

A circular letter has been sent to the Indians with these questions explaining that the Conference is not to be made use of for venting old grievances or in any way to interfere with the affairs of the Indian Department, but is simply for the purpose of giving them an opportunity to express freely their views on various matters affecting their interests from their own standpoint. The *Canadian Indian*, procurable from the Toronto News Company, is the organ of the Society.

E. F. WILSON.

Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, March 19, 1891.

THE NORTHERN LOVER.

You asked me but the other day how Love
Appeared on earth to moderns, and I stood
Tongue-tied before your beauty, stammering
Some feeble answer of a maid, who grows
Far sweeter 'mid the snow-drifts of the North
Than all the dames of dark-eyed Italy.
But after, as I mused, the purpose grew
To shape an answer for you.

In the past
The ancients loved to limn him as a boy;
A rosy boy, afloat on gauzy wings;
The butterfly of passion, who has drawn
A feebler arrow from a loosened string
Since Pysche caught his fancy. Such a god
Roams in the orange groves, by Southern seas,
On perfumed midnights, when the nightingale
Pours all his passion, and the silver wave,
Like lipings of old Neptune, sleepily
Lips the stone wharves of Genoa, or the bay
Where fierce Vesuvius beacons to the deep
That lies past slumbering Capri.

In the North
Are other ways and other gods; I rode
Last night beneath the stars, that clear and keen,
Blazed thro' the frost; but as the morning drew
To oust the shadows, clouds began to steal
Between me and the sky, and pale and wan,
The ghostly Northern Light, that thro' the dark
Stood up in serried phalanx to the stars,
Fell back with all its spears before the dawn,
That broke with dim reluctance; slow, and few,
The snowflakes fell, faint glimmering thro' the grey;
A plover rose from out the withered edge
Of frozen waters, startled by the tread
Of coming hoofs—wheeled on an unseen wing
Piped down the wind, and plaintive died away.

Methought I found the secret you would learn
Told by the contrast; in this Northern land
We have no time for trifling; thou and I,
In the sweet past, have seen the wild moon rise
Blood-red and misty o'er the level snows,
And after—thro' the storm wrack rising high—
Sail overhead in pallid majesty,
Till in her cold, pale gleam and feeble smile,
From out the hooded gloom of mantling furs
Thy true eyes shone, and put the stars to shame.
With what divine theurgy Love has wrought
In those past days thou knowest; as I know
How on that winter midnight, Love, to me
As a grown god, came earthward slanting down
On eagle pinions. We who face the blast
Of Northern winters, scorn the puny dart
From Cupid's quiver, and the hurt that heals
As soon as given; leave we to the South
Their graceful fancy of an idle boy,
With aim uncertain; our much mightier god
Bound me a captive; then, his errand done,
Spurned with his foot the earth and far away,
Flashed to high heaven, and dwelt among the stars;
Himself a star that not the blackest night,
Nor storm, nor time, can ever quite obscure.

BASIL TEMPEST.

DR. DOLLINGER AND THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

LAST year two men died who had a world-wide reputation, and whose influence in the religion of the nineteenth century can never be perfectly computed. We refer, of course, to John Henry Newman, who passed from the Anglican Communion to the Church of Rome, in which he died a Cardinal; and to John Ignatius von Döllinger who threw off his allegiance to the Papacy in consequence of the Vatican Council raising the Infallibility of the Pope to a place among the authoritative dogmas of the Church. There was considerable dispute after the death of Döllinger as to his relations to Rome, but this question is now entirely set to rest by the publication of a series of letters and protests lately put forth by his friend, Professor Reusch, of Bonn, and more recently in an English translation.*

Most of these documents have seen the light in one form or another; but it is of great interest to possess them as here collected. Döllinger was, beyond all question, the greatest Theologian and Church Historian in Germany, probably in the world. Inferior to Newman in that

* "Declarations and Letters on the Vatican Decrees, 1869-1887." By Ignaz von Döllinger. Price 3s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. Toronto: McAlinsh. 1891.

subtlety of thought and charm of expression, in which we may say he stood preeminent, Döllinger's scholarship was far more vast and comprehensive, and his grasp on historical theology immeasurably stronger.

It would not be easy to overrate the importance of the Vatican Decrees. It may be true that the dogma of Infallibility was practically accepted by the Roman Church before the Council was held; but this does not really give one the slightest notion of the vast revolution accomplished by the decree. Any one who wishes to understand the exact nature of the case will find sufficient material here. Of course only results are given; and we are not told whether the apparatus of proofs which Döllinger had in preparation was ever completed. But any careful student will find in these documents sufficient guidance for his purpose; and no one who wishes to know exactly what the doctrine means or the change which is introduced will be wise to neglect the contents of this volume.

Döllinger's point of view is clearly put forth in the "Considerations for the Bishops of the Council respecting the question of Papal Infallibility," a document published in October, 1869, at Munich without the name of the author. "Whenever it can be proved of a doctrine that it did not exist for several centuries, that it was not the confession of the whole Church, or that it only took its rise at a certain period, and when this doctrine is not of logical necessity, potentially contained as an undeniable sequence in other tenets of faith, then is this doctrine already condemned from the Catholic point of view; it bears the brand of illegitimacy on its brow, and neither may nor ever can be raised to the dignity of an axiom of faith." Here is the kernel of the whole matter. For this principle Döllinger contended throughout, and died maintaining it. How it was violated by the Vatican Council every one knows; for Cardinal Manning has told us that to appeal to history against the voice of the Church is equivalent to blasphemy.

Among the most interesting contents of the volume are letters written to Döllinger by bishops and others, several of them his own former pupils, entreating him to accept the decree as they had done. The unbounded affection and respect for him personally, testified at the very time when preparations were making for his excommunication, are the best proofs of the man's greatness and goodness. We may mention for the sake of those who may wish to see the original documents connected with the summoning and proceedings of the Vatican Council—chiefly in Latin—that they are published in two volumes under the title "*Documenta ad illustrandum Concilium Vaticanum anni, 1870*," by Döllinger's friend and colleague, Professor Friedrich of Munich.

ART NOTES.

A MOULD has been taken of Meissonier's hand. It was beautifully formed, delicate and small, and it has been said that he often painted before strangers to let them see it. Every morning he paid particular attention to its toilette. A manicure was often engaged to shampoo both hands carefully, exercise the different muscles, and keep them from stiffening. The painter was most careful to preserve the tactile sensibility of his fingers, and always wore thick gloves travelling, riding or driving. He said that his fingers were so sensitive that he could with his eyes shut lay on the exact amount of colour that he wanted on a given spot if somebody placed the point of the brush upon it.—*Court Journal*.

THE critics who were present at the press view of the exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, on March 11, had an unexpected accession to their numbers in the person of the most exalted of the Honorary Members—the Empress Frederick, who made the tour of the galleries under the escort of Sir James Linton, and expressed her admiration of what she saw with an emphasis that was more kindly than critical. In truth, there is, as usual, very little to be insisted upon with regard to the Institute exhibition. There is not much to be praised greatly, and still less to be condemned utterly. The president, as is now his wont, elects to be represented by three small portraits as superb in technique as they are uninteresting in subject. Why does not Sir James Linton paint a picture sometimes for the society over which he presides? There is no need to ask that question of the venerable vice-president, Mr. H. G. Hine, who in all his long life has never done anything finer than his magnificent view on the South Downs, "The Mallory Hills." Mr. Jas. Orrock is favourably represented in one or two examples, and Mr. Keeley Halswelle lays himself out to catch the groundlings with his usual showy facility. Mr. Anderson Hague shows three drawings full of his usual strong, not to say glaring, effects. A beautiful and poetic view of "York Minster" is Mr. Harry Hine's principal contribution. One misses Mr. Gregory, who can ill be spared. Mr. Stock has two eccentricities, of which "The Temptation of Eve" is the more eccentric. Humour, that is conscious humour, has almost departed from these galleries. There is nothing more funny, it is true, than Mr. Corbould's "Miller's Niece," but then she is seriously meant. Why such a drawing, bearing the date of 1851, should have been even temporarily rescued from its well-merited obscurity it is impossible to say. Mr. Frank Dadd, to whom we look for humour, is sternly pathetic in the dying "Captain of the Troop." It is a strong picture,

full of character, but we like him better in his lighter moods. Mr. Gordon Browne does his best to fill the gap. There are some pleasant and characteristic examples of Mr. Kilburne. The Hon. John Collier's "The Green Lamp" is a veritable gem—artists are finding out the value of the fashionable floor-lamp; so, too, are Mr. Hamilton Macallum's "Gulf of Salerus" and Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Venice," and Mr. Yeend King is represented by some happy examples which show all his virtues and few of his defects.—*The Colonies and India*.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

WE notice with regret the bereavement sustained by the well-known Toronto musician and dealer in musical instruments, Mr. Thomas Claxton, in the recent death of his daughter.

LIKE Genoa, Rome will have its Columbus celebration in 1892. Morlachi's opera "Cristoforo Colombo," which was originally produced at Genoa, in 1822, is to be revived for the occasion.

A NEW Wagner Society has recently been started at Weimar under the presidency of court conductor and composer Dr. Edward Lassen. The other members of the committee are: Richard Strauss, Dr. Creutzburg, Von Hesberg, Dr. Sommer and Concertmeister Halir.

THE Paris musical journal, *Le Ménestrel*, gives an account of the production at the Theatre Vlaamsche Schouwberg, Antwerp, of a new Flemish opera, which bears the euphonious title of "Eene Vrouw uit Mahrapoera." A language of this sort may be rather rough on the local printers, but it ought to be a fortune to the dentists.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON, the genial and accomplished organist of St. Simon's Church, Toronto, at the conclusion of the service of Sunday evening last, played the following organ voluntaries: "Romance," Calkin; "Hallelujah," (Messiah) Handel; "Bridal Song," Jensen; and "Festal March," Best. The fact that the major portion of the congregation remains for the recital after evensong proves the high estimate in which Mr. Harrison's playing is held. It may also be said without fear of contradiction that seldom in Canada has a new church choir, within the same time, been brought to such a high state of excellence by a choir master as has been attained by that of St. Simon's Church at the hand of Mr. Harrison.

TORONTO music lovers are indebted to the enterprise of the Philharmonic Society for two of the most enjoyable musical evenings of the season. On Monday evening the oratorio of "Elijah" was given with fine effect, and was greatly appreciated by a large and cultured audience. Jules Massenet's "Eve," a mystery in three parts, was the principal effort the following evening. From commencement to climax it was spiritedly rendered. The great chorus sang with a will and with praiseworthy precision. Mr. Charles Santley and Mrs. Anna Burch were the binary stars of the occasion. Those who heard Mr. Santley sing twenty years ago, note with pleasure that there is no diminution of the fine qualities of voice and artistic finish which have earned for him the distinction he has achieved in the musical world. Mrs. Burch sings sweetly as well as powerfully, with ease, culture and grace. Mr. Bird, who at short notice had to take a place left vacant by illness, acquitted himself with much credit. The orchestral rendition of the overture to "Ruy Blas" was listened to with enjoyment and delight. In the second part Mr. Santley received an ovation. His "Simon the Cellarer," in response to a second *encore*, was a tasteful interpretation of a familiar song. Mr. Herbert L. Clarke gave, as a cornet solo, "Chanson d'Amour" with magnificent effect. The Philharmonic and its enthusiastic conductor, Mr. F. H. Torrington, are to be congratulated on the brilliant success they have achieved.

TRINITY University is to be congratulated on the enterprise and energy which so speedily overcame the obstacle created by the conflict of authority which arose between it and some of the musical faculties in England as to its power of conferring degrees in music. On Thursday evening, the 2nd inst., Dr. Lott, organist of St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn, London, and Professor of Music in Trinity University, gave an organ recital under the joint auspices of Trinity University and the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The Misses Clara Code, Eva N. Roblin, Frances H. Doane, and Mr. W. C. Palmer, all of the Conservatory, contributed vocal selections. There was a large audience, representative of the best musical culture of Toronto, present. From the outset it became apparent to the auditors that they were in the presence of one of the most masterly performers on the king of instruments, the organ, who has ever visited Toronto. Dr. Lott is not only a skilled interpreter of organ technique, but his power of expression is equally masterful. The audience was captivated by his performance and its enthusiasm was demonstrative. Among the noticeable numbers interpreted were Handel's "Concerto in B flat No. 2"; "The Guardian Angel"—one of the doctor's compositions; the "Tempo di Minuetto"; and "The War March" from "Athalie," by Mendelssohn. The presence of this eminent musician in Toronto—who though resident in London, England, yet comes here to discharge his professional duties in connection with Trinity University—is but another illustration of the fusion of interests which is slowly but surely welding together Canada and the Mother Land.