

THE ART OF BREATHING as the Basis of Tone Production. By Leo Kofler, organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's Chapel, Trinity Parish, New York City. New York: Edgar S. Werner.

This admirable work should be in the hands of every instructor of singing. Early in life we had the good fortune to receive some hints on the art of breathing with a view to expanding, exercising and strengthening the lungs from a wise friend, and the habit then acquired has been a lifelong source of health and strength. The above treatise is based on personal practice and knowledge gained by experience and culture; and we may venture to say that in practical utility it has not been surpassed by any similar work. Not only should it be a *vade mecum* for the singer, but all who desire to develop the powers of that grand organ, the human voice, to acquire strength of lung and scope of expansion—whether in pulpit, platform or court room—or wherever in the varied callings of life speech is a factor of success—will find here what they need clearly, comprehensively and ably presented. The full table of contents and index are commendable features. It is said of the author that "he is a firm believer in the old Italian school, and has by visits to Italy and deep research sought to revive the method that has produced the world's greatest singers."

THE PROPHET AND OTHER POEMS. By Isaac R. Baxley. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1888.

We cannot accord to the author of these poems the merit of clearness. It is true that in some instances both thought and expression are lucid, but in the main we feel that in aiming at the sublime and profound in the spiritual, mental and material world, the writer has too often exemplified the thought conveyed in the lines of the opening poem, "The Prophet":

'Tis the dark curse of vision cast afar
To fail thro' noisome vapours rising near.

Some of the poems are sprightly and animated, such as "The Manikin," though it contains passages which we cannot help thinking are somewhat too sensuous for refined nineteenth century readers. From this poem, however, we make the following pleasing quotation:

The maiden to the youth.
Constant to thee as fire and flame;
Constant as waves to windy seas;
Constant as daily suns remain
Heirs to their desert boundaries:
More constant than to drowsy theme
Are summer bees, and more than dips
The constant swallow in the stream—
More than the honey to thy lips.

Temple Bar for July is excellent. To say nothing of the continued stories, the tart critique by a woman on "George Meredith's Views of Women," the terse selections from "The Wit and Wisdom of Schopenhauer," the womanly friend of the illustrious Goethe, the chief charm for literary readers lies in the fascinating articles, "Macaulay at Home," by W. Fraser Rae, and "Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb," a parallel, by P. W. Roose.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HARPER AND BROTHERS publish this week a new novel by Miss Braddon, called "The Day Will Come."

A. D. F. RANDOLPH AND Co. will publish at once the Duke of Argyll's work, entitled "What is Truth?"

In *Harper's Bazar*, of July 12, will begin a serial by William Black, the title of which is "Prince Fortunatus."

THOMAS NAST, the cartoonist, will draw hereafter for *Time*. Social and general topics, as well as politics, will engage his attention.

MISS MAY KENDALL, a young English poet, has written a novel, "Such is Life," which is to be issued both in London and New York by the Longmans.

A GERMAN translation of Max O'Rell's "Jonathan and His Continent" has just appeared in Stuttgart, and a Danish one is in preparation in Copenhagen.

MACMILLAN AND Co. will issue very shortly a popular life of Father Damien, by his friend and correspondent, Mr. Edward Clifford, who visited him within a few months of his death.

LITTLE, BROWN AND Co. are to publish in the autumn a popular edition of Dr. Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year." Their fine edition of this book was sold out in advance of publication.

An edition *de luxe* of the works of Dean Swift, in nineteen volumes, is in preparation by Bickers and Son in London. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. will have charge of the distribution on this side of the Atlantic.

FUNK AND WAGNALLS are preparing an Encyclopædia of Missions, giving the history, geography, ethnology, biography, and statistics of missions, from apostolic times to the present, with maps, diagrams, and a copious index.

A FEW summers ago Allen Thorndike Rice and William Waldorf Astor rode on horseback up the banks of the Hudson to Albany, and Mr. Astor will contribute some reminiscences of his friend to the July *North American Review*.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND Co. are preparing a new edition of their catalogue, including the new names transferred from the list of Ticknor and Co. The new catalogue will

embrace 600 additional volumes; it will also include many new portraits.

THE *Andover Review* for July will contain, from A. Taylor Innes, Esq., of Edinburgh, Scotland, a full account of the remarkable movement in favour of Creed Revision, which has received so great an impulse from the action of the Presbyterian Assemblies at their recent sessions in Edinburgh.

THE last of the "Ticknor Paper Series" of novels was No. 58, Mrs. Kirk's lively and entertaining "Queen Money." Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. now intend to continue the series as the "Riverside Paper Series," and promise several excellent copyright novels during the summer months.

MRS. S. J. HIGGINSON, author of "A Princess of Java," published two years ago, is writing a book on Java for the Riverside Library for Young People. Prof. A. V. G. Allen's book on Jonathan Edwards will appear in the early autumn as the initial volume in Houghton, Mifflin and Co.'s series of American Religious Leaders.

A COMPLETE bibliography of the works of Ruskin is being compiled by Thomas J. Wise, Honorary Secretary of the Shelley Society. It will be accompanied by a full list of Ruskiniana, and will form a quarto volume, issued to subscribers only, in about eight parts, periodically. Each part will contain not less than thirty-two pages, and will cost half a crown.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE

JOHN EVELYN.

WE can imagine no one whom it would have been more delightful to have had for a friend or relation than the accomplished Christian gentleman, philanthropist, scholar, artist, author, and scientist who wrote "Evelyn's Diary." Living in a corrupt yet bigoted and superstitious age, he is our ideal of all that is pure, liberal, charitable, lovely, and of good report. He was, as Horace Walpole said, a Christian who "adored from examination; was a courtier that flattered only by informing his prince, and by pointing out what was worthy for him to countenance; and really was the neighbour of the gospel, for there was no man that might not have been the better for him." He abhorred both profanity and dissipation and severe and affected austerity of manners; equally shunning Cavalier and Puritan extravagances and excesses. Yet when Charles II. and his reckless minions brought "deep and prodigious gaming" and foolish and licentious plays into fashion, he grew to feel an almost Puritan detestation of the card-table and the theatre, which in better days he had approved, and expressed his condemnation in strong language. It does one good to live in his society even now, when we can come no nearer to him than the daily record in his journal of his wise, happy, useful life. "God blessed him," as his affectionate friend the poet Cowley said, with "the choice of his own happiness," and "with prudence how to choose the best;" and he placed his "noble and innocent delights" in gardens and books, and in his lovely wife, in whom he found "both pleasures more refined and sweet:"—

The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.

Another of his dear friends, Bishop Burnet, calls him "this ingenious and virtuous gentleman," and tells us that, not content to have advanced the knowledge of the age by his own labours, he was ready "to contribute everything in his power to perfect other men's endeavours." He was equally "the patron of the ingenious and the indigent." The chivalrous Sir Walter Scott, who found in Evelyn, in some respects, a kindred soul, thought that "his life, principles, and manners" as illustrated in his *Memoirs* ought to be "the manual of English gentlemen." He entirely escaped depreciation and satire in a day and generation which was in the habit of making jest of goodness, and was loved and revered even by those who were too evil or too weak to follow his example of holy living and dying.—*Mary D. Steele in July Atlantic*.

FRENCH-CANADIAN ACHIEVEMENTS IN LITERATURE.

It is a generally-recognized aphorism now-a-days that the literature of a nation forms a good criterion of its state of civilization. What is, therefore, the position occupied by the French Canadians in the field of a purely indigenous literature, compared with that of our English-speaking fellow-Canadians? We do not form one-third of the population of the Dominion; and can Prof. Goldwin Smith pretend with any shadow of proof that we are not on a level—to say the least—with our more numerous compatriots of the English-speaking provinces? What are the names in historical researches and writings that he can place above those of Garneau, Sulte, Ferland, the two Bibauds, l'abbé Casgrain, l'abbé Tanguay, l'abbé Verreau, Rameau, and others? Are not Fréchette's poetical works, which have obtained European fame, and the unquestionable eulogium of the French Academy, on a par with anything written in English by any Canadian poet; and are not Crémazie, Legendre, and Lemay names that can be compared favourably with those of the best-known among their compeers of either nationality? Have we not in the field of fiction such men as Marmette, Chauveau, Faucher de St. Maurice, Lésperance, and others whose names would form a long list of well-known *littérateurs*? Compare, if you will, the annual

proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada, and tell me whether the French section is inferior in any way to the others. And as to parliamentary eloquence, has not the English press of both political parties acknowledged the superiority at the present date of such men as the Hon. W. Laurier, leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Secretary of State, and the Hon. H. Mercier, Premier of Quebec; and in the past can we not boast of orators like Papineau, Morin, Lafontaine, Papin, Cartier, Dorion, and a score of others who could at any moment take up the cudgels, in English or in French, so as to command the attention and the respect of their colleagues on the benches of the Canadian Parliament? The comparison need go no further for any one who is at all familiar with Canadian literature, and this is not the place to attempt documentary proof of my assertion. Charles Dudley Warner, in his "Comments on Canada," in *Harper's Magazine* for last March, writes as follows: "There is a great charm about Quebec—its language, its social life, the military remains of the last century. It is a Protestant writer who speaks of the volume and wealth of the French-Canadian literature as too little known to English-speaking Canada. And it is true that literary men have not realized the richness of the French material, nor the work accomplished by French writers in history, poetry, essays, and romances. . . . And even in the highest education, where modern science has a large place, what we may call the literary side is very much emphasized. Indeed, the French students are rather inclined to rhetoric, and in public life the French are distinguished for the graces and charm of oratory."—*Honoré Beaugrand in the July Forum*

FROUDE'S EPIGRAMS.

THE following epigrammatic sentences are taken from Mr. Froude's new book, entitled "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy":—

Irish society grew up in happy recklessness. Insecurity added zest to enjoyment.

We Irish must either laugh or cry, and if we went in for crying, we should all hang ourselves.

Too close a union with the Irish had produced degeneracy both of character and creed in all the settlements of the English.

We age quickly in Ireland with the whiskey and the broken heads.

The Irish leaders cannot fight. They can make the country ungovernable, and keep an English army occupied in watching them.

No nation can ever achieve a liberty that will not be a curse to it, except by arms in the field.

Patriotism? Yes! Patriotism of the Hibernian order. That the country has been badly treated, and is poor and miserable. This is the patriot's stock-in-trade. Does he want it mended? Not he. His own occupation would be gone.

Irish corruption is the twin brother of Irish eloquence. England will not let us break the heads of our scoundrels; she will not break them herself; we are a free country, and, must take the consequence.

The functions of the Anglo-Irish Government were to do what ought not to have been done, and to leave undone what ought to be done.

The Irish are the best actors in the world.

Order is an exotic in Ireland. It has been imported from England, but it will not grow. It suits neither soil nor climate.

Nature keeps an accurate account. The longer the bill is left unpaid, the heavier the accumulation of interest.

You cannot live in Ireland without breaking laws on one side or another. *Pecca fortiter*, therefore, as Luther says.

The annual spirits of the Irish remained when all else was gone, and if there was no purpose in their lives they could at least enjoy themselves.

WRITING.

It is a remarkable fact that while the Hebrews have assigned the honour of the discovery of music and metal working to remote antiquity, that there is no trace or tradition of the origin of letters. Throughout the book of Genesis there is no allusion, even directly, to the practice of writing. The Greek word for "to write" does not once occur; even the word for "a book" is found only in a single passage, Gen. v. 1; but there is nothing to show that writing was known at that time.

The signet of Judah, and the ring with which Pharaoh invested Joseph, had probably emblematic characters upon them. The Egyptians had at that time writing of a certain kind, it is supposed; but there is nothing to prove that it extended to the Hebrews. In Exodus we read, "And they made the plate of the holy crown of pure gold, and wrote upon it a writing of the engraving of a signet, 'Holiness to the Lord.'" But that is thought to be as the work of an intaglio. Writing is first distinctly mentioned in Ex. xviii. 14, where God commanded Moses to write this in a book and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua. The tables of the testimony are said to be "written by the finger of God." The second tables were written either by Moses or by God himself. The engraving of the gems of the high priest's breastplate, and the inscription upon the mitre were not probably written, but imply a knowledge of alphabetical characters.