

to view them as the true and the sole friends of God; their national pity was concentrated, while "founding that edifice, which under the name of Judaism, Christianity and Islamism has served till this day as the shelter of humanity." The desire to return to Jerusalem, stimulated by the Prophets and vivified by the Canticles, elevated the captives' soul, increased their confidence in God, and consequently exalted their faith. It was in captivity the Jews learned, developed and matured that code of doctrines, embracing universality of religion, morality and socialism, and which they brought back with them to Jerusalem, when, taking advantage of the victories of Cyrus, they rose against their oppressors. It is with the entry of the Israelites into Jerusalem that the book closes, corresponding to a period of 450 years B.C.

The third volume is written in a more austere vein than is common to M. Renan's fascinating pen. The powerful drama he describes displays less of that pleasing unctious which forms so charming a feature in his style; his sentences lack much of that melodious ring and swing that lulled and lured the reader onward. "Perhaps"—to utilize the adverb of doubt as he recommends—M. Renan felt that his grave subject might be compromised in its historical value were he to employ any insinuating, intoxicating music to enable judgments and sympathies to enter more readily into the mind and heart of the reader, who otherwise would remain recalcitrant to their reception.

It is to be regretted that M. Renan, in his endeavour to make the unknown known, continues to employ illustrations from and comparisons with analogous situations and characters derived from contemporary appearances. He pained not a few in the two preceding volumes by comparing Solomon's Temple to Notre Dame de Lorette. He now compares King Joiakim to Louis Philippe; Jeremiah to Félix Pyat, the journalist; Ezekiel to Jerec Hugo; and the Jews in captivity to the Communists transported to New Caledonia, corresponding with their friends in Paris. And last, not least, it seems that the "Egyptian alliance" in the time of Hezekiah was for Judea what the Franco-Russian alliance is to-day for France. The Muscovites and the Gaul would do better to ask: where is Hezekiah, where is Egypt, now?

J. W. GÖTTE. By A. Baumgartner. (Fribourg-Baden.) M. Baumgartner is an acknowledged authority on German literature, and has made Göthe's "Life and Works" a specialty. This is a new and revised edition of his book devoted to the great German poet, and the three volumes are remarkable for presenting no diminution of the author's hatred and belittlement of Göthe. As a man, a moral agent, and an intellectualist, he condemns Göthe. His works, no matter how expurgated, are unfit for youth, and questionable for mature age. He also asserts that Göthe lacked depth of sentiment, moral beauty, and the goodness springing from religion. He possessed no high ideal of existence, but thought only of pleasures and of culpable loves.

Germany has long ago pardoned Göthe for his holding aloof from the misfortunes of his country. The parties that then attacked him, glorify him now—save M. Baumgartner. The latter appears to forget that the mission of Göthe was to think, and that he better served his country by his writings than by experimental statesmanship. Wieland described Göthe as a "demi-god"; but the First Napoleon said better: "*vous êtes un homme*." As to Göthe's religion, where he confused the Creator with the creation—as does M. Renan—a whole volume would be required to analyze it. Göthe's aim and ideal was "more light" for the world, as they were his last words in his curtained death-chamber. Göthe was an intelligence, seeking to put itself in harmony with the world; the effort was beyond his, beyond human means. As a man, he never injured anyone, and it was his boast to have never walked in the road of envy. The author has the cardinal defect for a biographer—absence of sympathy with his subject.

The magazines are chiefly devoted to African subjects, and so present nothing new.

THE GEOLOGICAL RECORD.

THERE is still a large body of people who refuse to accept or examine the evidences of science until they are supposed to accord with "revelation," and have been stamped with the approval of theological orthodoxy. To this class of people the works of Sir William Dawson, stamped as they are with earnest, religious thought, and marked by high scientific attainment, appeal with peculiar force. Many of his readers, moreover, obtain their only ideas of science from popular presentations like his; and it is to be regretted that so many popular works, not excluding Sir William Dawson's, should be the means of conveying false impressions of scientific truth. In his latest work entitled "Modern Ideas of Evolution, As Related to Revelation and Science," there is one instance, at least, of this which is worth noting. With the main purpose of the book and its methods it would be impossible to deal in the compass of a short article; but it may be possible to illustrate its methods, not unfairly, by reference to a single specimen. If it can be shown that the general argument is seriously unreliable at a vital point, and that a negative one, evolution (which Sir William Dawson combats) is not necessarily established, but a certain reserve and caution in accepting his scientific statements may be given currency.

The fourth chapter of "Modern Ideas of Evolution" is headed "The Apparition of Species." The use of the

word *apparition*, as explained by the course of the chapter, implies something more than the fact that in the successive geological formations there is an appearance and a disappearance of the fossil remains of specific forms of animal and vegetable life. It implies also that these apparitions are indicative of distinct creational acts as opposed to any process of derivation by a law, or series of laws, of nature conveniently expressed or summed up in the word *evolution*. It ignores, and therefore virtually denies, in short, the validity of the arguments which have been marshalled to prove that the geological record is an extremely imperfect one, and that, therefore, the absence of the great bulk of "intermediate forms" is almost a necessity.

In that epoch-making chapter in the "Origin of Species" (so far as geological science is concerned), entitled "The Imperfection of the Geological Record," Mr. Darwin, after summing up the evidences, said with his characteristic frankness:—

"But I do not pretend that I should ever have suspected how poor was the record in the best preserved geological sections, had not the absence of innumerable transitional links between the species which lived at the commencement and close of each formation pressed so hardly on my theory."

With the mass of evidence, however, that he was able to present to the common sense of every practical geologist, he could afford to be frank. What geologist is there to-day who does not know that that record is an extremely imperfect one—who does not realize the causes which have rendered it so? So experienced a geologist as Sir William Dawson can hardly be unaware of the considerations on which the view is founded. Why does he ignore them in a chapter which professedly deals with the chain of life in geological time? Would he have his non-geological readers believe that there are no gaps in the succession of our sedimentary formations, by denudation or otherwise; that metamorphism, which often extends over vast areas and through masses of rock representing enormous lapses of time, is of no account in destroying links of the chain, and that the conditions favourable to the embedment of organic remains are proportionally greater than the unfavourable? The non-geological reader will gather such impressions from Sir William Dawson's "Modern Ideas of Evolution," and will naturally conclude that they "press hardly" on the theory of evolution, but he will have gathered very false impressions of the course of geological history.

"For my part," says Mr. Darwin (and his words are full of truth to the thoughtful field-geologist), "I look at the geological record as a history of the world imperfectly kept, and written in a changing dialect. Of this history we possess the last volume alone, relating only to two or three countries. Of this volume, only here and there a short chapter has been preserved; and of each page only here and there a few lines. Each word of the slowly changing language, more or less different in the successive chapters, may represent the forms of life, which are entombed in our consecutive formations, and which falsely appear to us to have been abruptly introduced." ("Origin of Species," Chap. x.)

Thirty years ago that was a comparatively new view even to geologists, and there might have been then some excuse for a sceptic on evolution to doubt its general truthfulness. But there is no such excuse to-day; and it is regrettable that an able and influential science teacher should, for the sake of opposing a theory that may be trusted to live or die on its own merits, appeal to the "ignorance of past times."

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Richmond, Que., Nov. 3, 1890.

SONNET.

My sister—dead! No life where all was life!
And yet no silver thread amid the gold;
That quietly form cast in beauty's mould—
Shrunk—gaunt, as if some power in hopeless strife
With death had fought for you, until the knife
Of that relentless felon cut and carved
T' the bone, and month by month you dwindled, starved
Mid boundless love where Plenty's horn was rife.
So when fell blight has struck the well-sapped stem
The rose, the garden's queen, fades, withers, dies,
And vain for her the sunshine and the dew!
No more will incense-breathing buds begem
The fated tree; beneath the bounteous skies
She falls where once in loveliness she grew.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE RAMBLER.

IT is occasionally a deprivation to be unique. When I say this, I by no means imply that I am a whit better than anyone else, only different from the majority. I was thinking of this the other day when taking a favourite ramble in the Park. As I walked about alone I said some very pretty things out aloud which I cannot very distinctly remember, but which I am about to collect as coherently as I can. For instance, it seemed to me that in the barren wintry afternoon landscape were more elements of satisfaction and beauty than in the same scene under blue of July skies or during September's glories. And surely in this thought I was unique, for so few see anything of compensation in the landscape shorn of leaves and bereft of green. But as I looked, first of all I saw

great sheaves of feathery twigs showing flexible and black against a pale bluish-gray sky, then the rugged outlines of the grotesque oaks, then soft bright blue clouds of vaporous smoke rolling along the ground where the men were burning piles of last year's leaves, and lastly an immense silver day-moon in the east sailing in a sulphur sky. There was plenty of colour, summer-lovers to the contrary, but it was bestowed in bright touches, in points, in tips, just as you will see in the works of French realists of the first rank. And this brings me to say that I believe my taste for out-door phases in autumn and winter and early unformed spring is the natural and happy result of the subtle art of this matchless French school. Think of English landscape-painting, of English illustrative art of any kind, and tell me if there be any appreciation of the dull day, the "useful trouble" of the rain, the leafless bough, the dusty street, the common, often ugly (at first sight), aspect of the natural world in the dreary half of winter! Is it not rather a world of greenness, swelling pastures and Cuypp-like cows, the picturesque in some form, mills, waterfalls, forest trunks rich with moss, heather and golden gorse, with bits by the sea, youthful beauty enhanced by a setting of azaleas or honeysuckle, all that is rich, or rare, or grand, or valiant, or beautiful? I know, I know—so it should be, but—once in a while I come across one of those Paris studies, a dripping sky, a city pavement, a man in blouse, looking wistfully up at a theatre placard unconscious of the rain, or a line of rusty railings between you and a tunnel of leafless black trunks, and two old friends meeting beneath that once canopied, once bird-haunted avenue of misty green—well, these are the pictures that manage to inform a dreary world with significance and beauty, at least to me.

Because it can never have been intended that for one-half the year the world was to go branded, stigmatized, despised and avoided as an ugly thing, a thing to be dropped, shunted, resented, "cut dead," *en effet*! The beauty of the snow, of course, is entirely another matter. Most people see that. Its purity, its crystalline sparkle, its faculty, like the ivy, of draping every ugly object with its own soft masses, disguising, transforming, yet outlining, well, it is clearly out of place to begin talking about the snow, the beautiful snow. I started, I think, by careening my neck a bit, and saying something silly about being unique.

Perhaps in the follies of æstheticism this latent germ reposed. The beauty of ugliness. The pleasure of pain. The sweets of bitterness. The raptures of renunciation. These were some of the stock-in-trade aphorisms of the Sect. You may be sure that much reading of Ruskin contributed to this end. But while we may hate dark, dull drawing-rooms and Pompeian dining-rooms, "dirty greens" and demoniacal reds, limp, draggled garments and faded effects generally, we may yet suffer ourselves to look for and find much that is beautiful in the arrested growth of nature. These half-tints, half-colours, vivid patches of summer's green visible under autumn's brown, stray leaves of divinity, purest yellow, lying face downwards upon a muddy sodden bed, gleams of a peerless blue among clouds of wintry gray, one solitary nest in the forks of a lonely poplar—all this has its meaning, its use, its place. It is strange that some see neither use nor beauty, fitness nor significance.

You see, there is no end to Nature. I might construct three columns every week out of similar phases and phenomena, and yet always find something new to observe and say. But since everyone may not be of my mind I will stop.

I did not go to hear Stanley. Strange to say, with the actual presence of the intrepid explorer in our city, some of the interest attaching to him vanished. Stanley in Africa—the discoverer and friend, disciple and successor of Livingstone; or, Stanley in Africa—in distress, quasi-starvation and personal peril; or, Stanley in England, travel-stained, heart and head weary, resting after incessant labours both of brain and body; or, Stanley in Westminster Abbey, the pale and distinguished hero of the hour, turning, as he leads his bride to the altar, for one look where Livingstone lies—all these pictures are heroic. But—Stanley in a private car à la Lillie Langtry, rushing through America at the rate of \$3,000 a night, and chatting familiarly by the way with newspaper men and paragraphists, is a different sort of figure. It is perfectly reasonable and legitimate, I know, and a great explorer has probably as much right to a kind of triumphal progress and illimitable prospects of lucre as a prima donna or an actress, and yet—the act vulgarizes, so to speak, the personality and experiences of the man.

I hope I am loyal to the good old Mother Land. I think I am, and I am quite sure I never mean nor wish to be anything else. But I cannot endorse the following poetic gem:—

APOSTROPHE TO THE UNION JACK!

FOR THE EMPIRE.

Emblem of Liberty! All hail!
Men shed their blood for love of thee, and die for thee, in every land
and every sea!
Peace follows in thy train, Plenty smiles 'neath thy protecting folds,
thou thrice bless'd flag!
Incarnation of all that is noble in the efforts of mankind!
Royal winding sheet, for valour on the field!
Earth's happiest flag! Heaven's signet ring!
Fit festoon for the Cross of Calvary!
As the waves of fear and doubt break on the rockbound shores of
Truth, so break the taunts and sneers of foreign foes at thy
bless'd base!