

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

REPORTS are beginning to come of the exhibit of the new *Salon*, which is now open to the public on the Champ de Mars, Paris. It may be remembered that last year a number of artists seceded from the old *Salon*, which for many years has been, if it is not yet, the most notable art exhibit of the world. This new organization is called the "Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts." Meissonier is its president. Competent critics speak in highest terms of the exhibit as a whole. Many of the names familiar to art-lovers are on the pages of the catalogue. There are new names also and not a few Americans are enrolled, although many of our countrymen stand by the old organization and have "no connection with the concern over the way." The collection is a comparatively small one. Only 910 pictures are hung, which seems an exceedingly meagre showing compared to the acres of canvas covered with pigments in *Salons* of the past. An improvement is noticeable too in the general arrangement of the pictures, the works of one artist being placed together as a rule. There is to be seen a marked individuality in the work of each artist, as if each had had some definite idea in mind and had attempted to follow it out, rather than, as is too often the case, simply designing to make a picture. The subject is worthy of further comment at another time.

TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

LIBERATI.

POSSIBLY the season may be accountable for the extremely sparse audiences that greeted Liberati and his band at their four concerts last week. The financial result could hardly have been of such a nature as to encourage the *entrepreneur* to again cater for Torontonians during the holiday season. Better an enthusiastic few, however, from an artistic point of view at least, than a lethargic crowd. Liberati could hardly complain of coldness in his audiences, who were somewhat too exacting, especially in regard to the great cornetist himself, who played some exacting solos with band accompaniment. Excellent as are Liberati's tone and technique, he lacks the superb finish of Levy's playing, nor does he show that consummate ease which distinguishes the ex-cavalryman's production of both the clear and clouded tone. The swing and *ensemble* of the band was very fine, but the want of strings made the continued blare rather monotonous and the reeds if anything were rather too prominent. The ballet music in the "William Tell" overture was excellently rendered, the imitation of the Tyrolean pipes and the flute accompaniment eliciting deservedly prolonged applause. Liberati has his combination under excellent control, and there appears to be that sympathy of feeling between band and conductor which is essential to the best playing. But, as may be inferred from our remark upon the absence of strings, we would prefer to hear this excellent band in the open air; they prove rather overwhelming inside a hall. Miss Parepa, if she did not astonish us, at least sang creditably, though she would be wise to cleave to music of a *legato* character, and Miss Evelyn Severs sang two songs ("Le parlait d'amour"—"Faust," and "No, Sir") on Thursday night very acceptably.

QUEEN VICTORIA has granted the widow of E. L. Blanchard, the late critic of the London *Daily Telegraph*, a yearly pension of \$250.

THE big Madison Square Garden looks as if it was a financial failure. The prices are too high, and the show too quiet, the scheme too select.

GOSSIP says that Miss Lillian Russell will be *prima donna* of Mr. George Paget's next opera season at the London Avenue, and play the title *role* in Sims and Jacobi's "Queen of Spain."

SIGRID ARNOLSON has been singing at Florence in "The Barber of Seville," and no singer has made such a sensation in Italy since Adelina Patti's young days, if the Italian newspapers may be believed.

A NEW tenor has been found in Germany, at the village of Fischchen, named Kautor, possessing all the attributes of a great singer, including the high C. He will be carefully educated by his discoverer, an *impresario*.

CONCERNING the patronage of the almost limitless list of concerts during the London season, it is said that the London concert-goer is generally a woman. At a morning concert there are sixteen women to three men, and at an evening the proportion is about three to one.

IF the world were a whispering-gallery, it is hard to say whether one would experience the more concern about the things he spoke or the things he heard.

A REMARKABLE piece of mechanism has recently been completed for the great telescope at the Lick Observatory, California. It is an eye-piece larger than any other ever before made. It measures over three inches in diameter, and consists of the eye-glass proper and a field lens, the two being six inches apart. The eye-glass is constructed with three lenses, a double concave, a double convex, and a correcting lens, cemented together, the correcting lens being made of flint glass. The field lens is brown glass, and measures six and a half inches in diameter. It is stated that the light from the celestial bodies seen through this new eye-piece will be 2,000 times as bright as that viewed by the naked eye.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS. By Félix Pyat. Translated by Benj. R. Tucker. Boston: B. R. Tucker.

If the uncovering of the lowest life of Paris be edifying to any reader, he may find it to his heart's content in this novel of realism. Zola himself could hardly descend to lower planes for subjects of description. But two redeeming characters present themselves, and their virtue, comparative only in one of them, is thrown into relief by the bestial setting of usurers, *lorettes* and their vile surroundings. The details of the story might have been gleaned from police blotters and records of houses of refuge. The self-sacrifice of the erstwhile drunkard, Jean, for the widow of the murdered Didier, is the one apology for the existence of the book, which is illumined by neither wit nor novelty.

A SOCIAL DEPARTURE. How Orthodocia and I went round the World by Ourselves. By Sara Jeannette Duncan. New York: Appletons.

"Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Grundy" is Miss Duncan's book. That, of course, is for English readers, the literary kith and kin of that charming Orthodocia, so shrewd, audacious and original, who was the *compagnon de voyage* of the writer, familiarly known to Canadian readers as Garth Grafton. Mrs. Grundy, we are glad to say, does not thrive on Canadian fare, and one of the consequences of this happy condition is that all ultra-refined regard for proprieties, all sickly affectation of restraint *brille par absence* from the pages of Miss Duncan's healthy, breezy, amusing book. The two adventurous girls—at least they would have been adventurous a decade or two since; we move quickly now-a-days and the rusty proprieties are well-nigh worn through—start from Montreal to cross the continent by the marvellous iron belt, which is described in a paradox for Orthodocia's benefit as "the most masterly stroke of internal economy a Government ever had courage to carry out, and the most lunatic enterprise a Government was ever foolhardy enough to hazard . . . a boon and a bane." The ride to the Pacific, of course, would not be complete without a ride on the cow-catcher, and a suggestion of a possible romance is entwined in the account of the visit to Corona and "the P'leece." Jack Love is a very fair type of the healthier sort of young Englishman roughing it out west, with faint hopes of ever realizing the golden dream of youth, eclipsed in hard work. On over the mighty backbone of the continent he these defiers of conventionality; on to Vancouver of magic birth, where native shrewdness wins for one fair dame substantial profit; on o'er the stretching Pacific to the land of the rising sun, the new-born civilization set in an ancient and grotesque sort. Those who read in THE WEEK the charming letters of Louis Lloyd from the land which has given birth to what perhaps shall eclipse the "Light of Asia" will recognize with pleasure many of the features so attractively portrayed therein. "Chrysanthemum" is an old acquaintance, and so is the Japanese reporter, with his extraordinary English and quaint courtesy. Buddha and the episode of the bath recall reminiscences of like kind. Fairyland has its limits; so *sayonara*, Japan—Buddha, *sayonara*, and away over the dancing blue waves to old China, conservative of ugliness and musty wisdom. China, after Japan, is unspeakable, unbearable; stony, stolid Confucianism is barren of attraction, and "Ceylon's isle," where Nature adorns and man defiles, is reached after touching at Penang and Singapore. But we do not intend to give an itinerary of Miss Duncan's charming book. Never flagging, the touch always light, description never tedious, to the interest that surrounds a new work by one who has made a distinct and honourable mark in Canadian literature is added the innate charm of the book itself; a touch of pathos or romance here and there but serving to throw its *verve* into bolder relief.

MODERN IDEAS OF EVOLUTION as related to Revelation and Science. By Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S. Second edition. London: The Religious Tract Society; Montreal: Drysdale's.

The distinguished scientist and man of letters who is the author of this work desires to embody in its pages an answer that shall be at once comprehensive and, though of course not final, yet convincing, to many enquiries which have been addressed to him respecting the theory of evolution and its general relation to science and religion. He puts the general theory to the test of scientific facts and principles, and yet does so in a popular and telling manner. Beginning with the present already varied aspects of the question, and noting the quickly-reached divergency of views held by Darwin's disciples, the writer passes to the examination of the term evolution and its exact range. This is necessary because so dangerous has become the indiscriminate use of the word, that in argument, as many of us know, if we are to understand anything of this multiform philosophy, we have continually to pin its advocates down to a hard and fast definition of the kind of development of which they may be speaking. By one who has closely read Darwin it will be readily remembered that Darwin's original theory was considerably narrower than that we now understand to be expressed by the vague and comprehensive term, evolution. Darwin, himself, was content with a modal evolution. "He took matter and force and then existing laws, as he found them." Causal evolution, or the *origin* of things, drew no deliverance from Darwin. On this subject he was uncertainty itself. Sir William Dawson points out that in Darwin's "Origin of Species" nothing is told of the *origin*. Modes of "descent

with modifications whereby new species are derived" are discussed, but first causes are omitted *in toto*. The monistic and agnostic theories of evolution are successively considered, and their weaknesses pointed out; theistic evolution is considered, and chapters on God in nature and man in nature precede the general conclusions. Two valuable appendices, examining Weismann's views on heredity and Dr. McCosh on evolution, are attached. Sir William Dawson remarks in his "general conclusions" that "it is true there may be a theistic form of evolution, but . . . it postulates a Creator and regards the development of the Universe as the development of His plans by secondary causes of His own institution." But he points out the lack in this theory of the "principles of design, finality and ethical purity, inseparable from a true and elevating religion." Further we cannot go, though the book is simply and attractively written and, while always decisive in stand, is eminently fair in discussion.

GOD IN HIS WORLD: An Interpretation. Price \$1.25. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1890.

This is a book of considerable power, written with something of the Emersonian quaintness of diction, which is popular with American theologians and philosophers, and also with a little of the paradoxical spirit, which, too, is not unpopular among them. The writer, who is anonymous, tells us what he means by his designation of his book. "An interpretation," he says, "is not an invention, a mental construction, a speculation, but a vision of living reality as seen in the light of its own life." This perhaps is not quite so clear as it might be; but the author's intention is to see and declare the workings of God, and thus His character, as displayed in the history of the world. The book is divided into three parts, dealing with what, in ordinary language, we should call the Revelation of God in its three progressive stages; in the pre-Christian period, in the Person of Jesus Christ, and lastly, in the Church, or, as we might express it, by the manifestation of the Holy Ghost. On this last point the author departs most widely from the conventional language of theology. The first book is entitled, "From the Beginning," the second, simply "The Incarnation," whilst the third has for its title, "The Divine Human Fellowship;" and this third book is by no means the least interesting or the least suggestive of the three; but to the orthodox there will be a sense of ominous silence as to the work of the Holy Spirit.

The general spirit of the book, and also the author's relation to recent philosophical movements will be discerned in the following words from his introduction: "The presence of the divine, as real, is that which gives life all its glory and spiritual death all its sting. We evade this presence when we substitute for its real manifestation some abstract notion which is but a shadow thereof. The anchorite enters not into a spiritual exaltation, but into the ecstasy of a shadowy world. Abstruse study of divine things leads into the same realm. God is to be found only in the Real because He is a Spirit, since the Spirit is manifest only in some pulsing and throbbing embodiment. All of nature shows us God. All of Christ shows us Him; and we especially find Him in identifying ourselves with all humanity in Christ."

Now, on one side of the subject, this is admirably stated. Of course it is a commonplace of philosophy now, that all our knowledge comes to us by the way of actual experience. It is also important to point out the utter viciousness of those so-called spiritual notions, according to which men may make themselves more acceptable to God by separating themselves from their fellowmen. We are sure that the author does not mean to exclude that contemplation of the Divine which the Platonist regards as the supreme felicity, although his words do not seem to leave a place for it. The contemplation of God as pure spirit need not be the mere gazing at an abstraction.

We have referred to the paradoxical character of some portions of the book. We will refer to one or two examples. Thus, at p. 22, he says, "No thought of justice can occur in this Presence;" and then he goes on, "Justice is met by sacrifice, and an imputed righteousness to the sinner by imputed sin to the sinless one." We fully grant that there is a way in which these statements may be defended. Human justice is, doubtless, a very clumsy representative of any divine attribute or mode of working; but the same might be said of any word employed to tell us what God is and does. Surely we may speak of God acting righteously; and we must do so, unless our God is a mere synonym for existence, and personal action is denied to the Being so designated.

The unique character of the attitude and work of our Lord is thus set forth (after the quoting of some of His sayings): "Of all men that have lived upon the earth there has been but one who has uttered such speech. Others have laid down conditions of life, in creeds and philosophies, or have stimulated men to the struggle for life through good works and penances, but He alone has said, 'I am the Life.'" "There is no divine quality in condescension," he says, p. 185, in reference to the coming of our Lord as a divine condescension. All that we remark upon this is, simply that, in that case, there is no divine condescension in anything. The writer has no need of tricks of this kind, but something must be allowed for American leanings to Emersonianism. He is very hard upon established churches without, as we think, having properly considered the circumstances. In one place, p. 51, he tells us that "the Ionic school had resolved all into the four elements," but we do not remark any other similar lapse. The volume will repay perusal.