

and apt illustrations. It is finally an honest book, and we are altogether agreed with the author that "there is danger in scepticism, but there is greater danger in shams; in making-believe believe, in trying to think something which is not really thinkable, or at least not really thought; in shutting our ears and our hearts to the truth which is knocking for admission. The Master never condemned honest doubt, but shams of all sorts were odious to Him. He who was the Truth could not endure a lie.

ART NOTES.

We have under our eyes, and held up to our admiration, the products of the two great schools of the past, the Greek and the Italian Renaissance, which all thoughtful students of art recognize as beyond modern rivalries; these with the contemporary Japanese, in which, with an antipodal difference of motive and temperament, the fundamental system is the same, and the success due to the same processes of thought and work as those of the Greek and Italian schools. These processes are absolutely antagonistic to those of the modern schools without exception, the difference between the latter being rather one of processes and handiwork than in conception of the purposes of art. The English school is, with very few but most notable exceptions, only an aggregation of more or less clever amateurs; the German is a mistaken philosophical worship of the mass of matter we call the world, and humanity, without a trace of imagination or spirituality; the French, of the moment, while technically at the head of modern art, is but the apotheosis of brush-work and the speculum of the surface of things, as devoid of vitality, as cold and sterile, as the surface of the moon; and ours, so far as it goes, seems to be based on the French, and so predestined to superficiality, if not to power. The steady degradation of art, almost without distinction of form, with only rare and isolated recurrences of the true spirit, from the sixteenth century to the day we live in, demands an explanation which shall indicate the remedy, if the study of art is to be healthily revived. As an evolutionary problem, it is one of the most interesting, and not the least important, in the history of culture. Its solution is indicated more or less clearly by the analogies of every branch of the history of thought, and is shown with absolute precision in the philosophy of the arts taken collectively, in their individual history in which the law of evolution is shown, and, if we would study it, in the development of the individual artist; it is visible in music, in poetry, in the dance, in sculpture and in painting—sister arts where true arts, and as such subject to the same laws, and in fact only various forms of the same passion, that of expressing our emotions in rhythmic forms, of manifesting in communicable and sympathetic modes and ideal types the absolute and individual self. If the arts, born of one motive, appear in diverse guise, it is because each of our faculties demands a distinct appeal, and, for the satisfaction of its peculiar emotion, a distinct language. In each and all the artist is a creator, borrowing the language of nature only when it serves his purpose; but he is in no wise her check or mirror—that is the mission of the scientist. Poetry and music have their motives and methods so rooted in our spiritual natures that they can be degraded only by sensuality; but even then the art may keep its fineness, because, after all, the most intense sensuality has its roots in the spiritual nature, and it is only in its escape from the divine order and precedence that its vice lies. The dance we may consider a dependence of music; and these are immortal, in no peril of extinction. It is only to sculpture and painting that death can come; that form of death that keeps a body and loses the soul. Materialism is the deadly enemy of all the arts; but music and poetry cannot be materialized; they are born in human emotion, and will only die with it. Painting and sculpture are materialized by slavery to the facts of nature. They draw their language, the prime elements of their creation, from a visible world, so full in its vocabulary that the artist cannot escape from the suggestion of its terms, if he would be understood. Colour is, and in its highest expressions can only be, subjective, to be treated like music, orchestrally; but the element of form is necessarily dependent on nature for the intelligibility of its terms and types, the artist having only the faculty of exalting and refining her forms into what we recognize as the ideal. The essential condition of all the arts of design becoming true art is in their being expression, not imitation; that their statements and imagery shall be evolved from the mind of the artist, not copied from natural models, be creation, not repetition; and in the degree that this condition is fulfilled does the work become more or less purely a work of art. The idealist gets his materials from nature; but he recasts them in expression; the realist, who is no artist, repeats them as he gets them. This is the fundamental distinction in all design; the copyist is not an artist.—*W. J. Stillman, in the Atlantic Monthly for August.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

With the performance of "Götterdämmerung," given in London, on Wednesday, July 13, the German opera subscribers received their last instalment of the series so far as the Wagnerian music-dramas were concerned, leaving for the following week only the promised representa-

tion of "Fidelio," which was anticipated at Drury Lane last month on the occasion of Frau Klafsky's debut. This great artist was, of course, the Brünnhilde of the final section of the tetralogy, and here her wonderful gifts were exhibited, if possible, in a brighter light than in the earlier scenes in which the fair Valkyrie appears. With her rare capacity for expressing deep emotion, Frau Klafsky combines an exquisite feeling for contrast, and it was interesting in the extreme to note the varied shades of tone-colour employed by the singer in each successive situation of the drama. At the outset we had the loving and tender Brünnhilde, bidding farewell to her glorious warrior; next, the affectionate sister welcoming the visit of Waltrante, listening with awe to the recital of the troubles in Walhalla, yet turning hard as stone when asked to part with the precious ring confided to her by Siegfried; then, a moment after, the maddened woman chased like a hunted animal by her own husband in the guise of Gunther. These are the different phases of the first act alone, and much more remains to come—the scenes where Brünnhilde, brought captive to the home of the Gibichungs, challenges Siegfried with the perfidy of which he has unwittingly been guilty; where she allows herself to be gradually drawn into Hagen's conspiracy to murder him; and finally, that grand closing scene where, finding her hero brought home dead, and learning of the dastardly trick by which he had been deprived of memory, the courageous woman utters her dying panegyric, and then, mounting her steed, plunges into the burning pyre, and allows herself to be consumed amid the same flames that are burning her husband's corpse. Unfortunately, this last episode, during which, furthermore, Hagen throws himself into the Rhine, and the waters of the river are supposed to rise and overwhelm the entire scene, while Walhalla and the gods are being destroyed by fire in the background, was by no means effectively realized upon the stage of Covent Garden, and the failure, doubtless, provoked our friend, the Rev. Mr. Haws, to institute more comparisons of a damaging nature between London in 1892 and Bayrouth in 1876. At the same time the art of Frau Klafsky compensated for a great deal, and when the curtain fell at midnight, after a performance that lasted five hours, the audience gave vent to its delight in a series of enthusiastic calls for the singers, the conductor and the manager. From what has been said, it will be seen that Brünnhilde is even more *en évidence* in this drama than the heroic Siegfried himself. We need scarcely say, however, that Herr Alvary invested the character with the utmost measure of importance and interest, besides suggesting with infinite skill the distinction between the manly warrior and the half-savage boy of the preceding drama. He was particularly fine in the third act, where Siegfried holds his colloquy with the Rhine maidens, and tells the vassals the story of his life just before falling a victim to Hagen's cowardly spear-stroke. The wily son of Alberich had an over-ponderous representative in Herr Wiegand, who emphasized the gloomy side of the character without suggesting either its subtlety or viciousness. Herr Knapp made an efficient Gunther, and Fräulein Bettaque imported all the necessary grace and charm to the rôle of Gutrun. Another admirable impersonation was the Waltrante of Fräulein Heink; this artist sang superbly in the scene with Brünnhilde, which, by the way, was omitted at Her Majesty's in 1882. The weird song of the Rhine daughters, albeit executed under slight difficulties, owing to a lack of swimming space, was delightfully rendered by Fräulein Traubman, Ralph and Froehlich. The orchestra, under Herr Mahler's inspiring guidance, was once more equal to all requirements, and furnished a worthy climax to the succession of triumphs won by it in "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Three nights later the German troupe again occupied Covent Garden, giving before a brilliant and crowded audience one of the best performances of "Tannhäuser" ever given in this country. We reckon as of little account such blemishes as the chorus of pilgrims being occasionally sung flat, or a trifling roughness on the part of the orchestra in the overture and the march. These are things that one can easily hear well performed; but, on the other hand, it is rare indeed to find such perfection of ensemble or such a reverent interpretation of the letter as well as the spirit of Wagner's early work as the Hamburg artists gave us withal. The opera was performed in its entirety, without so much as a single "cut," and yet to the master's admirers, who were naturally present in force, it cannot have seemed unduly long, since they were content to stay until Saturday night had passed into Sunday morning in order to hear the last note. Herr Alvary made a wonderfully picturesque and impulsive Tannhäuser, and sang his music admirably, although not so well suited by it as by the more declamatory style of the "Nibelungen" or "Tristan." Herr Reichmann was excellent as Wolfram, a part played by him at this house during the German season of 1884. Fräulein Bettaque did full justice to the somewhat ungrateful rôle of Venus, and Fräulein Heink gave evidence of a true artistic spirit by undertaking the small part of the shepherd. The gem of the representation, however, was unquestionably the Elizabeth of Frau Klafsky, a creation of remarkable beauty, and replete with womanly tenderness, devotion and charm. The soul of the artist was, as usual, thoroughly in her work, and whether in the jubilant greeting "Dich theure Halle," in the poignant anguish of the appeal to the assembled knights, or in the pure, calm resignation of the prayer, her expression of the musical and dramatic situation was absolutely faultless.—*Ill. News of the World.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT IN THE PROVINCE OF NORTH CAROLINA. By Stephen Beauregard Weeks, Ph D. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.

The title of this booklet is significant of its purpose, and we can only observe that Dr. Weeks has handled his subject in a calm and judicial spirit. Objecting to the glowing pictures of Mr. Bancroft, he has accepted his present position owing to "the irresistible logic of facts."

OVER THE SEA: A Summer Trip to Britain. By J. E. Wetherell. Strathroy: Evans. 1890.

The contents of this volume, originally printed in the *Strathroy Age*, have already been favourably noticed in our columns. We can only add that the printing and binding of this dainty little volume are in themselves an eminent source of attraction, which will not fail to gratify those to whom we have already cordially recommended "Over the Sea."

THE OTHER BOND. By Dora Russell. New York: John A. Taylor and Company.

Given for a prologue a father who absconds to avoid the punishment of theft, and a son of fifteen of the sensible, teutonic type, who begins life anew as a clerk in some large iron works, it is not surprising that, after an interval of twenty years, chapter I. shows us the *quondam* clerk transformed into an M. P. with some thousands of pounds to his credit, while the father is, naturally enough, placed comfortably *hors de combat*. All this is very smooth and very pleasant, but hardly exciting. The hero of the book is very sensible, but a little heavy; he is in love with one girl and marries another, who holds him in bondage seemingly before and after marriage, and who dies in a lunatic asylum. Then John Forbes, now John Forbes Stuart, marries the girl of his heart, who is by this time a stately widow, while he himself is a "Cabinet Minister—a man talked of and popular." The subordinate characters are not very attractive, and curiously enough, as modern novels go, it is the heroine, Annie Gage, who commands whatever interest there is in the story.

RURAL LEGENDS AND LYRICS. By Arthur E. Smith. New York: John B. Alden.

Speaking of poetry, a very modern ancient observed:—

Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

But, luckily for the magazines, public opinion of to-day has reversed the sentence and many volumes of poems are published which take the safe middle course for one or two editions or even more. Mr. Arthur E. Smith commences his volume with a simple little poem—one of the best in the volume—entitled "The Three Requests." "Reuben and Flora" is suggestive of Locksley Hall, only however in its metre. In legends like "The Lost Hunter" Mr. Smith is at his best:—

I know where the Morning laughs at the Night
By the noisy waterfall,
And the eagle drops from his dizzy height
To his nest on the mountain wall!

In such poems as these Mr. Smith possesses a force and genuine feeling which he fails to express in his more ambitious work, although in "Immortality" he shows the germs of what may really develop into poetic power. In conclusion, we would observe that we believe this young author capable of stronger and more vigorous work than he has shown us in the neatly bound volume entitled "Rural Legends."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESSES in Convocation Hall, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. Session 1892. Price, 25 cents.

This little volume contains ten addresses, the first four of which will attract most attention, being devoted to a statement and consideration of the much-talked of Higher Criticism and its various relations to the older views of the Bible and its interpretation. The first place is given to Dr. Briggs, of Union Seminary fame, who treats of the Bible and other books, *e.g.*, the Sacred Books of the East, and Christian literature, and points out the supremacy of the Bible. "The Bible is the crown of the Christian Church; it is like the royal crown of England, formed of precious stones gathered from many lands and cut by the skilful hands of artists of many countries and times, and yet combined in a masterpiece of beauty and perfection."

Principal Grant luminously and sympathetically expounds the results of the Higher Criticism, and very reasonably defends his action in saying that "the question is now removed from the closets of scholars, or books that only the learned read, to popular magazines and even to daily newspapers." He points out the danger attendant upon a too rigid adherence to the older views, and pleads for at least a suspension of judgment until a fair examination of the new views has been given, seeing they have gained such a wide-spread support not only in Germany, but in England and America. We re-echo his evident desire that a large-hearted and charitable spirit shall preside over all discussions of these questions. Of the six remaining addresses two are by outsiders, viz: Dr. Murray, of McGill, who discourses on Christian and Unchristian Agnosticism; and Dr. Hume, of Toronto University, who utters a stirring appeal for deep thinking on the truths of Christianity resulting in entire sacrifice of self to Christ and devotion to all that is good, true and holy.