

railway material upon the state lines the most excellent, perhaps, in the whole world; and, although literature and art cannot be called into existence by administrative ability, because they are things of the soul and not merely things of skill, it is impossible to believe that, with their sunlight, their intelligence, their education, their cheerfulness, and their manliness and robustness of mind, the colonies will not fulfil the promise that is given by such a work of genius as "The Story of an African Farm."—*Sir Charles Dilke in Problems of Greater Britain.*

THE RAMBLER.

WAS the idea entertained anywhere in the Dominion of bringing Miss Amelia B. Edwards into its precincts? If so, it failed in consummation. The *New England Magazine* has a very delightful paper this month upon that gracious Egyptologist, accompanied by an excellent, full-page likeness. I must confess, personally, with no little reluctance, that my chief knowledge of Miss Edwards in the past has been as the author of a pretty, but scarcely remarkable, novel, entitled "Lord Brackenbury." Miss Edwards is, however, sprung from fine literary stock, and may be numbered among the prodigies of this century, having eclipsed Macaulay in the matter of early appearances in print, and as an author in the home circle. She wrote stories and poems at the age of four, and at seven saw herself in a weekly paper, the contribution being a bit of verse called "The Knights of Old." The deponent doth not say whether the lady—the maiden—was paid for this ebullition of divine fire or not. But, with characteristic fulsomeness, "Mrs. Sallie Joy White" concludes her paper with styling Miss Edwards "the most wonderful and most lovable woman that the century has seen." Is this not just "overbilling" the star a little, to adopt a technical phrase?

That Easter is a more purely religious epoch than Christmas, most of us will concede. At the latter season family affairs are apt to engross and intrude a trifle too familiarly for the best development of spiritual desires. At Easter all things tend to forgetfulness of self and to the enjoyment of God in Nature and repose upon God. There is the exquisite hush before spring. There is the true New Year of the earth. There should be a corresponding rejuvenation in that depraved receptacle—the heart of man. In the Anglican churches all this is very beautifully conveyed, and we do not require to be Anglicans, I believe, to appreciate at its proper worth the perfect arc of the Church's Year. I am afraid very few people, even those who are Anglicans, ever read Keble in these days, but once there was a great charm in the pretty stanzas that fitted so appropriately into the festivals of the year. I think it was Keble who wrote, speaking of the first spring blossoms:—

They twinkle to the wintry moon,
And cheer the ungenial day,
And tell us all will glisten soon
As green and bright as they.
Is there a heart that loves the Spring,
Their witness can refuse?
Yet mortals doubt when Angels bring
From heaven their Easter news.

The line—

They twinkle to the wintry moon,

recalls the two opening ones of St. Agnes' Eve, and the two concluding lines of the latter poem—

Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies,

may have been suggested by the opening stanza of the poem for Tuesday in Easter week, "To the Snowdrop."

But so one might go on picking up parallelisms all along the enamelled path of our luxuriant English literature, and be all the better for it, although occasionally doubtful as to origins. Ah—

The sweet spring days,
With whitening hedges and uncumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest ways,
And scent of hay new mown.

And instead of Merlin and Vivien, why not Percy and Madeline, or Edgar and Eva, stopping

On the slope's brow,
To gaze on the green sea of leaf and bough,
Which glistening lay all round them, lone and mild,
As if to itself the quiet forest smiled!

And then to gaze upward into the pearly-clouded blue and list—

The grey song-sparrows, full of Spring,

And to turn with the careful, reverent foot,

The old year's cloaking of brown leaves that bind
The forest floor-ways, plated close and true—
The last love's labour of the autumn wind.

All these are April pleasures. Who has sung them in the preceding lines I leave to my readers to divine. If there be any Canadian poet quoted, I wonder who will recognize his work. In this connection we should proudly note an effort made by our prominent local bookseller, Mr. Williamson, to promote knowledge of Canadian works. It is pleasing to observe the placards upon his window which announce four recent books by Canadians. Mr. W. W. Campbell, Mr. Lampman, Mr. Phillips Stewart, and Mr. Chas. Mair are the poets thus distinguished. There can be no question that this effort is one made in the right direction, and if persevered with must end in increased interest manifested in Canadian publications.

I confess I am anxious to see the Boston Museum, just now being enlarged, and the collection it holds within its walls. The *Nation* in a recent issue contained a paper by Russell Sturgis upon the building and the treasures it enclosed, in the course of which the inevitable fling at England occurred. The collection of casts, Mr. Sturgis tells us, is "one of the most important now in existence, ranking with the largest in Europe, except the overwhelming one at Berlin. Boston now ranks with the old established and well-known collections of Bonn and Dresden, and just after that of Strasbourg, and far in advance of the much-trumpeted collections at Cambridge and South Kensington." The "much-trumpeted" collection at South Kensington is nevertheless one not to be despised, and when we consider the other objects of art within those famous walls, and the building itself, rich with all learned and delightful associations, such remarks as those vented by Mr. Sturgis seem not a little absurd.

The death of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sheriff of Montreal, is naturally much regretted. He was an exceptionally well-informed and gifted gentleman, combining the peculiar brightness and *aplomb* of the French with great gifts for organization and administration. He wrote most easily and gracefully, and must have left behind him an immense quantity of literary matter, both prose and poetry, in the volumes of French-Canadian periodicals. A paper from his pen entitled "A Plea for the French Language," and written of course in English, had been promised to *THE WEEK* some months ago, but the honourable gentleman was not permitted to compile it.

ART NOTES.

THE highest price reached during the late Art sales at Christie and Manson was for a picture by Rosa Bonheur, entitled "Les Longs Rochers;" the price paid was four thousand seven hundred dollars.

SIX new paintings have been purchased and placed in the English National Gallery, they are all of the Italian schools, the two principal being by Giovanni and Ghirlandaio, two of them are landscapes by Guiseppe Zais.

J. R. HERBERT, R.A., has just died at the advanced age of 80 years. He exhibited his first picture at the Academy so long ago as 1830; but his first striking picture which made him a reputation was "The Appointed Hour," painted a few years later. His best known pictures are the "Judgment of Daniel" in the House of Lords, and "Moses bringing in the Tables of the Law" in the Peers' robing room.

SIGNOR SALVIATI, whose name is associated with the revival of the blown hand-fashioned Venetian glass has lately died. The original glass-workers of Murano were invested with many privileges from the 12th to the 18th century, they were not considered mechanics but artists, and were permitted to rank with the patricians; the modern revival has been carried on chiefly by English patronage.

IN the current Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, according to the critic of the *Athenaeum*, there are but forty-one pictures worthy of serious criticism, among the best are "Waiting" by Sir J. Linton, a "Damsel," by W. R. Ryland, and a "Boy with a Basket of Apples," by Miss Greenaway. Favourable notice is taken of a picture by Miss K. M. Whitley, the subject being a "Group of Ammonites, Agate, and Fluor-spar," it has marvellous delicate finish, solidity, colour, light and correct drawing.

MR. FRED. DUNBAR's half figure of Col. Gzowski, which he has executed for the Niagara Park, is now on view in the Library of the Parliament Buildings. The success which has attended Mr. Dunbar in this his latest work would seem to point him out as worthy of being entrusted with the execution of some of the statues of our deceased public men with which it is proposed to decorate our parks and squares; we hear it is probable that he will receive the commission for the statue of the late J. G. Howard, which is to be erected in High Park, as a memorial of his generosity to the City of Toronto.

OUR Toronto artists are all busy preparing for the coming exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, which is to be opened in Montreal on the 24th inst. J. W. L. Foster, G. A. Reid, S. Tully and W. Sherwood will send figure pieces; L. R. O'Brien, the President—Hy. Martin, M. Matthews and F. M. Bell-Smith will show land and seascapes. T. Mower Martin will send figures and animals. At the general assembly two artist members will be elected to fill vacancies declared last year; it is expected that the exhibition will be a good one. TEMPLAR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

TORONTO must not hug to itself the darling delusion that because a good roomful greeted Dr. Von Bülow, last Monday evening at the Pavilion, therefore Toronto is a very musical and appreciative place—superior, in fact, to all the other cities of the Dominion. The fact was, that, owing to the enterprise of the Messrs. Suckling in advertising the recital, numbers of musical people from the surrounding small towns took advantage of an unusual opportunity and combined Easter fares with the concert. Ottawa, Whitby, Hamilton, London, and four or five other towns contributed a good half of the audience. Von Bülow gave the utmost satisfaction and delight to all present. Those who had heard him before saw no falling off in his matchless per-

formances. Those who had not must have hung upon the moments which revealed some gem of Beethoven or Chopin in all its beauty. "Intellectual" is the stock-in-trade term we are accustomed to see associated with Von Bülow's playing, and, as a result, many intelligent musicians, who are not, however, averse to a little sweetness and light leavening the intellect, were, upon this occasion, delighted and agreeably disappointed to find a world of sympathy and charm in his interpretation of even Chopin and Raff. The technique of this famous artist is finished and varied; his individuality is suppressed sufficiently to enable the hearer to revel in the composition and not be carried away by the performer; his memory is remarkable, and there is a quite unusual element of apparent ease in his performance of tremendously difficult passages which he gets through without seemingly turning the proverbial hair. Compared to him D'Albert is a raw student. By the side of Rubinstein, however, and Mdme. Schumann in her prime, he would be found wanting both in individuality and tenderness. The Raff Suite was a very interesting number containing a Romance of much beauty and a Toccata of great difficulty. Otherwise, there were no novelties, if we except the magnificent Chopin Impromptu, a piece new to Toronto audiences. A word must be said as to the short but characteristic preludes with which the pianist prefaced each appearance. No musician could hear without being struck by their incisiveness, brevity, and fitness. The singer, Miss Smith, possesses a very nice voice, and her selections were, it is to be supposed, chosen in order to display it, but, upon the whole, her performances were unsatisfactory. Mr. Torrington played the accompaniments. Without having actually created a *furor*, Dr. Von Bülow has been sympathetically heard and applauded in this city as one of the greatest pianists who have ever visited it.

A CHAMBER concert was quite recently given at the college by Mr. Torrington, in aid of the Lombard Street Mission, which was well patronized. The audience was a critical one, but they apparently much appreciated the *ensemble* numbers on the programme, which were Reissiger's trio, op. 25, played by Miss Sullivan, Mendelssohn's magnificent op. 49, played in its entirety by Miss Florence Clarke, and Hummel's charming op. 12, played by Miss Williams. Miss Sullivan also gave two solo numbers by Scharwenka and Wm. Mason. The vocal selections by Miss Price, of Kingston, Miss Mortimer, Miss Sutherland, and Mr. Baguley were very enjoyable, and with but few lapses well sung, as also was the quartette by Curschmann, which closed the programme. The funds of the mission were considerably augmented by the proceeds of the concert. Professor James Loudon, M.A., of the University, is announced to lecture at the college on Thursday, April 10th, on "A National Standard of Musical Pitch."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE WAY OUT OF AGNOSTICISM. By Francis E. Abbot, Ph. D. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. Cloth. Pp. 75. \$1.00.

Agnosticism, as defined by Dr. Abbot, declares that the scientific method applies only to phenomena, to the appearances or shows of things, and has no application to noumena, or things as they really exist in their internal relations and constitutions. A scientific theology, he maintains, will show that the scientific method applies to both phenomena and noumena, both to things as they seem and things as they are. Agnosticism, destitute of the conception that God is immanent in Nature, does not see that to know Nature in any degree is to know God in precisely the same degree. He denies that there is anything unknowable,—only the unknown or the imperfectly known exists. Against the relativity of knowledge as expounded by Herbert Spencer he argues that knowledge is based upon the internal self-relatedness of an object. Nothing else can account for the agreement in judgment among various minds studying an object. Because there is no limit to the knowable, to the progress of science, he looks for assured light on problems of immortality and duty when the methods so successful in the study of physical nature shall be applied to theology. This little book, so compact as to be pretty stiff reading, is intended to be an introduction to a treatise Dr. Abbot is now preparing. The author may be remembered as editor of the *Index*, which was published for some years at Toledo and then removed to Boston, where it expired in 1886.

LIFE AND TIMES OF GEN. JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE, Commander of the "Queen's Rangers" during the Revolutionary War, and first Governor of Upper Canada, together with some account of Major André and Capt. Brant. By D. B. Read, Q.C., Historian of the County of York Law Association; author of "The Lives of the Judges of Upper Canada." Toronto: George Virtue. 1890.

In a couple of years we will be celebrating the centenary of the establishment of Upper Canada as a separate province. Many changes have taken place since 1791, when the Act was passed separating Upper from Lower Canada. Then Upper Canada consisted of a few scattered settlements on the St. Lawrence, in the Niagara peninsula and along the shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie. The whole white population did not greatly exceed ten thousand. The country was an almost unbroken forest traversed only by Indian trails. The sparse settlements have since grown into the rich and prosperous Province of Ontario,