Contemporary Thought.

It is the earnest man, repeating his truths with an enthusiasm of monotony, who finally drives the piles into the mora s of ignorance and carelessness, and thus builds a causeway on which all posterity may cross over. The truth about money and about charity, and about duty to the dependent, sounds to the good man's ear like the difficult arias of "Trovatore," the heavy sonatas of Beethoven the fairy-like fantasies of Vieuxtemps—one loves to hear them over and over, that he may follow one elusive modulation into another. You cannot tell a good man the truth too many times.—*The Current.*

The great evil of having national standards of success vulgarized is not witnessed, as a general rule, in the example of those who reach these standards. They, in large numbers, are vulgarized already, start in life vulgarized in aim, and continue on vulgarized, only a little more so, under the rank-forcing process of prosperity. No, the real evil lies in the depressing influence exercised on the minds of thousands whose own lives have been full of beauty, service, wisdom, cheer, and comfort, and yet who, under the enormous pressure of public opinion, are continually tempted to weigh themselves in the scales of these same standards, and to despairingly rank themselves among the failures.—*Boston Herald.*

"Strictly speaking, all right expense is for the benefit of others. You feed yourself and you clothe yourself only that you may do what God wishes you to do for the benefit of your fellow men. You keep the machine in the best possible working order. Now this does not mean that the machine is to be slovenly. You are to polish the brasses of the locomotive as carefully as you oil the running gear. Yes, and you are to hang flowers upon the locomotive by way of rejoicing upon a holiday. Much to your expense and much of your care are given thus to keeping your machine in order. But not all. Part of it is given consciously and directly for the good of others. Do not be misled here in thinking it must be given to tramps or beggars only. The honest baker in the square, who sells cream cakes and Washington pies, is just as good a fellow and deserves just as much thought at your hands as if he had no trade, and had come to you to beg for bread and cheese for his breakfast. You must decide for yourself." —*Edward Everett Hale, in The Chautauquan.*

Mr. Moncure D. Conway's course of lectures at the University Club Theatre is to be a very entertaining one, if the inaugural talk may be taken as a sample. England in its various aspects is the subject of the lectures, and it is one with which Mr. Conway is perfectly familiar. His long residence in England, and his powers of observation, trained in the school of journalism, make what he has to say of more than ordinary interest. Clever as his remarks are, however, I defy anyone to agree with all of them. He says some very startling things—notable amongst them being his assertion that a diplomatic corps is as bad for the morals of a republic as for its manners. Send a man over to Europe with a valise when his services are necessary, and let him come back when his business is transacted—this was what Mazzini once suggested to Mr. Conway; but Mr. Conway seems to think that there would be too much show even about this. In his opinion, all the diplomatic business of the country could be better attended to by the newspapers than by trained diplomatists.—"*Lounger,*" *in The Critic.*

It is hardly an exaggeration to say of the death of Randolph Caldecott, as Johnson said of Garrick's, that it eclipses the gaiety of nations; for there is not a nursery in the English-speaking world but will be the poorer in his loss. His design, perhaps, less eloquent and suggestive than has been said; but he had a sense of beauty, an abundance of kindly and graceful humor, a fancy at once delicate in quality and exhaustible in kind, and—above all—the gift of charm. He was always delightfully inspired; and in him all nursery rhymes found an ideal illustrator. He could be quaint, funny, dainty, exquisitely pretty, and delicately suggestive in the compass of a single drawing. He had a capital eye for simple character, and united in his sketches of men and animals the shrewdest observation with the most whimsical personal view. His sense of colour was a trifle narrow; but its expressions—in chromoxylography at least—were invariably attractive. The best of his work, we take it, is to be found in the series of "Picture-books," which won him the greater and happier part of his popularity. He did other things well; but in these baby epics he was supreme, and it will be long ere they are forgotten—longer still ere they are superseded.—*Magazine of Art for May.*

Frederic Harrison has an entertaining article in the *Nineteenth Century*, reprinted in the *Eclectic Magazine* for April. It is entitled "A Pedantic Nuisance," and in it he seeks to show the folly of reproducing the ancient spelling of the names of great historical characters. He devotes special attention to the spelling of Shakespeare's name and after giving some forty variations, he says: "Shakespeare no doubt, like most persons in that age, wrote his name in various ways; but the vast preponderance of evidence establishes that in the *printed literature* of his time his name was written—*Shakespeare*. In his first poems 'Lucrece' and 'Venus and Adonis,' he placed *Shakespeare* on the title-page. So it stands on the folios of 1623 and 1632. So also it was spelled by his friends in their published works; by Ben Jonson, by Bancroft Barnefield, Wilobie, Freeman, Davis, Meres, and Weever. It is certain that his name was pronounced *Shake-spear* (*i.e.*, as '*Shake*' and '*Spear*' were then pronounced) by his literary friends in London. This is shown by the punning lines of Ben Jonson, by those of Bancroft and others; by Greene's allusion to him as the only *Shakescene*; and, lastly, by the canting heraldry of the arms granted to his father in 1599:—'In a field of geuld upon a bend sables a *speare* of the first; with crest a falcon *supporting* a *spear*.'" —*The Current.*

Walter Besant writes: If two girls are brought up together from childhood in exactly the same way, with the same education, the same food, the same governors, pastors and masters, and are kept apart from other girls, and are dressed alike, they may grow very much like each other; little points of resemblance may become accentuated. Chinamen, for instance, who are a very gregarious people, present to the outward world millions of faces all exactly alike. Old married people are often observed to have grown like each other; and if you look at a girls' charity school, where they all live together under one roof, and are subjected to exactly the same rules and influences, you will find that they certainly grow to have the same face. There is, for instance, a certain Reformatory of my acquaintance in a London suburb. The young ladies belonging to this institution are marched in procession to the church every Sunday. As they pass along the road the admiring bystander becomes presently aware that they are all exactly alike. It is bewildering until philosophy lends its light. For the girls are like so many sisters; here a dozen twins; here a triplet or two; here more twins. Some are older, some are younger; but they are all of one family—they are apparently of one father and one mother. The reformatory face is striking, but by no means pleasing. It looks, in fact, as if Monsieur le Diable has had more to do with the girls' fathers or mothers, or both, than with other people's fathers or mothers.

One of the most interesting subjects of the whole life is Mr. Disraeli's connection with the Young England movement. The famous speech at the Manchester Athenæum, with "Sybil" and other documents, has naturally caused him—indeed did naturally cause him at the time—to be regarded as a leader, if not the leader, of the whole movement. Yet it is no secret that the invention not merely of the name (that required no very great ability after Young Italy and Young France) but of the thing is attributed by many people who ought to know, to Monckton Milnes. A year or two ago I wrote something in one of the magazines on Young England—a something which did not pretend to any esoteric knowledge, and merely dealt with the generally known facts. The next time that I met Lord Houghton he said to me, "I wish you had told me that you were going to write that. I could have set you right on a great many things which nobody knows now except Lord John Manners." I pointed out to him that he could give the information at first hand a great deal better than I could possibly do at second, and that he ought to give it. "Well," he said, "I did think of writing something, but I am too old, and it is too much trouble." Let it be hoped that his literary executors will find that his first thoughts bore some fruit. The only point in the rest of the conversation which has relevance here was the remark, "He [Disraeli] knew nothing at all about it at first: he came in afterwards"; which, indeed, was already pretty generally known. It hardly detracts from Mr. Disraeli's genius that he did come in afterwards, and that, despite that drawback, he gave the school by far the most important literary and historical monument that it is likely to have. As concerns Mr. Disraeli himself, the Young England matter, interesting as it is chiefly noteworthy as illustrating the rapidity and success with which he would grasp any contemporary movement that showed signs of contributing to the general tendency with which he strove to inspire the nation.—*George Saintsbury in Magazine of Art for May.*