

also behold it widely diffused among the masses. Opposed to this condition of things is a remarkable want of first-class producers in literature and the higher arts. But we need not fear for the future. There may be a momentary twilight, some transient eclipse of genius, an interval during which mediocrity will appear to have the field to itself in nearly every department of literature; but out of the silent depths new heroes, poets, artists, statesmen, prophets, and saviours will appear in due time; for the great man is ever a surprise to his generation, coming in unexpected form, disappointing those who make predictions about his personality and work, but he never fails to come when God appoints the hour.

The editor of *The Farm and Fireside*, answering a question of one of his subscribers, points out the difference between two terms often used in a vague and misleading manner, so briefly and well that I make no apology for giving the reply in full. The reader wished to know the difference between "talent" and "genius," if there is any. The editor says that, there is a great deal of difference between the meanings of the two terms, and its manifestations are in a very marked contrast.

Talent is a development of the natural understanding. It may be inherited or it may be an original gift. At any rate, it is special natural inclination in any certain direction, as for languages for music, painting or what not else. Cultivation perfects its mechanically and develops it to its fullest extent.

Genius is the action of reason and the imagination. It is thoughtful and creative where talent is merely mechanical and initiative. Talent treats of what it sees. Genius creates something to treat about. Talent reflects ideas and objects. Genius produces ideas and subjects in order to inspire them with life.

In the way of familiar illustrations, it may be said that Charles Dickens was a man of genius, and Charles Reade a man of talent. Anthony Trollope was a talented man, and Thackeray a genius. With this hint the reader can go ahead and make up a contrast list of what he considers the geniuses and the talents of the universe for himself.

Among American novelists, Mr.

Marion Crawford now occupies a place at the head of the front rank. Mr. Crawford was born in Italy on August 2nd, 1854, his father being Thomas Crawford, the American sculptor, and his mother being the sister of Julia Ward Howe and of the late Sam Ward, the noted wit. When a lad, young Crawford was sent to St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire. Later he returned to his parents in Italy, and from 1870 to 1874 he was at Trinity College, Cambridge. The next three or four years he passed at Karlsruhe and Heidelberg and in Rome, continuing his studies in the languages and in philosophy. He speaks German, French and Italian fluently, and reads Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Arabic and Persian, and has besides some knowledge of Russian and Turkish. In religion Mr. Crawford is an adherent of the Roman Catholic Church. He is described as over six feet in height, with broad shoulders, small feet and a large head, the latter being well covered with a profusion of brown hair. He talks well, in a carefully modulated voice, enjoys a good joke and is easily moved to laughter.

Mr. Crawford was led to go to India in order to study Sanskrit, and to investigate personally some of the Oriental mysteries of philosophy and religion, and also to recover his health. He edited a newspaper in Bombay before he engaged in literature proper. After a year or two spent in the same city in Oriental studies, Mr. Crawford returned to America, and, it is said, he got the idea of writing a novel from his uncle, Sam Ward, already mentioned, to whom he narrated some of his adventures in foreign lands, and who was not slow to perceive the romantic and imaginative possibilities which the tales possessed.

A few weeks ago, in a Spanish town, removed from his own people, died after a brief illness, one who in life was a great traveller, a keen and constant observer of men, a learned and conscientious historian and antiquarian, and a trusted leader of Liberal thought wherever English is spoken—Edward A. Freeman, Professor of History in the University of Oxford. Born in 1823, he weathered "the fatal thirty-seven" only to pass away at sixty-nine years of age. Reared a Tory, Mr.