

of the heroine's life paints or sculpts in imagination? Perhaps that want may be supplied when the symbol of French unity and patriotic mysticism shall have been canonized.

The report is current that the English intend to establish their Protectorate over all the Atlantic sea board of Morocco, free to the Sultan to concede. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

The Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway Company work 5,620 miles of road; it has 42,000 employees on its pension list, and pays annually 9,172 pensions. As the fund is not sufficient, the Company intends to pay eight instead of six per cent. on the four per cent. deducted from salaries out of its own strong box. The Company, in addition, aids the formation of co-operative stores, provides ordinary and technical schools, orphanages, female workshops, and gives facilities for Tolstoi refectories, but supported by their own hands. Z.

THE RAMBLER.

[It happened curiously enough that I had never read it. His other works I had read, but it was in earliest childhood—I need hardly say that accordingly that reading goes back a very long way indeed, somewhere in the thirties or even twenties—and by a singular chance the "M" had never fallen into my hands. What is a penny-a-liner to do sometimes when the potboilers pall, or worse—refuse even to come into existence, and when relaxation can no longer be found in the pages of the analytical hero of the hour? What such a one wants in books is exactly what some people expect of the drama. It is not so much the vain cry, or the cry of the vain, for mere amusement; it is rather the demand that what we read and what we engage to look at shall be in itself worth the time spent upon it by the author or the playwright. In itself the story of the "M" is worth telling, and so I found it the other day. Beginning at seven o'clock in the evening I read on, oblivious of time and other pursuits, read until one o'clock, for this was a book that *had* to be finished.

How many contemporaneous writers lay this obligation upon their readers? Needless to say, the author of so fascinating a book was Wilkie Collins at his best, for critics dead and critics living have concurred in the fact that "The Moonstone" is one of the best-sustained books of its kind ever written. In the first place the antiquity, the nationality, and the history of the jewel itself is profoundly interesting. The selection of an oriental gem of historic import, guarded by Hindoos of high caste, for the central point of a story, is exceedingly happy. Local colour is at once obtained and the effect of sharp contrast. Then the absence of the Lurid, of the Vile and of the Supernatural makes this clearly a remarkable book, since modern experience teaches us that in order to concoct a work of similar enthrallment and power we cannot do without obscenity, improbability and sensationalism.

When a work on "The Minor Novelists" comes to be written, it will be seen that there is unset blossom, promise unfulfilled, in this department of work as in others. Do any of my readers recollect a novel entitled "A Modern Minister," which appeared, at least the first part did, several years ago, but which was, I believe, never completed? It is possible that the sequel or conclusion may not have come into my hands; still, I do not remember hearing of it in any connection. Then there was a really remarkable novel of London studio life, "Miss Brown," at the authorship of which there were many shrewd guesses. What becomes of these minor novelists? Are they one-book people, or do they get discouraged at the treatment of the tribe of indolent reviewers, or do they die? Take the "Boudoir Cabal" for example. Where probably in the whole range of British fiction shall we find equally graphic portraiture of degrees of caste: Mayrose, the Pennywoddles, Leech, and Lady Azalea Carol? Yet it is a book forgotten by many, and its author's name, while brilliant, is certainly only to be found among the minor writers of the Victorian era.

With Mr. S. M. Barrie's popularity one has no quarrel. It is the popularity of Baring-Gould over again, and of Fargeon and of F. M. Robinson. The little systems have their day, and so do all healthy, honest, attractive books, especially when a good foundation of character sketching is laid, assisted by the colour Mr. Barrie knows well how to give. But why do we talk so much about novelists? We are not in training for an article on "The Future of Fiction," or "The Decline and Fall of the Novel," or "A Plea for Plot and Passion," or "Tolstoi—the Greatest of Novelists." Not at all. It may be provincial, but we in Canada are greatly given to taking everything that comes our way and taking it as it comes. I have often thought that, despite the grievances of certain individuals, we are not badly placed in Canada with regard to observation and reflection, when the objects are people and things, men and manners outside ourselves. We can sit apart and watch both our neighbours and the lands across the seas and thereby attain a wisdom and penetration perhaps denied to *ces autres*, or we like to think so.

Mr. Jas. P. Murray's letter to the *Mail* touching an Art Museum is timely. It does not, however, put any obstacle in the way of the Loan Collection I have suggested. The latter would cost very little to arrange, and

from the number and class of visitors, if properly made known and advertised, would assist the projectors of the Museum in making definite plans. As Mr. Murray remarks, the artisan, and even the skilled and thoughtful artisan, is among us and has come to stay. It is expedient that we do all we can to help him. Any suggestions of a practical nature will be gladly received by the writer.

In many directions, there are signs of artistic and literary enfranchisement in Toronto. The best of our artists think it no disgrace to make their abode with us, helping the cause of Beauty by æsthetic studios. We have not many *litterateurs* by profession, it is true, but the few we have we endeavour to conciliate and show appreciation of. Your true literary man hates patronage like poison, but he basks in generous and genial admiration. Sensitive souls—these poets, essayists, pamphleteers, but 'tis the afflatus in the marrow that does it. We welcome then any effort on the part of wealth and culture to weld together the possibly inharmonious constituents of Toronto society. Why should not the elements of law, science, art, music and literature be fused into a pleasing whole here as elsewhere? In the meetings held on Monday evenings at the house of Mrs. John Cawthra, this has been largely the case during the past season. The quality of the essays read, notably one on "George Meredith," by Mr. Greer, and another by Mr. O. A. Howland, was remarkably good, and taken altogether, the *réunions*, which partook of the charm of the French salon, made famous by many a beautiful and witty woman, were pronounced a great success.

A REMINISCENCE OF BADEN-BADEN.

I REMEMBER, many a month ago, one morning blithe and gay,

With some merry friends I clambered up the height,
That o'erlooked the winding valley where the quiet city lay,
In the radiance of the sun-illuminated light.

I remember, in the dewy dawn, the wild and wooded hills
As they raised their lofty summits to the blue—
What a flood of recollections all my restless being fills,
As those scenes again, in memory, I view!

O, the morn was glad and joyous (but the mountain path was steep,
And it seemed to weary toilers very long),
While the minstrels of the forest, new awakened from their sleep,
Made the liquid air melodious with song.

As we climb I view the plains afar where flows the winding Rhine,
On its long and rapid journey to the sea,
And the hillsides soon to blossom with the ripening of the vine,

And the peasants slowly trudging o'er the lea.

Still I hear from up the vale an undulation as it swells,
Like the rhythmic measured cadence of a rhyme,
From the sweet and mellow music of the churches' matin bells,
As their silvery throats ring out the sacred chime.

And I see the Ducal Palace by the city's ancient wall,
With its banner gaily flaunting in the breeze,
And, beneath, the stately towers of the old Cathedral tall,
And the Colonnade's wide avenue of trees.

With many a turn the glancing stream winds thro' the willowed meads,
And the sunbright emerald valley to the plain,
Where it joins the mighty river that with eager impulse speeds,
To the free and boundless waters of the main.

And uplifted on the topmost crag above the smiling scene,
Is the stern old Castle crumbling to decay—
There, by its mouldering battlements o'ergrown with ivy green,
Do we while some idly happy hours away.

We retraced our tired footsteps as the sun, with dying glow,
Sank beyond the purple highlands in the west,—
While from up the valley came the strains of music faint and low—
And the deepening shadows veiled the mountain-crest.

Oft in musing mood I wander, led by Fancy, o'er the main,
Where a city lies the wooded hills among;
And with merry friends I clamber up the mountain-side again,
To the ivy-mantled tower of my song.

Ah how sweet in pensive thought it is a mystic band to wind
Round the cherished scenes of happy days gone by;
And amid the feverish stir of life a fond enchantment find,
In the fellowship of tranquil memory.

ERNEST C. MACKENZIE.

POVERTY is the stepmother of genius.—H. W. Shaw.

THE DEAD GOETHE.

THE morning after Goethe's death, a deep longing came over me to see his earthly shell once again. His faithful servant, Frederick, opened the door of the room where they had laid him. Stretched upon his back, he lay like one asleep, power and deep peace upon the features of his sublimely noble face. The mighty brow seemed still busy with thoughts. I longed for a lock of his hair, but reverence forbade my cutting it. The body lay nude, wrapped in a white sheet. Frederick threw the sheet open, and I was amazed at the godlike magnificence of those limbs. The chest was exceedingly powerful, broad and arched, the arms and thighs full and muscular, the feet of perfect form, and nowhere on the whole body a trace of superfluous flesh or of emaciation or shrinking. A perfect man lay in great beauty before me, and admiration made me for the moment forget that the immortal spirit had left such an habitation. I laid my hand on his breast—deep silence all around—and turned aside to give free course to my pent-up tears.—*Translated for THE WEEK, from Eckermann.*

ART NOTES.

It is announced that the Pope has directed that specimens of the beautiful mosaic pictures, made at the mosaic works in the Vatican, shall be exhibited at the Chicago Exposition, and at least one picture shall be made expressly for the Fair.

MR. E. WYLLIE GRIER, of Toronto, has had the distinction of having at the Royal Academy his portrait of Miss Cawthra, of Beverley Street, hung in the central hall just above a picture of the President, Sir Frederick Leighton. This is an unusual honour for a Canadian artist, and none the less merits unusual praise.

ON SLOW FORD's monument to Shelley it is said will be set up in the garden of University College, Oxford, on Aug. 4. It is thus described by the *Athenæum*: "Mr. Ford has designed a whole-length statue, rather more than ordinary life size, of somewhat warmly tinted white marble, lying at full length, and quite naked, upon a slab of pale sea-green Irish marble, which is carved in a broad and unobtrusive fashion so as to suggest, without exactly representing it, the shore on which the poet's corpse was found. The figure reclines on the left shoulder and slightly backwards; the head rests on the ground amid the flowing masses of its long hair, which are as if the sea had left them so; the noble face is upturned, the eyes are closed, the lips are slightly parted, and the expression is that of a happy and painless death."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

NOT to be behind the equine elements of this our local Jockey Club race week, the management of the Grand Opera House have presented its patrons with Neil Burgess and his scenic play, the "County Fair," in which a live horse-race is introduced on the stage and many beautiful mechanical effects give additional interest to the stirring stage production from the Union Square Theatre. The incidental scenes of the play are real and startling surprises. The company comprises some fifty carefully-selected people who render a good account of themselves. The usual Saturday matinee will be held.

THE ACADEMY.

THE famous Black Hussar Band and Star Orchestra have been very successfully presenting their comedy, "A Social Session," at the Academy of Music this week. The play is somewhat original in construction and surroundings, and abounds in unique humour. Many melodious strains are interspersed, helping to retain the interest of the audience.

On Friday, June 3rd, one of the best of the Madison Square Theatre successes, "Esmeralda," will be given at the Academy by the St. Alphonsus Club, a local aggregation of amateur stars, under the direction of Mr. H. S. Clark. It is a quiet homely romance, touching and natural, with fresh and unconventional dialogue, well calculated to please the most refined taste.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

GOUNOD's masterpiece, "The Redemption," quite befittingly brought to a successful close the twentieth season of the Toronto Philharmonic Society, and Mr. F. H. Torrington has to be awarded a just meed of praise for his untiring efforts in bringing about so good a musical result. The chorus, partly, perhaps, through a greater familiarity with the work—this being its fourth presentation in Toronto—excelled their efforts of the previous evening, in "Callirhoe"; the male voices showing up to much greater advantage, especially in the choruses "Lovely Appear" and "Unfold, Ye Portals." The orchestra seemed also to play *con amore*, the composer's beautifully wrought-out and poetically-inspired instrumentation; the conductor, Mr. Torrington, holding his entire forces well in hand during most of the performance. The choruses, "Unfold, Ye Portals" and "For Thy Love as a Father," Mrs. Parker singing the solo in the latter, were both enthusiastically redemanded and repeated. Mrs. Parker also sang with a sweet cultivated though not strong voice, the music allotted to Mrs. F. G. Cox, who was absent through indisposi-