

A RONDEAU.

Love passed me by when he was young,
 And round the board of others hung,
 And for awhile was so caressed
 Within their hearts he made his nest,
 And round their necks in rapture clung.
 He walked the fairest fields among,
 For him the sweetest viols were strung,
 And, being thus divinely blessed,
 Love passed me by.
 At length the silly child was stung
 By taunts from many a giddy tongue,
 And then he sought my lonely breast,
 Where he remains,—an honoured guest,
 Nor shall it evermore be sung,
 Love passed me by.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

Beddan, near Pontypridd, Wales.

THE CRITIC.

We have been for years past hearing of the marvellous advance of science, its discoveries, its achievements, its boundless hopes for the future. Surely it is high time for some one to tell us of the limitations of science. For fifty years science has ruled the world, and we have been accustomed to pride ourselves on living in a scientific age, with the apparently implied intimation that its scientific character raised it above all other ages. Now, however, curiously enough, the very advances of science are beginning to point out to us that after all science is not the exponent of all existing things—a title to which once it did not seem wholly abashed from asserting its claim. The talismanic phrase "matter and motion," for example, was by some once thought in some enigmatic manner to contain the explanation of all phenomena, despite the fact that matter is a physical fiction, and motion a mental figment. However, to-day the phrase is on the way to lose its paramount significance. We are beginning to believe that there is something beyond matter, and do not readily assent to the proposition that motion is explanatory of all change. And science, itself, as I have said, is by its very advances, proving itself far from omniscient. Weismann's theories of heredity, for instance, are creating no little stir among biologists, as the expressed views of Herbert Spencer, Mr. Romanes, and others show. Professor Dewar's recent assertions also on the non-radiability of heat through space point to an entire subversion of the hitherto accepted views on a variety of physical laws—notably those affecting the cooling of heavenly bodies, and by consequence that much vexed question of geological time.

Again, the large share of attention which is now every year paid to that vague but interesting sphere of mathematics, known by the name of hyperspace points to a sphere of thought far beyond the confines of the widest scientific research. To the majority of people the space of three dimensions in which we live is thought to be—if they think at all on the subject—the only space possible. But it is now admitted by every mathematician that there is absolutely no reason for asserting that there may not exist space of four, five, or for that matter, *n* dimensions. That opens up a field for thought simply appalling in its complexity. One curious suggestion alone having reference to four dimensions only, is enough to show how the admission of the possibility of hyperspace may overturn our hitherto most rigid preconceived ideas, that namely

of Hinton's to the effect that birth and death, may, after all, be but the appearance and disappearance of the body into and out of three-dimensional from four-dimensional space. Before such a suggestion science stands dumb.

However, not to dwell further on such scientific or mathematical details, it must be conceded that we cannot and need not now look wholly to science as the exponent of the universe. Its explanations of the phenomena of the visible world have been wonderful; if it succeeds in showing that there is also an invisible world, its achievements will be more wonderful still. And strangely enough it seems as if this is exactly what now science is doing, in face of the fact that for years and years it would have nothing to say to any world that was not visible. Nor are the speculations which appear on these subjects the mere vapourings of dreamers. The "Monist" had recently a long and seriously written article on the subject of hyperspace which certainly could not be so characterized. Messrs. Macmillan and Company also have just issued a work with the extremely suggestive and as significant title "The World of the Unseen: An Essay on the Relation of Higher Space to things Eternal." Such topics lead us to think upon what a microscopic fragment of God's universe it is that science has hitherto bent its feeble gaze.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "EIGHT HOURS" QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In the "Current Topics" of your issue of the 28th ult., you draw attention to the experiment now being made at the Salford Iron Works, England, by the adoption of the eight hours a day system; and you, very properly, venture to intimate that the experiment will be successful. You then say: "This is not, we believe, absolutely the first case in which the plan has been tried. Other instances, we have seen quoted in which it has been adopted with absolute success, though we are unable at the moment to give particulars which have escaped our memory, or even to verify the facts so far as recollected." I venture to supply some information bearing on the question, by quoting a few sentences from my little book on "Trade Unions, their origin and objects, influence and efficacy." 1. "It is a well-ascertained fact, that within certain limits, more work is done as a rule, where there is a prospect of an early cessation from work than where men know they are doomed to several hours of continuous employment. A few years ago the average day's work in England was ten hours. On the continent it was twelve, in Russia sixteen or seventeen; and yet it is calculated that two English mowers would do in a day the work of six Russian ones. Russian factory operatives worked seventy-five hours a week when those in England worked only sixty, yet the work of the former was only one-fifth of that of the latter. When the average working time of a miner in South Wales was twelve hours a day those in the North of England worked only seven, yet the cost of getting coals in Aberdare was 25 per cent. more than in Northumberland. As has been well said, 'The workman who cannot tire himself in eight hours, is not worth his salt.'" 2. "It is best to concentrate labour into as few hours as possible." (Mundella.) 3. "The man who works so moderately as to be able to work constantly, not only preserves his health the longest, but in the course of the year executes the greatest quantity of work." (Adam Smith.)

I may add that when high wages are associated with short hours, the addition-

al amount of work done is very marked, and with your permission, Sir, I will refer to this question on another occasion. It is well known to political economists that the dearest labour of all is slave labour, for which no wages is paid, nor any limit placed on the number of working hours. I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

WM. TRANT.

Cotham, Assa., 12th May, 1893.

THE NOVEL: WHAT IT IS.*

Of the firm of Messrs. Macmillan and Company one is almost tempted to say, it doeth all things well—one hesitates, not at the assertion, but at the quotation, and this most dainty little octodecimo is only one more proof of the fact. It is a delight to the eye, and its binding, paper, and typography cause one to think that the New York branch of the great house adds a new-world artistic beauty to its old-world substantiality and worth—a high complement, but one well deserved. Only two minute errors has a literally punctilious search discovered; the one not in the book itself, but on its dainty extra paper covering: that naturally popular little work, "A Trip to England," (which by the way first appeared in our columns) is attributed to "W. Goldwin Smith." We are not aware that the great political historian bears a second baptismal name. The second is minuter still: a Roman numeral on page 68 is followed by a period, on page 73 it is not. Either is, of course, correct; but consistency is the first law of punctuation, and it is a law of the Medes and Persians. So much, then, on typographical and bibliographical details. It is time to consider what Mr. Crawford has to say on the Novel.

What he has said here has, if we mistake not, appeared in slightly different form in one or other of the great monthly magazines. Upon the Novel there have lately appeared the opinions of many another eminent man—the names of M. Paul Bourget, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Andrew Lang, at once come into the memory. The analytical spirit of the day has penetrated so far that people now like to discuss the how and the why of their intellectual and artistic pleasures; to their delight in an agreeable illusion—as Napoleon is said to have defined art—they add the delight of trying to find out how and why the illusion is caused. Well, Mr. Crawford has done, if not his best, at least something to help them, and in a plain, simple, straightforward way; if without much picturesque-ness or variety of style, at all events, in a pleasant and eminently readable style; he does not, we take it, set up for a stylist, and evidently he despises "smart writing."

No small share of space is occupied by Mr. Crawford's expressed detestation of the purpose-novel. This particular species of literary hybrid receives at his hands a severe a castigation that in sheer curtness one sets to wondering what particular variety he has had in his mind's eye. He has been re-reading "Robert Elsmere," has "Caliban" or "Karma" soured his temper? The purely abstract theory of the compatibility of art and didacticism could hardly have so roused his ire.

In addition to his diatribe on the purpose-novel, another point upon which Mr. Crawford lays special stress is that the novel "is or ought to be a pocket-stage," "a novel is, after all, a play;" an assertion with which though few will be inclined to quarrel yet few will be inclined to be satisfied as a wholly satisfactory answer to the question propounded. Though at the outset Mr. Crawford treats us, with great parade of logical precision, to a definition of the novel as "an intellectual artistic luxury" (which, by the way, is so far illogical as to include much besides novels—epics and fairy tales, for example), he does not, after all, appear to be able to set before us anything more definite than

*The Novel: What It Is, by F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Williamson Book Co. 18mo pp. 108. With portrait of the author 75cts.