

giance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the Queen of England"—should have settled to the north of the boundary line, as most of them would have done had this policy been adopted? But I must not enlarge.

My amendment was only defeated by the vote of fifty-five chambers of commerce against thirty-three. All the votes from Australasia and South Africa were given against my amendment. Had they voted as we had a right to expect, and as the Governments and Legislatures of those colonies would, I believe, approve, it is obvious Mr. Medley's resolution would have been defeated, as it was only carried by a vote of forty-seven to thirty-four. I prefer to take the declarations on this question of Sir Charles Mills, the able Agent-General of the Cape of Good Hope, Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, and the Hon. Mr. Hofmeyr, while the Australian statesmen speak for themselves.—*Sir Charles Tupper, in the Fortnightly Review.*

ART NOTES.

AN unusually interesting suggestion for a monument in the Queen's Park comes from Mr. Gilbert R. Frith, the well-known sculptor. It is for the erection of an equestrian statue of Her Majesty the Queen, and it proposes to represent the moment when the Queen, habited in the uniform of a field-marshal, in April, 1856, reviewed the Crimean Army on its return from the scene of action. The circular plot in front of the new Parliament Buildings, and now occupied by the Crimean guns, is the spot proposed, and a more appropriate situation could hardly be found. The monument is intended to not only be a statue of Her Majesty, but also to symbolize the British Empire. The Royal Arms, the Dominion Arms, the Star of India, the Australian Arms, and those of the other colonies will to this end be emblazoned upon the pedestal. The design is a highly worthy one, and should meet with a hearty and practical reception.

It is an error to assume that because form in French painting appeals to us more strikingly than substance that French painting is lacking in substance. In its perfection from appeals to every appreciation; it is in art, one may say, the one universal language. But just in proportion as form in a work of art approaches perfection, or universality, just in that proportion does the substance which it clothes, which it expresses, seem unimportant to those to whom this substance is foreign. Some critics have even fancied, for example, that Greek architecture and sculpture—the only Greek art we know anything about—were chiefly concerned with form, and that the ideas behind their perfection of form were very simple and elementary ideas, not at all comparable in complexity and elaborateness with those which confuse and distinguish the modern world. When one comes to French art it is still more difficult for us to realize that the ideas underlying its expression are ideas of import, validity and attachment. The truth is largely that French ideas are not our ideas; not that the French, who—except possibly the ancient Greeks and the modern Germans—of all peoples in the world are, as one may say, addicted to ideas, are lacking in them. Technical excellence is simply the inseparable accompaniment, the outward expression of the kind of aesthetic ideas the French are enamoured of. Their substance is not our substance, but while it is perfectly legitimate for us to criticise their substance it is idle to maintain that they are lacking in substance. If we call a painting by Poussin pure style, a composition of David merely the perfection of convention, one of M. Rochegrosse's dramatic canvases the rhetoric of technic and that only, we miss something. We miss the idea, the substance, behind these varying expressions. These are not the less real for being foreign to us. They are less spiritual and more material, less poetic and spontaneous, more schooled and traditional, than we like to see associated with such adequacy of expression, but they are not for that reason more mechanical. They are ideas and substances which lend themselves to technical expression a thousand times more readily than do ours. They are, in fact, exquisitely adapted to technical expression. The substance and ideas which we desire fully expressed in colour, form or words are, indeed, very exactly in proportion to our esteem of them, inexpressible. We like hints of the unutterable, suggestions of significance that is mysterious and import that is incalculable. The light that "never was on sea or land" is the illumination we seek. The "Heaven," not the atmosphere that "lies about us" in our mature age as "in our infancy," is what appeals most strongly to our subordination of the intellect and the senses to the imagination and the soul. Nothing with us very deeply impresses the mind if it does not arouse the emotions. Naturally, thus, we are predisposed insensibly to infer from French articulateness the absence of substance, to assume from the triumphant facility and felicity of French expression a certain insignificance of what is expressed. Inferences and assumptions based on temperament, however, almost invariably have the vice of superficiality, and it takes no very prolonged study of French art for candour and intelligence to perceive that if its substance is weak on the sentimental, the emotional, the poetic, the spiritual side, it is exceptionally strong in rhetorical, artistic, cultivated, aesthetically elevated ideas, as well as in that technical excellence which alone, owing to our own in-pertness, first strikes and longest impresses us.—*W. C. Brownell, in Scribner's Magazine for September.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE perennial popularity of Irish plays has once more been shown by the success of the two weeks' engagement of Joseph Murphy at the Grand in "Kerry Gow" and "Shaun Rhue." The plays are so familiar that any reference to them is unnecessary; and Mr. Murphy, too, is so well known that any special analysis of his presentment of the typical, warm-hearted, loyal Irish "boy" would be needless. His support is fair, and in some cases excellent. The plays have drawn crowded audiences all through the fortnight, and will yet more encourage the already prosperous Irish comedy.

Next week the play presented in the Grand will be "Friends," a new comedy drama, by Edwin Milton Royle, which comes with the strongest recommendations. It has received the highest commendation from the New York press; it has enjoyed a run of unusual length, and it is presented by a very strong company, the chief parts being taken by artists like Joseph Wheelock and Selina Fetter. The play should meet with a good reception from Toronto audiences.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

EARTH-BURIAL AND CREMATION. By Augustus G. Cobb. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

This book is an able and, in some places, an eloquent appeal in favour of cremation. Mr. Cobb goes back into ancient history; "The Greeks," he says, "fifteen centuries before Christ, invariably buried their dead, but in time they learned the advantages of cremation, and the latter practice became universal"; again, "at the commencement of the Christian era cremation was the prevailing custom of the civilized world, with the exception of Egypt, where bodies were embalmed, Judea, where they were buried in sepulchres, and China, where they were buried in the earth." So much for the past, and now what is the secret of earth-burial being a Christian custom? Mr. Cobb answers this in one word, "prejudice," and shows us further how this was backed up by superstition. Mr. Cobb deals at length with the conditions surrounding graveyards, and shows us the terrible facts of "cities of the dead" actually underlying the cities of the living. Of cemeteries he says: "They are really vast store-houses of disease, and as the magnet attracts the ore, so they, like loadstones, draw the living to eternal companionship with the dead." After reviewing the subject from a sanitary standpoint, Mr. Cobb deals with it from the sentimental, and paints in startling colours some horrible pictures of the results of earth-burial, which he tells us increases the fear of death. The author then deals with the progress and revival of cremation, and tells us amongst other interesting facts "that about forty-seven per cent. of all the dead in Japan are incinerated." Mr. Cobb ends a most interesting and clearly written treatise upon this subject with the following words: "Science and proven facts attest the wisdom of cremation, and, in the words of the Royal Institute of Science and Letters of Lombardy, we believe that its adoption will mark a stage of progress in the march of civilization," with which sentiment we most heartily concur.

THE September *Wide Awake* is a good number, containing amongst other contributions worthy of notice, "A Red Letter Day," by Frances A. Humphrey, and "Our Lighthouses and Lightships," by S. G. W. Benjamin. Francis Randall writes a humorous poem entitled, "Condensed Animals." Lt. Col. Thorndike tells about his "Night with a Chinese Prefect." The September number will bear comparison with any of the previous issue.

"VIEWS IN MUSKOKA," is the frontispiece of the September *Dominion Illustrated*, which opens with "A Visitation at Verneuse," from the pen of K. A. Chipman. "Historic Canadian Waterways" are discussed in an agreeable fashion by J. M. LeMoine. M. Tremaine writes on "Social Life in Halifax." Undoubtedly the best paper in the number is "How France saved The Thirteen Colonies," by Douglas Brymner. "Cricket in Canada" is continued in this issue, which is in all respects a very fair one.

"THE First Hundred Years of Modern Missions," is the name of a carefully written paper in the September *Methodist Magazine* from the pen of the Rev. J. S. Ross, M.A. "Lawrence Oliphant," is an interesting and readable sketch of this well-known man's career. Amelia E. Barr contributes a tale entitled, "Crawford's sair strait,—a Conflict with Conscience." Professor Simon Newcomb writes a paper under the heading of "Can we make it Rain." M. Lesueur Macgillis contributes some pretty lines entitled, "Eventide Questionings."

THE September issue of *Lippincott's* is called the Californian number, and the completed story it contains this time is the "The Doomsdwoman," by Gertrude Atherton, which is followed by an article written by M. H. de Young, of San Francisco fame, entitled "Californian Journalism;" next comes "A Famous Pebble Beach" from the pen of Helen F. Lowe, and after that "The Hand of Time," by Emma B. Kaufman; "California Eras," by the well-known Hubert H. Bancroft; "The Topography of California," by W. C. Morrow; besides other good papers from well-known writers and many charming poems. This well-conducted magazine continues to hold its place in the periodical world.

AMONGST the most readable papers in the September *Review of Reviews* may be mentioned "How Miss Bentley lifted the Czar," and "A Greek Play on the Prairies." This number also contains "Louise Michel; Priestess of Pity and of Vengeance," that eloquent "character sketch" by Mr. Stead, which appeared in the English edition of this review some months ago. Amongst the "leading articles of the month" a prominent place is given to those dealing with psychical research. "Sir Walter Scott through French Spectacles" from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and "Literary Paris and M. Renan" from *Harper's*, are both well worth reading.

THE September issue of the *Quiver* is, as usual, replete with good reading for the old as well as the young. "Those Other Mothers," by Mabel E. Wotton, the first article, relates to the poor little waifs of East London and to schemes for benefiting them; other articles are: "Spiritual Failure," by the Rev. W. Murdoch Johnston, M.A.; "Bath and Its Memories," which is well written by Herbert Russell, and ably illustrated by C. Topham Davidson; "About a Carriage Clock," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford; "Some Curious Alms-Boxes," by Sarah Wilson; "Sundays with the Young," by the Rev. Arthur Finlayson, and a dozen more, besides the serial stories now running in this journal, making up an inviting number.

"God's Fool" is continued in the September number of *Temple Bar*. Charles F. Johnson contributes a charming sonnet entitled "History and Poetry." Mrs. Andrew Crosse writes her "Old Memories Interviewed," which no reader of this number should skip. Kasume writes some very pretty lines entitled "Sayonara." George Somes Layard contributes a good descriptive article entitled "A Stroll Through a Great Cruikshank Preserve." The serial, "Aunt Ann," is completed in this number. "From Mr. Lowell's books," says the writer of a paper entitled "James Russell Lowell," "we would spare much of his didactic writing and even his more positive criticism, rather than those choice papers on poetry which display his delicate perception for good things, and his fine literary taste." Amongst other papers of interest may be mentioned one on "George Herbert."

"THE Story of a Child," by Margaret Delaney, the well-known authoress, is commenced in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September. The second paper is "Cliff-Dwellers in the Canyon," which is interestingly told by Olive Thorne Miller. After this comes a continuation of "An American at Home in Europe," which we venture to think Mr. William Henry Bishop, after a few years' longer residence abroad will be inclined to re-write; then comes a charming short story called "Catherine," written by Mary J. Jacques, followed by a further instalment of Edward Everett Hale's "A New England Boyhood." "Don Orsino," by F. Marion Crawford, and "The Prometheus Unbound of Shelley," by Vida D. Scudder, are also continued in this number; besides, there are many more able contributions, making it an issue at once strong and desirable.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL'S article entitled "The Last of the Buffalo," which has the first place in the September *Scribner*, merits it. We have not read a paper on the subject which within the same limits discusses that now almost extinct animal so fully, clearly and entertainingly. Isabel F. Hapgood, in the series "The Great Streets of the World," describes "The Newsky Prospekt of Russia." W. C. Brownell has an able paper on the classical side of French art. C. F. Lammie, in his somewhat bombastic style, contributes a paper on the Pueblo Indians. "The Education of the Blind" is adequately described by Mrs. Frederick R. Jones, while Lieut. D. C. Brainard, the survivor of those members of the Greeley expedition who journeyed farthest north, relates the incidents of their greatest achievement. The usual complement of serial, short story, poem, etc., adds to the interest of this excellent number.

IBU ISHAK contributes the opening article upon "The Future of Islam," in the September *Arena*. "Physical Research" is continued by the Rev. M. J. Savage. A bright and witty paper, by James A. Herne is entitled "Old Stock Days." Articles upon literary criticism are continued by Edwin Reid. The treatment of typhoid fever is discussed by C. E. Page. Dr. Hart upon the Bible wine question is answered by Axel Gustafson. A short but powerful paper is furnished by Hamlin Garland. Willis Broughton writes on Walt Whitman. In the form of a symposium May Wright Sewall, Elizabeth Smith Miller, Mrs. James Miller, Frances E. Russell, and Frances M. Steel, discuss the knotty problem of woman's dress; and in relation to the recent labour troubles Edith Flower contributes an article headed "The Menace of Plutocracy." The issue is well up the standard.

"THE Advance of Education in the South," by Chas. W. Dabney, jr., and "Social Strugglers," by H. H. Boyesen, are the prominent papers in the *Cosmopolitan* for September, and they both reward perusal; other articles comprise "Jersey," by Mary Hasbrouck, "George Pellew," by W. D. Howells, "Up the Ouachita on a Cotton Boat," by Houghton Cooley, "Amma-San," by Anna A. Rogers, "Celebrated British Speeches," by Esther Singleton, "The Homestead Lesson," by J. B. Walker, "Alligator Hunting with Seminoles," by Kirk Munroe, "What Shall They Drink?" by Edward Everett Hale, "The Chicago Convention," by Murat Halstead, and four or five more equally attractive, besides half-a-dozen admirable poems."