

he was the one who most intimately followed on with the new movements and the fresh temper. He was absolutely in touch with the younger men. . . . He felt what was going forward; he believed in its worth; he took it seriously. Right to his very latest years he caught the spirit that was abroad, and was sensitive to its necessary differences from earlier types. Thus the younger men could come to him with their vague and crude aspirations, unafraid and unchilled. They were sure of sympathetic consideration—of a judgment that viewed their case from inside. . . . And this was of vital significance during the crucial years, when the currents set moving by the Tractarian impulse were beginning to work out new grooves and receive fresh tributaries. . . . It is difficult to exaggerate his influence in reconciliation and in control at a juncture when old bonds were stretched near to breaking. He stood between the old and the young, procuring the entire confidence of each, with an authority over both that was unique." In a letter to Canon Liddon, evidently referring to "*Lux Mundi*," Dean Church shows his sympathy with the liberal wing of the Oxford Movement. He did not necessarily accept all their conclusions, but he felt and saw the difficulties with which the writers of "*Lux Mundi*" were attempting to grapple.

Canon Scott Holland describes an incident which shows what the Dean thought of Mr. Gladstone. A clergyman chanced to remark in the Dean's presence that Mr. Gladstone was insincere. "The Dean was sitting in his chair when the remark was made, but he instantly rose, his face even paler than it usually was, and he said, evidently with the strongest suppression of personal feeling: 'Insincere! Sir, I tell you that to my knowledge Mr. Gladstone goes from communion with God to the great affairs of state.' It was high testimony to be given to any man, but highest of all when we remember who gave it."

Among other things there is an amusing account of the Dean's growth in the knowledge and love of Browning's work. He advises the unwary to begin with "Paracelsus," then the selections. We wish we could quote Dean Church's estimate of Dean Stanley, but it is too long. We can only hope that we have said enough to induce some of our readers to get a book which is interesting and elevating on every page. For this volume records the life of one who was universally beloved and revered. His sympathies were wide and generous. He possessed the "faculty of judgment and the grace of justice." He was a moral compass, a higher conscience, to all who knew him. The universal homage to his clear insight, purity of motive and justness of judgment points clearly to his peculiar greatness and the loss which the church and nation suffered when he died. But he has bequeathed to men the richest of all legacies, the memory of the grace and beauty of an almost perfect life.

At the end of this volume will be found a list of Dean Church's numerous works and a good index to the "Life and Letters." The publishers are to be congratulated on the appearance of this new and cheaper edition.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

Meditations in Motley; A Bundle of Papers Imbued with the Sobriety of Midnight. By Walter Blackburn Harte. (The Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.)—This is a dull, pretentious and wordy little book. Mr. Harte says that he was once a newspaper man and that he has left journalism. His leaving it can be well understood. If newspaper men used as many words to carry their thoughts as the author of these "meditations" does the world would not contain the papers that would have to be printed. Our author must have been a writer "on space," and the trick of expanding his "copy" to an undue tenuity appears to stick to him. All that is worth anything in this really attractive-looking little chunky volume, so daintily printed and bound, could have been said in a third of the compass with better effect by a man of direct thought and a fair mastery of English. Mr. Harte is neither the one nor the other. Where he should be direct he meanders, where his language should be forcible it is pitifully weak, though he appears to fall into the error of supposing that he can atone for a pervading and fatal commonplaceness by the occasional use of grotesquely unpleasant verbiage. We can only compare our sensations after reading this book to those of a man who has asked for bread and has been given seidlitz powders. We have constantly hoped, as we have turned page after page, that we

were coming to something solid at last, but our hope has been turned to disappointment and our hunger has remained unsatisfied. It may be said that we were not warranted in expecting wisdom in a book with such a title as "*Meditations in Motley*." Well, we have known fools who were, in their way, wise. Mr. Harte, however, does not prove to be of this kind. Motley is surely quite unnecessary wear for him—why does he wish to disguise himself? He has neither the geniality nor the wit of the true jester, and where he apparently tries to be smart he fails clumsily. There is, nevertheless, fun in the book, for our author takes himself so very seriously and gives us his platitudes with such gravity that it is impossible not to be amused by him. Take this sentence or two, for instance, from the opening essay, which is entitled "On Certain Satisfaction of Prejudice":

Thus, while the more matter of fact of my friends have forfeited all their illusions before reaching the age of thirty, I hope to retain a sufficiently large number of amusing prejudices to exercise and keep me in humor for a lifetime; and that without becoming seriously a victim of my own illusions. So my incredulity, being of a slow and native growth—it was of almost unconscious development until my plunge into the study of psychology—has not destroyed and deprived me of the advantage of any prejudices that a kind providence and the concomitance of education and early surroundings ordained should be mine, as contributory to my social happiness; but it has maintained an equilibrium between my real world and the world of my illusions, which I cannot but think has not only been of material benefit to me in my earthly pilgrimage, but has afforded me innocent mirth at my own expense, when I was too desperately poor to indulge in laughter at anybody else's, and truly the man who cannot laugh heartily at the unescapable discrepancy between his conscience and his inclinations, who cannot perceive the ludicrousness of his grave and sober part, be it what it may, in this great farce of a world, cannot have much charity for those who, either from indolence or natural unfitness, or an excess of philosophical temperament, fail to get anything out of the scramble but hard knocks.

That is a fair sample of the style of these essays. They are written as if they were the inner thoughts of a man respecting whom the world should be interested. If they were written by one who had done something in the world—say, shaped the decrees of a kingdom for thirty or forty years, or ruled an army, or subdued the nations as a novelist or dramatist—they might be patiently waded through with toleration. As it is they only add one more example to the large existing collection of the world's specimens of literary egotism.

Press Opinions of "The Week."

The last issue of THE WEEK is an excellent number, and fully sustains the high standard which this journal has established. It contains a deal of interesting and varied matter, the literary treatment of which is marked by an ability that does credit to Canadian journalism. THE WEEK is a high class publication, devoted to politics, science, art, and kindred subjects, which has met with widespread favour among educated men and women.—*The Globe*.

The Review begs to congratulate its esteemed contemporary, THE WEEK, on its handsome appearance under its new and energetic management, and on the excellence and brightness of its varied contents. A journal which outlives all the vicissitudes which beset journalistic ventures in this country, and for twelve years more than holds its own, is a paper that must have roots in the soil and good cause for its existence. THE WEEK has taken root in Canada. It fills a real and not an imaginary need. The best thoughts and aspirations of the country must have a medium for their expression, and THE WEEK's record shows that it is the chosen medium. Free from party leanings and possessing the courage of its convictions, THE WEEK has ever aimed to promote independence in public life, and honesty and integrity in our legislatures. It is a standing protest against provincialism, representing, as it does, by its large number of contributors and correspondents, all parts of the Dominion. In no other Canadian publication can be found the contributions of such prominent writers. THE WEEK discusses affairs from the point of view of the nation, and not the province. This fact is abundantly recognized abroad, and the paper is constantly quoted by English and American magazines and reviews as the best exponent of the best thought and life of the Canadian people. It has just begun a brilliant series of articles entitled, "Pew and Pulpit in Toronto," of which two numbers have already appeared.—*Trinity Review*.