

A VOICE FROM THE CITY.

ONCE again—the sweet old picture !
For awhile these tired eyes,
Turning from life's toil and pain,
Shall grow calm and bright again ;
E'en as they who in life's even catch some
Glimpse of Paradise.

Year by year the work grinds onward,
From the dawn to twilight gloom.
Lo !—there comes a sudden break—
Some chance memories awake :
A forgotten dream of childhood floats
Across the dusty room.

Just a sunbeam on the paper !
Yet it sent my thoughts afar,
To the days that long have flown—
Sunny days that I have known ;
Where the heather and the moorland and
The smile of Nature are !

O, thou tender Mother Nature,
I have tried to bear my part !
I have toiled with book and pen,
Midst the busy mass of men—
For one moment, for one moment, fold
Me closely to thy heart !

I have watched thee oft come sweeping
Brightly o'er the mountain brow ;
I recall each look of old
With a yearning manifold.
Mother Nature, Mother Nature, would that
I could see thee now !

Knee-deep stand the cows in clover
Where the lindens interlace.
Hark ! I hear the rushes quiver,
Bending to the wind-swept river,
Gliding thro' the light and shadow round
My earliest dwelling place.

Shall I ever more behold thee,
E'er life's working day shall wane ?
Shall I ever view thy charms,
Rest within thy mother arms,
E'er thou hold me, e'er thou fold me, silent
To thy breast again ?

Fades once more the sweet old picture,
With the parting golden gleam !
Four walls rise and close me in
To the city's strife and din.
This the substance, that the shadow ; this
The waking, that the dream !

Kingston, Ont.

LILIAN CLAXTON.

THE HITTITES.*

SOME years ago a work of considerable magnitude and importance on the subject of Sound was put forth by an eminent graduate, afterwards a professor of the University of Cambridge. Interested readers sought almost in vain for literary notices and reviews of the work. Only one or two appeared. The reason was obvious : there were hardly half a dozen men alive who were competent to review such a work.

We imagine that something of the same kind might be said of the volumes now before us. Very few men are competent to estimate the full value of the work accomplished by Professor Campbell. What mere amateur will venture to call in question the results reached after many long years of diligent study ? Who will, on the other hand, be bold enough to say that none of these results will hereafter be called in question ?

The author declares with well-grounded confidence that, whatever defects may be discovered in his work, its publication at least requires no apology ; since it embodies the "results of patient and laborious researches extending over a score of years." No one who takes the trouble of perusing the rich and elaborate contents of these two volumes will have any doubt of the amount of labour bestowed upon them.

Professor Campbell does not profess to be the only successful labourer in this field. Other scholars have preceded him in the work of deciphering the Hittite inscriptions ; but he declares, and we imagine that his statement will remain unchallenged, that, up to the present time, "the inscriptions of Hamath and Jerabis have guarded their secret."

The first part of his work, filling 168 pages of Volume I., is devoted to an account of the discovering of the various inscriptions, and of the method by which the key was discovered for their interpretation. It is undeniable that it requires some degree of patience to plod through the somewhat technical details which are given under this head ; but we believe that anyone who perseveres will be amply rewarded.

The second division of the work begins with an account of the sources of the history ; and the author points out that we are now not dependent upon untrustworthy sources

* "The Hittites : Their Inscriptions and their History." Two Volumes. Price \$5.00. Toronto : Williamson and Company. 1890.

of information, but are able to compare different monuments and documents in such a manner as to be fairly confident as to the results obtained. One of the most interesting sections of this division is the second chapter on the Primitive Hittites, which must on no account be neglected by the intelligent reader.

The Hittites were of the family of Ham and Canaan, of whom the latter left two sons, Sidon and Heth. The Hivites and the Amorites derive from Sidon, the Hamathites from Heth. We have these two great Canaanitish families, the Sidonians or Phœnicians, known as Horites, Hivites or Amorites, on the one side ; and the Hittites on the other. The former, Dr. Campbell says, at least in some of their divisions became thoroughly Semitized in speech (we see this in the names of localities in Palestine) ; the Hittites remained typical Turanians.

The history of early civilization is mainly a history of these Hittites. They were, according to our author, the greatest of ancient peoples, and constituted the substratum of all early civilizations. They were predominant in Egypt ; they were the principal element in Babylon and Nineveh ; they preceded the Israelites in Palestine and in Syria generally ; they "gave to Greece her mythology and sacred rites, and, overflowing into Illyria, Italy, Spain and Britain, bore the Iberic and Pictish name, now only recognizable in the Basques of the Pyrenees."

It may be useful, and perhaps even interesting, to note the localities in which Professor Campbell finds traces of the influence of this great race. Beginning with the Hittites in Palestine, he goes on to the kings that reigned in Edom (our readers will remember the very wonderful discovery made, not many years ago, of the ruined "cities" of Edom) ; he then treats of the Hittites in Egypt at considerable length ; next of the Hittites at the Tigris and Euphrates ; and again in Palestine and the neighbouring countries, and gives an account of their dispersion.

The last chapter, on the Hittites in America, is one of the shortest, but to us one of the most interesting. Instead of attempting to summarize or condense a section, which is itself a condensation, we will quote from Professor Campbell's conclusion some lines which will illustrate his power of lucid and energetic expression : "The descendants of the great heroes of the world's second infancy are to be found in the New World from the extreme north to the extreme south, some of them clothed in their right mind, others leading a wandering savage life. How great their capabilities are, our survey of their past greatness sufficiently proves. Nothing that man may achieve lies beyond the power of a race that has produced a Hadad, a Paseach, a Job, a Jabez, a Saul, a Gautama Buddha, and an Asoka. Yet Ichabod seems long ago to have been written over the Hittite name so far as America is concerned, though a bright future appears before it in Japan."

We must conclude this notice with the reflection which has accompanied in the perusal of the whole work and in all our comments upon it. As far as we can judge, Professor Campbell seems to have secure grounds for the superstructure which he has raised. But most men will feel, as they survey his achievement, that they are called upon rather to admire than to criticize. This, at least, must be said, that future investigators of this fruitful subject will be unable to dispense with the labours of Professor Campbell.

ART NOTES.

IN securing Augustus St. Gaudens as art adviser the Chicago World's Fair managers have made a good selection.

ST. GAUDENS, the sculptor, has a remarkable study for a bust of General Sherman, taken from life, which has always been pronounced a wonderful likeness.

HELEN RAFF, the gifted daughter of the great dead tone poet, Joachim Raff, is meeting with much success as an artist. Her latest painting, "Palm Sunday," which was exhibited at the Munich Art Exhibition, has just been bought by the Hamburg Art Society.

STILL another Rembrandt, a portrait of the Dutch naval commander, Joris de Coulery, is to be seen at the galleries of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon and Company, 303 Fifth Avenue. The work is signed, and dated 1632. It is highly finished, and comparable in that respect with "The Gilder," but shows some signs of cracking in the darker parts. It was exhibited in 1887 at Amsterdam.

AT a recent exhibition of etchings at the Grolier Club were shown many proof impressions, first states, and original drawings by Whistler, Rajon, Seymour Haden, Bracquemond, Buhot and other well-known etchers. All or very nearly all have been seen at special exhibitions in New York within the last two or three years ; still, it was a pleasure to pass, like Mr. Whistler's butterfly, from his dainty Venetian and Holland scenes to Buhot's Parisian fantasies, from Lalanne's views in and about Rouen to Haden's "Sunset in Tipperary." Some pencil-drawings by Lalanne and two pastels of heads by Rajon gave a further variety to the show.

IN age, the Spanish school of painting ranks third amongst the national schools of Europe, after the German, and before the French ; in artistic importance, second only to the Italian. But Spanish painting, like Spanish literature, has a glory proper and peculiar to itself. It is true that no Spaniard can claim to rank with those great Italian painters whom their most illustrious followers have regarded with a reverence that forbade rivalry. Spain has no Rafael, no Correggio, nor has she a Dante or a Shake-

sing the highest principles of humanity, highly cultured and on the whole endowed with the purest love for, and devotion to, the good of the people. This class is called "Liberals." Their motives and actions are too often misrepresented and misunderstood. Yet in the face of stupendous difficulties they freely lay down their lives for the poor and oppressed people in order to bring them the light and blessings of civilization. Though the entire force of the Empire is devoted to keeping out the influence of Western Europe, and preventing the enlightenment of the people, yet the people are in full sympathy with this movement, rejoicing at the successes and sympathizing with the sufferings of its martyrs whose lives are offered up to free them from ignorance and oppression and to win for them freedom and knowledge. The soil is being prepared constantly for the reception and germinating of the seeds of liberalism. Absolutism or despotism, though it has reached its zenith in the person of the present Czar, yet has nearly run its course ; it has fulfilled its terrible mission ; the unnatural worship of and subjection to imperial despotism has begun slowly to die away, even now, among all classes of the nation. Czarism is pushing its way to the eternal Abyss. The question is when its fall will be consummated ? The blessed hour is not so far distant as some may suppose.

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THE CHURCH AND THE POOR.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I have often wished for the pen and the power of "Fidelis," that I might write as she has done on the burning social "question" in the columns of THE WEEK. She has reached the same conclusion as so many thinkers have done, that as pure Christianity is the panacea for all the human woes of life, so the churches where Christians most do congregate are the ones to be foremost in their efforts to bring about that much-talked-of brotherhood of man, where the gospel of Christ is preached and obeyed there we must look for the pure breathings of humanity and for the inequalities between man and man to vanish away, but our churches in this age are more concerned to raise money to pay the interest on their debt than to bring in the outcast and neglected, and the poor ministers, much as they may wish to do the right thing, are kept in a constant state of nervous tension to devise ways and means to keep up and increase the revenue, and so the poor are forgotten ; indeed, are not wanted. I have been making a tour of the churches lately and fail to find, except in the Catholic and Anglican churches, any of the poor—who should be always with us—visible. In one north-west church I was told there were no poor in the neighbourhood—in direct contradiction to what the Rev. Hugh Johnston said about many being on the verge of starvation—it was a very large congregation, and I found from a paper placed in the pew that it took \$165 each Sunday to maintain the church, while the debt on the building was seventy-three thousand dollars. Surely it is not wise to build such expensive structures, filling them with such large congregations, where it seems to be an utter impossibility for the members to be ought but strangers, instead of brothers. In a crowd like that of nine hundred or a thousand, they file in and out Sunday after Sunday without a hand shake or a word of greeting, and the sick, who may be absent for many months, are rarely missed. Churches are too large and expensive ; God does not want bricks and mortar, but the heartfelt aspirations of his people, who in loving fellowship meet together for prayer and praise. Christian churches can do more when they fully realize the two great truths that lie at the root of their faith. The brotherhood of mankind, however the classes may be separated by social distinction, culture or position ; and above all that essence of Christianity the opening of a door of hope to the miserable and the lost. Through the enormous debts on the churches there has been little or nothing for a poor fund, and the pulpit has had to grossly neglect its duty in relation to the love of money. A man may be too fond of hoarding money, yet he is never excommunicated, although that sin is condemned as severely in the New Testament as drunkenness or adultery. We must insist on the duty of the Christian pulpits to bring the rich and the poor to meet together, for the Lord is the maker of them all ; and to break down the barrier between the licentious use of wealth, the cruelty and waste which have disgraced the 19th century and to speed the golden age when no man will have too little, because no man will have too much. Oh, Christians ! if your Christianity has the true ring, hasten to open the door of hope to the miserable and lost ; do not shut your eyes to the misery in your city,

For the blind and crippled are there,
And the babe that pines for food !
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
Who begs to bury the dead.

PITY.

MORE unshed tears swell beneath the eyelids of gentle woman than ever wet her cheek.—Lamartine.

THE figure which a man makes in life, the reception which he meets with in company, the esteem paid him by his acquaintance—all these depend as much upon his good sense and judgment as upon any other part of his character. A man of the best intentions and the farthest removed from all injustice and violence would never be able to make himself much regarded without a moderate share of parts and understanding.—Hume.