

It would occupy much more space than is available to describe even in the most sketchy way many of the phases of Roman life presented in this volume. The Court which was characterized by a "republican avoidance of titles and court etiquette," the system of education, which was not much worse than our own, the freedom of speech and criticism which appears to have been, in some respects, entirely untrammelled—even Nero suffered himself to be *pasquinaded*—the professions and trades, the gradations in society, the luxury of the wealthy, the poverty of the poor, the *status* of women, and the treatment of children—these and many other matters are described at considerable length in this very entertaining volume; and to it our readers must be referred for an exceedingly interesting account of a period, at the close of which, according to Gibbon, the human race "was more happy and prosperous than at any other period of the world's history." But with Gibbon's opinion few will now agree. "With all its brilliancy" the civilization of the early Empire "lacked the vital spark; it was soulless, faithless, and essentially unprogressive. Rome had outlived her ideals; her patriotism and her religion had alike become obsolete, and the renovating principle was not to be found within her own pale. It is only indistinctly that we can trace, in the first century, the growing influence of that contact between the religious consciousness of the East and the intellectual activity of the West, which was destined to determine the character of individual and modern civilization."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CHRIS. By W. E. Norris. New York: Macmillan and Company.

This story has just been concluded in *Macmillan's Magazine*, "Chris," the heroine, is a young girl of seventeen who is presented to the reader sitting on the low garden wall of a villa in Cannes dangling her legs contentedly in the sunshine. She is inexperienced, unconventional, but thoroughly good, resembling in many respects some of Rhoda Broughton's heroines. Her father, a clever, popular literary man, with a good deal of perhaps unconscious selfishness in his disposition, dies suddenly of heart disease, leaving Chris with an income quite inadequate to maintain her in the social rank she has hitherto enjoyed. Then began her troubles through which she bore herself right nobly, though we can scarcely forgive her friendship for, and entanglement with, such an unmistakable cad as Mr. Valentine Richardson, who is represented at the start as a handsome young man who "did not look quite like a gentleman." Chris's good nature prompts her, and her motherless inexperience permits her to make a conditional engagement with Richardson. This engagement leads to a great deal of trouble which, however, is at last happily ended. Mr. Norris does not in *Chris* come up to some of his previous novels, though he tells a very interesting story which displays some of his best characteristics.

We may add that this is the second in Macmillan's "Summer Reading Library," the first of which was F. Marion Crawford's *Marzio's Crucifix*, reviewed some months ago in these columns.

LED HORSE CLAIM. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

Those who read this novel when it came out as a serial in the *Century* require no critical commendation to confirm the opinion they must have formed as to its merits. Those who have not yet read it, and want to do so, will find not only a story of more than ordinary interest, but a work of literary art that will compare very favourably with some popular novels by eminent writers dealing with somewhat similar scenes and characters. It presents a picture of mining life in Colorado. The characters introduced, the incidents related, the colour and atmosphere surrounding the scenes described, display not only the ability of the writer but her local knowledge and personal familiarity with the sort of life she has so picturesquely portrayed in this interesting volume.

In the May number of the *Canada Educational Monthly*, Rev. Prof. Wm. Clark's admirable paper on "Our Work, and How To Do It," is concluded.

"**BEAUTIFUL Mrs. Thorndyke,**" by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow is the completed novel in *Lippincott's* for June. "A Little Treatise on Plagiarism" is a pleasantly written essay in the same number by Louise Morgan Guiney.

We have received an excellent map of the city of Toronto from William Bryce, the publisher. It shows not only the city but much of the country around it, including High Park, West Toronto Junction, Carlton, Mount Pleasant and Todmorden.

American Notes and Queries is the title of a new magazine of which we have now received two numbers. It is published at Philadelphia and is edited by William S. and H. C. Walsh, the former of whom is the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It promises to be a very interesting and useful periodical.

"**A VISIT to Fort Qu' Appelle**" is one of the most attractive features of the June number of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Sunday Magazine*. "Bow Arrow Point and the American Canoe Association," and "Our Summer on Lake Champlain" deal with interesting features of Canadian water and landscape.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for June opens with the first chapters of a new novel by J. P. Quincy entitled "Miser Farrel's Bequest;" "A Literary

Career in France," by Theodore Child, and "The Queen by the Throne," the latter a very interesting chapter in Spanish history, by Ellen Terry Johnson, are papers of more than ordinary interest.

HINCHBROOKE, originally a nunnery, afterwards the property of Cromwell and now belonging to the Earl of Sandwich, one of whose ancestors bought it from Sir Oliver Cromwell, uncle and godfather of the Protector, is the Old English Home described by Elizabeth Balch in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for May. An interesting sketch of this historic house is embellished with portraits of Oliver Cromwell and his mother and with a portrait of the first Earl of Sandwich, who after serving gallantly under Cromwell, assisted in effecting the Restoration and was rewarded with the title his descendant now bears.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Tilting at the Windmills: a Story of the Blue Grass Country, by a new writer, is announced by D. Lothrop Company.

The Autobiography of Solomon Maimon, by Prof. J. Clarke Murray, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Cupples and Hurd.

WALTER SCOTT, London, is about to publish a selection of religious verse, entitled *Sacred Song*, edited by Mr. S. Waddington. Amongst the authors represented in the volume are Dr. George MacDonald, the late Dean Stanley, Mr. Gladstone, Archdeacon Farrar, Miss Christina Rossetti, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, Cardinal Newman, Prof. Dowden, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, and the Rev. Horatius Bonar.

Slips of Tongue and Pen, a useful little book, by Mr. J. H. Long, M.A., LL.B., Principal of the Peterborough Collegiate Institute, was published here a few years ago by Messrs. Hunter Rose and Company, but we have not heard that a second edition has yet been called for. In the United States, however, where the work was published by the Appletons, it has run through several editions within a very short time, and has been noticed by the press in terms of high commendation.

ART AND MUSIC.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

[Second Notice.]

WHETHER or not it be true that art is the objective expression of the moral sense of the community (and if the public taste is first consulted by the artist in the painting of his pictures with the ulterior end of selling them, the argument would almost amount to a truism), it must be confessed that the present exhibition is noticeably wanting in character. The best pictures, the product of French schooling, have no national character; others have been stolen bodily, or adapted from French and American engravings; others again may be national, but, to accord with the notions of practicality which we Canadians assume to possess in a pre-eminent degree, are treated topographically. However, as the Spaniards say, "If we do not get what we like, we must like what we get," and there is sufficient of good, honest work with distinctly artistic aims in the room to prevent one falling into a condition of hopeless misanthropy.

Mr. Dickson Patterson's portrait of Colonel Gzowski (167), raises our hopes in this respect; it is well posed, and declared by those whom it most concerns, to be an excellent likeness; the painting, compared with the Glazebrook portrait, is hard, flat, and dry. The Sir John A. Macdonald (91), after the numerous notices of commendation and approval that one has read for the last two years, is a disappointment. It may be a good enough likeness of the Premier in an unusually serious mood, but we can conceive of nothing short of the imminent defeat of the Government to make him so black in the face. There is a want of confidence in the whole work—an agony of effort without the requisite knowledge to complete a subject of exceptional difficulty. We can be truly thankful for the agony; some painters never feel it. The painter of "Eveline" (85), probably was never dissatisfied with his work, or saw how it could possibly be improved. The leading element in that sort of work is perseverance, a clawing, smoothing and polishing till the end of the day: colour, texture, tonic values and atmospheric condition are altogether ignored in the determination to cover this large canvas, and make everything as soft and nice as possible. The thing is utterly without artistic value, and would have been less objectionable had it been much smaller. Mr. Forbes has several other pictures, all on the line, all painted in the same manner; a manner from which he never varies.

Any one desirous of knowing the difference between manner and style, may look at Dr. Richardson (152), and compare it with Jacob Spence (149), or "Pearl" (178) with (179), a portrait by R. R. Sinclair, a new name in the catalogue, who promises to be an acquisition. His portraits are strong and off-hand, as far as they go, although he shows an inclination to quit before finishing his work. That he can finish, however, "Portrait" (193) fully attests. Mr. W. Brymner is a man of great capabilities, and not adequately represented. In (123), "Pas Derrier chez mon Père," the proper relation of sunlight and shadow is very true, and the movement of the chickens is first-rate. "Un Jour de Fête" (136) is hung too high to be seen properly. Martin, however, appears to be a hard worker—an unnecessarily hard worker—as most of the details with which he struggles would be obliterated by the use of a minifying glass. His landscape work, "In the Wilds of Algoma" (138), for instance, is wanting in comprehensiveness. As a mere question of scale, it is not possible to reduce fifty feet of nature to one of canvas and preserve all the details that one