight
 No herald's challenge more defiant rung.

Yet was thy spirit tuned to gentle themes
 Sought in the haunts thy humble youth had known.
 Our stern New England's hills and vales and streams,—
 Thy tuneful idylls made them all their own.

The wild flowers springing from thy native sod
 Lent all their charms thy new-world song to fill,—
 Gave thee the mayflower and the golden-rod
 To match the daisy and the daffodil.

Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
 Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
 A lifelong record closed without a stain,
 A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps thus concludes her poem on the death of Whittier in the November number of the *Atlantic*:—

Thou spirit! who in spirit and in truth
 Didst worship utterly the unseen God;
 Thine age the blossom of a stainless youth;
 Thy soul the star that swings above the sod.
 No prayer to heaven ever lighter rose
 Than thy pure life, escaped, ariseth now,
 Thou hushes like a chord unto its close,
 Thou ceasest as the Amen to a vow.

To starving spirits, needing heavenly bread,—
 The bond or free, with wrong or right at strife;
 To quiet tears of mourners comforted
 By music set unto eternal life.
 These are thine ushers at the Silent Gate;
 To these appealing, thee we give in trust.
 Glad heart! Forgive unto us, desolate,
 The sob with which we leave thy sacred dust!

Sacred the passion-flower of thy fame.
 To thee, obedient, "Write," the Angel saith.
 Proudly life's holiest hopes preserve thy name,
 Thou poet of the people's Christian faith.
 Master of song! Our idler verse shall burn
 With shame before thee, Beauty dedicate!
 Prophet of God! We write upon thine urn,
 Who, being Genius, held it consecrate:

AMERICAN THEATRES FROM AN ACTOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

ONE of the strongest proofs of the relatively small importance of the theatres in the United States is the lack of buildings built solely for the drama. In Europe, theatres bear the character of public buildings and are situated in a square with plenty of space around them. Here nearly all of them are crowded between the shops in business streets. They present externally very slight indication of their exceptional character, except by means of a signboard and a frame with photographs of actors and actresses exposed in the open lobby. In some large cities the manager of to-day attempts, by adorning the front entrance of his building, to give it something of an artistic air; but in the majority of towns the lack of respect for the appearance of the theatre is appalling. Very often one has to pass through a drug store to the stage, and both of these establishments are frequently under the same management. The arrangements behind the scenes are still worse, and though I have learned not to expect too much, I cannot be reconciled to the appearance of the stage entrances and to the condition of the dressing-rooms. There is an unpardonable negligence in this regard on the part of the local managers, who seem to consider nothing but the box-office. The actor during the intervals of his work has not even the chance of resting or breathing in his dingy dressing-room, which is without air, or rather is filled with bad air, and in its equipment is both shabby and unclean. These inconveniences and drawbacks, however, are trifles in comparison with the greater evils which affect the character of dramatic art in this country, the main one of which is a complete lack of stock companies.—*Madame Modjeska, in the Forum.*

THE MAGICIAN AND THE SULTAN.

DURING the passage on the yacht we became more familiar, and I was brought into close contact with the Sultan and noticed that he had a most magnificent watch, which he consulted and handled as if it were the apple of his eye. This, of course, was a good thing for me, for, as I was performing before him personally, it was not etiquette to take anything from the audience. I therefore asked him to take out his watch and show it to me, which he did. I then said: "Will Your Imperial Majesty allow me to throw the watch overboard?" He laughed at first, but a second afterwards his brow darkened, and he looked

a little bit as if he were offended with me for making the request. "If," said I, "I do not return the watch to you exactly as you gave it to me, you can put me in irons for the rest of my life if you want to." The Sultan looked me straight in the eye with a piercing glance for a second, handed the watch to me, and I instantly threw it into the rippling waves of the Bosphorus. The yacht careened over, for every individual, from the cabin boy on the fore-castle to the Sultan himself astern, rushed to the side and looked overboard after the watch. I felt that if anything went wrong with this trick I certainly should be put in irons; but I called for a fishing line, and, instead of showing my anxiety, at once proceeded to do a little fishing, while everyone looked at me, not so much with astonishment as with pure disbelief in my ability to recover the watch, which was not only one of the things in the world the Sultan liked, but was worth a great deal more than any watch I myself had ever seen. My fishing, however, happened to be prosperous, for in a few minutes I drew up a little shiner and landed him safely on deck. I brought it before the Sultan, took out my pocket-knife, ripped open the fish and presented the watch to His Majesty, in, of course, exactly the same condition as it was when he handed it to me. Turks, as a rule, are not very demonstrative, and I found in after life that to make a Turk laugh heartily is impossible. They smile, look pleased, and with their daintily-pointed nails pick their beards, but on this occasion every Turk, from the Sultan and his blue-blooded pashas to the sailors in the fore-castle, sent up one howl of delight that floated over the beautiful Golden-Horn and re-echoed from the hills of Asia.—"*Some Adventures of a Necromancer,*" by *Chevalier Herrmann, in North American Review.*

WHAT IS PASSION IN POETRY?

WHAT is this quality which we recognize as passion in imaginative literature? What does Milton signify, in his masterly tractate on education, by the element of poetry which, as we have seen, he mentions last, as if to emphasize it? Poetry, he says, is simple—and so is all art at its best; it is sensuous—and thus related to our mortal perceptions; lastly, it is passionate—and this, I think, it must be to be genuine. In popular usage the word "passion" is almost a synonym for love, and we hear of "poets of passion," votaries of Eros or Anteros, as the case may be. Love has a fair claim to its title of the master passion, despite the arguments made in behalf of friendship and ambition respectively, and whether supremacy over human conduct, or its service to the artistic imagination, be the less. Almost every narrative-poem, novel or drama, whatsoever other threads its coil may carry, seems to have love for a central strand. Love has the heart of youth in it,

—And the heart
 Giveth grace unto every art.

Love, we know, has brought about historic wars and treaties, has founded dynasties, made and unmade chiefs and cabinets, inspired men to great deeds or lured them to evil: in our own day has led more than one of its subjects to imperil the liberty of a nation, if not to deem, with Dryden's royal pair, "the world well lost"—a strenuous passion indeed, and one the force of which pervades imaginative literature. But if Milton had used the word "impassioned," his meaning would be plainer to the vulgar apprehension. Poetic passion is intensity of emotion. Absolute sincerity banishes artifice, ensures earnest and natural expression; then beauty comes without effort, and the imaginative note is heard. We have the increased stress of breath, the tone and volume, that sway the listener. You cannot fire his imagination, you cannot rouse your own, in quite cold blood. Profound emotion seems, also, to find the aptest word, the strongest utterance—not the most voluble or spasmodic—and to be content with it. Wordsworth speaks of "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," while Mill says that "the poetry of a poet is feeling itself, using thought only as a means of expression." The truth is that passion uses the imagination to supply conceptions for its language. On the other hand, the poet, imagining situations and experiences, becomes excited through dwelling on them. But whether passion or imagination be first aroused, they speed together like the wind-sired horses of Achilles.—*E. C. Stedman, in the Century for October.*

WALT WHITMAN, in curious consistency with his poetic philosophy, insisted that ever man and woman possessed a floral prototype. His pretty custom was to select and lay before each friend's picture that flower or leaf that seemed to him most nearly symbolical of the original's personality. On the upper ledge of his desk a group of pictured feminine faces often watched him at his work, and before each he placed some flower or bit of greenery. A rose, perhaps, was for the woman whose nature bore some semblance, in his mind, to that regal blossom; before another, an oak-leaf suggested the strength of a male friend's character. So long as the flowers and leaves lasted he honoured these tiny shrines, thus offering to the uncalendared saints a tribute too delicate and sincere to be regarded as flattery or affectation.—*Illustrated American.*

GREAT culture is often betokened by great simplicity.—*Mme. Deluzy.*

ELEGANCE of manner is the outgrowth of refined and exalted sense.—*Chesterfield.*