

For many of men's errors women have themselves to blame. First, their viciousness and coarseness; women being either too ignorant or too cowardly to exact from the men the same standard of virtue which men expect from them. Secondly, their tyranny; because the laws and customs of many generations have placed women far too much in the power of men, and even were it not so, their own warm affections make them slaves. Thirdly, for the selfishness which—doubtless with righteous reason—is so deeply implanted in the masculine breast that a thoroughly unselfish man is almost a *lusus nature*. And no wonder, since from his cradle his womankind have adored him. Mothers, nurses, sisters, all join the sweet flattery, the perpetual love-servitude, which makes a man think far too much of himself. Then perhaps comes a period of innocent tyranny from his sweetheart, which he soon repays by tyrannizing over his wife. . . . The relation between men and women ought to be as equal and as righteous as their love; also as clear-sighted, that by means of it each may educate and elevate the other; both looking beyond each other to that absolute right and perfect love, without which all human love must surely, soon or late, melt away in disenchantment, distaste, or even actual dislike. For love can die; there is no truth more certain and more terrible; and each human being that lives carries within himself or herself the possibility of being its murderer.—*The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," in the Forum.*

The great spread of instruction in the English language in Japan has naturally led to a growing demand for English books. Over 85,000 English books of all classes were imported last year, as against 40,000 in 1885. The import of American books, that is to say of the books printed in America, increased from 59,000 in 1885 to 119,000 in 1886. Sir F. R. Plunkett, British Consul at Tokio, remarks upon this: "An argument against a large import of educational works has hitherto existed in the fact that foreigners have no claim to the protection of the Japanese copyright, and any work that gained extensive popularity was sure to be pirated by Japanese publishers, and cheap editions of it issued that could be profitably sold at far less cost than the imported originals. This difficulty has been and can be got over by the co-operation of Japanese booksellers, and in this way not only is the benefit of copyright obtained, but the books are sold at lower prices than were formerly obtained for them by European booksellers in Japan." A large demand during the year for printing paper is traced principally to the publication of numerous translations of English works on law, political economy, history, and other educational subjects. It does not appear from the report whether there is at present any considerable demand in Japan for English literature of the lighter kinds. As, however, the next generation of educated Japanese will be almost universally able to read our language, which is now required to be taught in the public elementary schools, such a demand is sure to be forthcoming.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

**EPISTLES O' AIRLIE.** Toronto: Grip Publishing Company.

We are glad to see the clever Epistles of Hugh Airlie that have appeared from time to time in *Grip*, published in book form. They are illustrated by Mr. J. W. Bengough, and make a neat little volume of about one hundred pages.

**THE BEST READING.** Third Series. Edited by Lynds E. Jones. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is "a priced and classified bibliography, for easy reference, of the more important English and American publications for the five years, ending December 1, 1886." The title page fully describes the book; and the slightest examination of it will show how very useful it must be to readers and book buyers.

**A CHRISTMAS CHAT.** A Fragmentary Dialogue on Love and Religion. By T. Arnold Haultain.

This bright dialogue between a clever, accomplished, and thoughtful young man and his parish priest, or rather the curate of the church he "ought to have attended but didn't," brought out in an inferior pamphlet form, is likely, for the present at least, to fail in attracting that attention from the press and the public that its merit warrants. Mr. Haultain is not unknown to Canadian readers. His last little work will bear perusal and re-perusal; and it is for this reason we regret he has seen fit to bring it out in so inadequate a form.

**A MODERN MAGICIAN,** by J. Fitzgerald Molloy. Toronto: William Bryce.

It is difficult to introduce in a modern novel a character like "Benoni," a mystic who has lived for ages, who comes and goes at the most unexpected times, who can read men's minds, materialize the ghosts of the dead and foretell the future. Such a character is sure to suggest comparisons that are not likely to be, if they can be at all, to the advantage of the later writer. Notwithstanding this obvious disadvantage under which the author of *A Modern Magician* has placed himself, the story has many elements of interest, and will doubtless find readers who, while not caring for its mysticism, will enjoy its plot and incidents. It is difficult to conceive of a woman, without previous moral taint, falling so quickly and with so little apparent struggle as Miriam Amerton.

THE Christmas number of *The Theatre* came too late to be noticed last week. It comes out in a tastefully designed cover and has in addition to other illustrations, portraits of Augustine Daly, Miss Kathryn Brady, and Mr. E. F. Coward. The reading matter is seasonable and interesting.

THE *Dramatic World and Sporting Record*, published by the Dramatic World Publishing Company, Toronto, has just appeared. The first number is neatly printed on pink paper, and contains some excellent matter, but it is doubtful if there is yet a future in Toronto for a journal of the kind.

THE *Canadian Methodist* for January has three illustrated articles, *Scott's Marmion*, *Recent Experiences in China*, and the first in a series of *Picturesque Ireland*. Other articles make up a good number, but it is to be regretted that a larger proportion are not by Canadians or from Canadian sources.

*The Century* comes on time, as usual, and brings with it a real New Year feast of good things. The instalment of the Lincoln History is particularly good, and gives a very powerful impression of the perplexities and difficulties the President had to meet and surmount in the formation of his first cabinet. Mr. Kennan's Russian articles are deservedly attracting attention. In no respect is the current number of *The Century* likely to prove a disappointment to its readers.

*Harper's* for January has three admirably illustrated papers: Theodore Child's *Modern French Sculpture*, Dr. Van Dyke's *Adoration of the Magi*, and Archdeacon Farrar's *Share of America in Westminster Hall*. The last will be for obvious reasons, of special interest to Canadian readers. *Virginia of Virginia*, a completed story by Enélie Rives, and the opening chapters of Mr. Wm. Black's new novel, *In Far Lochaber*, afford some excellent fiction. Mr. Watterson in a thoughtful article discusses the tariff question in a way that will attract attention, and the editorial departments are as usual full, suggestive, and instructive.

THE January number of the *New Princeton Review* contains, as usual, many interesting articles, among which may be mentioned *Race Theories and European Politics*, by John Rhys; *Our American Life*, by Rev. Dr. Hall; and *Men of Letters at Bourdeaux in the Sixteenth Century*, by Ruth McEnery Stuart; but perhaps *American Authors and British Pirates*, containing the lively correspondence between Mark Twain and Brander Matthews on the question of International copyright, will be read with the greatest zest. It cannot be said that either of the writers has scored a decided victory in the contest.

THE *Forum* for January opens with an article by the historian A. E. Freeman on the *Debt of the Old World to the New*, which is followed by *What Shall the Public Schools Teach?* a question of as much interest to Canadians as to the people of the United States. This may be said of many other contributions such as, *Shall we call Him Master?* by Professor Lesley; *International Legal Tender*, by the Duke of Marlborough; *The Congestion of Cities*, by Edward E. Hale; *Should Churches be Free*, by Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson; and *Mr. Gladstone's Claims to Greatness*, by Dickinson S. Miller.

THE *Magazine of American History* for January opens with an illustrated article on Thurlow Weed's home in New York City, which gives much curious and valuable information regarding the habits and character and home life of the great journalist and politician, of whom it is said "No other man ever occupied so unique and extraordinary a position in American affairs." An article on *Canada* by Mr. Prosper Bender, of Boston, is devoted to the discussion of Reciprocity or Commercial Union, but contains nothing new or striking on the subject. General Jackson's original report of the Battle of Tohopeka or Horseshoe, never before published, appears in this number.

#### MUSIC.

It must be at least twelve years since M. Massenet's *Marie Magdeleine* was last performed in Paris, and it certainly is quite fifteen since the day of its first production at the Opera Comique. The revival of the oratorio at the Châtelet Concerts on Sunday had, therefore, almost the interest of novelty, and it is a novelty to nine-tenths of the present Paris generation. There is something rather sad in the revival of a work so full of promise, and of promise so poorly kept, as this charming effort of M. Massenet.

In 1872 the future composer of *Le Roi de Lahore* was young and fresh and unaffected. He was looked upon as the hope of the modern French school, and we expected to see him take up the mantle of M. Gounod, who, even then, had ceased to be the master to whom we owed *Faust*, *Romeo, Mirella*, and the *Masses*, in which he was perhaps at his best. The grace and sweetness of the work charmed even those who had been shocked by its sensuous character. Besides, the mere fact that a Frenchman had given his mind to oratorio at all was highly interesting. Alas! the later efforts of the composer have marked a steady falling off. The inspiration which flows so pure and tender through *Marie Magdeleine* was less apparent in the two companion works of *Eve* and *La Vierge*; while in the ambitious operas which succeeded it, in *Le Roi de Lahore* and *Herodiade*, it has almost disappeared. In its place we had much science, much noise, much straining after effect, but very little beauty. *Marie Magdeleine*, with all its faults, was full of beauty; and, after hearing it again on Sunday, it is hard to understand why it should for many years have been neglected.