

## LIBRARY TABLE.

THE DISEASES OF THE WILL. By Th. Ribot. Price 75 cents. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 1894.

The eminence of Th. Ribot as an experimental psychologist and the importance of the work before us are universally recognized. The subject is not only scientifically interesting, but practically of considerable moment. The present translation, which is very well done, is from the eighth edition, no small tribute to the merit of the original. It is only fair to add, for the benefit of those possessing earlier editions, that, after comparing this with one of the earliest, we have noted no considerable changes.

THE NEW SPIRIT OF THE NATION. Edited by Martin MacDermott. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894. Price \$1.

It is about fifty years since the *Nation* newspaper began to appear in Dublin; and soon afterwards a number of poems appearing in its pages were put forth under the title of "The Spirit of the Nation." This volume attained to great success. Now, after many years, a new volume is issued, largely consisting of poems by the same writers. Among the chief are Thomas D'Arcy Magee, assassinated in Ottawa, Thomas Davis, the editor, and other well-known writers. The collection is doubly interesting—as a poetical miscellany and as representing certain aspects of Irish thought and life.

HIRAM GOLF'S RELIGION. By G. H. Hephworth.

THEY MET IN HEAVEN. Same author. New York: Dutton. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1894.

These are two books which are sure of a wide popularity. The earlier has already entered its fifth thousand, and it deserves it. Hiram Golf is a "Shoemaker by the grace of God," and his religion is of a very genuine and earnest sort. Only once have we noticed the commercial element creeping in—the "other world livers," as George Eliot called it. For the most part the tone is high and pure—showing that God's worship and fellowship are their own just reward. There are large classes in the community who will be helped by these books. The prices are not given, but they are not expensive.

BON-MOTS OF SAMUEL FOOTE AND THEODORE HOOK. Edited by Walter Jerrold with grotesques by Aubrey Beardsley. London: J. M. Dent & Company. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

Nearly 200 pages of selections from the witty and humorous sayings of these famous English humorists are comprised in this companion volume to that of Lamb and Jerrold, recently noticed by us. The morals of Foote and Hooke were none of the best, and their sayings were sometimes broad, but Mr. Jerrold has on the whole done his work well. The mechanical features of the little volume are all that could be desired. Of Mr. Beardsley's work there can be no doubt of its cleverness, but we take no pleasure in seeing "the human form divine" disgustingly distorted, and sketched in hideous shapes. Had Mr. Beardsley lived in mediæval times, as a draughtsman of gnomes and gargoyles his genius would no doubt have been fully appreciated.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF NATURE. By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York and London: Macmillan & Company. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 1894.

This delightful little volume tells the reader most truly on its title page its aim. It there professes to be "A New England Chronicle of Birds and Flowers," rather would we call it a picture gallery, but that would hardly do justice to our gentle nature-loving authoress,

for do we not hear robin-red-breast pipe his lay, and does not the "haunting flute like song" of the hermit thrush dwell in our ear as we turn the dainty pages. Here, too, under the broad blue sky we are led to woodland dells, and linger in the haunts of the wildflowers, and seem almost to breathe their delicate perfume. This is a book of delight to the lover of nature, and a healthy, bracing, tonic book for every one else. This world is the better for it and Miss Wright has found a joyous mission in singing her bright and breathing song of bonny birds and bonnier flowers, with such freshness, freedom and purity of tone as has been to us a delight, and will be, or our judgment fails us, to thousands of others.

POEMS. By Langdon Elwyn Mitchell. ("John Philip Varley"). Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894. Price \$1.25.

These remarkable and excellent poems can hardly be the work of a novice; and the conviction that we have not here the work of a "prentice hand" is strengthened by noticing what we suppose to be a *nom de guerre* on the title page. However this may be, we have here real poetic work, the work of one who sympathizes with nature in many different moods and also with man in joy and sorrow; of one also who has great power of poetical expression. It is not quite easy to select a passage for quotation; but we will give a few lines which may afford some notion of Mr. Mitchell's style of work. They are a poem entitled, "Near-ling Land."

Thus as we sped, the bright sun, o'er the sea  
Drawing his host of clouds, passed down the west,

And sank with all his splendour silently;  
But, ere he fell from heaven, he seemed to rest

His weakened majesty upon the flood  
Of the sustaining water, and, all fair,  
Looked back in light across the evening air,  
Changing dark ocean to his golden mood.  
He sank; and his warm smile died fast away.  
Eve, lightless, fell; the rapid waters seethed;  
Ceaselessly by. Our good ship onward rushed;  
Soft blew the breeze; stars rose; on high there flushed

Faint, roseate light, and airs from heaven  
breathed;  
And all night long we waited for the day.

BEAUTIFUL JO. By Marshall Saunders. Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

All lovers of dogs among whom all "nice" people have been said to be included, will welcome a volume which is meant to do for the dog what "Black Beauty" did for the horse, in calling attention to his nature and needs, as well as to the numerous petty cruelties which, mainly from selfish thoughtlessness, are often practised towards both these interesting animals. In the autobiography of a dog which, after early mal-treatments and mutilation, spends the rest of his life in a humane family, under the care of a model mistress, we have a very fair attempt at looking at things from a dog's point of view, combined with many instructive points as to the care of our domestic animals. An unsympathetic critic might, perhaps, say that "Beautiful Jo" is occasionally a little too reflective and philosophical to be real; but then, as we really do not know all the possibilities of the canine mind, we may well allow the author some license necessary to carrying out the purpose of the book. There are many good people who, walking through the world with half closed eyes, are pleased optimistically to conclude that there is very little cruelty practised towards dumb animals, and consequently very little need for Humane Societies. Such people have only to read such books to have their eyes opened to the numberless kinds of cruelty which, through thoughtlessness or ignorance, are constantly being inflicted on the helpless creatures which are so much at our mercy. It were well if such books as these were placed in the hands of all our children, to draw forth their intelligent sympathy towards the "creatures of quick feelings and simple language," as Mr. Butterworth happily puts it in his interesting preface. The book

du Soir, glowing with color, melody, and harmonic richness, and still it was written, if we mistake not, away back in 1835 or '38, long before even "Rienzi" was written. To understand Liszt one must hear Freidheim, and then much of all other piano music, as well as piano playing, sounds tame indeed. It is unfortunate that Friedheim could not have played the Liszt E flat Concerto, for to our own knowledge many went to Saturday night's concert especially to hear it; some coming from Hamilton, Guelph, and other places. If the orchestra could not have played the accompaniments, it should never have been allowed to appear on the programme. And now a word about the school children's concert. The children sang wonderfully well, and Mr. Cringan can be congratulated on his fine ability as a trainer. Their voices are fresh and musical, and the light and shade and general artistic effects were well brought out. Besides their singing, they were pleasant to see with their snowy white costumes and eager, intelligent young faces beaming with pride and the happiness of childhood. We almost forgot to speak of the popular favorite, Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, the distinguished cornet player. He played, with a really beautiful tone and expression, "The Lost Chord," and achieved, as he always does, instant applause. Also the excellent services of the Detroit Philharmonic Club, whose really fine playing created much enthusiasm. Herr Yunck, the first violinist, played some two or three solos with admirable technic and finish, winning encores after each number. The 'cello playing of Herr Hofmann was also a feature of importance. His tone is not large but he plays musically and with clean technic. We are pleased to learn that after all expenses have been met, there still remains a surplus. This is gratifying. The committee, which was so efficient, comprised the following gentlemen: Geo. Musson, H. Bourlier, Andrew Darling, J. W. Stockwell, J. H. McKinnon; S. T. Church, Treasurer; D. E. Cameron, Secretary; I. E. Suckling, assistant secretary and general manager. These gentlemen did their duties nobly and have earned the sincere thanks of the community. We must also speak of Mr. Torrington's remarkable energy and perseverance shown in the preparation of these concerts, and for the splendid chorus which responded to his baton. For large choruses the magnificent Massey Music Hall is simply superb, but for chamber music we believe it is not so well adapted. Lack of space at our command prevents us from enlarging on many points which we have been only able to touch upon, but this cannot be helped. Thanks to Mr. Massey, we have now a concert hall which in many respects is as good as any to be found in America, in a city the size of Toronto, and it will for long years to come be a monument to the munificent generosity of the giver.

A dingy shop in New York displays in its show window a terrestrial globe that turns on its axis and so indicates the time of day the world over. Within the shop sits the inventor of this globe clock, repairing other people's clocks and watches. The invention has been patented nearly twenty years.

Do not rejoice at my grief, for when mine is old yours will be new.

True prosperity depends upon true labor  
—Guizot.