

Everyone may help to keep the standard of intellectual honesty at a lofty pitch, and what better service can a man render than to furnish the world with an example of faithful dealing with his own conscience and with his fellows? This at least is the one talent that is placed in the hands of the obscurest of us all. And what is this smile of the world, to win which we are bidden to sacrifice our moral manhood: this frown of the world, whose terrors are more awful than the withering up of truth and the slow going out of light within the souls of us? Consider the triviality of life and conversation and purpose, in the bulk of those whose approval is held out for our prize and the mark of our high calling. Measure, if you can, the empire over them of prejudice unadulterated by a single element of rationality; and weigh, if you can, the huge burden of custom unrelieved by a single leavening particle of fresh thought. Ponder the share which selfishness and love of ease have in the vitality and the maintenance of the opinions that we are forbidden to dispute. Then how pitiful a thing seems the approval or disapproval of these creatures of the conventions of the hour, as one figures the merciless vastness of the universe of matter sweeping us headlong through viewless space; as one hears the wail of misery that is forever ascending to the deaf gods; as one counts the little tale of years that separates us from the eternal silence. In the light of these things a man should surely dare to live his small span of life with little heed of the common speech upon him or his life, only caring that his days may be full of reality, and his conversation of truth-speaking and wholeness.

ROMANCE AND REVERY. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

Edgar Fawcett's Muse is growing very earthworn. When she essays a flight her pinions are too dusty to bear her very far, for, as a general thing, she lets them drag along the common highway while she pursues the most ordinary pedestrianism. "Romance and Revery," while it contains some beauty and exaltation, strikes a lower average than any book of poetry Mr. Fawcett has yet written. There is a little silver, but much tinsel; a small amount of gold, but any quantity of iron pyrites. One can also detect the presence of a composite metal which defies analysis of this sort, from the verses about "Poverty":—

At toil they are stabbed with cold or scathed with heat;  
Tear-soaked, blood-stained, is the scant food they win;  
From earliest youth round their unheeded feet  
Bloom tanglingly the blood-red flowers of sin.  
Whatever bodily pain has worn them thin,  
Whatever sorrow has racked them, still they hear  
Starvation's rancorous wolves behind them press,  
While vice and ignorance, each with ghastly leer,  
Exult in mockery at their wretchedness.

This is not poetry; there is no true ring in it. It is a fabrication of unpleasant thoughts strung laboriously together to rhyme. It has no uplifting spirit; it reads like the metrical version of a police report. Fifty years ago it might have been accepted as in accordance with the poetic spirit of the age; we find it tiresome now.

The best writing in the book is contained in "The Magic Flower," a sustained piece that gives body and dignity to the collection, which would otherwise be woefully thin and tawdry. "The Magic Flower" is really a beautiful conception, wrought out with care and skill. But the shorter pieces show in the main growing barrenness of ideal, and tendency toward the glorification of the commonplace, that Mr. Fawcett's friends will regret. Their sentiment is often cheap and its expression trivial.

"Now friend, you know my story  
And you—can you forgive me?  
Ah, well, I shall not blame you,  
However cold your answer.  
We cannot all, we mortals,  
Be great, like sister Brenda!"

This is simply vapid, and there is not a little of it. Burlesque seems to have claimed Mr. Fawcett for her own. "The New King Arthur" was one of last season's most palpable hits. But he is in disgrace with the immortal Nine for his sacrilegious treatment of their elder favourite, Tennyson, and they will have none of him.

THE SAUNTERER. By Charles Goodrich Whiting. Boston: Ticknor and Company.

This is a book which makes one realise that nature's beauties are infinite. There is a sweetness and truth in all its words which touch a chord in our inmost hearts. It is plainly visible that the writer is indued with the spirit of "artist and poet," and he has written, not only of the world of nature, but of the nature of man, which is most difficult, as one must seek below the surface to do this, while nature stands bare to those who have the sense of appreciation to see and know.

"Which is the hardest," he says, "to sever in one sharp quarrel, or to watch the slow divorcing years eat away the dear communion, until on some dreary day one reaches out to his friend, and grasps a hollow mask—who can say? for it is a matter of temperament."

We quote a passage which is very striking and beautiful in its intensity of thought and truth—

"There is nothing more desperate in experience than the fading of the personal human hope of happy life. When something is taken out of one's living that has been inwrought into his being, that he has measured life and known its pain and profit by, there ensues a strange and incomprehensible vacancy. In some way the gap gets bridged as the remorseless step of time treads down feeling and memory, but the one sense of reality cannot return. Life, in a profound sense, must become a suspension, and whatever intervenes into death, a stoppage, since the real inner self is whelmed in what was, and never can attain what succeeds and is. Whatever exists, there is nothing that ever can be so real as that which does not exist 'whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close us in.'"

The author puts into words thoughts and feelings which *must* come to all, though to some so vaguely, they are undefinable until uttered by others' lips, when the soul recognizes them and responds, "It is so, it is so."

We have received also the following publications:

MAN. June. Ottawa.  
OUTING. August. New York: 140 Nassau Street.  
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. August. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.  
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. July 31. Boston: Littell and Company.  
THE PANSY. August. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.  
CENTURY. August. New York: Century Company.  
BOOK BUYER. August. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
SCIENCE. July 30. New York: 47 Lafayette Place.  
ART INTERCHANGE. July 31. New York: 37 and 39 West 22nd Street.  
METHODIST MAGAZINE. August. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.  
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. August. New York: 31 Lafayette Place.  
BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. August. New York: 7 Murray Street.

THE next school year of the Hellmuth Ladies' College commences on September 7, when the authorities are preparing for an even more successful term than last. An elevator and gymnasium will add to the conveniences of the college; and a model kitchen for lessons in cookery will be a new feature, a graduate of the South Kensington School of Cookery having been engaged as instructor. Lessons in riding, driving, tennis playing, and other out-door sports form a special feature of the advantages of the college; and a scholarship offered by the Leipzig Conservatory, to the college, entitling the winner to a full year at Leipzig, is a valuable prize in the school of music.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is writing an article, for one of the English reviews, on George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends. Mr. Goldwin Smith's object is not so much to delineate the character or to sketch the career of the remarkable Quaker as to present a picture of the Puritan society in which he was so notable a figure.

THE last letter from Thomas Stevens to the Editor of *Outing* is dated Suez, July 3rd, 1886. In it Mr. Stevens says: "I expect the steamer, on which I take passage to India, to arrive here to-morrow or next day. The monsoon season will be in full swing when I reach Kurrachee, but I don't know yet whether it will delay my start across India."

DR. H. C. HANCOCK, whom Miss Mary N. Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) is to marry, is a practising physician of New York, with an office on West Ninth Street; he is also an expert musician, and the organist of Ascension Church on Fifth Avenue—in brief, directly the opposite of the Tennessee mountaineer the gossipers have described him to be.

THE August *Eclectic* begins its bill of fare with a strikingly suggestive paper by James Sully on "Genius and Insanity," which cannot fail to interest the thoughtful reader. Dr. Morell Mackenzie discusses the problem, "Is Medicine a Progressive Science?" with a good deal of sense and vigour, and H. D. Traill has a strong article on "International Copyright." Prof. Max Müller's discussion of "Goethe and Carlyle" will engage the attention of all interested in literature, as a fresh and notable contribution to the lives of two great men. "The Greek Home according to Homer," by E. W. Godwin, is a scholarly piece of work. Mr. Swinburne's criticism of the old Shakespearian dramatist, John Webster, is marked by all the peculiar freshness and strength of the celebrated English poet, who appeals little less strongly to the public as a prose critic than he does as a poet. Other notable papers are those on "Gustave Doré," "In Osman Digna's Garden," by Phil Robinson; "The Development of North-west Canada," by W. Shelford; and "Théodore Agrippa D'Aubigné," by P. F. Willert. The various short papers are all timely and suggestive. The August issue worthily supports the high reputation of the magazine as a representation of the best periodical literature of the time.

THE numbers of *Littell's Living Age* for the weeks ending July 17th, 24th, and 31st contain Bagwell's "Ireland under the Tudors," *Edinburgh*; "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," "A Fight for Art," and "Goethe and Carlyle," *Contemporary*; "Bennett's Travels in Lycia and Caria," and "Eton Worthies," *Fortnightly*; "The Greek Home according to Homer," *Nineteenth Century*; "Fallacies of Reading Lists," *Scottish*; "The Templars," *Good Words*; "Some Famous English Gardens," and "The Humours of a Menagerie," *Leisure Hour*; "To Millicent, from America," and "A Pembrokeshire Parson," *Temple Bar*; "General Barrios, late President of Guatemala," *Macmillan*; "The Orleans Manifesto," "The Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria," "The Blue Mountains of New South Wales," and "The Disquiet in France," *Spectator*; "Recent Bavarian Kings," "Coral Fishing," "The Tower Bridge," and "The Thames Levee," *Saturday Review*; "Stonyhurst and its System," "A Lost Universal Language," "Russian Music," and "The Lotus," *St. James's*; "A Norman Stronghold," *Chambers Journal*; "In Heligoland," *All the Year Round*; with instalments of "In an English Country House," "An Autumn Holiday," "Treasure Trove," "The Passion Flower of Talvere," "This Man's Wife," and "Don Angelo's Stray Sheep," and Poetry.