

To the readers of the Library perhaps not the least interesting page of the report will be that giving a list of "the more important books added during the year;" for, if we are not mistaken, with the exception of their burial in that—to most people—repellent of catalogues the "Card Catalogue," the titles of these are not anywhere else visible to the searcher for new books of reference. A weekly list of new books for the shelves of the Circulating Department appears in the daily newspapers; but what important additions are made to the Reference Department it is given only to the gods and the authorities to know.

On the whole, then, our Public Library seems to be flourishing. Mr. Vokes tells us that "all reasonable economy has been practised," and that "the public are taking a deeper interest in the Library," also that "the chief librarian, the secretary, and other assistants and employees have performed their duties in every way satisfactory to the Board." For the maintenance of our Library our ratepayers have paid during the last twelve months \$30,000. They will be glad to know of the prosperous condition of the institution as set forth by Mr. Vokes's statistical and financial statements. Of its unseen and unknown benefits to readers, scholars, and writers no statements could inform us; but the ultimate value of these, both direct and indirect, near and remote, could it be expressed in dollars and cents, must be far in excess of \$30,000. Accordingly we may conclude that our Library is a paying concern.

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Instruments.

I heard musicians play;
And harp and viol, cornet, and bassoon,
And deep sweet strings gave forth their harmony,
Trying their best to say
All that the master wrote; yet when the croon
Of the last wailing chord had slowly stopt,
The players, all unfeeling, spoke of beer,
And with a ghastly leer
Retailled the latest scandal; music dropt.

Thereat I marvelled sore,
For heaven seemed opened by their minstrelsy:
Strange that they entered not, but were content
With opening its door,

Leaving it wide open for others and for me,
"It is their way," said Hans, my artist friend,
And to his studio eager led the way
Where on his easel lay
His latest landscape; ah! you know the end?

For, while with entranced eye
I saw his work transfigured—reacht at once,
A meaning that he never knew at all,
Hans spoke of technique dry,
And as to nature seemed a hopeless dunce,
Described his work with details not a few,
As though the scene it pictured was mere naught,
A mere effect just caught
To show his skill on—anything would do.

And so I marvelled more,
Yet thought: "Perhaps this is the way of things
In this strange-ordered earth. The player knows
Little beyond his score

Nor hears the harmonies he sweetly sings
Through others' being; while the painter's eye
Is blind to beauty that his friend may see."

And so the poet, he
Not for himself writes songs that do not die.

BERNARD McEVROY.

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Press Opinion of "The Week."

Under its new management, THE WEEK is making good its engagements and is now a periodical of which Canada has reason to be proud. If we do not always agree with its editorial utterances, we gladly recognize the ability with which it is conducted, and the value of the contributions that make its pages instructive and attractive. The Very Rev. Principal Grant, "Fidelis" (Miss Machar), Dr. S. E. Dawson, the Rev. F. G. Scott, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, Mr. W. W. Campbell, Mr. W. D. Lighthall, Dr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. William Houston and others of our first writers are among the contributors.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—IV.

AT ST. MICHAEL'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

IF I had gone to early Sunday morning Mass at St. Michael's I should have seen a large number of my fellow-citizens engaged in their religious duties. But I do not get up so early on Sunday morning as most devout Catholics do, and consequently seven o'clock mass was out of the question. Come with me, therefore, on this snowy, March morning of the Second Sunday in Lent, and let us be at church at the more lenient time of half past ten, when the second service for the day begins. Everybody knows that St. Michael's is a notable and lofty example of decorated gothic, the tall spire of which is a pretty object from many points of view. All do not know, perhaps, that within the past few years the church has been greatly beautified and improved. The addition of a clerestory has made it much lighter. It has been repewed in light oak, and its new internal decorations are of a very rich and ornate order, with glories of color and diapers and arabesques of silver and gold gleaming here and there among pillared vistas and beautiful carved work.

At twenty minutes past ten we arrived at the corner of Bond and Shuter streets, and entering the vestibule of the church, my companion, a true son of the church, dipped his fingers in the holy water and crossed himself. Then he put some small silver coins into a plate held by a verger, and asked for a seat. Another verger took us in hand, and guiding us up the long, middle aisle, placed us in a pew which was not only tolerably near to the pulpit, but which from its central position afforded a good view of the altar ceremonies. There was not a very large congregation present, it seemed, but then the church is very large, and an assembly, that in a smaller place would look crowded, looks there somewhat sparsely distributed. I must say that so far as I have observed the services of the Catholic church, their note is one of reverence. Everyone bent the knee as they came up the central aisle, and each worshipper entering seemed to become at once immersed in prayer. If there had been any display of fashionable millinery there, which, of course, was out of the question in Lent, it would have excited no eager attention. On the whole I am inclined to think that Catholic churches afford a more unpromising theatre for those who have a passion "to be seen of men" than those of any other faith. There are those who say that Catholics feel, when they enter a church, that they are seen of God, but these are not the ultra-Protestants. It cannot be denied, however, that as the result of early teaching, and by common consent, the church is held to be a sacred place, in which, for a time, there can be, for all, retirement from the world's rush and communion with the unseen. There is so much in this that is in consonance with religious traditions that one cannot wonder at the influence it still retains, even in this age when reverence is at a discount, and the bump of veneration is being gradually eliminated from our *fin de siècle* youngsters. Even to these, and to some as careless as they, there comes, sometimes, a dim recognition of the poverty of a life that has forsaken God. Coming into a church such as this these waifs and strays of life's ocean might well bring to mind the lessons of their childhood, and think of the patriarch who said: "Surely the Lord is in this place . . . this is none other but the house of God and this is the gate of heaven."

My task, however, is not so much to moralize as to describe. There are no cushions on the seats of the low-backed oak pews at St. Michael's, but all of them are provided with kneeling boards. The spacious area of the chancel or sanctuary was before us, and, at the east end of it, where there was a raised part, ascended by several steps, the grand altar. Above the altar rose a fine stained window, its complicated stone tracery filled with beautiful pictured glass, representing the Crucifixion. The sanctuary occupies the end of the nave of the church; it is divided from the side-aisles by partitions of carved oak, and from the auditorium in the front by the communion rail. The separation of the sanctuary from the rest of the interior is also more noticeable because of the pillars of the nave which form a long and noble avenue, up which the eye of the spectator is naturally directed, sometimes catching glimpses of painting or carved figures