

last century that David prophetically wrote

"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept

When we remembered thee, O Zion."

It will seem to them an easy solution of the difficulty that David was the founder of Psalmody, and as such gave his name to the whole Psalter. In time we shall find no greater difficulty in the view (which is almost certainly the true one) that Moses is the founder of Jewish law, and Solomon of Jewish wisdom and so gave their names to the whole code of laws and the whole of the wisdom literature respectively.

Coming now to individual books, Dr. Sanday accepts the double authorship of Isaiah, the last twenty-seven chapters being really later than Jeremiah and Ezekiel. "The Song of Songs is just an idyll of faithful human love and nothing more." It is not "inspired" in the sense in which Dr. Sanday uses the word. But it serves a providential purpose. "It is the consecration of human love." "If we were forming a Canon ourselves for the first time, and the book were presented to us, we should probably say, with all admiration for its beauty, that it was not beauty of such a kind as we should associate with Sacred Scripture." The Book of Esther is not strictly historical. Its right to a place in the Canon was disputed by the Jews, it is not quoted in the New Testament, it does not name the name of God, and it adds nothing to the sum of revelation.

Dr. Sanday enters into greater detail in the case of the Book of Daniel. With evident reluctance (mindful, it may be, of Dr. Pusey's gallant defence) he confesses that here too the critical view has won the day. The book was written not in the sixth but the second century before Christ, the name of Daniel is assumed, the real author is unknown, but he lived under Antiochus Epiphanes, and his knowledge of earlier history is imperfect.

Such is a very simple outline of the main positions of the Higher Criticism, nor is there the slightest probability that they will be materially altered. It is true that a good deal has been expected from the results of archeological research. Prof. Sayce has recently published a work intended to show their relations to those of the Higher Criticism, but they do not affect in a single detail the probability of Dr. Sanday's positions, whilst in some respects they afford some support to them, as, for example, in the case of the Book of Daniel.

But if all these things be so, what, it will be asked, are the consequences? That is a question which cannot yet be fully answered. The Church has over and over again been mistaken in the supposed consequences of truth. It has declaimed against views, on the ground of their consequences, which it has afterward adopted. Is it because we have so little confidence in the intrinsic power of the Scriptures, or in the reality of a living Spirit amongst us, that we are so fearful for the ark of God? Dr. Sanday has elsewhere and in another connection written "winged words" on this very subject. "We are too apt in England to let our thoughts run ahead of the argument, and to be speculating anxiously about the end before we have well got beyond the beginning. So the whole of our mental vision is troubled and distorted; we do not look straight at the facts, but are always casting our eyes askance at imagined consequences. It is time we broke ourselves of

this habit. When the facts have once been ascertained, we can then turn round and consider how we stand in regard to them." If this is true of England it is doubly true of Canada.

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HERBERT SYMONDS.

ART NOTES.

The City of Cleveland, Ohio, will celebrate its centenary year in 1896, and the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer* proposes a monument to be erected two years hence. The town has already a monument of bronze and stone to Moses Cleveland, the founder. "A magnificent shaft, surmounted by a figure representing the City of Cleveland, or some pile of enduring granite and bronze, even an imposing gateway at Wade Park, would serve admirably," says this paper.

An exchange says that: Miss Florence Carlyle, a young Canadian girl, the daughter of Public School Inspector Carlyle of Woodstock, Ont., is attracting attention in Paris as an artist. For the second time Miss Carlyle has had her works selected for the Salon, this year two of them and in the honor list; and she has been receiving rather unusual attentions from art critics on the press and people eminent in art circles. During her residence in France Miss Carlyle has been a very hard worker, but she occasionally finds time for a pleasant holiday. She has just been on a visit to London where she has received marked attentions from eminent people in the social, literary and artistic world, due as well to her own success as an artist as to her being an object of interest there as a relative of the sage of Chelsea.

The following interesting account of Meissonier's methods of work is from the *Art Amateur*: During his last illness, Meissonier was much preoccupied about his allegorical picture, "The Siege of Paris." Early in 1884 he wrote: "I hope to be free from embarrassment this year, and to be able to turn to my 'Siege of Paris.'" . . . I was shut in myself until nearly the end. . . . I have determined to make it a sort of symphony. The City of Paris shall have a robe of gold brocade under her morning veil, the hand resting on the sword; instead of having her civic crown upon her head, the crown is on a stele, which will enable me also to make use of the whip in the arms of the city, against which an officer of marines will be shown dying." He goes on to speak of other incidents which he intended to introduce—a surgeon sustaining a wounded man, a national guardsman returning from the outposts to find one of his children dead—and he speaks of painting Regnault the last killed, dying against the figure of the city. At this point he goes into detail, about Regnault, with whom he had been talking the evening before, and whose body he had been deputed to ask of the Prussians; and then he returns to the pictures "Paris sees flying toward her the spectre of famine. . . . with the Prussian eagle, which she carries on her wrist like a falconer. When I have, if God grants me life, finished this, then I will rest, having done all that I want to do." The description shows admirably how the French conceive an allegorical picture of this kind, coldly reasoned out as to the general scheme so as to be at once understood, but usually with feeling in the details.

Few pictures from the brush of any of

our artists have called forth as much criticism, favourable and otherwise, as "Awaited in Vain," by Mr. Ernest Thompson, which was first exhibited here in 1893 at the Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists and afterwards at the World's Fair, where, to the indignation of many, it was "asked." No doubt Mr. Thompson is best known in that department of art that is handmaiden to science, the illustrating of works on natural history, of magazine articles and articles for encyclopedias, etc., on the same subject, for which often often he supplies the text as well. Indeed, in the correct illustrating of birds he has only two peers the round world over, one living in England and the other in Germany, although both are Germans, and with both of whom Mr. Thompson has visited and compared notes. As an indefatigable worker, minute, painstaking and methodical, Mr. Thompson has few equals. Cabinets with drawer after drawer filled with carefully preserved birds properly assorted: portfolios of sketches of animals, tame and wild, alphabetically arranged so that the required sketch may be easily reached, show this. A series of bird drawings has just been sent to the publishers and Mr. Thompson is now at work on a complete set of anatomical drawings for art purposes (which of course are quite different from those required for scientific purposes), of the horse, greyhound, and some varieties of birds. Of the amount of research, close study, and elaborate drawing required for these plates only those who have studied this branch of artistic work thoroughly can have any idea, and only those who have attempted such a task can fully understand. All this belongs to Mr. Thompson the naturalist—but there is Mr. Thompson the artist as well. What he has been busy at the last few months several large canvases bear witness to. All are winter scenes: A fox scampering down the hill-side at the foot of which lies a frozen stream, is the first. The second is called "The Settler's Lullaby;" the time is after sunset, and there still remains a glow in the sky, the settler's hut is in the distance and near it skulks the shadowy form of a wolf, while two larger ones in the foreground are howling "for all they are worth." The alert pose of these two and the expression shown in the lurking figure in the distance are splendidly given, while there is conveyed by the hour and by the vast loneliness of the reach of snow-covered ground a most uncanny feeling. The third and largest canvas shows a pack of wolves on the track; they come toward you at full gallop, following the sweeping curve of the road; in the distance are trees and several clumps are in the foreground, but you think of none of these details as your eye rests on the blood-thirsty brutes. It is one thing to arrange the subject for a picture in the studio, to have it before you and see it as a whole—there are still difficulties enough to encounter and overcome before the painter's idea is embodied with anything like satisfaction; but it is quite another thing in a subject like this where other methods have to be pursued. Of what some of these were, Mr. Thompson gave us an idea. First, came a number of studies of snow effects, rough drafts of the plan of the picture in color, then for each individual wolf a separate study, sometimes two or three, sometimes only the head or a part of the body. "Now I shall probably use the head from this one; it is better than the other, I think; and the forefeet from this other study," the