

imagination in the age of science. Discussing tragedy, he held that its effect is really salutary, and that to behold it on the stage "both enhances and instructs the force within each soul;" that it raises the beholder "above the realistic level of a well-conceived play." He said further on this point:—

"The soul looks tranquilly on, knowing that it, no more than its prototypes, can be harmed by any mischance. 'Agonies' are merely its 'changes of garments.' They are forms of experience. The soul desires all experiences; to touch this planetary life at all points—to drink, not of triumph and delight alone—its must needs drain its portion of anguish, failure, wrong. It would set, like the nightingale, its breast against the thorn. Its greatest victory is when it is most agonized. When all is lost, when the dark tower is reached, then Childe Roland dauntless winds his blast upon the slug-horn. Its arms scattered, its armour torn away, the soul, 'the victor-victim,' slips from mortal encumbrance and soars freer than ever. This is the constant lesson of the lyrics and plays and studies of Browning, the most red-blooded and impassioned of modern dramatic poets; a wise and great master, whose imagination, if it be less strenuous than his insight and feeling, was yet sufficient to derive from history and experience more types of human passion than have been marshalled by any compeer. In truth, the potent artist, the great poet, is he who makes us realize the emotions of those who experience august extremes of fortune. For what can be of more value than intense and memorable sensations? What else make up that history which alone is worth the name of life?"

Mr. Stedman discussed in this lecture the distinction between genius and taste, for taste sometimes counterfeits genius and imposes on the world for a short time. He says: "What we term common sense is the genius of man as a race—the best of sense because the least ratiocinative. Nearly every man has thus a spark of genius in the conduct of life. A just balance between instinct, or understanding, and reason, or intellectual method, is true wisdom." How this consideration leads into what follows in the report we are quoting from does not appear clear to us, for directly after come these pregnant sentences:—

"It requires years for a man of constructive talent—a writer who forms his plans in advance—for such a man to learn to be flexible, to be obedient to his sudden intuitions, and to modify his design accordingly. You will usually do well to follow a clue that comes to you in the heat of work—in fact, to lay aside for the moment the part that you had designed to complete at once and to lay hold of the new matter before that escapes you. The old oracle—follow thy genius—holds good in every walk of life. Everything, then, goes to show that genius is that force of the soul which works at its own seemingly capricious will and season, and without conscious effort; that its utterances declare what is learned by spiritual and involuntary discovery. . . . The clearness of the poet's or artist's vision is so much beyond his skill to reproduce it, and so increase with each advance, that he never quite contents himself with his work. Hence the ceaseless unrest and dissatisfaction of the best workman. His ideal is constantly out of reach—a 'lithe, perpetual escape.'"

Mr. Stedman declared that an ounce of the original work of genius is worth a pound of comment and criticism. Very good—and why, then, did he spend a single word on the shallow utterances of Depew, the "plutocrat orator," in his lecture? Mr. Depew is of no consequence—he is a mere talking head, like Roger Bacon's, and his worldly parrottings do not deserve the dignity of quotation, much less of serious regard, in the lecture of a scholar and poet like Stedman.—*Springfield Republican*.

THE PAINTER AND HIS ART.

A TRUE poet and thinker of our day has defined perfect Art as Love. The reminiscence of a paraphrase in sacred teaching is undoubtedly no oversight. It was Art that overruled Creation and that made the sons of God sing together for joy when Chaos was destroyed, and all human artists have worked on this example from the beginning until now. The painter's art is the power of presenting to the spectators an image of an idea disentangled from confusing surroundings and then developed into beauty; not by falsifying the facts, which may appear very imperfect in the example chanced upon, but by study of their typical and essential elements, and putting these together in true relation and harmony, that so other minds shall feel the exaltation which the thought gave to the worker, and that it may be capable of infecting these minds in turn with the desire to extend heaven's harmonious workings among men. In other words, selections of the highest of existent elements with judicious training and redistribution. This is Art, and this is Love. But Great Love has a base double, and, whatever name you gloss it with, it is—Hate. The lust of degrading holy things and immortal hopes to the passing desire, to selfish moments and fruitlessness. The ingenuity that devotes itself to such ends is not Art, any more than devil-worship is religion—than Caliban is the high priest of divine philosophy. The influence from abroad is doing what it can to introduce such travesty of Art into England—and, indeed, it is already here. But let us hope it may yet be prevented from taking root, and that such a knowledge of the fundamental principles of Art may be spread now that the coming generation may laugh to scorn those who tell us that ignorance and carelessness in the

artist are, in fact, not such, but marks of masterliness; and that a painting is a wonderful achievement when, in fact, it is a coarse and unlovely daub. A critic will then perhaps be required to show his own drawing, and this may not strike his readers dumb with submission. Enabled thus to value the technical claims of a work justly, the public will no longer be docile in accepting as refined and elevating works of Art, those treating of facts too revolting to be mentioned in common language; such as there have been increasingly of late.—*W. Holman Hunt, in the Magazine of Art*.

THE NATURALNESS OF FAITH.

THE word "faith" is used in so many different shades of meaning that it is always desirable to indicate, in speaking of it, the particular significance which is intended to be conveyed. For the present purpose, let it be defined as meaning confidence in realities which lie beyond the sphere of knowledge and proof. It is in this sense that faith is defined in the Epistle to the Hebrews as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." In a similar meaning Tennyson speaks of faith when he says:

We have but faith; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see.

It is an act of faith by which we believe in the existence of facts and truths which we cannot verify by observation or demonstrate by reasoning. We believe in these truths upon other grounds than those of experience and argument. Such confidence, however, is not without grounds or reasons. Truths which are thus believed in are not necessarily without evidence, although it is of a different kind from that which authenticates the ordinary facts of life. This evidence—or, at least, an important part of it—lies in the correspondence of the facts believed in to the needs and demands of human nature, by which the mind is assured of their reality. Now, since religion involves the recognition and assured belief of facts and truths which are chiefly of the nature described, it is, in a pre-eminent degree, the province of faith. In all religious thought and life men exercise faith in many things which they have never seen, and whose existence they could not prove to the satisfaction of a sceptical mind, or of a mind without interest or concern for religious truth. There must be some strong tendency in human nature to such beliefs, and the persistence and satisfaction with which they are cherished must be facts of deep significance. There is something in human nature which leads it to reach out beyond the bounds of the visible, and to people unseen realms with realities which, to the eye of faith, are as certain as are the forms which the senses discern. Christianity is, indeed, a religion of objective fact and revelation; but even revelation, in order to accomplish its end, must find in man the condition of its appropriation; it must meet and satisfy native wants; the certainties which it discloses must be such as man has, from impulses within himself, desired and sought to know.—*Sunday School Times*.

HE who meanly admires a mean thing is a snob,—perhaps that is a safe definition of the character.—*Thackeray*.

SPRING MEDICINE.

NEEDED BY NEARLY EVERYBODY.

IN the spring months the necessity of a good blood-purifying, strengthening medicine is felt by the large majority of people. During the winter various impurities accumulate in the blood, as a consequence of close confinement in poorly ventilated tenements, stores and workshops, or too high living. Therefore when the milder weather comes, the blood is unable to sustain the various organs of the body which need additional strength, and the consequence is "that tired feeling," biliousness, sick headache, possibly dyspepsia, or the appearance of some blood disorder. So popular has Hood's Sarsaparilla become at this season that it is now generally admitted to be the Standard Spring Medicine. It thoroughly purifies and vitalizes the blood, creates a good appetite, cures biliousness and headache, overcomes that tired feeling, gives healthy action to the kidneys and liver, and imparts to the whole body a feeling of health and strength. Try it this spring.

"For a good many years I have been suffering from catarrh, neuralgia and general debility. I failed to obtain any permanent relief from medical advice, and my friends feared I would never find anything to cure me. A short time ago I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. At that time I was unable to walk even a short distance without feeling a death-like weakness overtake me. And I had intense pains from neuralgia in my head, back and limbs, which were very exhausting. But I am glad to say that soon after I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I saw that it was doing me good. I have now taken three bottles and am entirely cured of neuralgia. I am gaining in strength rapidly, and can take a two-mile walk without feeling tired. I do not suffer nearly so much from catarrh, and find that as my strength increases the catarrh decreases. I am indeed a changed woman, and shall always feel grateful to Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it has done for me. It is my wish that this my testimonial shall be published in order that others suffering as I was may learn how to be benefited." Mrs. M. E. MERRICK, 36 Wilton Avenue, Toronto, Can.

A PERPETUAL CONQUEST.

WHAT sort of a country Holland is has been told by many in few words. Napoleon said that it was an alluvion of French rivers—the Rhine, the Scheldt, and the Meuse. With this pretext he added it to the Empire. One writer has defined it as a sort of transition between land and sea. Another as an immense crust of earth floating on the water. Others, an annex of the whole Continent, the China of Europe, the end of the earth and the beginning of the ocean, a measureless raft of mud and sand; and Philip II. called it the country nearest to hell. But they all agreed upon one point, and all expressed it in the same words: Holland is a conquest made by man over the sea, it is an artificial country; the Hollanders made it; it exists because the Hollanders preserve it; it will vanish whenever the Hollanders shall abandon it. To comprehend this truth, we must imagine Holland as it was when first inhabited by the first German tribes that wandered away in search of a country. It was almost uninhabitable. There were vast tempestuous lakes, like seas, touching one another; morass beside morass; one tract covered with brushwood after another; immense forests of pines, oaks, and alders, traversed by herds of wild horses; and so thick were these forests that tradition says one could travel leagues passing from tree to tree without ever putting foot to the ground. The deep bays and gulfs carried into the heart of the country the fury of the Northern tempests. Some provinces disappeared once every year under the waters of the sea, and were nothing but muddy tracts, neither land nor water, where it was impossible either to walk or to sail. The large rivers, without sufficient inclination to descend to the sea, wandered here and there, uncertain of their way, and slept in monstrous pools and ponds among the sands of the coasts. It was a sinister place, swept by furious winds, beaten by obstinate rains, veined in a perpetual fog, where nothing was heard but the roar of the sea and the voices of wild beasts and birds of the ocean. The first people who had the courage to plant their tents there had to raise with their own hands dykes of earth to keep out the rivers and the sea, and lived within them like shipwrecked men upon desolate islands, venturing forth at the subsidence of the waters in quest of food in the shape of fish and game, and gathering the eggs of marine birds upon the sand. . . . Now, if we remember that such a region has become one of the most fertile, wealthiest, and best regulated of the countries of the world, we shall understand the justice of the saying that Holland is a conquest made by man. But, it must be added, the conquest goes on forever.—"*Holland and its people*," by E. de Amicis.

A MAN of sense and education should meet a suitable companion in a wife. It is a miserable thing when the conversation can only be such as whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about it.—*Dr. Johnson*.

WANTED.—A good appetite. You can have it easy enough by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It tones the digestion and cures sick headache.

THE BEST RESULT.—Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. So that from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, everything is carefully watched with a view to attaining the best result. Why don't you try it?

AT no season in the year is cold in the head and catarrh more prevalent than during April. To neglect either means misery and perhaps fatal results. Nasal Balm is the only certain remedy for these dangerous diseases, and as a precautionary remedy should be kept in every household. Nasal Balm has cured thousands of sufferers—it will cure you. Try it.

Spring Medicine

Is so important that great care should be used to get THE BEST.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its superior merit by its many remarkable cures, and the fact that it has a larger sale than any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier shows the great confidence the people have in it. The best Spring Medicine, to purify your blood, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla