

Spohr's almost forgotten opera of "Faust." He rendered this in the most artistic style, his phrasing and execution being admirable. A very pleasing feature of the closing concert was the singing of a chorus of 1,300 school children who had been trained by Messrs. Torrington, Schuch, and Ferrin. The audience went wildly enthusiastic over an unexpected and telling effect produced by them in Mr. Torrington's song, "Canada," when at a given signal, the children waved aloft thirteen hundred little Union Jacks. On Wednesday night Mr. Torrington was presented by his chorus with an address and a handsome clock and pair of bronze statuettes in recognition of his efforts in the cause of the Festival. It is gratifying to note that the piano used in these concerts was of Canadian make, a "Grand" from the establishment of Messrs. Mason and Risch.

It is expected that when the accounts are balanced there will be a small surplus to carry forward.—*Clef.*

HOURS WITH GERMAN CLASSICS.*

IN these days of hard-ridden specialties and somewhat loose general culture, a book like this of Professor Hedge's is tolerably sure of a hearty and uncritical welcome. The public of our progressive century possesses a never-failing appreciation, which is apt to take the very obvious form of dollars and cents, of any agreeable labour-saving literary contrivance. We, the people, would like to be enlightened, but not too expensively either as to energy or time. In this respect we have advanced perceptibly too. Not many decades ago "Hours with German Classics" would have been written for the literary class, and read almost exclusively by scholars. To-day, while the *savant* may peruse it for his pleasure, he will hardly expect it to enlighten him. It is eminently a popular book.

"Classics" Professor Hedge's title construes in its dual sense. We spend the delightful "Hours" in absorbed contemplation, not only of the yellow parchments of the "Nibelungenlied" or the glowing pages of "Faust," but in misty speculation as to the origin of the first, and in rapt admiration of the physical personality of the author of the last. From Martin Luther to Heinrich Heine, Professor Hedge has thrown about his pages the vivid interest of humanity in the environment of genius. He is peculiarly happy in this recounting of the lives and virtues of his "classics," and he usually subordinates it to his discussion of their writings; yet we venture the opinion that an "hour," or even its literary equivalent, is somewhat too short a space for all that Professor Hedge has attempted in it. The single exception to the author's rule of predominance, in the chapter he devotes to Luther, strikes one as especially commendable. Luther's work in his study at Wittenberg on the face of the ages, was so wholly and directly the issue of his remarkable individuality that to give the latter prominence is to shed a clearer light upon the former than could be cast by any other treatment. But to devote any considerable portion of a chapter upon Jean Paul Richter, for example, to an account of his life, is to deprive the reader of much critical and more valuable matter. Especially will this appear when it is stated that Professor Hedge quotes always liberally and sometimes copiously from the works of his Germans. The author's plan will doubtless secure him a wider circle of readers, but people who buy his book with the expectation that its five hundred well-printed, well-bound pages will be devoted exclusively to pleasantly didactic intercourse with leading German minds will be somewhat disappointed by it.

Professor Hedge's admirable treatment of the really important part of his subject, moreover, is strongly effectual in making us wish for more of it. It is easy and availeth much, where it might plausibly have been difficult and avail little. There is neither an attempt nor the pretence of an attempt at making the volume an exhaustive study of its subject. It is hardly intended apparently to be very authoritative, for it contains no little speculation, and more than once the author takes occasion to say "I do not know." But candid ignorance is apt to inspire more confidence than pretentious wisdom, and we are not inclined to believe that Professor Hedge's scholarship will suffer in public opinion by his frank avowal. Neither, however, is the book a mere collection of brilliantly comprehensive essays, constructed for the entertainment of elegant and cultured leisure. It contains a vast and valuable amount of information dispensed upon lines which may be feasibly followed to a wider limit. If Professor Hedge's work is somewhat lacking in symmetry, it teems with suggestion; and, if he is disposed to be discursive at times, it will be remembered that his scope is wide and tempting, and that we owe the book to a platform of Harvard.

The Professor, of course, made his chair a temple, and consecrated the pen wherewith he wrote of the Teutons of his idolatry. If it were not so, his work would lose half its power and all its zest. He writes of German genius in a spirit of the fullest sympathy. It is everywhere burnished by his touch.

JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

* By Frederick Henry Hedge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE WIND OF DESTINY.*

THIS is a book throbbing with life; powerfully, yet delicately written. It sweeps you along with its force. Schonberg, whose life's tragedy is enacted in the first few pages, is a study in himself; and all the characters are of more or less interest. Perhaps Seraphine is a little idealized—Gladys, married to a man who adores her, is more of the "earth-earthy," a glad, bright creature, taking all things lightly—but beneath this lies dormant an unknown force of passion, ready to spring forth at a moment's notice; which it does later, developing into that saddest and most pitiable combination, a forbidden and unrequited love. The misery to which this leads her and others is cleverly drawn out.

Mr. Hardy has the power of expressing the thoughts of the soul; his strongest passages having the added strength of truth and reality.

"There are times when the clouds of sense, which hang about this mysterious life, roll away, and every thing is plain. How we wonder when the revelation is finished, and the soul gropes again for a strong foothold! Surely we were mad that day."

Then again,

"Imagine pictures on an arras wall, succeeding each other as by magic, distinct, single, but momentary. Such are the acts, the states of mind revealed by consciousness, of these ceaselessly changing pictures; now and then one is caught on the sensitive plate of the memory, while the snail, thought, with its mole eyes, looks on wisely as they pass—the unending frieze of life—sorrow mute, and joy singing—desire with hungry eyes, and satiety tired but sleepless—hate aglance, but love aglow. But the myriad moving threads which make up these pictures are unseen. The causes which determine the act, the state, in all their subtle play, escape consciousness. It sees the single resultant of infinite forces, the simple sum of innumerable elements.

"Thus we live bat-like in gloom, and our impuissance is our power. For, magnify this vision of consciousness, show us the tumult of the looms behind the arras, and straightway thought, the snail, is paralyzed—delirium!"

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Jack Temple, Gladys's husband, and Rowan Ferguson, her cousin, are the heroes of this tale. Which is the greatest hero, or whether there is a possibility of choice; the reader must judge. Accept them as they are, they are upright, honourable men, both capable of great love, and of sacrificing themselves to honour. Jack Temple, confident in his love for his wife, is as assured of hers for him. He goes on one of his customary yachting excursions, and asks her carelessly to go with him, though he had never been able to persuade her to go before; she does not reply, but after he has gone, decides she will go with him, and writes him a note telling of her decision. However, the trip does not take place for either of them, events taking a different course to that which anyone could have imagined.

There is a touch of exquisite pathos in the following passage:

"No, associations did not constitute the charm of childhood, nor yet places—the woods whence the brook sallied, the meadow where it slept. What we go back to seek there, is the bloom of our own nature, we would fain escape that angel whose flaming sword bars the past, and creep back again into our Eden, hoping to find there our lost selves."

The book is of intense interest throughout, and when the end comes one regrets there is no more.

FERRARS.

THE WEALTH OF HOUSEHOLDS.*

WE are already supplied with so vast and various a literature of political economy that any addition to it must bear upon its face, and substantiate throughout, the evidence of worth, before a perplexed and satiated public can be induced to do very much more than acknowledge its publication. The labour crisis has brought forth so much philosophy that most people who have attempted its perusal have reached a condition about as near total blindness upon the subject as the general enlightenment of the nineteenth century will allow. Trades-Unions have been vocal, monopolies have bellowed aloud. Demagogues, discontented with the market places, have taken to pamphleteering, and the amiable philanthropist, who is new to literary effort, has guided an ineffectual pen with a vain idea of allaying the strife. All this, however, while it inspires a deep distrust of all publications bearing a title indicative of Capital and Labour, unwarranted by a familiar name, has also the effect of filling the popular mind with fervent gratitude for clear, direct, enlightening thought upon the subject from any source. This may be claimed without hesitation for Mr. Danson's work. Originally a series of lectures to college students, it now appears in the form of a text-book, but a text-book, we think, the usefulness of which will be by no means limited to the school room, though admirably adapted for

* "The Wind of Destiny." By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Co.

* "The Wealth of Households." By J. T. Danson. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Toronto: Williamson and Company.