

—derived not essential. In business and all the practical affairs of life permitting those who arrogate to themselves ability of high order, to work out their aims to their conclusion, till, when the inevitable crash has come, they will permit us to aid them by helping them to be of use to others, and rise again to life, sensible at length of the fact that life *cannot be used for self*. Thus waiting and watching we can gradually permeate society with true life—the life we are daily acquiring from the Divine source of all life. *We can wait*. The weak, the defenceless, who ever depend on self, feel that they *must* hurry—the strong, whose strength is their Redeemer, their Saviour, can wait to see Him bring it to pass. And so Herbert Spencer, and the Gospel meet on the natural plane in “peace on Earth,” the offspring of mutual good will.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MODERN FRENCHMEN. Five biographies. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. (Boston: Roberts Bros., 1878. Montreal: Dawson Bros.)

THE STORY OF LIBERTY. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Illustrated. (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1879. Montreal: Dawson Bros.)

DAISY MILLER. A Study. By Henry James, Jr., *SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF RUFUS CHOATE.* By Edwin P. Whipple. Harpers' Half-hour Series. (Montreal: Dawson Bros.)

EVELINA. By Miss Burney. *THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY.* “AULD LANG SYNE.” Franklin Square Library. (New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.)

THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS. By William M. Baker. Harpers' Library of American Fiction. (Montreal: Dawson Bros.)

“The Virginians in Texas” is a lively story of life in Texas some twenty years ago, which originally appeared in *Harper's Monthly*. It gives an excellent idea of the rough-and-ready border life of the days before the war, and some spirited sketches of the sentiments of Unionists in the South during the four years of the Confederacy's struggle.

“Modern Frenchmen” might almost have been called “Modern France,” so much of the life and thought of the country does Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton give us in the lives of the five men who form the subjects of one of his most charming books. Victor Jacquemont, traveller and naturalist; Henri Perreyve, ecclesiastic and orator; Rude, the sculptor; Jean Jacques Ampère, the historian and archæologist, and Henri Regnault, the patriot-painter, illustrate well the power of intellect, the high character and determination which, among men of very different schools, have evolved from the turbulent ideas of the Revolutionary period the true Frenchman of the present day. Their histories, too, dating back, in the cases of Rude and Ampère, to the bloody scenes of 1793 and ending in our own day with the death of Regnault fighting the Prussians under the walls of Paris, cover the whole of modern France's growth. We should hardly understand that these men are selected as representative of their time and country,—indeed, the author bases his selection on the ground of personal interest,—a wise motive; for, when such genuine sympathy with their lives and thoughts is shown, it cannot but interest the reader too. Neither were these five men great in the conventional acceptance, though far above the average citizen of any country. But they were true men, earnest and intellectual men, and Frenchmen; therefore Mr. Hamerton has chosen their stories to show what France and Frenchmen are in truth, and to disabuse the prejudices which foreign birth and different faith always arouse in the Anglo-Saxon mind. And so he has given us five delightful sketches, with a happy biographical skill that appeals at once to the reader's own personal sympathy, and turns his very bigotry into a means of teaching broad charity. It is quite impossible to go into the details of the book, every page of which is full of graceful description, of historical reminiscence, of adventure and incident, and of that reflection, forcibly and beautifully put, which is so much the forte of our author. In the sketch of Henri Perreyve, Mr. Hamerton has done good service, not merely in making known a man whose name to most readers will be new, but in showing to Protestant minds of the ordinary class what like the inner life of a Catholic priest may be, and through what media of nationality and education he may view the great problems of social and religious duty. Rude's portrait is drawn with the loving skill of a brother artist, and brings us *en rapport* with the temperament of genius and work. Strong and original, this character seems almost too primitively simple and dignified to have lived within the recollection of man. We need hardly add that these sketches are no mere imaginations of Mr. Hamerton: his work is too faithful for that. They are based on letters, of which he seems to have taken the very essence, avoiding the error of leaving the reader to wade through pages of correspondence, and giving us, in his easy and graceful narrative, the *vraisemblance* of the men whom he would have us understand. The book, as we have said, is a charming one; if only for the pleasurable reading, quite apart from the moral value of the analysis.

“The Story of Liberty” is the sort of boys' and girls' book of which we should like to see a good many more, for were history always as pleasantly and as plainly told as it is therein, much current prejudice and no small amount of positive ignorance would be done away with before it had time to become rooted in the minds of another generation. Commencing at Runnymede with King John and the Great Charter, Mr. Coffin brings his readers by easy steps and pleasant by-ways of history down to the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock and the planting of liberty on the soil of America. He treats his subject with fairness, and though adhering to the Protestant versions of many leading scenes in which there is at least room for doubt, does not take up the question of liberty from a purely religious point of view, but gives clearly the manner of thought, customs, and degree of education of each historical period as these bear upon the motives of the actors in the great drama. To say that he has succeeded in making a useful book and an attractive one is to say too little; he has managed to string together all that is really important in the history of civil and religious liberty in modern Europe on a thread of narrative and suggestive comment that is most interesting. The amount of

incidental information conveyed is wonderful, and the shape which much of it takes shows that the author has read largely the latest authorities, and has by no means confined himself to bare text-books of history. It is hardly to be believed until the book has been looked over—which will prove a pleasant task even to those to whom much that it contains is simply an old story—that so many of the lesser incidents of history could have been run into the substance of a story told in such plain and simple language as befits the young readers for whom it is designed. Mr. Coffin addresses his book to the boys and girls of America in a well written preface pointing out the true bearing and connection of the facts of history, but there is much about it which will make it not unacceptable to their elders, who may by chance find much that is forgotten brought vividly back by the excellent illustrations which are so numerous. In this respect the book is really luxurious, there being a plate for almost every page, some of the reproductions of old woodcuts possessing much merit. In this way architecture, costume and the daily life of the period are well brought out, while the views of some of the more important places must impress them strongly on the mind. This portion of the work is extremely valuable, and of itself would almost tell the story which the author has done so well. A book of this nature will do more to teach children history and to develop their minds at the same time than a score of dreary compendiums such as the infancy of the present generation knew only too well.

In the “Half Hour” Series, Messrs. Harper give us some recollections of one of the most remarkable lawyers that the bar of the United States has ever seen. Choate's wit and oratory as recalled by Mr. Whipple make pleasant reading. “Daisy Miller” is one of Henry James's clever social studies.

In their Franklin Square Library the Harpers have done well in going back to the generation that succeeded Fielding and Smollet to bring out again such a work as “Evelina,” which perhaps may show young ladies of the present day that the art of novel writing was not left to the Victorian age to discover. “The Bachelor of the Albany” is already well known, and “Auld Lang Syne” is quite readable. The novels in this series possess at least this merit, and often much more.

MUSICAL.

THE ROZE-MAPLESON CONCERTS.

The audiences at these concerts were not so large as one would have expected from the excellence of the programmes and the reputation of the artists who performed them, but, as we said before, the faith of the public in advertisements has been greatly shaken, and our music-loving people are determined to teach the advertising agents, who come here periodically, that “honesty is the best policy” in the long run. The concerts were really very enjoyable, and such as we are rarely favored with in this city; and the price was remarkably low for first-class entertainments.

Madame Roze-Mapleson is a vocalist of a high order; and though in some of her selections she failed to come up to what among *prime donne* is considered a first-class standard, yet she gave us a treat, such as we are seldom favoured with in Montreal. In “Robert, toi que j'aime,” which she sang at the first concert, we noticed a want of finish, the difficult chromatic passages being evidently too much for the fair artiste, but she showed to more advantage in the “Casta Diva” on Saturday night, and although she sang three times besides, we would gladly have heard her once again. Mr. Tom Carl is an old favorite, and fully sustained his reputation. We think his selections on Friday evening were not calculated to show his best points, but on Saturday night he fairly won the hearts of his audience; indeed, the concert altogether on Saturday evening, was superior to that of the preceding night, and we regret that there was not a larger audience. Sullivan's “Sweethearts” is, we think, better suited for a soprano than a tenor voice, and though Mr. Carl sang it remarkably well, it did not seem to impress the audience as much as either “M'appari” or “Good night, my child.” The beautiful Irish song by Sir John Stevenson, “Dearest Ellen, I'll love thee no more,” was one of the greatest treats we have had for years, bringing us back in memory to the days of Spray (of whom Mr. Carl reminds us strongly) and the great composer himself. This song is almost unknown on this continent, and we recommend it to our local tenors as an addition to their already extensive repertoires. Mr. Carleton is a thorough artist, and is possessed of a *basso cantante* of good quality; his forte is opera, and he seems to sing at a disadvantage in the concert-room. He was in excellent voice at both concerts, and seemed to please the audience very much, receiving a hearty encore for his spirited interpretation of “The Tar's Farewell,” by Adams. Mr. Carleton is rapidly basing on the continent.

Besides the excellent vocalists mentioned above, we had the pleasure of hearing two instrumentalists such as do not visit us very often. Mr. Kaiser is a violinist of great ability, and played even better than on his former visit; Mr. Pease we have never heard before, but we hope soon and often to hear him again. This gentleman is well known as a composer of pianoforte music; and though he has the misfortune to play for his daily bread, and is consequently obliged to play at times pieces evidently written to astonish rather than to elevate his audience; yet, judging from his touch, style, and technique, we would consider him to be capable of performing the very best music with credit to himself and profit to his hearers.

Altogether the concerts were well worth hearing. None of the performers were, it is true, worthy of being classed with the great artists of the world; but they were all above the average, and no one piece, vocal or instrumental, was performed in such a manner as to prevent our thorough enjoyment of both the performances.

[In consequence of pressure on our space, we are reluctantly compelled to hold over some correspondence on musical matters and a criticism on the Camilla Urso concerts.]

TRUTH.—You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know all. But let all you tell be the truth.—*Horace Mann.*