

Charles Wesley are perhaps the great exceptions to this rule, though Mr. Morrison wisely gives only two of Wesley's, and many modern critics are unwilling to assign more than half a dozen in the Book of Psalms to David. It is in her Psalms and Hymns that the unity of the Church of God is seen. Christian experience in its essentials is the same in all ages and in all lands. On that rock the Church of the future must be built. Mr. Morrison's volume is a contribution to the good cause, and is written with appreciation of what constitutes a good hymn. His literary form is good, and his spirit genial and catholic. It is always a pleasure to us to see Queen's men taking to authorship.

LITERATURE.

LECTURE ON BROWNING

AT TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, BY PROF. CAPPON.

TO characterize one's own century is a delicate task, partaking too much perhaps of the nature of prophecy. In doing so we are anticipating to an extent greater than usual, the slow evolution of opinion on a multitude of subtle and complex matters.

But the nineteenth century is now running its last decade and in a few years more will have joined its predecessors in what Sir Thomas Browne calls the Night of Time. Even now in contrast with new movements and tendencies just showing above the horizon and heralding as it were the approaching century we begin to see the august outlines of the receding form of its predecessor. We knew all along, of course, that the nineteenth century was to have a great reputation in science and material industry. These affect our common life and are visible in their development to every eye. But now we also begin to realize what a great era of expansion the nineteenth century has been in art and literature. In these, too, old limits have been surpassed, old standards have been overturned, old ideas have given way to new.

Our grandfathers read their Spectator and Goldsmith's Traveller and Dr. Johnson's poem on the Vanity of Human Wishes, and praised the landscape of Ruysdael and Lorraine with the highest sense of security that the works they admired were unassailable and the very standards of human achievement. Readers of Thackeray may remember how, when Colonel Newcome came home from India after an absence of many years, he was amazed and bewildered to find that the old oracles were no longer listened to, that in the opinion of those well-posted critics, Warrington and Pendennis, Byron was no great poet, that Dr. Johnson talked admirably, but did not write English, that young Mr. Keats and young Mr. Tennyson of Cambridge with their strange diction and stranger measures were the chiefs of modern poetic literature. But that was but the beginning of the tide, and Thackeray scarcely lived long enough to appreciate fully with the calmness of the retrospective glance all that was even then being done in literature.

Yes, the nineteenth century has certainly been a time of great expansion, of expansion which has mainly taken the form of a struggle to throw aside formalities, to regain something of the freedom of nature, to get nearer

the reality of things. In the field of literature particularly where there are no obstructing materials to intellectual ideals, the new spirit has ranged freely, devastating and reconstructing in the same movement. On all sides the conventional limits of art have been borne down like barriers in time of flood. Wordsworth re-interpreted Nature for us in a new language which at once made former renderings superficial and insufficient; Carlyle re-wrote history and biography with an originality of method and insight which made even the brilliant but more conventional methods of Macaulay seem commonplace and traditional. In America Emerson and in England Ruskin lifted up their voices like men whose lips the seraphim had touched with live coal from the altar, and after they had spoken the older moralists were immediately felt to be tedious and obsolete.

Even the majestic eloquence of Burke suffered eclipse. There was something frigid, something of the formalism of the eighteenth century in his Ciceronian periods which failed to keep the ear of a generation accustomed to the profounder and more natural accents of Carlyle and Emerson. Everywhere the cord was cut which bound us to the older traditions of literary art. We were set adrift on an apparently boundless sea of possibilities.

Everything was begun afresh. The old academic landscape, with its classic temple on the heights and its nymphs and shepherds in the valley, disappeared and Turner's sun shone in all its glory over a renewed universe. Pre-Raphaelitism with its theories arose and half a dozen young painters of genius set to work as if nothing had ever been done in that line before. We are not a musical nation, and in that art the great movement of expansion found no representative amongst us. We went on strumming the old airs from Donizetti and Weber, and knew nothing of the "Music of the Future" till Berlioz was well dead in France and Wagner was almost at the end of his long career in Germany. In science we made great discoveries, and in the development of scientific methods we have great names in every subject from pure physics to jurisprudence and philology; but in these departments it may be said that we did not really lead the way, but rather made splendid applications of ideas and methods already current amongst the Germans, and to that metaphysical nation, also, we were indebted in common with the rest of Europe for all that was new in philosophy.

Perhaps after all it will be found that it was in pure literature, in history, in criticism, and especially in poetic literature, that we were most active, most genuinely creative, and contributed most to the great intellectual movement of the nineteenth century. In its first half we had Scott and Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth and Keats put against Goethe, Schiller and Heine amongst the Germans, and against Hugo De Musset and Lamartine amongst the French; and during its latter half when amongst the Germans there was not a single very great name to succeed those of Goethe and Heine, and in France Hugo alone was left of the great trio that had filled the times of the Restoration and Louis-Philippe, we, the English-speaking peoples, had a second great growth of poetry, a growth represented by the names of Tennyson and Browning.