" None said, " Let Darkness be," but Darkness was."

How like other metaphysical and theological disputations this one was? Osric's defence of a butterfly, disregard of causes and consequences, and Laertes' argument in favour of a more earnest view of life, are followed by the Priest, from whose easy lesson in theology I quote the following :----

'Who is he of your late philosophers Takes the true name of Being to be Will? -- nay, the Church objects naught, is content : Reason has reached its utmost negative, Physic and metaphysic meet in the inane And backward shrink to intense prejudice-Making their absolute and homogene A loaded relative, a choice to be Whatever is-supposed, a What is not.'

And then, in reply to Hamlet, he argues that man's 'sense of need,' ' the hunger of the soul,' requires

'that exercise of soul Which lies in full obedience.

Obedience to the Church, of course -the one authority which simply says, Obey. How obey what asserts no absolute claim?

'Take inclination, taste-why, that is you, No rule above you. Science, Reasoning On nature's order-they exist and move Solely by disputation.

His argument, hardly easy reading enough for August, culminates in the claim that

'the body of the Church Carries a presence, promises, and gifts Never disproved—whose argument is found In lasting failure of the search elsewhere For what it holds to satisfy man's need."

Then the Priest left :-

• Brief parting, brief regret—sincere, but quenched In fumes of best Havana, which consoles For lack of other certitude.

Hamlet, in answer to the sneers of Guildenstern, defends the Church :--- Science, whose soul is explanation, halts With hostile front at mystery. The Church Takes mystery as her empire, brings its wealth, Of possibility to fill the void Twixt contradictions-warrants so a faith Defying sense and all its ruthless train Of arrogant "Therefores." The church explains not, governs- feeds resolve By vision fraught with heart-experience, And human yearning.

Guildenstern assails the Priest's system as one by which all superstitions and tyrannies could be justified; Laertes will bow to nothing but the higher good within; and Rosencrantz sneers at Laertes for his warmth, wants to know if he has seen this human good which he would make supreme, and satirizes civilization :--

The age of healthy Saurians well supplied With heat and prey will balance well enough A human age where maladies are strong, And pleasures feeble; wealth a monster gorged Mid hungry populations; intellect Aproned in laboratories, bent on proof That this is that, and both are good for nought Inst fails is fail, and both all good to house a Save feeding error through a weary life; While Art and Poesy struggle like poor ghosts To hinder cock crow and the dreadful light, Lurking in darkness and the charuel-house.

But I will quote you no more of it. Take a cool day and read it. I advise it, not only for itself, but as a preparation for what is to come, for Hamlet,

' Drowsy with the mingled draughts Of cider and conflicting sentiments,

. . . dreamed a dream so luminous He woke (he says) convinced; but what it taught Withholds as yet.'

The vision that convinced the questioning Hamlet will not fail to interest us all. I am glad to hear that it is 'luminous,' and am sorry I cannot say so much for 'A College Breakfast Party.' J. L. S.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

General Di Cesnola's great work on Cyprus\* has appeared at a very opportune moment. The new British possession has provoked a vast deal of enquiry and has sent many

people to the Encyclopædias and Gazetteers and kindred works for information. But none of these sources have yielded a tittle of what the The island has long seeker wanted. been a misknown country. The books about it have been few and generally so high in price that only those possessing large means were in a position

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>•</sup> Cyprus ; its ancient cities, tombs and temples. A narrative of researches and excavations during ten years' residence in that Island. By General Louis PALMA DI CESPOLA. New York, Harper & Bros.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.