

human passions are unknown, avenges the momentary doubt of this justice by a proof of the infinity of His mercy." *

Again—

"Here have I found a virtue that, coming at once from God and nature, has been wiser than all my false philosophy, and firmer than all my pride." †

Again—

"O, beneficent Creator! thou who inspirest all the tribes of earth with the desire to pray, hast thou not, in that divinest instinct, bestowed on us the happiest of thy gifts." ‡

Then there is that chapter in which Devereux describes his victory over his doubts, which, if not very convincing as argument, is yet remarkable for the same tone. Not much finer religious sentiment, indeed, than that scattered here and there though his pages do I remember to have met with in any novel. These passages may not prove anything with regard to the author himself, and they certainly do not show him to have been strictly orthodox; they are adduced merely to exhibit one phase of his novels which happened to strike me. Others, no doubt, have been differently impressed.

Montreal.

J. RALPH MURRAY.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MASSES AND THE CLASSES.

THE multitude who already possess force, and even, according to the Republican view, right, have always been persuaded by the Cleons of the day that enlightenment, wisdom, thought, and reason are also theirs. The game of these conjurors and quacks of universal suffrage has always been to flatter the crowd in order to make an instrument of it. They pretend to adore the puppet of which they pull the threads. The theory of Radicalism is a piece of juggling, for it supposes premises of which it knows the falsity; it manufactures the oracle whose revelations it pretends to adore; it proclaims that the multitude creates a brain for itself, while all the time it is the clever man who is the brain of the multitude, and suggests to it what it is supposed to invent.

To reign by flattery has been the common practice of the courtiers of all despotisms, the favourites of all tyrants; it is an old and trite method, but none the less odious for that. The honest politician should worship nothing but reason and justice, and it is his business to preach them to the masses, who represent, on an average, the age of childhood and not that of maturity. We corrupt childhood if we tell it that it cannot be mistaken, and that it knows more than its elders. We corrupt the masses when we tell them that they are wise and far-seeing, and possess the gift of infallibility. It is one of Montesquieu's subtle remarks, that the more wise men you heap together the less wisdom you will obtain. Radicalism pretends that the greater number of illiterate, passionate, thoughtless—above all, young people—you heap together, the greater will be the enlightenment resulting.

The second thesis is no doubt the repartee to the first, but the joke is a bad one. All that can be got from a crowd is instinct or passion; the instinct may be good, but the passion may be bad; and neither is the instinct capable of producing a clear idea, nor the passion of leading to a just resolution.

A crowd is a material force, and the support of numbers gives a proposition the force of law; but that wise and ripened temper of mind which takes everything into account, and therefore tends to truth, is never engendered by the impetuosity of the masses. The masses are the material of democracy, but its form—that is to say, the laws which express the general reason, justice, and utility—can only be rightly shaped by wisdom, which is by no means a universal property. The fundamental error of the radical theory is the right to do good with good itself, and universal suffrage with universal wisdom. It rests upon a legal fiction, which assumes a real equality of enlightenment and merit among those whom it declares electors. It is quite possible, however, that these electors may not desire the public good, and that even if they do, they may be deceived as to the manner of realizing it. Universal suffrage is not a dogma—it is an instrument; and according to the population in whose hands it is placed the instrument is serviceable or deadly to the proprietor.

—Amiel's Journal.

A TROPICAL SUNSET.

WHILE he [the sun] is still some fifteen or twenty degrees above the horizon, we are premonished by a few red flakes, like scales of a fish rubbed off by the finger, and golden *scintillæ* in the west, and by the general disposition of the clouds, and the silver edges of some, to expect a glorious sunset. The whole eastern half of the sky, from the horizon upwards, is wrapped in a thick woolly mantle of dark-gray; but at perhaps thirty degrees beyond the zenith its continuity is broken by an interval of clear sky, and it forms roughly an arch or proscenium, already "with sun-fire garlanded," for the arena from which we are soon to witness the exit of the sun. From this break westwards, the clouds are dispersed in all the infinite variety of form and texture which painters never paint, and words can only slightly indicate. Long, fleecy scrolls, tier behind tier, their borders and volutes here and there frayed into fringes and tassels, lie across the sky at a great height, and extend "far, deep, and motionless," in diminishing bulk with distance, towards the westering sun. Towards the horizon, the clouds are spread in broad bands and thin strips, with

small, rounded masses floating above and in front. In all directions, and at many different levels, are a multitude of clouds of wonderful diversity and delicacy of form. The sun is beginning to issue from the cloudy pavilion in which he has spent the day. Dark, impervious banks are piled up from the horizon on each side, like curved mountain-ridges crowned with gigantic towers and battlements of a Titanic fortification. Already pennons and streamers of gold and vermillion are displayed above them, and from cloudy crag and turret beacon-fires are blazing to summon out the hosts of airy pensioners refulgent, clad in the shining liveries of their regent and progenitor. Every moment the splendour grows, we cannot tell how. The light diaphanous clouds soon become wholly dyed in effluent streams of light. Far above all other clouds in the azure depths of sky between them, nets of dappled gauze and lace-like veils of lawn, before too fine for sight, now first reveal themselves in spangles of bright gold. The rose hues tinging the prominences of the darker clouds become intenser and more diffused. Flakes, streaming like leaves upon the autumn wind, change as we look, as if by the process of the season, from pale gold to mellow crimson; while beaded strips of grey mist are transmuted into carcanets of burning carbuncle. The sun pours forth an ever-widening flood of light. About the confines of the clear blue spaces marvellous shades of green and lilac expand themselves, and faster than we mark them, new hues blush out, and fresh regions of the sky "blossom in purple" and gold. The transparency of most of the clouds wherever the fire touches them is almost as remarkable as the colour. As they become illuminated, the distinctness of their markings also is greatly enhanced. Mottled clouds become thickly covered with golden scales; long trains, crossed with ribs of light and shade like a zebra's side, become barred with alternate stripes of ruby and light flame-colour; some tracts remind us of draughts of mackerel dying in the sun, *maculis auro squalentibus ardens*, while other downy expanses, lying in spreading wavelets and ripples, like rounded overlapping feathers on a sea-bird's breast, are flecked with ruddy streaks and drops, like the torn bosom of a pelican in her piety. Nebulous fronds and plumes, stray filaments of gossamer and webs of misty lawn, twining wisps and flossy curling wreaths, angular patches that gleam like the gorget of a humming-bird, streaming flocks and tresses "like the bright hair uplifted from the head of some fierce Mænad," tapering sword-like spikes turning every way like the cherub's flaming brand,—these, and clouds of countless other forms are soon but almost imperceptibly imbued, not, as it seems from without, but as if by fire kindling within themselves, with flaming colour, gold and violet, scarlet, carnation, and crimson. Whilst we speak, the hues of every part alter continually with ravishing changes. Ever as the mighty orb goes down, they are "growing and glowing" until their intensity passes description or conception. All the west has become a vast screen of crimson, with tossing waves of golden fire, before and above which the nearer clouds, now mostly themselves all red, permeated and made transparent by "the inmost purple spirit of light," lie like the crowded islands of an aerial archipelago. Ere long, everything is steeped in colours of a hundred or a thousand tints, all ineffably beautiful. Where the sun pierces the clouds and throws his level rays along the waves, there is little but white light, relieved by a few rosy blushes on the water; to the north and south, the sea still remains deep-blue; from the horizon half-way up toward the zenith, and spreading on either side almost into a semi-circle, is the broad sheet of blood-red flame; elsewhere, every imaginable gradation of pure colour is represented, from the most delicate primrose and saffron, shading imperceptibly through all colours of the rainbow to the dark purple of the pansy and the deep black-red of the damask-rose,—and all is *living fire*.—*The Spectator*.

MEMORY.

O CAMP of flowers, with poplars girdled round,
The guardians of life's soft and purple bud!
O silver spring, beside whose brimming flood
My dreaming childhood its Elysium found!
O happy hours with love and fancy crowned,
Whose horn of plenty flatteringly subdued
My heart into a trance, whence, with a rude
And horrid blast, fate came my soul to hound:
Who was the goddess who empowered you all
Thus to bewitch me? Out of wasting snow
And lily-leaves her head-dress should be made!
Weep, my poor lute! nor on Astræ call
She will not smile, nor I, who mourn below,
Till I, a shade in heaven, clasp her, a shade.

—From the Swedish of Erick Johan Stagnelius, by Edmund Gosse.

FLAUBERT'S SALAMMBO.

THE distinction made between books of different classes by a recently deceased humorist, to the effect that many are worth reading but few are worth buying, applies admirably in the case of this brilliant work, *Salammbô*. Sharing the popular attention with "King Solomon's Mines" a recent English publication of genuine merit, it has not yet appeared in popular form—that is to say in a cheap edition. Therefore, if any one wishes to read "Salammbô" he must read it in an elegant and expensive dress. The question arises, Is it worth reading? The critic will immediately answer, Yes—because the critic reads everything himself, is, of course, the Prince of

* Devereux, Bk. V. C. 6. † Alice. ‡ Night and Morning, p. 116.