

Dickens'—and this character Mr. Clay Green has given particular scope to in the "Pawn Ticket." John Hawson, a very excellent actor, has been engaged to play the part of the Jew, and Lotta may be congratulated on her selection.

It is a trifle odd that "Ruddigore," which proved unquestionably a failure in the United States, should be still played to crowded houses in London at the Savoy Theatre. The American press attributes its want of success on this continent to the people sent over by Mr. D'Oyly Carte, who are pronounced unequal to their parts. We should rather attribute it to the fact that, being a burlesque upon the old school of melodrama thoroughly familiar to English audiences, it misses its point in America where that school is hardly recognised at all.

CURRENT COMMENT.

UNREST.

ALL day upon the garden bright
The sun shines strong,
But in my heart there is no light,
Nor any song.

Voices of merry life go by
Adown the street,
But I am weary of the cry,
And drift of feet.

With all dear things that ought to please
The hours are blest,
And yet my soul is ill at ease,
And cannot rest.

Strange spirit, leave me not too long,
Nor stint to give;
For if my soul have no sweet song
It cannot live.

—A. Lampman, in *Lippincott's* for September.

If genius is not the same as force of character, or heroic temperament or force of expression, then what is it? In return, we would ask another question. Is genius merely a word used to convey different meanings in different cases, or has it some one property which invariably characterises and differentiates it from everything else? Shelley and Wellington were both men of genius, yet it would be almost impossible to conceive of two human beings more apparently diverse. Had they, then, one particular mental characteristic in common, or had they not? If they had not, we are at once driven to the conclusion that genius is simply a word—a sound; it has two meanings—it may have twenty. But if there really was some peculiar mental quality in common between the soldier and the poet—then what was it? If we can find that out, we shall have defined genius. At this point, however, personal bias comes in once more. Every one will be ready with his answer; no one will be contented with that given by anybody else. Perhaps one way of meeting the difficulty would be, to say that the essence of genius is creative power—a creative power working in strict accordance with nature and the fitness of things. In "King Lear," however terrific, and however much beyond our own experience the outbursts of despair may be, we feel (it is a trite observation) that they are nevertheless essentially and fundamentally true to human nature. In something of the same way there is in Shelley, however absurdly incongruous (as in the "Revolt of Islam") we consider the machinery of his plot, an essential naturalness without which he could never touch our hearts. From the chords he fingers he evokes new tones of beauty and pathos which vibrate still. But is it possible that we shall find traces of the same creative spirit which distinguished Shelley in a mind so thoroughly unlike as that of Wellington? In making such a comparison we have taken an extreme instance; but, however ridiculous the assertion may seem, we believe the similarity may be found. In his own sphere Wellington's mind, like Shelley's, was creative. The power of inventing new combinations precisely answering to the changing circumstances around him marks the existence of ability of the same nature as that which distinguishes a great dramatist or a great musician. And if an identity in this respect between these curiously contrasted beings be allowed to exist, then we may almost say that a definition of genius has been discovered.—*St. James' Budget*.

It is not my purpose to enter into any discussion as to the credibility of miracles, whether wrought at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, or by one of the innumerable host of faith healers that nowadays would fain persuade us to throw physic and physicians to the dogs. Neither do I feel called upon to express my own opinion in the premises. I have sought to tell the story of Ste. Anne with such fulness and accuracy as might be attainable, and, having cited some of the most noted wonders that are claimed to have been done there, I would leave the whole matter to my readers, inviting them to form their own conclusions thereupon. In 1662, as Abbé Casgrain tells us, a young man named Nicholas Drouin, from the parish of Chateau Richer, who was tormented with a very grievous form of epilepsy, obtained complete and permanent relief, as the result of a *neuvaine*, or nine days' mass, at Ste. Anne. Two years later, one Marguerite Bird, whose leg had been badly broken, on being carried to the sacred spot, was there made whole and strong again. Elie Godin, brought almost to the grave with an incurable dropsy, while receiving the eucharist felt his sickness depart from him, and sprang up shouting, "I am healed." To Jean Adam was the

precious privilege of sight restored after many years' darkness. In 1841 Dame Geneviève Boudrault, having long endured the horrors of epilepsy and convulsions, had herself borne to the shrine, and there, whilst praying before the main altar, the ineffable sensation of returning health stole swiftly upon her, and she went forth praising God for her deliverance. About two years ago, a lad of sixteen, named Fiset, from Springfield, Massachusetts, came to Ste. Anne. For seven years his whole body had been covered with horrible sores, which defied all efforts to heal them. Moreover, his right leg was so distorted that he could not move without crutches. Kneeling before the altar, he was permitted not only to kiss the saint's relic, but to press it to his breast. Instantly an extraordinarily delicious tremor thrilled through his frame. A kind of ecstasy seized upon him, and in that supreme moment his sores began to heal, his crooked limb straightened out, and he went away with joyful steps, leaving his crutches at the altar. A month later a young girl from Glen's Falls, New York, received her sight whilst standing, in rapt adoration, before the statue of Ste. Anne, whither she had been led by sympathising friends. The following incident I have upon the testimony of one of the most intelligent and well-informed French-Canadians I have ever met, who witnessed it with his own eyes, and related it to me: Three years ago a well-to-do farmer, living about ten miles above Quebec, who had been dumb but not deaf, from his birth, determined to try if Ste. Anne would vouchsafe him relief. Accordingly, bare-footed, bare-headed, coatless and fasting, he walked the entire distance to her shrine. Fainting, but full of faith, he wrote out his confession upon the slate he always carried, attended mass, received the communion, and then lay down to rest. Next morning he was one of the first at the communion service. The church was crowded with reverent worshipers. Suddenly the service was broken in upon by a strange, half-articulate shout that startled every one. All eyes were turned toward the spot whence it came, and there, with countenance whose exultant brightness transcended all expression, stood the mute, a mute no longer, giving vent to his emotions in joyful ejaculations that filled the edifice. Thenceforward he spoke freely, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said to my informant: "Ah sir, won't my boys be glad to hear my voice!" With these and a hundred like marvels to kindle and sustain their faith, one can readily conceive with what sincerity the myriad pilgrims, scorning the logic of unimpressible rationalism, chant their canticles in honour of their patron saint.—*J. M. Oxley, in the August Cosmopolitan*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK's forthcoming book, "The Strange Adventures of a Canal-boat," is said to follow in its plan his "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the famous novelist, will reach America about the 1st of September. He will go at once to Newport, where he will remain for some weeks.

Grammar School is a bright little monthly published for boys and girls all the way from three to thirteen. It is edited, as all such publications should be, by a woman, Mrs. May Macintosh, who apparently knows what children like, and is able to give it to them. The list of contributions is particularly good.

THOUGH charges of gross corruption have frequently been made against the Canadian Government, no prominent representative of the Government has ever made reply. The Minister of the Interior, the Hon. Thomas White, is now taking up the cudgels, and in the September number of the *Forum* will undertake to show that the public affairs of Canada are honestly and wisely administered, and that the Canadian people are making healthy progress toward a strong and homogeneous nationality.—*Exchange*.

LIPPINCOTT's for September is occupied to a greater extent than usual by its monthly novel, entitled this time "The Red Mountain Mines," by Lew Vanderpoole. "The Red Mountain Mines" is the sort of story that is sure to attract a very large and admiring circle of readers. Its tone is spirited, its action vigorous, and its plot novel enough to give it additional zest. Its literary merit is undiscoverable however. The editor's controversy with some correspondents upon the subject of literary success is the most entertaining of the magazine's remaining features.

RECENT reports that the health of Harriet Beecher Stowe was failing have led to the publication of the following private letter from her, the handwriting being her own and "firm and regular:" "I was seventy-six on my last birthday, and have all my bodily powers perfect; can walk from three to seven miles per day without undue fatigue; have a healthy appetite and quiet sleep every night. In view of all these items I scarcely think that I am a subject for lamentation. I do not lament over myself. It is true that I do not intend to write any more for the public. I always thought that authors should stop in good time, before readers stop reading, and I think I may say I have done my part and ought to leave the stage to younger actors."

WHEN you go to New York remember that the Erie Railway is the only line running through Pullman cars from Toronto to New York. Trains with through sleeping car leave Grand Trunk Station at 3.55 p.m., arriving in New York at 10.55 the following morning; or you may leave Toronto from same station via the Erie at 12.20 noon, take the Pullman sleeping car from Hamilton, arriving in New York at 7.15 next morning. Special attention offered steamship passengers in the transfer of baggage, etc., to steamship piers in New York.