

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CARINE: A STORY OF SWEDEN. By Louis Énault. Translated by Linda da Kowalewska. With illustrations by Louis K. Harlow. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1891.

"Carine" deserves the extremely dainty dress with which the publishers have habited it. It also deserves illustration; and had Mr. Harlow given his crow-quill greater scope, and treated us to authentic scenes from the country in which the scene is laid, this little tale of Énault's, as thus prepared for English readers, would have merited unqualified eulogy from the critic, for the translator has succeeded in hitting a most charming medium between the baldly literal and the falsely free. Énault, like so many French writers of short prose tales, possesses that grace and delicacy of style which seems to be inimitable; and in "Carine," as thus Englished, these traits are admirably preserved.

HELD FAST FOR ENGLAND: A Tale of the Siege of Gibraltar. By G. A. Henty. Price \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

In this story Mr. Henty returns to the kind of subject which he has made so peculiarly his own, namely, the embodying of some epoch or incident of history in a story. The historical material of the present volume is rather slight, but the tale is well told, with brightness and animation, and the incidents are perfectly natural and free from exaggeration. The hero's life begins at school, where he distinguishes himself by occasionally breaking bounds. On one such occasion, assisted by three schoolfellows, he displayed great courage and presence of mind in the capture of some burglars. Being withdrawn from school he, for a time, assisted his uncle, who was a wine-merchant, but was afterwards sent with his brother-in-law, an officer, to Gibraltar, that he might learn Spanish; and here the adventurous part of the story begins. It is an excellent boy's book.

ROBERT BROWNING: CHIEF POET OF THE AGE. By William G. Kingsland. New edition, with biographical and other additions. London: J. W. Jarvis and Son; Philadelphia: Poet-Lore Company.

Neither Mr. Kingsland nor this a new addition of his little book need any commendation from us. His "main purpose," the writer tells us, "has been to offer a sort of manual for beginners in the study of Browning," and his "object is, primarily, to call attention to the simplest of the poems, while remarking on the leading characteristics of the poet's genius, in the hope that the reader may be induced thereby to study the complete works of Robert Browning," and he hastens to add that "of course, for more advanced students, the 'Handbook' of Mrs. Orr is the guide to the full understanding of Browning." Mr. Kingsland is modest, and so we will say for him that many an "advanced student" will derive not only pleasure but profit from his little work.

The book is adorned by a photogravure from the last photograph taken of Browning, and is excellent.

GALLEGHER, AND OTHER STORIES. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is not every day that we take up a volume of short stories and read them all with the rare delight which these tales of Mr. Davis have given us. Fine writing does not make a winsome story, neither does the art of vivid description, nor a well contrived plot, nor yet a clever analysis of character. How many stories are written and read that impress the reader, before he has finished half a dozen pages, with a want of something essential to a well-told tale. In one respect or another the writer lacks the art of concealing art, and proves by his own defective workmanship that he has not the gift or grace of holding up the mirror to nature. Mr. Davis, it may fairly be said, has succeeded beyond all ordinary expectation. The ten stories contained in this volume from "Gallegher: A Newspaper Story" to "Van Bibber as Best Man" are sufficient in themselves to establish for him the enviable reputation of being one of the best short story writers of his day and country. They are written with unaffected ease and naturalness, and in language at once clear and appropriate to their subject matter. One has not the suspicion of a doubt that their writer was perfectly familiar with the scenes depicted, the events narrated and the persons described. There is no straining for effect, no gaudy colouring, no distasteful extravagance. The scenes are natural, the events probable and the characters are of the flesh and blood and fibre of our common humanity—idealized, it is true—but drawn by the hand of a master, deftly, tenderly and well. The stories are intensely human, and were we to seek ground for criticism it would be found in that very warmth of human kindness which is, perhaps, their chief charm, and which is alike most creditable to the head and heart of their gifted author.

THE DISCOURSES OF EPICTETUS, with the Encheiridion and Fragments. Reprinted from the translation, by George Long. London: George Bell and Sons. 1891.

This is a very neat edition in two volumes of an important work. In 1877, Mr. Long, a profound scholar, who had spent a lifetime in studying and teaching and trans-

lating the classics, made a translation of Epictetus. Up to that time the only English translation was that of Elizabeth Carter, a translation which, though so good that Mr. Long at first only thought of editing her work and though Dr. Johnson pronounced her one of the best Greek scholars he ever knew, could not fail to contain errors and misapprehensions. Mr. Long made his translation independently, and then compared it with Mrs. Carter's, with the Latin version, and also availed himself of the labours of the German critics. Mr. Long's translation fulfils all the conditions of a successful translation. While rendering the meaning of the Greek author with accuracy he does this in pure and classical English.

It is owing perhaps to the ignorant denunciation of heathen writers by certain of the clergy and their pride of intellect that these discourses have not been more widely read and appreciated by Christians, for the teaching of Epictetus is in great part eminently Christian, though it is morally certain he never was brought in contact with Christian thought. A native of Hieropolis in Phrygia we find him at an early age a slave in Rome, his master Epaphroditus being the profligate freedman of the Emperor Nero. At the end of the Republic and under the first Emperor it was a "fad" of the great of Rome to reckon among their numerous slaves—grammarians, poets, rhetoricians and philosophers in the same way as an American speculator who has "struck it" and made a few millions spends large sums in building and "stocking" a well-equipped library, and Epaphroditus noting the brightness of the young Phrygian sent him to or permitted him to attend, the lectures of C. Musonius Rufus, an eminent Stoic philosopher, of whom Tacitus tells us that he endeavoured to mediate between the partisans of Vitellius who were in Rome and the army of Vespasian which was before the gates, behaviour which the philosophical historian calls "intempestivum" or "unseasonable," but which was clearly what a noble Christian might have done. The master of Epictetus was put to death by Domitian for the part he took in the suicide of the tyrant, and in some way unknown he obtained his freedom and began to teach in Rome. But in A.D. 89 when the philosophers were expelled he retired to Nicopolis, where he opened a lecture room and taught till he was an old man. Like Socrates he never wrote anything, and what we have of his teaching we owe to Arrian, an affectionate pupil who took down in writing the philosopher's discourses.

Epictetus is no subtle dialectician or metaphysical speculator, but a practical preacher of righteousness. He is not purely a Stoic. He quotes the teaching and example of Socrates and Diogenes. He valued Plato. The beginning of philosophy is self-knowledge—the beginning of education, the examination of names, the understanding the conception of things. We ought to pity those who do wrong, for they err in ignorance. He has no taste for the subtle disquisitions of the Neo-Platonists or of Pyrrho, the leader of those who doubt. He views that part of the Stoic teaching named "Physic," or the nature of things as subordinate; in a word, his philosophy is purely ethical—his enquiry being: "What is the rule of life?" He believes God knows all things, and is interested in men's doings as Ulysses says (Iliad X., 278):—

I move not without Thy knowledge.

He proclaims "the fatherhood of God" as strongly as our Lord Himself. He believed in inferior gods (as Christians believe in angels), to whom offerings were to be made, and a God from whom all have sprung. "God is the father both of men and gods." In his chapter on Providence he says that in order to understand it a man must have a faculty of seeing what belongs and happens to "all persons and things and a grateful disposition;" and he strongly elsewhere insists on the absolute freedom of the will. Compare the language of Christ: "If any man wills to do His will he shall know of the doctrine," etc. Man is a citizen of the State, but also of that Greater State composed of gods and men, and ruled over by the supreme God. Why should not such a man call himself a citizen of the world, why not a son of God, and why should he be afraid of anything which happens among men? When you have God for your maker and father and guardian, shall not this release you from sorrows and fears? Man ought to be thankful to God for all things, and always content with that which happens, and, as Bishop Butler says, absolutely resign ourselves to the will of God. "Let your talk of God be renewed every day, rather than your food," and again: "Think of God more frequently than you breathe." Man has what he calls a ruling faculty, "which uses all other faculties, and tries them and selects and rejects." This rational faculty is what the good man labours on. He seems to have held the doctrine of innate ideas. As to good and evil and what we ought to do, and what we ought not to do, and the like, "Whoever came into the world without having an idea of them?" The differences between men about particular things arise in the adaptation of the præ-cognitions to the particular case. Man is not flesh nor bones nor sinews, "but he is that which makes use of these parts of the body and governs them and understands the appearance of things." His great merit, says Mr. Long, is that he "attempted to show that there is in man's nature and in the constitution of things sufficient reason for living a virtuous life."

We recommend this book to every thoughtful reader. Every true Christian will read it with profit, for he will find himself in communion with a soul moving along the highest plane of moral teaching and a spirituality of thought which place him in the same category as the great philosophers and most exalted Christian teachers.

the Academy to repletion with the wealth and fashion of not alone Toronto but many also from Hamilton and other places who were attracted by the fame and genius of Madame Sara Bernhardt. In the passionate scenes in the third and fourth acts, Mme. Bernhardt took every advantage of the situations afforded her by the author, Sardou; her facile expression at each change of emotion, from that of tenderness to vindictive hatred, and again to a sense of fear and awe after the deadly weapon has performed its mission, was a study from life; though the exquisite, touching quality of the woman's tender tones, in the earlier love scenes, appealed most strongly, perhaps, to the most refined. It is curious to note how plays depicting combinations of sensual abandonment and vindictive passion have been invariably chosen for the public appearances of this sensitively passionate woman of the world. Our inherent qualities ever seek similitudes elsewhere. Bernhardt's costumes were, as of old, a symphonic study in colour and cut, for the ladies especially. The supporting company assisted towards the enjoyment of the evening, which was marred somewhat by scant scenery and lengthy delays between the acts, caused, no doubt, by the transformations of the divinity's no less divine dress dreams, worn, it is said, for the first time to please Toronto's high-art costume "cultjah!"

"A High Roller," a new farce-comedy, bristling all over and under and around with fun, song, dance and witty merriment, is running to good business at this house during the week, with a matinée on Saturday. The cast contains the well-known favourites, Barney Fagan, Leon, and numerous others of the comedian and soubrette stamp of amusing artists.

Next week Primrose and West's "Eight-Bells," a farce comedy, will be presented for the delectation of the patrons of the Academy.

THE PAVILION.

THE Toronto Vocal Society, under their musical director, Mr. W. Edgar Buck, will give their first concert of this season in the Pavilion, Thursday, Nov. 26. The Society already numbers 150 trained voices. Subscribers should send their names in at once to the Sec.-Treas., J. N. Sutherland, Board of Trade Building.

MRS. CALDWELL, our bird soprano, and Miss Jessie Alexander entertained a large gathering in McCaul Street Methodist Church, on Tuesday evening last. In addition to their several selections, all of which were re-demanded, these popular ladies substituted extra numbers in lieu of Mrs. Blight's piano solos, she being absent; they were "The Cuckoo Song," and "The Tay Bridge."

THE telephone has been installed between one or two of the Paris hotels and the Grand Opera. The charge is fifty centimes for five minutes, and it is stated an amateur last week heard a good deal of "Lohengrin" by telephone. One lady, however, was unfortunate enough to take her turn at the telephone during an entr'acte, whereby of course she wasted her money.

MANAGER LAGO has at length made arrangements for his projected London autumn season of Italian opera. It will be held at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and the opening date was fixed for October 19. The chief attractions of the repertory will be Pietro Mascagni's one act opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," which Lago proposes to give—presumably in conjunction with some other short work—three times a week throughout the season.

THE famous Dowlais Harmonic Society, the winner of many notable triumphs, has finally decided to compete in the international Eisteddfod, to be held at Chicago during the progress of the Columbian World's Fair of 1893. The Dowlais choir consists of 250 members, and it is estimated that their trip to the United States will cost \$25,000, although the prize offered in competition is only \$5,000. The Dowlais Harmonic Society will give a series of concerts in the United States to recoup themselves for their expenses.

THE following, by E. T., in New York Truth is worthy of reproduction:—

RUSTIC CHIVALRY.

OPERA IN ONE ACT.

Two summer girls;
Two rustic men;
One flirts with both;
What happens then?
One jealous, blabs,
One husband, certain,
Calls out and stabs—
Down comes the curtain.

AND now Milwaukee, emulative of Bayreuth, proposes sundry things, as indicated in the following despatch to the Herald:—

MILWAUKEE, Wis., October 9, 1891.—The promoters of the scheme to reproduce in Milwaukee during the world's fair period the Bayreuth festival plays are to-day considering the propositions of Director Angelo Neumann, of Prague.

Director Neumann offers to present the following Wagner operas during the season: "Die Feen," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Rienzi," "Meistersinger," "Flying Dutchman," "Tristan," "Rheingold," "Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung." He proposes to give four evening and two matinée performances weekly, and to bring the whole stage apparatus, including the original Bayreuth scenery.

All this is truly an American scheme, and if pushed to a successful conclusion will seriously impair the attractions of that nebulous uncertainty, the world's fair in Chicago. It is all means let us have Bayreuth in Milwaukee. It is nearer. Besides, the beer is just as good as at Angerhausen's.—Musical Courier.