

say; only perhaps he will add that the bald prose of Canadian history is so romantic that it is almost painting the rainbow to turn it into fiction.

Just now when there is a call for romance as against realism, and when our novelists are scouring the continent from the villages of New England to the canyons of the Sierras in search of a promising "claim," why does not some one of them, or more, turn the eye northward to this almost untrodden but inviting region of great forests, great waters, great heroes, great events, and great episodes, and adventure a literary effort in that direction? If Hawthorne could only have had Parkman to go before him! Who knows but the coming "American novel," for which we are all expectant, is to be a Canadian novel, and that it is to appear out of the North!—*Boston Literary World*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

EDUCATION.

OUR great mistake in education is, as it seems to me, the worship of book-learning—the confusion of instruction and education. We strain the memory instead of cultivating the mind. The children in our elementary schools are wearied by the mechanical act of writing and the interminable intricacies of spelling; they are oppressed by columns of dates, by lists of kings and places, which convey no definite idea to their minds, and have no near relation to their daily wants and occupations; while in our public schools the same unfortunate results are produced by the weary monotony of Latin and Greek grammar. We ought to follow exactly the opposite course with children—to give them a wholesome variety of mental food and endeavour to cultivate their tastes, rather than to fill their minds with dry facts. The important thing is not so much that every child should be taught, as that every child should be given the wish to learn.—*Sir John Lubbock: Pleasures of Life*.

BYRON.

BYRON woke up one morning and found himself famous, for the publication of *Childe Harold* was the sudden making of a splendid name. He was praised by everybody, sought by everybody, and whirled along in the fashionable festivities and follies of the time. Lords, ladies, commoners, all were at his feet. That he should enjoy the social triumphs which were thrust upon him was but natural, when one considers his eager temperament, his proud nature, his hunger and thirst for distinction, and that he had only just completed his twenty-fourth year. If he had not been elated he would have been more or less than the man he was. But not all was elation with him, for while he was conscious of the comeliness of his person, his handsome, sensitive face, and eloquent eyes, he was also conscious of his deformity; and often, while he was hobbling from one fair worshipper to another, he remembered the time when his mother called him a "lame brat." The Byron whom the world saw on his return from the East was not the Byron who had left England, for the two years which had passed in the interval had strengthened his powers, if they had not matured his character, and had cast over his life the shadow of a settled gloom.—*R. H. Stoddard, in New Princeton Review for September*.

GOOD BREEDING.

SUBTLE, fragrant, indescribable, but all-pervading is that lovely thing we call good breeding. As subtle and as indescribable, but by no means fragrant, is its ungainly opposite. Keenly conscious of the absence of the former, but unable to exactly specify and define when present, we know and feel, but cannot analyse nor tabulate—save in cases of exceptional sweetness and refinement, when we can touch the exact action and repeat the commanding word which governed all. So with ill-breeding. We can scarcely say where it was, unless the misdemeanour was as deep as a well and as wide as a church door; but there it was; and we felt and knew whether we were able to define or not. No one can describe discord nor harmony. No one can make you understand an unknown perfume or an unheard piece of music. The famous account of Rubinstein's "pianner" is a capital bit for an afternoon recital; but no one ever came away from the hearing with a clear idea of the piece played, nor even how it was played. Birds singing up aloft and thunder crashing through the sky—a cottage here and a running rivulet there—are all very well as suggestions more or less onomatopoeic; but they are no nearer to the fact than mere suggestions. So with the mystery of good breeding—the subtle harmony and passing flavour of true politeness. It is heard in an intonation—an inflection—in the choice of one word over another seemingly its twin, but with just that difference of application, rather than meaning, which creates the essence of good breeding. The almost microscopic recognition of a stranger—the specialised attention of an unobtrusive kind—is its evidence; the careless neglect of an apparently insignificant form is its death warrant.—*The Queen*.

MEN AND WOMEN.

MEN, from that large Ego, doubtless implanted in them for useful purposes, have a tendency to see things solely from their own point of view, and to judge things, not as they are, but as the world will look at them, with reference to their individual selves. Their sense of order, their power and inclination to take trouble, are rarely equal to a woman's. Her very narrowness makes her more conscientious and reliable in matters of minute detail. A man's horizon is wider, his vision larger, his physi-

cal and intellectual strength generally greater than a woman's; but he is as a rule less prudent, less careful, less able to throw himself out of himself and into the interest of other people, than a woman is. Granted a capable woman, and one that has had even a tithe of the practical education that all men have or are supposed to have, she will do a matter of business, say an executorship, secretarieship, etc., as well as any man, or even better than most men, because she will take more pains. Did girls get from childhood the same business training as boys, and were it clearly understood in all families that it is not a credit but a discredit for women to be idle, to hang helpless on the men instead of doing their own work, and, if necessary, earning their own living, I believe society would be not the worse but the better for the change. Men would find out that the more they elevate women the greater use they get out of them. If, instead of a man working himself to death for his unmarried daughters, and then leaving them ignominiously dependent upon male relations, he educated them to independence, made them able both to maintain and to protect themselves, it would save him and them a world of unhappiness. They would cease to be either the rivals—a very hopeless rivalry—or the playthings first and then the slaves of men, and become, as was originally intended, their co-mates, equal and yet different, each sex supplying the other's deficiencies, and therefore fitted to work together, not apart, for the good of the world.—*The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," in the Forum for September*.

COLOUR IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

IT is conceded, says F. Hopkinson Smith, in the *September Book Buyer*, that every scheme of colour can be translated exactly into its true and proper scale of black and white, which, until photography in colour becomes a useful art, must of course remain the basis of all fac-simile illustration. The exactness with which this is done marks the value of the work. At present it is safe to say that only a black and white drawing in pen and ink, charcoal, pencil, or other medium, having intermediate spaces of white and black, can be so exactly reproduced as to be practically a fac-simile of the original. This, however, requires the intervention of the drawing between the artist and the original painting. What is wanting is an exact reproduction of the painting itself, resolving its colour, form, and mass into the precise relation of black and white, translating by rapid and necessarily inexpensive process, if for catalogue illustration, its "qualities," so that they can be expressed in printer's ink. The azaline process comes so far nearest in reaching this desired result. In fact the application of the azaline process, by which a negative is taken from a painting in oil or water-colour, and which corrects the shortcomings of all heretofore known photography, inasmuch as it gives the blues and yellows their proper relations, cannot be overestimated. It may justly be considered as great a discovery as that of photography itself. The utilising of this result is the question for experts in photographic processes—whether upon glass, copper, or zinc. What the azaline process now loses is richness in the shadows and lack of delicate half-tones. This, on the other hand, is precisely given by the gelatine process, but then this last process again loses in the expression of clear white. When, however, the whole photographic world is concentrating itself upon the solving of this problem, the solution cannot be far distant; and considering the advance made in the past year, it would not be surprising to see the next important catalogue of the coming year containing and combining a true record of all that should be preserved in the works of art forming the collection.

JAPAN.

THE boyish belief that on the other side of our globe all things are of necessity upside down is startlingly brought back to the man when he first sets foot at Yokohama. If his initial glance does not, to be sure, disclose the natives in the every-day feat of standing calmly on their heads, an attitude which his youthful imagination conceived to be a necessary consequence of their geographical position, it does at least reveal them looking at the world as if from the standpoint of that eccentric posture. For they seem to him to see everything topsy-turvy. Whether it be that their antipodal situation has affected their brains, or whether it is the mind of the observer himself that has hitherto been wrong in undertaking to rectify the inverted pictures presented by his retina, the result, at all events, is undeniable. The world stands reversed, and taking for granted his own uprightness, the stranger unhesitatingly imputes to them an obliquity of vision—a state of mind outwardly typified by their cat-like obliqueness of expression. If the inversion be not precisely of the kind he expected, it is none the less striking, and impressively more real. If personal experience has thoroughly convinced him that the inhabitants of that under side of our planet do not adhere to it head downwards, like flies on a ceiling—his early *a priori* deduction—they still appear quite as antipodal, mentally considered. Intellectually, at least, their attitude sets gravity at defiance. For to the mind's eye their world is one huge, comical antithesis of our own. What we regard intuitively in one way from our standpoint they as intuitively observe in a diametrically opposite manner from theirs. To speak backwards, write backwards, read backwards is but the A B C of their contrariety. The inversion extends deeper than mere modes of expression down into the very matter of thought. Ideas of ours which we deem innate find in them no home, while methods which strike us as preposterously unnatural appear to be their birthright. Indeed, to one anxious to conform to the manners and customs of the country, the only road to right lies in following unswervingly that course which his inherited instincts assure him to be wrong.—*Percival Lowell, in September Atlantic*.