

and "The Last of the Barons" and not be impressed with his rich thought and elevated fancy. But his works do not live with the people; they may please the cold polished scholar, but his lack of sympathy repels and his brilliancy has in it no warmth.

In George Eliot's works we have the philosophical novel; great thoughts, beautiful expressions and rare descriptives powers are possessed by this remarkable masculine woman. It would be wrong to say her works are popular—they are now for the scholar or student, but as the age increases in intelligence so will her popularity and influence increase.

In turning to other writers who have made the novel great in this period, we find characteristics remarkably different. Thackeray and Dickens—names familiar to every one—brought into existence the ethical or life-like novel, in which they depicted to perfection the life and customs of all grades of society, opening the eyes of the populace to the sham of fashionable life and picturing the wretchedness of the lower classes in such a way as to secure for them the long needed sympathy. Their influence for good has been unbounded and their names will ever be among the great ones. In America works of fiction exist in brilliant profusion or rather, in perilous abundance. We do not find here the elevating instructive novel that rose in England, but rather works of technical finish and excellence of form, lacking however in ardor, depth of feeling and depth of thought. Two writers by picturing the sufferings of the Indian and negro in the form of romance, have obtained favor and a lasting name, but Fennimore Cooper and Harriet Beecher Stowe, are popular because of their theme, not of their form. But one name must be mentioned—one who will ever hold his own among the master artists of the day. Hawthorne gives his pure noble thoughts to the public in English more simple and elegant than has ever been used. He has been compared to some beautiful planet whose rays of light are pure, brilliant and lasting.

Inferior writers are degrading the novel as they degraded the Byronic school. The

number of trashy novels published at the present day is beyond those that are elevating and pure, and the harm done society by this inferior literature is greater than is realized, but with the advancement of science and philosophy, this style will prove inadequate for the people and purer, higher works will be the result.

In this nineteenth century the department of history occupies a high place, and possesses unsurpassed excellence—so also do the branches of theology, philosophy, science, etc., and even a general study of their fields necessitates the study of a lifetime. The profusion of works of excellence marks this period as the greatest age of English prose.

"O! rich and various man, made of the dust of the earth and living for the moment! In the majestic past as a prophecy to the future, in thy ceaseless discontent with the present, in thine ascension of state, in thine unquenchable thirst for the infinite, we find the blazing evidence of thine own eternity!"

LENAH A. W. SUTCLIFFE.

A Trip on the Lakes.

WHAT country in this vast universe of ours can boast such a magnificent chain of unbroken water, as the Dominion of Canada! Our dream of years is about to be realized in a trip around its lakes.

We leave Hamilton at five in the evening to meet our vessel at Thorold, where we have but to ascend a small hill, to find ourselves on the banks of the Welland Canal. We see the lights of our propeller, as she comes slowly through the lock, and now we are on board. All night long the chains of the rudder rattle and clank together as the pilot guides the ship in its narrow course, and ever and anon the whistle blows to warn the lockmen of an approaching vessel.

On the following afternoon we are on Lake Eric's broad expanse. The wind is blowing fresh and clear, and as we inhale