

this branch of evidence, if they are to claim to be even respectable.

We have left many points in Mrs. Ward's article untouched, but if necessary, we can return to the subject again. It is with some pain that this present writer has set down these criticisms. *Robert Elsmere* was, in many ways, a useful book, if not a great book. It was quite worth while for Christians and unbelievers to make themselves acquainted with currents of thought which were flowing around them. We heartily wish that Mrs. Ward had left the matter where it was, as she certainly will do no good to herself or her cause by her latest contribution to the literature of unbelief.

WILLIAM CLARK.

### MONTREAL LETTER.

OUR Art Association has now a record of seven years to look back on, and many contemplate its career with legitimate congratulation. During that period lectures in various departments of Art have been a feature of its management, and their very announcement has been a guarantee of high artistic value. The Loan and Permanent Exhibitions have not been without their influence on the city; either among the more educated and receptive, or, by a new arrangement of cheap tickets, among the artisans and less cultured class. But it is to the regular instruction given under the auspices of the Association that we look for the artistic education of the province. After a year of experimental testing of the public taste and capabilities, a uniform and progressive system was adapted which has since been adhered to, first under the supervision of Mr. Robert Harris, R.C.A., and later under Mr. W. Brymner, the present Director of the school. The study of form being the foundation of all drawing, the students commence from the casts in light and shade, proceed to the entire figure from the antique, and are thus prepared to study from life, in black and white and in colour. The studios are open for work every day from nine till five; although instruction is given only three times a week from nine till twelve, with the addition of a sketching class with an amateur model on Wednesday afternoons.

Among the privileges attached to the classes are the rights of attending all exhibitions; the Robert Wood Scholarship; reduced fees, with certain restrictions, in connection with the Society of Decorative Art; and the scholarships by the Council which each entitle the holder to two years' free tuition. These are awarded for the best time drawing from the cast, in proportion to the relative progress made by the competitors. The competition is limited to students who have been in actual attendance during the session previous to the award. The number of students this year is thirty-three, and the general work done in the studios, so far as it goes, is thorough and satisfactory, the Council having reason to believe that the pupils have done themselves and their school credit in the continuation of their studies in New York and Paris. But the fees still remain much too high. Fifty dollars is too much for the average Canadian to pay for a short winter session of two terms, although it does not follow that that sum is any indication of the educative value of the classes. Nor does it always happen that the average Canadian in wealth is identical with the average Canadian in talent and application. It is probable that the half of the fee would not only more than double the classes, but quadruple the influence. Doubtless, however, the Council does the best it can with its resources; but it is surely time that Canada should stir itself to establish Government Schools of Art, something on the model of Kensington, with high salaries for competent teachers and low fees for competent students; the artistically useful and the usefully artistic should be developed in our country. It is surprising that even from a commercial view the scheme has not long ere this been inaugurated.

Messrs Scott and Son announce the sale of a collection of paintings and statuary, the property of Mr. W. F. Kay, which is being catalogued and will be ready in a few days. It will be displayed in the Art Gallery, represents twenty-four leading artists, and is said to be the "most important sale ever held in Canada." We are, of course, anxiously awaiting the pretty things from the Royal Academy in Ottawa.

Mr. Harris, is luxuriating in the most tempting of studios in the Fraser Institute, having thrown off the galling yoke of teaching for the freer and fuller scope of his individuality. The best of his pictures are now in Ottawa, but it may not be telling tales out of school to hint that one of the most masterly portraits I have ever seen stands on an easel carelessly hidden away under a curtain; but as the original occupies a prominent position in educational circles, and as the portrait is intended as a surprise, I dare say no more. It may be an every day event to produce a portrait that is like the original; but in the present instance Mr. Harris has achieved one that is the original.

The classes in Mr. Raphael's studio are large this winter, and the work done more than repays a visit. There is something in the sight of a palette and in the odour of turpentine which sets one afire for handling brushes and pigments, a weak (or strong) point in human nature which might be more commercially utilized by these gentlemen. But probably I am a Goth, pure and simple. Only I do not quite see how they should remain satisfied with such a limited share of the good things of life.

To talk of an Armoury is to suggest bayonets and sentry-boxes, improvements in cartridges and in the varied implements for the slaughter of others which, with grim sarcasm, we call self-defence. But stuffed chairs and

plushed divans, crimson cloth and Turkish rugs have converted the threatening quarters of our Victoria Rifles into a modern

Isle of Greece  
Where grew the arts of war and peace.

The occasion is the display of a collection of pictures in oil and drawings in water colours, the result of seven years' labour of Monsieur and Madame de L'Aubiniere, which are to be knocked down by the ruthless hammer of the auctioneer. The studies are mostly in landscape from California, New England, British Columbia, and on our own St. Lawrence, and number two-hundred and fifty-three pieces. Many of them are gems of drawing and colour, and doubtless will be the object of keen "bids;" but others will have to be softened in form and rounded in tint before they can be classified among the perfections of Art. In short it may not be too Bohemian to hint that, a dozen of the best pictures excluded, the men who designed the transformation of the Armoury did more for the exhibition than it did for them or for themselves.

It is a mistake—this wholesale exhibition of pictures. The only consideration which can justify it is one of profit or loss on commission. It encourages a flippant, capricious craving, instead of a calm and holy enjoyment. Not one of us naturally, I mean in Nature, the great mother of Art, demands that the entire world be passed before our organic vision in panorama fashion. The true lover of Nature takes one scene, be it mountain or valley, heath or stream, cloud or sunshine, and literally resigns himself to its coaxing influence, undisturbed, and unable to be disturbed, by the thought of others. Of course the bee is an exception. But the bee lives primarily to make the honey, —to store it; not to eat it.

A building constructed in a circle, of wood, lined outside with brick, of an enormous height, and unrelieved by the slightest suggestion of window or entrance, which has attracted the speculative attention of curious passers-by for the last few months, has just revealed the secret of its existence. The days of the Panorama are over, when we sat still and found the scenes pass in pleasant succession before the eye; and the new thing in its place is the Cyclorama which reverses the relative duty of picture and eye. A canvas three hundred and seventy-seven feet long and forty-six high stands erect and lines the wall of the building; while the eye takes its position upon an elevated platform in the centre and revolves from the Alpha to the Omega, and back to the Alpha again. The picture in this instance represents the neighbourhood of Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion of our Lord, and undertakes to portray with faithful exactness the scenes and buildings which have become sacred to the civilized world. The Palace of Herod; the Temple; the Pools of beneficent miracle; an eastern inn with its life on the house-top; a caravan disappearing on its way to Joppa; all in the most successful aerial perspective. Prominent in the foreground are the main events of the Crucifixion, with clustering men, women, children, soldiers, centurions, high-priests, doctors of law, standing out in marked relief, increasing the realistic effect and the perspective beyond. The Cyclorama is no catch-penny, but an impressive and wonderful exhibition.

Under the conviction that we belong to nobody, not even to ourselves, we have sat by these twenty-two years since our Confederation without once having asked ourselves why we have NO FLAG. One of our brethren of the pen is making a noble attempt to stir us up to our duty. Designs have been submitted to us with their *raison d'être*, and we are training ourselves into a correct criticism of what our National Standard ought to be. That it should embody our past history, our present hopes, and a hint at our future destiny, is more than evident. The Union Jack, the beaver, and the maple leaf, and the colour or colours, in their proportionate relation to each other, are the all-important elements. Neither Imperial Federation, nor Annexation, but Canada, pure and simple, first, always, and forever. Let no Canadian rest night or day till we have made a nation, a future, and a flag for ourselves. And let us have all three for our silver wedding.

Alas! that we will be Irish first and Canadian after! That St. Patrick in cloth of green and gold, wreathed with the immortal shamrock, should in sermon and procession, with banner and drum proclaim to the world that we never shall do anything but tag ourselves on to the coat-tails of others!

VILLE MARIE.

### PARIS LETTER.

THE last fortnight has been full of breathless sensations, after a comparative calm of many months, which wise people believed was going to be prolonged over the year 1889 on account of the Centenary Exhibition. First came the attack of the Government on the *Ligue des Patriotes*, the search of the chief office of that enterprising and much loved Society, ended by the resolution to prosecute the chief officers, and especially the president and real founder, M. Paul Déroulède. It all arose out of what is termed the Atchinoff incident; a squabble, as your readers are aware, which took place on the coast of Africa, and in which a Russian lost his life by a French bullet. M. Déroulède having proposed a popular apology and indemnity, the Government considered their prerogative dangerously invaded, and pounced down on the office of the *Ligue*, breaking open the safe after a labour of two hours, and seizing, it is said, four thousand letters. The real meaning of all this is that the Government fears the *Ligue* as an *Imperium in Imperio*, capable of pouring into the

streets of Paris many thousands of armed and partially disciplined young men, who might strike for Boulanger or any other conceivable person or idea of their own. The verbal expression on which the public prosecutor chiefly relies as warranting prosecution runs thus, being contained in a document issued by the *Ligue* on the 20th of February: "In presence of the arbitrary measures which appear likely to be taken (*pourraient être prises*) by the Government against the Patriotic League, the chief committee (*Comité Directeur*) has decided to ask the Paris committees to put themselves in a condition of *permanent mobilisation*." The defence will, we believe, be that the words refer only to an electoral campaign, but it cannot be denied that they have an ugly sound, and that, in the constantly shifting kaleidoscope of French politics, an occasion might at any moment arise which would greatly resemble civil war. And this, rather than foreign invasion, is now the real danger hanging over this wealthy and beautiful country. It may seem strange that so gifted and honest a man as M. Paul Déroulède is not more alive to the danger; the explanation is to be found in his conviction that General Boulanger and the Russian alliance would bind the immense majority of Frenchmen together. He does not believe in the constitutional Republic of the American type. He wants a Cromwellian Republic, able, as he imagines, to control cliques and carpet-baggers. It was he who finely said: "Republican, Orleanist, Bonapartist are but the nicknames by which we dub our brothers; Frenchman is the family name." And in the brilliant little poem of the *Soldat* are lines which we thus roughly translate:

In our divided land  
What Frenchman keeps his hand  
Sacred for all and France?  
He who with sword and lance  
Makes undivided stand.

In the middle of all this; the Government has suddenly recalled M. le Duc d'Aumale from his exile at Brussels; a most praiseworthy act, which does not seem especially consistent just now. The Duc, who is now an old man, with white hair, fringing his delicate aristocratic features, returned not with the sound of clarions, but almost with secrecy, as if unable to bear emotion, and great precautions were taken to keep the reporters away. He left the train at Creil, the last great station on the rail before reaching Paris, and several miles further from Chantilly than one of the smaller stations. Here he was met by Madame la Comtesse de Chischamp, the faithful friend of his later years, and was driven to the cottage inhabited by his brother, the Duc de Joinville, where he dined. He re-entered Chantilly at night, when the few lights of his servants were reflected in the still waters which surround the *chateau*, and by night he walked through his great galleries and looked at the famous and beloved pictures, and the relics of the Condés, and the statues in marble and in bronze; his big dog following at his heels. The Duc d'Aumale is a childless man. His clever, good son, the Duc de Condé, died suddenly in Australia, whither he had been sent for the modern grand tour. A touching account of this grievous affair is given by Comte Roger de Beauvoir, in his *Travels*. De Beauvoir had been sent out to join him and accompany him to China and Japan. But, on arriving at Sydney, he found that the young Duc was dead. His mother never recovered the blow; and not many years after the little Duc de Guise also died. Like all the boys of the Orleans family, he had been sent to a *Lycée*; the date was after the war of '70 and his father was in France. The child, who was delicate, was, it was said, allowed to bathe under circumstances which gave him a fatal chill—and the Duc d'Aumale was left a childless man.

I should just note in addition that on the morrow of his return he paid a complimentary visit to President Carnot, and that the Institute met in full force to welcome him back; Legoué, Emile Augier, De Broglie, Feuillet, Dumas, Sardou, Pasteur, Halevy; Jules Simon presided. In the evening the Duc dined with the *Amis des Livres*, a learned body of whom he has for ten years been Honorary President. He got back late to Chantilly, where all the houses were illuminated.

And lastly, there has been a tremendous financial shake, and a run on one of the great Paris banks such as has been rarely seen since the days of Law and the South Sea Bubble. All the other great financial institutions, including the Bank of France, rushed to the rescue, guaranteeing the Comptoir d'Escompte to the extent of many millions of francs, but it became physically impossible to stand the rush of people; they had to be admitted in batches of twenty-five, and those who remained in the street made a small fortune for the neighbouring restaurants. Every depositor has been paid off, but the poor exhausted Comptoir lies prone; not indeed being bankrupt, but needing all sorts of careful plans for its restoration to health and credit. "The mischief" has been in copper. Copper has been up, and finally tumbled down like Humpty Dumpty off his wall, and for some hours there reigned in Paris an awful terror lest wide-spread financial trouble should be added to the quarrels with the *Ligue des Patriotes*.

In the meantime the *Tour Eiffel* is slowly mounting up and up. A most amusing account of an ascension was lately given in the *Figaro*. It took place in the afternoon, the weather being bitterly cold and snowflakes falling. The writer describes the gradual sinking of Mont Valerian and Mont Martre below the horizon; things which had been relatively big becoming relatively little; the hills obliterated, the great horizon lines assuming prominence; the windings of the river lying like folded ribbons as far as St. Denis; the profound silence, the motionless