

The tolerance which seemed to bring with it the expansion of life bears later only the barren blossoms of death. The voices that seemed laden with suggestions of a knowledge which should make men as gods have in them later only the ring of mockery.

It is only "smoke," as a Russian novelist has called it, but in the smoke there are the germs of poison. For behind the mountain there are also mountains and the wayward "opinion" loses whatever vitality it possessed. And the answers which once rang true fall meaningless upon the ears and the belief abandoned in the hope of a knowledge never to be attained, becomes, as it were, a symbol lost in the measureless void of words. Futility! Futility! Everywhere futility, and yet, though they had had faith in nothing, they had also despaired of nothing.

Beaucoup d'opinions! Beyond the mountains there are also worlds—measureless, unthinkable space. Has the word-jargon profited much? Is there always wisdom in knowledge; is there always liberty in thought?

And to these children who have left the valley with the old-time grooves and the old-time faiths, there comes through the darkness one echo of comfort be it never so vague, half-mocking and wholly sorrowful:

Still we say as we go—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

HIDDEN GOLD.

With mole-like blindness toiling mortals mine
For buried treasures wheeling years withhold,
And curse Time's hoarding of his hidden gold
Which all their art avails not to divine.
They fancy frowning gods and fates combine
To frustrate cares and labors manifold,
To make the hollow and the heaped up mould
Their self-sunk grave, grim Death's sinister sign.

Yet poor were life and paltry its reward
Did men but gain the good they seek in vain,
And miss the unsought wealth such searching
brings:

The steadfast will, o'er chance and changes
lord;
The patience which succeeds to hope's domain,
The heart estranged that longs for higher
things.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOVELTY IN ART.

To the Editor of The Week:

Dear Sir,—We expect about the 20th of this month the return of Mr. G. A. Reid and Mrs. Reid to Toronto. Mr. Reid has been busy with a portrait of Will Carleton, the poet, and a duplicate of the same for placing in the company of the portraits of some more American celebrities on the halls of an historical inn in the Catskills. Both artists are also assiduously gathering all the autumnal impressions they can before the glories of autumn vanish. Whether we may expect more like the "Study in the Catskills" will be interesting to know, but from some correspondence in re that much-talked-of picture shown at the Industrial Exhibition, we don't think the public need anticipate any more shocks in the same direction. In referring to the criticism on the subject of his picture, Mr. Reid writes a correspondent to the effect that "Although I hold that there is truth in the direction I have gone, still it is possible that I tried to paint what I didn't see or that I didn't paint what I tried to see." And he writes another correspondent that he "considers a shock as necessary in the nature of things as the smoothly going on in the even

tenor of our way." Anyway, he does not regret that his experiment (for that is the exact and avowed nature of that one picture) has stirred things a bit in Toronto, and aroused both artist and critic. Readers of The Week do not need reminding that for mental or ethical hygiene any effort in that direction must make for our general health and welfare.

ART LOVER.

Toronto.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.*

Mr. Burt is already favourably known to students of philosophy by his excellent volume on the history of Greek Philosophy, and we give a hearty welcome to his present volumes, which form a contribution of real value, and of much practical utility to the study of a very important branch of learning. The ground, is, of course, not unoccupied. We have the admirable condensed sketch of Schwegler, the careful compilation of Ueberweg, and the masterly work of Erdmann. Yet there was a place left for Mr. Burt's work, and he has filled that place very well.

In the first place, Schwegler stopped at Hegel and Ueberweg did not come much further down. More than half of Mr. Burt's second volume is devoted to writers subsequent to Hegel. We have a tolerably lengthy account, for example, of Lotze, another of Rosmini, not to mention writers of less importance. In the second place, Mr. Burt supplies notices of English philosophers, who are sometimes barely mentioned by the German historians, and few indeed of whom obtain any adequate treatment. Thus, besides Locke, who has about as much space in Schwegler as he could properly claim, and Berkeley, who has a mere scrap, we have, in Mr. Burt's book, some account of Bacon, Hobbes, the Cambridge Platonists (an important school), Shaftesbury, Hutcheson (founder of the Scottish school), Butler, Clarke, Price, Adam Smith, Reid, Stewart; and among later thinkers, James and J. S. Mill, Spencer, Lewes, and T. H. Green.

From these remarks it will be seen that Mr. Burt's book has another excellence of its own in its numerous notices of less note, which are often omitted altogether from the other histories. Some of these are obviously of small moment, but they cannot properly be ignored by those who study the development of philosophic thought. It will be apparent that much of the information supplied in these volumes will be found to be somewhat scanty, but this is inevitable if we consider the scope and bulk of the work. For those who study special systems of philosophy, it will be necessary to refer to works giving fuller treatment, but this may be said of almost any general history of philosophy, and the present work will be found most serviceable for purposes of reference, for gaining a general and comprehensive notice of the history of philosophic thought, and for reviving the knowledge which may have been gained by previous wider studies.

* A History of Modern Philosophy: From the Renaissance to the Present. By R. C. Burt, A.M., 2 vols. Chicago: M. Clung & Co., 1892.

ART NOTES.

It is very comforting to some of us who have often failed in appreciating many of the works of the old masters, to read an article by Mr. Kenyon Cox in the *Nation*. It is not in religion only that there is cant: there is quite as much in opinions expressed on music and painting. Mr. Cox gives most space to Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. It is of Venetian pictures he writes, and although it is not easy to select, where everything that is said is so much to the point, we will give some idea of the whole: "And now we come to the greatest name in Venetian art, and to the

greatest disappointment in Venice. In Venice one has to hold with both hands to the memory of the splendid portraits—the wonderful small canvases with single nude figures—that one has seen elsewhere, to retain one's respect and veneration for the name of Titian. . . . The tourist looks and wonders, and tries to admire and doesn't, and imagines that art is a strange and sealed book. . . . The Pesaro Madonna is a fine picture, and when one's eye lights on the little head in the corner—is it a boy's or a young woman's, that fair head with its mild, steady glance and the white silk sleeve and shoulder telling so finely against the flesh?—one has surprised Titian's secret. He was purely a painter, and above all a portraitist, and his heart was not in these big canvases, painted because altar pieces were in demand. . . . He was the greatest of portrait painters and of the painters of the nude. Give him a limited space and a model, and he is unsurpassable. But his grand 'machines,' his *tableaux d'apparat*, are mostly failures. In the Scuola di San Rocco, on the staircase, high over a door and nearly invisible, is a little picture of two figures not over half life size, an 'Annunciation,' which is the one Titian in Venice to which the much-abused word 'masterpiece' might be fairly applied. This is Titian, Titian at his best, the absolute painter—as charming in sentiment as it is consummate in quiet mastery of execution, and nothing else in Venice seems quite as perfect as this. But if Titian is often mediocre, Tintoretto is often, perhaps most often, bad—bad with a thorough, uncompromising badness that is surprising. And the very worst of his pictures are gathered together in that museum of vast daubs where the faithful flock of Mr. Ruskin goes to worship, the Scuola di San Rocco. . . . But how shall one describe the 'Pallas and Mars'? Titian plus Coreggio is as near the formula as one can come, but there is much in it that is neither Coreggio nor Titian, and which no one but Tintoretto could have done. . . . Finally, there is the 'Miracle of St. Mark' at the Academy, which is quite unlike any other Tintoretto or other Italian picture that I know of. It is not without its faults; occasionally the drawing is careless and more often turgid; and, while the color is brilliant and gorgeous in the highest degree, the tone is not as perfect, the unity not quite as thorough, as in some of his quieter canvases. What distinguishes it particularly and places it among the world's great masterpieces is its amazing virtuosity. It seems to have been painted throughout *alla prima*—at one jet—with no under-painting and very little glazing, in a method more suggestive of Rubens or Hals than of any Italian work. The handling is less flowing and slippery than with Rubens, less abrupt and chippy than with Hals, the tone more full and transparent than with Velasquez; but the instantaneous touch, the economy of means, the marvellous precision, place him with these three as one of the unapproachable technicians—one of the few who have made the mere material endlessly delightful to the lover of painting." Finally, of Paul Veronese, Mr. Cox says: "When will the critics learn, what the painters have always known, that Paul Veronese was one of the most astonishing geniuses for painting—one is almost inclined to say the most astonishing genius—that ever lived? It is true he is not a good subject for writing about. The most ingenious inventor of meanings would have difficulty in finding any meaning in his splendid works. The 'subject' is nothing to him, and he has no discoverable 'thoughts' and no 'sentiment' other than the sentiment of beauty. He is contented with painting, and he expresses only the glory of life and the beauty of the world, the pomp of color and the joy of light and air. Even his technical merits are difficult to write of, for his manner is so natural and simple that he seems to have none, his handling so quietly masterful as to be unnoticeable, his light and shade so perfect as to escape comment. He seems to me the most Greek of modern artists, without shade of morbidity, joyously serene, content as the Greeks were with the perfection of craftsmanship and the perfection of art. Considering the amount of his production, it is wonderfully even in quality. He is never commonplace—still less