

words of love and devotion, than he does in the music of Lenora and Florestan.

Schubert expresses in melody his poetical nature.

Mendelssohn, in all his works, exhibits his intimacy with the fine arts, and the same may be said of Robert Schumann.

It was the mission of Richard Wagner to unite music with the other fine arts in such a manner that there resulted an *ensemble* representing the musical art drama in its highest perfection. In this connection the efforts of Gluck, Weber, and Marschner must also not be forgotten.

Inasmuch, then, as the composer finds his ideals in the fine arts, it becomes essential that the expounder of musical works shall also be initiated into the sanctum of the arts; he must, therefore, carefully study them, devoting much of his attention to their form and beauty, and by their aid prepare himself to enter the high portals of music. For it is only after he has been thus consecrated, that he shall be permitted to approach the divine muse, music, and, like an humble priest, to sound her hymns of praise.—*M. Steinert.*

THE BOOK FUTURE.

SPEAKING of books generally, though recognizing the special prominence of the lighter works, such as novels, in this respect, it seems probable that the flood of books that has broken loose upon the country will result in raising the average quality of works that shall be published. Works of ordinary power, that would have been widely read at one time, can now be written by thousands of people; in every hamlet resides some one who can write a common story, but who cannot obtain its publication without paying for it, because the public requirements are becoming more difficult to please, and because ordinary works have become a drug in the market. In fact, the competition in the writing of books that are not works of genius has become so great that their publication is considerably overdone, and publishers reject a score where they publish one—that one being often an unhappy venture. The writing of books, of late years, seems to have descended to lower grades of writers than otherwise, and the effect has been so nauseating upon the public that the aliment in the future must be more nutritious than it has been. There never was a time in the world's history when a work of even a little genius stood a better chance of appreciation than at the present time. One needs only to refer to Miss Murcison's success, or Mr. Stockton's, to prove this. The promise of a favourable reception to a good work is a reward that stimulates many people to write nowadays, though they may overrate their writings; this leads to the discovery of sparks of genius in writers who never would or could have ventured to offer their pen's work to the public. As the present commercial age of this country evolves into higher forms, a class of people more intellectual, with finer emotions and a higher literary quality, will come into existence. While there would now seem to be an ebb-tide in letters in this country, the rhythm that pervades all forms of evolution leads to the hope, sustained by the direct promise of better conditions in the future, that a better day in literature, particularly the lighter kinds, is only in waiting. Indeed, the intellectual growth of literature has already begun in the sciences and in philosophy; social science, economics, political science, the physical sciences and philosophy were never so well understood as they now are, and the investigations of many men and the accumulations of store-houses of facts are lending an exactness where all before was speculation.—*Paper World.*

SHAKESPEARE'S POPULARITY ON THE STAGE.

SHAKESPEARE has shown his knowledge of human nature in nothing better than in this that he has taken care that the interest he seeks to arouse shall be aroused for no mean, absurd, or frivolous life and being. His best stories are the most interesting to the highest longings of fancy; while they lend themselves at once to dramatic excitement and theatrical display. The ordinary looker-on is struck between the eyes as it were, awed with the greatness of the exhibition, even of his beggars; while his chief persons are of high worldly, as well as due corresponding mental rank, and are only reduced to the level of natural human beings as they bustle with their difficult spirits in the common world. This, it appears to me, expresses the most real of all Shakespeare's superexcellence of material, and forms the first ground for his paramount popularity in the theatre. He has great persons, and great stakes are played for. Poetry, nor truth to nature, nor life pictures, nor the construction of his plots would have, of themselves, kept him on the stage if he had been content to take the absurd characters and plots of most French pieces, or stories of merely common every-day life, treated accordingly; the difficulties of Manchester bagmen, ticket-of-leave men, weak-kneed Irish landlords, and Scotland Yard detectives. The noble and manly intellect of the son of the Warwickshire wool-stapler in the days of Elizabeth refused to confine his highest imagination to such as the chief stage persons of the Victorian era whose intellects are often little better than those of mere stablers.—*William Spink, in National Review.*

THE LEMMINGS.

"THE lemmings, which are little rodents, certainly do not visit my part of Norway at any recurring period of years; but every third or fourth year they may be expected with tolerable regularity, though in variable numbers. Thus it is quite probable that some migration may have so far escaped notice as to give rise to the old idea that they took place every fourth year.

"They are, however, always directed westward; and thus the theory that they are caused by deficiency of food fails so far that these migrations

do not take place in a southerly direction, by which a larger supply might be obtained. M. Guyne suggested that the course followed was merely that of the watershed. However, this runs east as well as west, and follows valleys, which often run north and south for hundreds of miles, whereas the route pursued by the lemmings is due west. At all events, this is the case in Norway, where they traverse the broadest lakes filled with water at an extremely low temperature, and cross alike the most rapid torrents and the deepest valleys.

"With no guiding pillar of fire, they pass on through a wilderness by night; they rear their families on their journey, and the three or four generations of a brief subarctic summer serve to swell the pilgrim caravan. They winter beneath more than six feet of snow during seven or eight weary months; and with the first days of summer (for in those regions there is no spring) the migration is renewed. At length the harassed crowd, thinned by the increasing attacks of the wolf, the fox, and even the reindeer, pursued by eagle, hawk and owl, and never spared by man himself, yet still a vast multitude, plunges into the Atlantic Ocean on the first calm day and perishes with its front still pointing westward. No faint hearts linger on the way, and no survivor returns to the mountains. Mr. R. Collett, a Norwegian naturalist, writes that in November, 1868 (quoted by Filleburg), a ship sailed for fifteen hours through a swarm of lemmings, which extended as far over the Trondhjemsfjord as the eye could reach."—*Mental Evolution in Animals, by G. J. Romanes.*

MY WOLVES.

THREE gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for men,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be:
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window-pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him,
As a spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger, and Woe,
A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,
To-morrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane,
That flit like spectres through my brain,
And I dream of the time, long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin, and Hunger, and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;
Three pairs of eyes at the window-pane
Are burned and branded into my brain,
Like signal lights at sea.

—*Francis Gerry Fairfield.*

THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE" SENSATION.

I HAVE received a most marvellous pamphlet, price sixpence, entitled "The Life of William T. Stead." With fear and trembling I quote the opening paragraph:

"It was five-and-twenty years ago, in the grimy little town of Howdon-on-Tyne—it was on the 'balist hill,' the playground of the children—that a boy of twelve years old felled to the ground a boy who had gone to look at a girl who had turned aside to tie up her garter. That boy has since become the author of 'The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon.'"

If the rev. author, instead of giving us such charming anecdotes as this, had reprinted the recent address of Mr. Justice Stephen to a grand jury, he would have done more service to morality. Mr. Justice Stephen declared that "Modern Babylon" had increased by 50 per-cent. the class of crimes it pretended to expose. Another eminent judge on the following day declared that the baleful influence of this cowardly, lying, and infamous outrage on public decency would not pass away during the present generation. The best thing the friends of Mr. Stead can do is to let him sink back into oblivion.—*Dagonet, in The Referee.*

WHAT THE LACK OF COPYRIGHT CAUSES.

NEVER in history were books prettier, better, or cheaper than they are now. The only drawback about it all is the plain fact that authors, publishers, and booksellers have to be satisfied with a minimum of profit on a maximum of service rendered. The fault lies ultimately in the lack of an international copyright. This want compels all American producers of