

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MISCELLANIES, Vol. I. By John Morley. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is another volume of the new edition of Mr. Morley's works. The titles of three of the essays may be found among the "English classics," Carlyle, Byron, Macaulay; but the first is upon Robespierre and the last upon Emerson. Mr. Morley as a critic is of course infinitely more agreeable reading than Mr. Morley as a casuist, although this is not wholly due to the more tangible and explicable nature of his subject. His manner of dealing with it is much more feasible, less laboured, and more direct. It gains in power in this respect; with lighter artillery it accomplishes more. Mr. Morley's critical faculty is of the highest order. He has a broad sympathy, a keen penetration, an intense susceptibility to genius, and an unerring detection of the insincere in literature. His liberal estimates of Byron and Carlyle have a double value in the clearness with which he traces the revolutionary forces in their works; his view of Macaulay is boldly admirable; but of Emerson and his works he discusses only the shell, somehow missing the indefinable and potent sweetness of the kernel.

ART. A RUSKIN ANTHOLOGY. Compiled by Wm. Sloane Kennedy. New York: John B. Alden.

"Anthologies" are almost always of doubtful utility. To take a passage from an author's work, especially an author whose writings cover the many-sided problems of social philosophy and the philosophy of art, to detach it from its qualifying environment, and set it up before the gaze of the multitude on its merits, so to speak, is often to rob it of its highest value, the value of truth. For its truth, and much of its beauty, is quite as likely to be relative as positive. There is also apt to be in such collections the absence of a connecting idea.

"A string of pearls it seems,
But one cannot find the thread,"

might be consistently said of many of them. This last defect is conspicuously absent from Mr. Kennedy's selection, which has been made with an evident purpose of continuity of thought. The first is apparent in a few instances, yet it would be difficult to find an author more palpably suited to the scissors than Ruskin. His paragraphs and most of his sentences are fine-cut gems, each perfect of its kind. These readings, moreover, form an immense improvement upon the extracts published, by Ruskin, the selection of a lady friend whose taste was utterly sentimental. The little paper-covered volume makes a charming pocket companion.

THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF SOCRATES. By E. J. Church, M.A. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

People who would find an easy road to the comprehension and admiration of the Socratic character will have reason to thank Mr. Church for the neat and compendious little volume which his publishers have just put into their hands. It consists of a translation of those works of Plato which give us our chief light concerning Socrates—the Euthyphron, Apology, Crito, and Phaedo—with a valuable introduction fully explaining and illustrating such points in the life and teachings of Socrates as are referred to in these dialogues. The Greek itself is done into excellent, clear, colloquial English.

PASTIME PAPERS. By the author of "Salad for the Solitary and the Social." New York: Thomas Whittaker.

Those who would not be too loud in their laughter and would combine a little judicious instruction with their mirth, will welcome this popular edition of "Pastime Papers." They are not as funny as the name would lead one to expect. Their pleasantries are rather ambling and out of date, and they are vastly predisposed to punning. Nevertheless, "Pastime Papers" make good, solid reading, irradiated by a smile here and there, and even in these latter days of galvanic mirth, are not to be despised.

THE SCEPTIC'S CREED. By Rev. Nevison Loraine. Standard Publishing Company, Toronto.

If all theological discussions were conducted with the courtesy and fairness that marks the utterances of the Rev. Mr. Loraine as embalmed in "The Sceptic's Creed," polemics would lose their bitterness and controversies their sting. While Mr. Loraine has written as the uncompromising adversary of scepticism, he has not in a single instance permitted his antagonism to react upon the sceptic, whom, indeed, he dignifies all the way through with a capital S. And while he has not hesitated to attack with great vigour the opinions of certain gentlemen distinguished in the schools of philosophy, he has invariably placed himself under the most Christian restraint in his treatment of the gentlemen themselves. How-

ever powerful Mr. Loraine's powers of demolition may be, and of that everyone must judge for himself, the book itself, the motive that prompted it, the spirit that dictated it, the gentleness and goodwill with which every sentence is clad as with a garment, its zeal and temperance and high-mindedness, will be the best proof of its doctrines.

THE CRUISE OF THE ALABAMA. By One of the Crew. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The story of the notable Confederate vessel could hardly be better told than is this, for the popular understanding and enjoyment. It is written in true sailor style, with a dash and a buoyancy that makes the narrative tenfold more real than any cultured literary style could possibly do. The whole virtue of the book is here, and in its modicum of probable truth, for it has no other excellence of manner and its literary faults are many. Nevertheless it will become speedily and deservedly popular.

BOUQUET OF KINDERGARTEN SONGS: Part I. Introduction by Mrs. James L. Hughes. Notes and gestures by Mrs. J. L. Hughes and Bessie E. Hailmann. Selby and Company, Toronto.

This is a collection of eighteen gesture songs. Those who attended the Toronto Musical Festival will recognize some of them. Both words and music are very suitable; but the book is chiefly to be recommended for the remarks on the educative value of action songs, and for the hints on appropriate gestures. Everyone who teaches junior pupils should have such a book.

We have received also the following publications.

BULLETIN OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.
PROCEEDINGS OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE. Toronto: Copp, Clark, and Company.
THE MANUFACTURE, CONSUMPTION AND PRODUCTION OF IRON, STEEL AND COAL IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA. By James Herbert Bartlett. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
HISTORY OF THE LAND QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Shosuke Sato, Ph.D.
YE OLD PILGRIMS TO YE NEW. New York: John B. Alden. The Elzevir Library.
MUSICAL HERALD. July. Boston: Franklin Square.
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. July. Chicago: F. J. Abbott.
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. July 17. Boston: Littell and Company.
MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. July. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. July. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott Publishing Company.
ATLANTIC MONTHLY. August. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE. August. New York: Harper and Bros.
ART INTERCHANGE. July 17. New York: 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ART GALLERY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I feel impelled to trespass for a little upon your valuable space, from a double motive: gratitude and protest; gratitude, that my humble work should have received such unstinted praise at the hands of so kindly and sympathetic a critic; protest, for I have been both misunderstood and misinterpreted.

In the first place, the extract given as mine is full of inaccuracies, verbal and literal.

To be brief: with regard to the accusation anent the "Howells' people" I must be content with a disclaimer. *I had not the Howells in my mind when I penned the offending paragraph.* The misunderstanding is, however, partly my fault. I should have written "story" or "novelette," instead of "novel."

Again: I do not expect any one to believe that the author of Ossian's elemental verses coexisted with the quarrying of the monoliths of Stonehenge. Such was not my statement. All I said, or meant to say, was, that we have the rugged, monolithic type, now in stone, now in words. Moreover, my passage was not from Ossian, but from Byron's "Death of Culma and Orla," an imitation.

With regard to the word "charlatany" of Southey: of course, as I said before, likings and dislikings belong to the individual. To me, the passage is instinct with a very fine onomatopoeic effect—that is all.

That there are many flecks in my word-painting, I am, alas, only too well aware. Would they were fewer. But as to "the kiss" of the waterspout: I, who have witnessed the phenomenon, can think of no happier metaphor. The stooping clouds *do* bend to kiss, with a sullen kiss, the lowering, tempestuous, most awful swirl of the uplifted and gyrating waters.

Lastly: my poor "seeds" was a mere poetic *locum tenens* for the very prosaic cherry stones. It is a poetic conceit, if you will; just what I intended it to be. If Romeo be permitted to address his mistress's eyebrow as the arch of night or Cupid's bow, or my critic conceded the figure of "a book on the literary horizon," why may I not be allowed my simple conceit? Moreover, teeth are like milk-white seeds, not stones. However, I do not quarrel with my critic for her velvet pats. Correction is healthy. I am deeply grateful that so many kind things have been said of my attempt to prove all things are, in a sense, convertible in art to the appreciative spirit of the intellect. I am, yours very faithfully,

Brantford, Ont., 16th July, 1886.

A. H. MORRISON.