



"The Jesuits: Their Apologists and their Enemies," is the title of a lecture delivered by Rev. M. J. Whelan, in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, and published in pamphlet form. Its object is to show, mainly by the testimony of Protestant writers, that the Jesuit Fathers are very different, both in principles and in conduct, from the mischief-makers that some of their Ontario critics would make them out to be. As to the point at issue—the Jesuits' Estates bill—Mr. Whelan maintains that what it sanctions is simply the restitution of property of which the Order had been unjustly deprived. In an appendix the reverend author offers to pay five hundred dollars to anyone who will produce a *bonâ fide* passage from the writings of a Jesuit or any other approved Catholic theologian, which would convict the writer of teaching the doctrine that the end justifies the means. For those who have engaged in this controversy to the extent of reading the adverse criticisms of the *Mail* and other journals, it may not be amiss to learn what Father Whelan has to urge on the other side. Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Company, of this city, have the pamphlet for sale.

A neatly printed and bountifully illustrated volume comes to us with the compliments of the Passenger Department of the Grand Trunk Railway. It treats of "Summer Resorts," reached by that important line and its connections. These include a wide range, extending from Niagara Falls and the Muskoka Lakes to the Saguenay River, the White Mountains, and the Atlantic seaboard. There is, indeed, a large variety of attractions from which to choose, and the little book, which is furnished with a map, suggests many a pleasant holiday, spent with friends, in the midst of all that is most charming in nature.

Since his welcome visit to Canada and to this city especially, where he made many friends, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., may be regarded as one of ourselves. Certainly, whatever he writes will always find sympathetic readers in the Dominion, whither, indeed, he came no stranger—far from it. His "History of our own Times," whether in the form of the fuller original work or that of the subsequent compendium, had preceded him and made his name a "household word." Since he returned to Europe, Mr. McCarthy has devoted much of his literary skill to novel-writing—a department of letters, in which he long since made himself a reputation. He has entered into partnership, it would seem, with a lady for the production of works of fiction. How much is his, how much Mrs. Campbell-Praed's, in the joint effort, that is a point on which we are still in the dark. In the "Right Honorable" there are passages which plainly recall the experiences of a member of the Home Rule party, and the scenes in which those experiences are leading features may, we take it for granted, be set down to Mr. McCarthy's pen. The same rule might apply, one would think, to the entire portion of the story that deals with parliamentary life. Nevertheless, the title of the last product of the literary partnership, "The Ladies' Gallery," might seem almost intended to correct any hypothesis of that kind, and to remind the conjecturer that there are other ways of taking notes of dramatic happenings in the House of Commons, as in other assemblies, than by sitting in a member's seat. However that be, the later novel resembles its predecessor in the revelations that it gives as to the *vie intime* of that great institution; in its Australian starting point; and in its evidences of familiarity with Australian scenery, society and character. We hope, for the sake of humanity, that the conversion of Binbian Jo is not an utter improbability. We would be glad to know if the sudden wealth and incorruptible integrity of the hero, Jo's friend, are among the likely things of this wicked world. Is it to Mr. McCarthy or Mrs. Campbell-Praed

that we are indebted for the receipt how to become a millionaire without losing time? A young Australian aspires to something which only an old-world civilization can supply, but to attain his object, he must have money. He is as bent on having money as ever Solomon was on having wisdom. It occurred to him that if he had enough of the former to make his mark in the world, all other virtues, all other enjoyments, would naturally follow. So he goes off to the bush and the mountains prospecting, and after some time meets with luck in the person of a reprobate, who had escaped from a gang of convicts on their unwilling way to safe-keeping. Then, having sworn eternal friendship to his god-forsaken godsend, who has a mining secret of value, he and his new "pal" go ahead and make their fortunes. Then for Europe, to see the world, but on his way the enterprising hero meets his fate, who—as we soon foresee—but we must not be indiscreet. It was a terrible temptation to a lover, rich or poor, and, of course, we exclaim that the whole thing is improbable, impossible, absurd. We are so prone to make that charge if ever fiction transcends the commonplace, forgetting the wondrous coincidences, the surprises, the tragedy of our daily lives. Do we not know millionaires who were poor within the memory of living men? Do we not read in the papers of missing husbands re-appearing with all degrees of unopportunity? Do we not constantly witness all kinds of harvests and aftermaths from wild oats, the sowing of which had passed into oblivion? Probable or not, "The Ladies' Gallery" is an interesting story and that, as Mr. Andrew Lang lately brought home to us, is the main point in fiction. The characters in the novel are all vividly drawn, the plot (though too readily penetrable) is ably managed, and there are no dull, dragging pages. On the whole, we are inclined to like "The Ladies' Gallery" better than "The Right Honorable." Both works form part of the Town and Country Library of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

In the same packet that contains "The Ladies' Gallery," we find a story, entitled "Dolly," by Mr. McCarthy's son, Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P. Like his esteemed father, Mr. J. H. McCarthy, has made a name for himself in the domain of History. He has brought "The History of our own Times," down to within a couple of years ago, so as to include Mr. Gladstone's ministry which followed the elections of 1880 and the later development of the Home Rule question. He has also given us an instructive and well written "Outline of Irish History, from the earliest times to the present day," and he has more than made his debut as a poet and novelist. "Dolly," indeed, bears the impress of a writer who has got aloof from the thorny thickets of newfangledness and who steps out assured on ground of which he is master. It sets forth very readably, in a succession of pictures, the sum total of which the author designates an idyll, the processes by which a dreamy theorist is converted into a man of the world and of his age. Besides Oldacre and his *entourage*, in whom we soon become interested, a fine character in the book is Sir John Amber, or Amber Pasha, who stands, we believe, for a very real personality. As for "Dolly," she is worth becoming acquainted with, and Dowsabelle, if she is not *douce et belle*, as her name would indicate, is, on the whole, a likeable young person. A sonnet serves as "proem" to "Dolly," which is not unworthy of its place in the Red Letter Series of Select Fiction, National Publishing Co., Toronto.

"Judas Iscariot," is a forbidding name to give a book and, from what we have read of it, we would say that the book itself should be put into the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*. Certainly we have no need, in Canada, of any appeal to passions of race or creed. If the people who figure so disreputably in this book be but a new form of a very old and very bad type, they have, in the Dominion, at least, been most successful in keeping their reprehensible qualities hidden from the public. That in their fold they may harbour

black sheep, like other communities, we do not doubt, but that is no reason why they should be denounced root and branch.

Lucian has devoted several pieces to the criticism of the form—that of Dialogue—which he chose for the expression of his opinions. More than once he gives vent to his disappointment at the discovery that his popularity was due to the strangeness of the vehicle that he had chosen to carry his thoughts among mankind, rather than to the vigour and grace, of the style, the wealth of illustration, or the balanced harmony of his periods. The frame in which he has set up his vivid pictures of the world of his time is, indeed, Lucian's own invention. He has united the seriousness of Plato with the petulance of the comedians. But the combination is something entirely his own, and though many have imitated, there are none who have succeeded in equaling his writings. The French language is, certainly, well adapted for that style of composition, and Fenelon, Fontenelle, Voltaire and others have shown of what it is capable in satire, in point, in raillery. In this peculiar *genre* of literature there is, however, one writer who need fear comparison with no modern rival, and that writer is Walter Savage Landor. His "Imaginary Conversations" are an exhaustless fund of profit and pleasure to him who reads them in the right spirit. Therein he ranges over the whole world of literature and every page furnishes fresh suggestions and associations, and ways of looking at things. They are among those best gifts of the gifted, great, that never grow old, and whoever keeps the reading public in mind of such a prize is a benefactor to his race. Some time ago Mr. H. Ellis prepared a small volume of selections from the "Imaginary Conversations," which formed one, and not the least welcome, of Walter Scott's Camelot Series. Now we are favored with some further selections, and the "Pentameron"—one of "that remarkable triad of books which Landor produced between 1834 and 1837. It was written 'to the praise and glory of Boccaccio, who was, of all the continental writers of the modern world, the one whom Landor most loved and revered.' It was, moreover, written at the Villa Gherardesca, in Fiesole, near Florence, in the grounds of which Boccaccio had in part laid the scene of his "Decameron." There Landor's "meditations on the man and his work, among the scenes in which he had himself lived and moved, slowly grew into a narrative of of conversation and episode, five days in duration, between Boccaccio and Petrarch, which in imitation of its hero's greater "Decameron," was ultimately called the "Pentameron." Mr. Ellis is again Landor's editor. It is his judgment that the "Pentameron" shows his author "in the richest and most various ways," that "his tender humanity, his eloquence, his stately humor, his literary insight, his broad toleration, his imperial instinct of style, are nowhere so delightfully combined as here." Whether or not we accept this decision as to the superiority of the "Pentameron" to Landor's other prose writings, there cannot be two opinions as to its deep interest and high value, compared with the great mass of literature that we are now constantly asked to read. It may be ordered from Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto.

THE FAREWELL.

FROM LOUISE ACKERMAN.

Her heart may break, but thou shalt never hear
From her pale lips one murmur of regret;
No sad reproaches, no accusing tear
Thy fickle soul shall fret.

And canst thou dream that she was nothing loath,
And that to-morrow, careless of to-day,
She will not brood upon thy broken troth,
But go her lonely way.

I tell thee true: her faith can never die,
And though, soon destined for the realms above,
She quits her lover, she will bear on high
Her everlasting love.

GEORGE MURRAY.