

may carry with it to some ears "a connotation of inferiority." But a Scotchman would not be an Englishman if he could, and he respects him just as little or as much as he does a colonist. An Irishman would prefer being a colonist at any time rather than being dubbed an Englishman, and an Englishman would be neither Scotch nor Irish, for he boasts of being English to the back-bone, though never ashamed of being counted a colonist. Each is deservedly proud of his heritage, yet only as British subjects under a common flag, impelled by the same motives and acting in concert, have they gathered about them, as a centre of attraction, an empire such as the conquerors of antiquity never dreamed of. If Canada is to become independent in the sense of hauling down the Union Jack for ever, then you must grant to every colony that floats that flag the same privilege and regard it as a consummation much to be desired. If union cease to convey the meaning of imperial effort and ability for good to all within the wide range of its influence, then by all means let the "Greater Britain" become only a discredited memory of futile struggle in the past to assist in the great work of imperial beneficence. Break up the British Empire into fragments if you please, by granting a separate independence to all its people of all races, but I warn you that you will at the same time let loose the dogs of war and the jarring elements of discord among the nations. British strongholds would then become objects of strategic importance to rival claimants, seeking only national aggrandizement and supremacy. How long before India would become a vassal to the Czar, with the stupendous retrogradation which that would imply? And do the advocates of so-called Canadian independence imagine that Canada would be permitted to develop and strengthen a nationality on this continent peculiar to herself? If so I must say they strangely interpret the recent unfriendly and aggressive policy of our neighbour to the south of us. An Empire "scattered over the surface of the globe and embracing peoples of all races and all degrees of civilization," may not awaken in some a feeling of even respectful consideration; yet it is pertinent here to remark that God in His Providence has permitted His Gospel to embrace within its influence "peoples of all races and all degrees of civilization," with no diminution of that loyalty which every Christian feels towards his religion.

M. K. CHURCH.

Merrickville, July 25, 1892.

GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

THE proffered, golden crown he lays aside,
Nor could his brow wear diadems of gold,
When, in this same Jerusalem, had rolled
Dark streams of blood (a holy, cleansing tide),
From Jesu's brow. Here had his Master died,
Crowned with a crown of thorns; betrayed and sold
By cruel hands, the Shepherd of the fold
Was scourged here, and mocked, and crucified.

Oh, Godfrey, blessed with true humility,
As long as our frail, human race endures,
And nobleness receives its meed of praise,
Your story shall be told. Till unborn days
Have run their weary paths, this deed of yours
Will ever live in hallowed memory.

Brandon, Man. A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

ART NOTES.

THE art of painting, like that of poetry, has infinite resources. The analytical history of painting, if it could be written, would be the history of the modifications of the visual sense in humanity, contemporaneous with the history of our intellectual and moral transformations. Each civilization, each generation, almost each individual demands of it something new, according to his degrees of culture, his sentiments, his habits. Between the striking colours which suffice among primitive societies, for enlivening their furniture or accentuating their architecture, and the complications of imagination, of observation, of thought which a Leonardo, a Rembrandt, a Delacroix are able to express by scholarly and refined methods, there remains an enormous place for all sorts of manifestations, approaching, more or less, either to the lowest barbarism or the highest perfection. Nevertheless, in the same way that poetry, great or small, is only able to work by means of a determined rhythm and an exact language, so painting can employ no other means of expression than form and colour. The more use an artist is able to make of the forms which a study of nature furnishes him, the more he is able to harmonize and vary the colours at his disposal, the more will he be able to express that which he feels, thinks and imagines. Knowledge does not give genius, but in a certain degree of civilization it is always necessary to it. These elementary truths, however, are the very ones which seem to be called into question, in certain studios, by a spirit of vain lack of discipline and infatuated ignorance. Yesterday it was for the science of drawing and composition, sciences out of fashion and useless, that they expressed their contempt and hatred. To-day that indifference and scorn is applied, besides, to that which is more material in painting: to the means itself, to the brilliancy of colours and their expressive use. These lamentable

theories, which favour the weakness of some and the indolence of others, do not fail to find witty defenders who amuse the gallery, and, as everything is in fashion in our country, there are not wanting honest people who feel themselves in the fashion in applauding all the painters who do not paint and all the drawers who do not draw. This is the anarchic and nihilistic system applied to art, as it is already applied to literature, and perhaps this is not the time for artists who wish to live to resist it and defend themselves. The consequences of this jumble are already sufficiently visible for shame and fright to be able to force out those who have fallen through weakness or error. The shapeless dilutions which everywhere appear at the *Champs-Élysées*, and still more at the *Champs de Mars*, like irresolute waifs, in pretentious frames, the rich gilding of which only makes more apparent their emptiness, have something distasteful to the eyes of the most indulgent. The last generation of our painters, those who made their *débüt* after 1870, retarded in their progress by the general disorder, have not, with rare exceptions, done what might have been expected from them. It is to those of their predecessors, from 1830 to 1865, who still remain that the great victory of 1889 was due. The present generation, that which, for some years past, has sought recognition, is still more troubled; at least it should be. After having preached naturalism under the grossest and most rudimentary forms, behold it now preaching idealism under forms most puerile and conventional. And in the meanwhile what has become of noble desires, hard work, productive force in that uneasy school which has such a great desire to live and which they wish to condemn to the government of the sick and disordered? Ah, if young painters better comprehended their interests, if they would read less the journals which flatter and destroy them, if they would give less heed to the literary prattlers and worldly flatterers, if they would live more among themselves and for themselves, only taking for counsellors, besides their professors, whom they should respect, the old masters of Italy, of the Netherlands, of France, and, above all and always, nature, living, healthy, strong nature, generous and inexhaustible, which alone rejuvenates and renews the schools, when they love her with sincerity and study her with intelligence.—*Translated for Public Opinion from the French of M. George Lafenestre, in the Paris Revue des Deux Mondes.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE *London Musical News* of July 15 has the following interesting comment: "The event of the past week has been the production at Dublin of Sir Robert Stewart's 'Ode,' written for the Tercentenary Festival of the Irish University. A report of this from our correspondent appears in another column. There can be no doubt that this work of the gifted music professor is an effective and masterly composition, and he has thoroughly succeeded in musically illustrating the history and events connected with his University. Unfortunately, little notice seems to have been taken of the 'Ode' in the English papers, and in most quarters it is regarded merely as a *pièce d'occasion*, but it is clearly worthy of being heard again. A valued contributor, who has been in Dublin during the festivities, sends the following interesting account of the impression the 'Ode' made on him: 'The work is really great on all counts; but to me there is a touch of pathos that so much fine work, so fine! should have been done to ornament an occasion. I remember Ruskin in "Political Economy of Art" remarks upon the duty of fitting work to the proper place, taking care that there should not be waste. Verily, this seems to be as a work of excellent worth done in show! As the *Independent* says, "If there is a regret, it is that the Ode has been written for an occasion, and, consequently, is of such a nature as not to enlist widespread attention." This is most certainly not through any haste or weakness in the music, but because the text, good as it is, appeals, strongly appeals, to the moment and the locale of its first hearing. The texture of the work is so rich, all is so bright, and has so much more of spontaneity, genius and geniality than one is accustomed to hear. And it is so charming and original in idea, while the orchestral colour is most fresh, and always of extreme interest. Perhaps musicians do not care much for "picturesque" orchestration, but here, fitted to the occasion, is some of the very best I know. It almost lifts itself to the sublime, if there can be sublimity in the "picturesque." The total effect of the movements so designed is one of immensity, as if there were a very great multitude engaged. Beyond and above these things there is much writing of the quiet, solid, majestic character, classic in the best sense. There is less chance for solo writing, perhaps, but the tenor, the duo for tenor and soprano near the end, and the final solo and chorus are very beautiful and impressive to a high degree. A point of great skill is the application of melody, harmony, and rhythm to touch up and display, in musical tones, the character of the famous men connected with our old University. The combination of popular airs sounding simultaneously, accompanied by a mass of flying counterpoint, and Sir Robert's own special choral texture at the back, is wonderfully clever. Professor Armstrong's descriptive poem has indeed been appropriately set.' One can but hope a fresh occasion will occur for another performance of so novel a work, not only in Dublin, but in London. Surely, with the enterprise and striving for novelty which distinguishes our age, some opportunity

should be found to accord another hearing to Sir Robert Stewart's composition."

From the same source we have taken the following report of an unusually instructive address by the celebrated operatic artist, M. Maurel, delivered at the request of Sir George Grove, Dr. Mackenzie and others: "M. Maurel commenced his discourse by referring to his lecture delivered in the same place in 1890, which he said was merely intended as a *résumé* of discoveries up to that time, and as a preliminary to demonstrations which he intended to give later on. Some of these were given at his recent lecture at Milan, which, somewhat amplified, had just been published in Paris. Before passing to further demonstrations, it was necessary to explain his motives. They were quite disinterested, and simply made in the interests of vocal art. The system he was about to advance was not a mere theory, but was founded upon long practical and scientific observation. He was not labouring under the delusion, as some critics wrongly inferred, that he could make every singer attain perfection in every direction; he was perfectly aware that nature had assigned certain limits to each individual, but within those limits he guaranteed that his system would ensure the highest results attainable. The Milan lecture did not exhaust the subject, neither would his discourse on this occasion. Time would only permit of his speaking on two principal points, viz., the production of vocal sound and the grave errors of the modern methods of teaching singing; errors made apparent by comparison with the laws of physiology. The first of these two points he would divide into 'Modulation' and 'Signification.' By 'Modulation' he meant the vocal progression from one note to another in an agreeable or disagreeable manner. By 'Signification' he meant the intellectual value of any combination of sounds by which words were formed. From these two points it was possible to classify every vocal sound under the four following heads, viz.: I. Good tone and intellectual value. II. Tone alone. III. Intellectual value alone. IV. No tone and no intellectual value, i. e., a scream or cry. He would now pass on to the two chief errors of modern systems. In his Milan lecture he had referred to three qualities of vocal sound, viz.: tone quality, pitch and intensity. The difficulty of the singer was to satisfy these three requirements simultaneously. Every difficulty which could possibly arise from such causes could, however, be solved by his system, within the natural capabilities of each vocalist. It was impossible to go into all the details in a short lecture, but he would expose the two greatest fallacies of modern teaching. One of these was the *coup de glotte*, and the other the method of vocalization of exercises. The *coup de glotte* was against physiology. The only advantages which the advocates of this system advanced for still bolstering up their unscientific and irrational method were obtainable just as well without the *coup de glotte*. One fundamental error permeated all the systems of vocal exercises, viz.: the vocalization at all pitches without modification of the vowel sound used. Physiologically each step of the scale corresponded with a specific position of the vocal organs, and this position determined the vowel sound; therefore, if we altered the pitch we must vary whatever vowel sound was used, or we sinned against physiological laws. By variation of a vowel sound he meant the delicate and infinite gradations of pronunciation of which each vowel was capable. If it were asked how it was that vocalists managed to satisfy the three requirements alluded to with the bad systems of teaching they had undergone, the answer was that experience taught them to abandon the errors of the schools and to follow their natural instincts. He might, from this afternoon's discourse, be accused of merely overthrowing all other systems without offering anything in their place, but his system would be clearly explained in his forthcoming work on the subject."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ALONE ON A WIDE, WIDE SEA. By W. Clark Russell. New York, London, Toronto: John A. Taylor Company.

This story cannot be said to be one of Clark Russell's best, though it is by no means bad. Mrs. Campbell, the wife of John Campbell, a solicitor, about three years after her marriage accompanies her husband, sister and children to Piertown on the Bristol Channel to spend their holidays. One fateful day Mrs. Campbell went for a sail with a fisherman named Hitchins, whose boat she had often hired for a row or sail on the sea. The result of this day's sail forms the burden of the tale, which is one of pathetic and tragic interest.

THE ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS OF SANTILLANE. By Alain René Le Sage. New York: Worthington and Company.

Who has not read Gil Blas? Who has read it, shall not easily forget it; and who that has not read it has not heard of the inimitable Dr. Sangrigo, of imperishable memory? This edition is one of the Rose Library Series and old admirers of this famous book will welcome the first part in its present pretty and readable form. Smollett's translation could scarcely be improved upon and Le Sage's clever and versatile adventurer again appears upon the stage with his keen wit, his abounding humour, his pliable conscience, his readiness of resource and his accommodating adaptability to the changing circumstances which